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

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

Will be seen this month in "The Single Track," an

Adirondack adventure story. Her next release is "The

Milton Mystery."
Our January Movie Calendar

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

2.—Our youngest sees Bill Hart for first time, 1921. Wants to know if it’s real and where you buy ’em.

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

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

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

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

7.—So does another one, 1922.

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

9.—First smile in Swedish Biography, 1980.

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

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

12.—Veiled again.

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

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

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

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

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

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


20.—"Ann Veronica" released under title of "Snowy Heights.

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

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

30.—Talking pictures invented, 1950.

31.—"Birth of a Nation" reaches Heckmondwike, 2022.
Things You Want to Know
by HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

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

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

Here goes. Yes, I thought the studios wonderful, picturesque, and no end fascinating, and no small part of that was due directly to the actors and actresses. More interesting than the neighbours down the street and round the corner? I should say so. I don't know any neighbours of mine daring enough to risk being dumped into the seas in shipwrecks, pilot rafts through rapids, or clamber over the tops of houses. If I did I'd stick close and watch them for sheer entertainment. If there are any girls like Priscilla Dean in my town I've yet to find them out, and I'd certainly like to.

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

Bert Lytell is one of the actors with brains.
poor 'osses don't get much oats just now!') We were jogging quietly back from the wall when we spotted a wild boar, taking a good sniff of us, about fifty yards away. We pulled up and stared back at him. To my delight, he came along towards us; but my friend, who knew more about it than I did, said: "Come on, Herr Ames, this is the something season or other. He means mischief!" We started off—the horses, by the way, seemed really frightened—and I'm dashed if the old pig didn't double after us at a devil of a pace for a good quarter of a mile or so. They can gallop, when they like, as fast as a horse—and a nine-inch tusk as sharp as a poultry knife isn't a pleasant thing to get acquainted with when one is unarmed.

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

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

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

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

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

On the whole, I think there's a great future out there for films. The scenery is great, the artistry in the studios is superb, and the cost of production small. The people are real good sorts, and one can't help feeling jolly sorry for them.
The Old Bailey, whose grey walls in the past re-echoed with so many stories of human drama, is reflected with a wealth of grim realism on the screen in the ambitious British photoplay, "Flames of Passion." And, although one realises that the film is only holding up a mirror to the shadier side of life, it has much of the gripping power that is inspired by a real murder trial when erring humans are stretched upon the rack.

To see Herbert Langley in the dock on trial for the murder of his own child, in the realistic court scene, with its solemn judge and grim-faced barristers, is almost to believe that the real stern panoply of crime is passing before one's eyes beneath the Old Bailey roof, where the symbolic, blind-folded figure of Justice stands with upraised sword.

Even during the actual production of the court scene in the Lasky studios, the players felt the strain of acting amid such ominous surroundings. Langley's trembling hands and haggard face and staring eyes as he stood before the black-capped judge were not entirely the result of clever acting. He was swept into a condition of uncontrollable nervousness by the realism of the scene.

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

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

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

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


Forty thousand pounds was spent on the production of the picture. The film editor was confronted with the formidable task of dissecting from the one hundred thousand feet of film exposed the requisite eight thousand feet that represented the finished picture. On one occasion, Mae Marsh and her fellow artistes worked for twenty-two hours at a stretch.
Faith, I've wanted a boy all my life, but there's no doubt that I have got the very next best thing. Tha was General Adair's philosophy where his curly-haired, lovable, tomboy daughter was concerned. If she wasn't a boy, she proved through her irresponsible pranks that she had been born with many of the traits that go to make up happy-go-lucky Irish boyhood. So the Adair family, as the years passed, forgot their disappointment over the fact that a kindly Providence had not given them a son and heir. And Paddy Adair was accepted as the "next best thing."

In the neighbourhood of the Mountains of Mourne, where the ancient and respected Irish family of the Adairs lived amongst the most picturesque countryside that Erin could produce to solace a troubled country, everyone knew the happy, boisterous Irish girl with the irresistible smile. There was probably neither priest nor peasant nor layman who did not accord to her an affection that almost approached heroine worship.

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

So one boisterous day when the wind was ruffling the surface of the loughs, and a stiff breeze and choppy sea made sailing dangerous out beyond the bay, Paddy laughed in the face of the skippers who warned her to be wary of the weather. She neatly trimmed the sail of her yacht and light-hearted made for
the open sea. She had entered for a yacht race, and she meant to show her rivals that an Irish girl was equal to them when it came to handling a yacht in a dangerous sea.

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

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

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

"Hold on, I'll be with you in a few seconds," hailed a voice, and then Paddy felt a pair of strong arms drawing her to safety. "What in the name of wonder do I look like?" laughed Paddy, as she stood in the boat of her rescuer with water streaming from her clothes.

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

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

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

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

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

"'Ton my soul," said Blake with feigned surprise. Foster. "I believe you
are growing pretty, Paddy." "Nothing so commonplace," retorted Paddy, tossing her small head jauntily. "I never find it is any use employing anything but my silliest and most idiotic manner and expression with you."

To Paddy, Blake was the essence of self-satisfied superiority, and she delighted to endeavour to bring him down to earth.
"You are improving," he remarked, with a condescension that he knew would annoy her. "That last remark was a really passable retort for you."
"I am glad that you saw the point," said Paddy, with flushed cheeks. "I was a little afraid that you might have grown more dense than ever, after being absent from Ireland so long."

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

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

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

But Paddy realised it.

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

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

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

"Paddy was, for the moment, speechless with astonishment, and then rage came uppermost. She upbraided him for his treatment of her sister; and then something of the worldliness and cynicism went from his refined face.

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

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

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

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

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

"You have given me a new interest in life," he told her;

"and I am going to begin to subdue you, now."

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

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

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

Blake, who had followed hard on her heels from London, arrives in time to hear the tragic news. Almost demented by anxiety for the girl that he loves, he organizes a search party. After many torturing hours, he stumbles across a treacherous bog and falls exhausted on the edge of a quivering morass. His hand falls on fingers deathly cold and damp. It is the hand of Paddy. He desperately fights for her life in the morass which has enveloped her to the waist, and as his strong arms dragged her to safety, she buried her dishevelled head in his shoulder. "I love you," she said softly.
The Films of 1923

When the history of the Kinema comes to be written, the year Nineteen-twenty-three will go down to posterity as the year of the costume film. Never have so many romantic dramas and comedies of every age been screened and released. Germany started the ball rolling back in 1918, when Ernst Lubitsch made his famous historical series, the first of which, Passion, was seen this side at the end of last November. It is possible that Passion inspired Griffith's Orphans of the Storm; and everybody knows that what Griffith does to-lay other producers will be doing to-morrow week, or thereabouts.

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

Earliest of the supers is Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood. This tale of Merrie England has been adapted and shaped to fit Doug's breezy personality, and is first and foremost a big show. It is over a year since Douglas has made any films at all, and he invested every cent he possessed in Robin Hood. Slightly heavy in its opening reels, once Fairbanks sheds his fancy armour, and becomes the light-hearted hero-outlaw of Sherwood Forest, the film really gets into its stride. The excellent direction by Allan Dwan, wonderful photography, massive sets, and a cast that includes Enid Bennett, Wallace Beery, and Sam de Grasse, make Doug's Robin Hood one of his most popular offerings. Quite early in the year, too, comes Rob Roy and Bulldog Drummond—the former an All-British super, based upon the life of the Scottish hero; the latter an adaptation of "Sapper's" famous play made in London and Holland, and directed by Oscar Apfel. The leads are American stars, Carlyle Blackwell and Douglas Fairbanks, gets in a horse dress.

In January, too, the British National Programme commences. Their policy is release date six months after the Trade Show, which is the same as most American producing companies follow in their own country; and a very wise procedure, too. Formerly nine to twelve months have elapsed ere British-made films reached their public. The initial offering is When Greek Meets Greek—which, besides being an excellent film, reunites once more that popular pair of screen opposites, Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome—with one film each month to follow. Journey's End, the first film without any sub-titles, starring Wyndham Standing and Mabel Ballin, is also due in January; likewise The Sporting Duchess, an American super-version of "The Derby Winner," the popular old Drury Lane mele'. Dick Turpin, with debonair Matheson Lang as "Dick," and Isobel Elsom as the heroine of the famous dance episode, is a British super that should not be missed. Mary Pickford's Tess of the Storm Country will probably be released early in the year. This is an old friend in a latest dress ("Tess" is only following the fashion in this respect), and Mary's character-
is concerned. Mord Em'ly, with Britain's finest screen comédienne, Betty Balfour, in the title-rôle, deserves a place in the super class. Its opening scenes are great, but touches of melodrama towards the end tend to detract from the value of an otherwise perfect production. Pett Ridge's well-known Cockney story makes an ideal vehicle for the combined arts of producer George Pearson and star Betty Balfour. The latter dances her way at once into the film and into the hearts of the spectators in a fashion that only one other, and that one Mary Pickford, ever has, or ever will, accomplish.

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

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

Broken Sawd, a Fred Granville production, starring Mrs. Fred (Peggy Hyland), supported by Gibson Gowland and Lewis Willoughby, is a fine desert melodrama, made on the spot with much picturesque incident and local colour in the shape of the real thing in sandstorms. Desert life and love in all its stages is very much with us in 1923. The Sin Flood is a story which is different from the ordinary, and has a powerful theme which can be summed up in the old saying: "The devil was ill, the devil a monk would be, The devil got well—the devil a monk was he." It stars Richard Dix, but the whole cast is fine, and the direction flawless. The Wonderful Story, due in March also, lives up to its title. Introducing a new director, Graham Cutts, and a new star, Herbert Langley, this powerful little story belongs to the Miracle Man class. Langley, who is, of course, well known to opera "fans," is a born screen actor; his sincere, though at times sinister, personality makes him an outstanding figure at once. The same producer is responsible for Flames of Passion, the general release date of which is not until 1924—a film remarkable for its fine photography, cast, and acting. Paddy-the-Next-Best Thing, also a Graham-Cutts directed feature, stars Mae Marsh in a rôle which will deepen her hold upon her public. It was made entirely in England, and is an excellent example of what Britain can do.

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

A typical Cecil de Mille effort is Fool's Paradise, due the following month. This was suggested by Leonard Merrick's The Laurels and the Lady, and contains the usual spectacular effects, plus Dorothy Dalton's
best 1923 characterisation, Theodore Kosloff, Conrad Nagel, and Mildred Harris.

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

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

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

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

Guy Bates Post will be seen in Omar the Tentmaker, a picturisation of the life of Omar Khayyam, made by Richard Walton. Tully's new process of painted backgrounds instead of studio or natural ones. Virginia Browne Faire, earlier seen in Without Benefit of Clergy, carries off acting honours, the camera-man deserves also his meed of praise.

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

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

Priscilla Dean's "Cigarette" in Under Two Flags, though good, is not her best character-study by a long way. Priscilla seems to be satirising her earlier screen self in places. The feature, however, is quite a super, and should not be missed. The Kentucky Derby emanated from the
same studios, and is a very fine American sporting romance, with an English star, Reginald Denny.

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

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

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

These Hun-made features, are, like everything German, thorough. Also, their historical and spectacle dramas possess dignity, which cannot be said of all historical and spectacle films. Notably not of Orphans of the Storm. But, on the other hand, the Teutonic (some call it Continental) outlook is decidedly unhealthy—frankly nasty is, perhaps, the better term for it—at times; and this, as shown in the opening scenes of Passion, pervades any and every screen-play made by them. Cecil de Mille is busy upon Adam's Rib, the action of which takes place some 1,400,000 years ago—further back, surely, than any movie has dared to go.

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

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

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

Marion Davies will be seen in further highly decorative romances of ancient times; and even Will Rogers has deigned to don old-time garb in his own production of The Legend of Sleepy Hollow; so that the costume film quite dominates Ann Domini nineteen-twenty-three.—J. L.

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

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

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

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

Left: Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. Below: Mary MacLaren, Katherine Macdonald, and their mother.
famous of these children are William Wallace Reid, aged five; and Bob White Beban, the seven-year-old son of George Beban.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Norma and Natalie Talmadge in "The Isle of Conquest,"
Queen Bess and the Beauty Squad.

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

The Beau in Beaulieu.

Whenever possible 'rag' Carlyle Blackwell, seemed to be the motto of Stuart Blackton's merry men and made the day I was at Beaulieu Abbey, watching Queen Elizabeth's Coronation feast. From the Common, himself genial as ever, de-
spite pouring rain, which necessitated an all-night job of removing a huge open-air "set" into the domus of the ancient Abbey—to the youngest player, all united and delighted in teasing Carlyle. Shortly after this engaging youth commenced work as "Leicester," in The Virgin Queen, someone, in cold print, disclosed the one lapse of an otherwise blameless life—i.e., the fact that he, Carlyle, was known as America's handsomest actor. "Since then I have known no other—title," he told me plaintively. "Now I'm looking for the man who did it." And it was even so. Commencing at the luncheon table, Carlyle's every appearance was greeted by the full strength of the company's collective lungs in organised chants of "Make way for the handsomest man in America," accompanied by weird college yells, until he revenged himself by getting up and making a speech. As befitting one whose name is distinctly reminiscent of golden syrup and jam, Carlyle Blackwell is sweet of temper. Resplendent in white and black velvet, he parried their attacks with imperturbable good-humour. And since seeing him in Bulldog Drummond, I venture to predict that Carlyle will be the most popular screen star in Great Britain when that film is released here. He doesn't look a day older than when he and Alice Joyce were the most popular pair of "opposites" in the old Kalem films. Carlyle started with Stuart Blackton, and told us all about his sensations the first time he saw himself on the screen.

Blackton's "Faerie Queene."

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

And Her Court.

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

On the Distaff Side.

Amongst the ladies, despite Lady Di's magnificence, I liked best of all the costume worn by dainty Violet Virginia Blackton, who plays "Lettice Knollys." Far prettier than the one in which she is seen on the opposite page, it was made of white soft satin, trimmed with gold tissue and lace in varying shades from palest to deepest gold. Her head-dress was gold and pearls, and the long veil hanging from it of gold tissue. The dress alone cost £49, so Jefferson Arthur Peake, who aided Mrs. Blackton in designing and making all the costumes worn by the principals, told me, with tears in his voice. "And it's mud six inches deep outside, and they've got to get back to the Abbey somehow. Suppose some of it sticks to my beautiful costumes!" he wailed, then dashed madly away to straighten a fold in the Queen's train and lead the plumes of Hubert Carter's hat in the way they should go.

Seen from Above.

I watched the Coronation procession and feast from a balcony over the fireplace in the great oak-beamed hall in which once upon a time Parliament was held. Birch-loggs burned there, and their aromatic scent, the very faint trails of smoke, and the blue-mauve lights and sunlight made the whole beautiful pageant seem like a fairy vision of the past. Until someone unkindly remarked: "If you lean on that balustrade it will probably give way and you'll descend into the centre of the fire." Upon which another member of the party still more unkindly murmured hastily: "That would be a bit premature." And after I had climbed up a wiggly stone staircase, well concealed myself in the fireplace, and got through a trap-door to get there! Before I left, Mrs. Blackton, who, as always, is the good fairy of the production, took me over the principal rooms of surely the loveliest place in the Forest—Bellelieu Abbey, to wit. You will see some of them yourselves when The Virgin Queen is released this year; and a description of them would need more space than I can spare.

Beauty Adorned.

One of the best-dressed amongst British stars, Mary Dibley, is seen on this page in a gown of dull-gold lace, studded with blue and yellow stones over a foundation of Nattier and jade georgette. The sash and wing-sleeves are of this same exquisite blue. Bunches of silk grapes in yellow, jade, gold, cerise, blue, and purple define the waist-line, and the long feather fan is jade green. Mary Dibley plays "Marie Louise" in the Samuelson production, A Royal Divorce; and her stately loveliness is intensified by the picturesque high-waisted gowns she wears in that Napoleonic film.

A Favourite Ingénue.

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

Congratulations

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

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

SYDNEY FOLKER
LAURETTE TAYLOR

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

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

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

Born in New York in 1914, had some stage experience before she won world-wide screen fame in "Humoresque." Other pictures in which she has appeared are "Boomerang Hill," "Just Around the Corner," and "Eye for Eye."
A charming evening frock composed of beaded silver tissue over an underdress of pale pink georgette.

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

Above: A cloak of tailless ermine that shows a lining of monkey fur.
Top Centre: The willowy form of Irene Castle is never seen to such beautiful advantage as when gowned in black chiffon velvet.

Above: Brocade tafetas and net are combined in this attractive period dress.
Bottom Centre: Another charming creation—a petal frock trimmed with fur.
Film Stars at Home:
Richard Barthelmess

The world forgetting, but never by the world forgiv.

A corner of the garden.

A four-footed pal.

Richard and his wife Mary Hay.

Practice on his private putting green.
Tell us
Some Moore

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

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

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

Tom Moore in "Just for Tonight"

iness because he had not caught the boat train that morning.

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

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

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

The suggestion of apology in his voice, as though he were sorry that very soon he would have to retire back to his bulging suit-cases, was cleverly conceived blarney. "You will be taking back some treasured memories," I suggested, remembering that Tom had left the Emerald Isle when he was a "little gossoon," twenty-seven years ago.

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

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

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

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

"Don't know," replied dad.

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

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

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

"Vacation?" I echoed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And to talk to Tom Moore is to realise that his fascinating screen smile has nothing of artificiality, but springs straight from his heart. There is the lift of Irish laughter in every line of his face.

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

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

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

"Acting," said Tom Moore suddenly, "I think gives one a philosophical outlook. You remember my part in Hold Your Horses, when I start life as a street-cleaner, and rise to become a political boss. Life is just like that sometimes. There's always the chance of something unexpected turning up and changing the whole of your fortunes.

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

"We are very happy," he said, quietly, gazing at the hotel clock. Then I remembered
that Tom Moore had oftentimes said that he had three golden rules for interviewers. He would talk, if he had to, but about his pictures, not less about himself; and he claimed the right of a film star to a private life, free from the probing rays of the limelight of publicity.

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

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

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

"In Hold Your Horses."

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

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

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

"That man—" he commenced.

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

But the day was not yet lost.

"That man is worth watching," said Tom; "because he is an excellent type of a character that one meets in everyday life. I seldom miss an opportunity of studying people like that. They are very helpful. I have played on the screen almost every type of worker, with the exception of a fireman. In Thirty a Week, I was a chauffeur; in One of the Finest, a policeman; and soldiers, sailors, road-sweepers, have all figured in my characterisations. You have to study these in real life if you want to portray them realistically."

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

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

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

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

Which, when you think it over, is a novel suggestion for a picture, that would certainly enjoy exclusiveness, where film stars are concerned.—P. V. M.
The Star of the Month

Marion Davies

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

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

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

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

Jealousy.

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

Right: Billy to the rescue.
Son of Kissing Cup

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

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

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

Don’t miss Son of Kissing Cup, which will be released shortly on the British National Programme. The dramatic incidents from the film depicted on this page are but a few of the many tense moments provided by this fine picture.
Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome will be seen this month in another important Walter West production, *When Greek Meets Greek*, a film version of the famous novel by Paul Trent, which tells an enthralling story of the British Steel Industry.

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

Others in the cast of this important British production are Lewis Gilbert, Lillian Douglas, Marjorie Benson, Bert Darley, and Arthur Walcott. The film is released by Butcher’s Film Service, Ltd., and will be shown under the banner of the British National Programme at all leading cinemas.
Fifteen hundred and fifty-five agitated spectators gave vent to a simultaneous gasp of relief and a vociferous outburst of applause as Dick Barthelmes stooped over the prostrate body of Lillian Gish and carried her safely to shore. They thoroughly appreciate the art of David Wark Griffith at the Rivoli Kinema. "Birth of a Nation was very popular here," Manager A. E. Chamberlain told us. "Way Down East gave us our record week's attendances, and Orphans of the Storm, which is showing in January, looks like repeating the process." The Rivoli believes in special pre-release bookings of super-films of this sort, and, judging by the crowds, their faith is not unfounded. Originally the Empire Theatre, its first years as a kinema were lean ones. After which the present management took over, and during the past two-and-a-half years it has amassed a clientele all its own. These "regulars" like their own particular seats, nothing else will satisfy them, and should a newcomer trespass the unwritten laws of reservation, formal com-

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

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

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

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

*Above: “All correct, Sir.” Left: Constance Worth and Malcolm Tod.*

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

*Circle: Tom Reynolds as “Captain Rogers.” Below: Tom Reynolds and Haidee Wright.*
Miss Betty Doyle, who is appearing in British Films, is one of the many film beauties who use "EASTERN FOAM." She says:

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

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

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

Lillian Gish is due in London early this month. She has been filming in Rome for Inspiration Pictures, and her work as the heroine of The White Sister will prove once and for all whether or no Griffith's leading ladies can hold their own without his direction.

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

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

The year's death-roll seems confined solely to the sterner sex. Earliest on the list were H. V. Esmond, better known as playwright and actor, though he did some film work with his clever wife, Eva Moore, who still ornaments our screens. Then there were Rudolph Christians (of Universal) and Van Dyke Brooke (of Vitagraph). Also poor little Bobby Connelly, whose earliest work was done in the Vitagraph Studios, and whose "Leon Cantor" in Humoresque will long survive him. Bobby's shadow will be seen again this year, for Vitagraph are reissuing many of their early four-reelers, and Bobby played in a number of these.

Little Reeves or "Breezy" Eason is another clever laddie whose career came to an untimely end as the result of a motor accident. Sidney Valentine, too, passed away in 1922; his best screen work was in Phroso. Everyone will miss the cheerful features and breezy personality of Teddy Arundell (a Stoll player), who died very suddenly on Nov. 3; and at present Fred Goodwins, well known as actor and producer, is at death's door.

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

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

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

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

January 1923

Pictures and Picturegoer

SHADOWLAND
MOVIE GOSPOIL OF THE MONTH.
The latest Chaplin rumour is to the effect that Charlie is engaged to—no, not Pola Negri, but Eleanor Boardman.

An unusual suggestion is being considered in America. This is to film John Barrymore in "Hamlet," his best rôle, according to the opinion of his fellow-countrymen. The idea arose at a dinner when someone deplored the fact that Frank Bacon's "Lightnin'" an American classic, had never, and would never now, be seen, since Bacon died just recently. The opinions of the various producers on the subject are worth noting. Says Griffith: "There are five murders in it. What would the censors say (and do) about Hamlet himself?"

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

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

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

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

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

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**The Agony of the Eagles** (Stoll Films de France; Jan. 30).


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

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

---

**A Prince of Lovers** (Gaumont; Jan. 1).

The career of an honest-to-goodness Georgian he-vamp. An exceptionally good British romantic play, with an all-star cast comprising Howard Gaye, Marjorie Hume, Mary Clare, Saba Raleigh, Marjorie Day, David Hawthorne, Eugene Leahy, Madge Tree, M ie Ault, Viva Birckett, Emmeline Ormesby, James Bonatus, George Toby, and H. R. Hignett.

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**A Will and a Way** (Artiste: Jan. 29).


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


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


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

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

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


(Continued on page 50.)
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The Black Panther’s Cub (Pearl; Jan. 15).


Cabiria (Artistic; Jan. 8).

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

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

Chaplin and Edna Flugrath in a Dog’s Life, one of his best shorter features.

Circus Jim (Granger’s; Jan. 28).

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

The Concert (Pathé; Jan. 8).

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

Conjuror’s House (Paramount; Jan. 15).

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

Dangerous Curve Ahead (Goldwyn; Jan. 26).


The Devil Within (Fox; Jan. 1).

Dustie Farnum amid Malay curses and kreezes. South Sea settings, poison, fights and rugged adventures. Also Virginia Valli, Nigel de Bruiher, Bernard Puring, Evelyn Selbee, Hazel Dean, and Jim Farley. Picturesque but illogical. For melodrama lovers only.

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

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

Doubting for Romeo (Goldwyn; Jan. 15).

Force comedy by a pair of famous authors, Will Shakespeare and Will Rogers, with excellent “rags” at movie-makers. The sub-titles alone are worth the admission money. Supporting Rogers are Sylvia Breamer, Raymond Hatton, Sydney Ainsworth, Al Hart, Jimmie Rogers, William Orlamund, Cordelia Callahan, John Cossar, C. E. Thurston, and Roland Rushon.

Experience (Paramount; Jan. 8).


Enchantment (Paramount; Jan. 18).

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

The Face of the World (War; Jan. 15).

The old, old story of the neglected wife and the too-busy husband treated freshly, and well produced and characterised. Also Henry Befield, Edward Hearn, Harry Duffield, Lloyd Whitlock, Gordon Mullen, J. P. Lockney, and Fred Huntley. A good drama.

Fair Lady (Allied Artists; Jan. 22).

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

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

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

[Continued on Page 38]
MISS URSULA JEAN, who has made a great success in "The Virgin Queen," says:—
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Footlights (Paramount; Jan. 1).

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

The Glorious Fool (Goldwyn; Jan. 8).

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

I Am Guilty (Jury; Jan. 22).

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

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

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

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

A Maurice Tourneur production of the Fenimore Cooper classic. A masterpiece of its kind, with realistic backgrounds, excellent suspense, and great fidelity as to Indian manners and customs. All-star cast, with Wallace Beery, Barbara Bedford, Albert Roscoe, Lillian Hall, Henry Woodward, George Hackathorne, James Gordon, Theodore Leach, Jack McDonald, and Sydney Dean. For boys of all kinds.

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


Lying Lips (Jury; Jan. 1).

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

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


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

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

The Oath (Ass. First National; Jan. 20).

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

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

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

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

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

Pardon My French (Goldwyn; Jan. 1).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A scene from "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" released this month.
Quality Plays (Walturdaw; Jan. 1 and 15).

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

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

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

The Recoil (Stoll; Jan. 23).


The Roof Tree (Fox; Jan. 29).


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


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

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

Shackles of Gold (Fox; Jan. 8).

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

The Sheik (Paramount; Jan. 22).

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

Something Different (Realart Gaumont; Jan. 8).

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

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


The Sporting Duchess (Vitagraph; Jan. 8).


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

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

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

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

The Truth (Pathé; Jan. 22).

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

Whatever She Wants (Fox; Jan. 22).

Eileen Percy and her bobbed hair the most interesting feature in this one. Very light social comedy interpreted by.—besides the star—Richard Wayne, Herbert Fortier, James MacEithern, and Otto Hoffman.
A PICTUREGOER BOUQUET.
T is the Title and Type Trinily set,
H is the Happiness each month we get,
E is the Editor, Erudite sage,
P is the Pictures Portrayed on each Page.
I is the Interesting Interviews in it,
C is this Carol—why did I begin it?
T is the Thinker with Theories on Thought,
U is the Unction with which he is sought.
R is the Recent Releases Recorded,
E's the Enjoyment that each month's afforded.
G is dear George and the Gossip and Guide,
O is the Other that's Opened inside.
E's my Excuses for all this bad verse,
R's the Reflection: "It might have been worse!"

A KINEMA CATECHISM.
Has Nazimova eyes of blue or deepest violet?
And why is it that Stewart Rome remains unmarried yet?
Are Mary Pickford's curbs her own?
Does Pearl White wear a wig?
Can Eugene sing, I'd like to know?
Can Wally dance a jig?

Can Violet Hopson drive a car; what brand of petrol's used?
Is Buster's sad and solemn air what keeps us all amused?
How tall is Norma Talmadge? Why is Walter Heers so fat?
Can't Charlie wear some decent boots, and sport a different hat?
And why did Monte fix on "Blue"?—he's always "in the pink,"
I've failed to find the answers; now will George, please, have a think?

TO ANNA.
Dear Anna! How I love you when
You flash across the screen,
It makes me feel so proud to think,
That you're my Movie Queen!

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

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

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

VARSITY Boy (Birmingham).

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

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

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

E. C. (Ipswich).

THE VAMP.
There are girls who fascinate me;
There are girls who nauseate me;
There are tender, curly-locked brunettes of every kind of brand.
There are blondes with looks a-plenty;
Girls who powder and are scantly;
There are pretty little darlings found in every blessed land.

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

PISTISTRATUS (Mayfair).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.
[This is your department of Picturegoer. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. £2 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the Picturegoer. Address: "Faults," Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

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

Film Heroes Never Die.
In Submarine Gold, a chemical explosion occurs in a submarine, and some very virulent (judging by the speed with which it kills the occupants) gas fills the air. Ralph Ince escapes by donning a gas-mask. Only a short time elapses before he returns to the submarine, this time with a mask, and suffers no harm, although there was no possible chance of the gas becoming harmless. Whoever directed these scenes knows very little about the nature of poison-gas.—H. E. E. A. (Surrey).

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

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

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

Lunch à la Movie Mode.
In Two Wise Wives, a scene is shown in which Mona Lisa serves what she calls "lunch." But there were candles on the table; surely these are never used at lunch?—E. B. (Lewisham).
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Cooganite (Winchmore Hill).—(1) Jackie Coogan was born in New York in 1915, though he looks younger. He and Chaplin met in the lobby of an hotel, when "C. C." at once engaged the youngster for a year. (2) Art-plate of Jackie in "Pictures," Dec. 3, 1921; price 3d., from Publishing Dept., Long Acre. "Sidelight" in Sept. 10, 1921, issue; same price. (3) I expect you've seen it by now. It was a September release. (4) Not the same person. Sol Lesser controls and operates over forty-seven theatres in California, and is the moving spirit of Sol Lesser enterprises. (5) He would receive, on those terms, one-half the total profits on each film before anything was deducted for expenses. The sum would not be less than £10,000, anyway.

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

Bards (Pendleton).—(1) Write all stars c.o. this journal, enclosing stamped plain envelope with your letter. (2) I daresay Mahlon Hamilton will oblige you. He is a Baltimore man, and was on the stage originally. His screen career includes one serial, The Hidden Hand; also The Danger Mark, In Old Kentucky, Daddy Long Legs, Ladies Must Love, The Deadlier Sex, Earthbound, The Truant Husband, and I am Guilty. He has light brown hair and blue eyes. Married, but not to a film star. (3) Jack Mulhall born in New York, stage and vaudeville career, was with Biograph for four years. Some of his films are Sirens of the Sea, Wild Youth, The Brass Bullet (Serial), The Off-Shore Pirate, The Little Clown, and Two Weeks with Patsy. Height, 5 ft. 11 in. Brown hair and blue eyes. (4) John Powers came from Indiana. Screen career with Griffith, Metro,Thanhouser, Famous Players, World, and Goldwyn, where he now is. He is 6 ft. tall, with dark hair and eyes. Strictly Confidential, Woman in Room 13, Goddess Men, Roads of Destiny, and The Sky Pilot are some of his films. Hope I've satisfied your thirst for knowledge for a little while.

A Lover of Pictures (Tulse Hill).—(1) Wallace McCutcheon is on the stage again at present. (2) C.o. this journal, with the usual stamped plain envelope. M. R. W. (Dalkey).—Will ask the Editor re photos of your favourites. (1) June Elvidge was born in 1893. (2) Yes; Mildred Manning's still playing; her last was The Westerner (Robertson Cole). (3) I believe Fanny Ward has retired; but you'll see Gail Kane and Alice Brady on the screen again next year. (4) Jean Calhoun appeared recently in Man, Woman, Marriage; she hasn't retired. (5) In Pride of the Clan: "Margaret McTavish" by Mary Pickford; "Robert Earl of Dunstable," Warren Cook; "The Countess of Dunstable," Kathryn Browne Decker; "Pitcairn," Edward Roseman; "The Duchess," Jack Day; and "Jamie Campbell," Matt Moore.

Keenly Interested (Leigh).—(1) Melody of Death was released last June 5. Here's the cast:—"Mrs. Cathcart," Hetta Bartlett; "George Wallis," Dick Sutherland; "Gilbert Stander-tin," Philip Acme; "Ethel Cathcart," Enid Reville Read; "Sir John Standerton," J. Agar Lyons. Edgar Wallace wrote the book, and the title was not changed. (2) Haven't heard of an American version of At the Villa Rose, but your choice of Eileen Percy for "Celia Harland" is quite a good one. She has her friends among the stars. Send a postcard to "Pictures" Salon, Long Acre, for free list of them.

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

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

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

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

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

A. Lee (Surrey).—Not Annabel, I trust. Priscilla Dean stands 5 ft. 4 in. and has dark eyes and hair. Her husband, Wheeler Oakman, stands over 6 ft., with brown hair and hazel eyes. The numbers you want are "Pictures," April 3, 1920, Mar. 26, Jan. 29, Feb. 12, Sept. 24, Sept. 10, and Jan. 12, 1921. Please of these, or at "Editor," and postage. Picturesgoer for Oct., 1921 and July, 1920, and April, 1922. Picturesgoer cost 1s. each, and 2d. postage on each.
Serial Lover (Hove).—(1) In Hidden Dangers — Dr. Brutell; " Joe Ryan; " Madeleine Stanton; " Paine; " Robert Stanton, George Stanley; " Hammer," E. J. Denny; " Pinchers," Sam Polo; and " Sheriff Macklin," Bert Ensminger. (2) Edward Roseman appeared in Fantomos for Fox, besides Bride 13; but the latter was Greta Hartman's only Serial. (3) Ponn is a film player. You saw him in: Bride 13, I expect. He was an artist's model at one time, and entered Screenland via the Reliance Majestic Studios with D. W. Griffith. His films are Intolerance, Battle of the Sexes, Old Folks at Home, Yours Truly, Made for Each Other, Drones, and The Snob. The last two are 1923 releases. Height, 5 ft. 10 in. Blue eyes, black hair. There is quite enough for me, thank you; but you may come again some time, if you like.

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

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

Pink Carnations (Buxton).—Certainly, since you ask so nicely. (1) Bessie Barriscale born 1891. Louise Glaum doesn't tell her age; she's thirty-six, I believe. (2) Peggy Paterson in Mr. Justice Raffles. Peggy Pearson was the " fat that mail film. Peggy didn't appear in Love Madness, Sheba's sister, in The Queen of Sheba. No details to hand about her so far.


Wallymova (Bayswater).—Congratulations on your non-de-plume. Brickbats duly noted and bouquets distributed. (1) Pauline Frederick's husband is her cousin, Dr. Ruthven. (2) Nazimova was born 1878, though you mayn't credit it.

Nar (Cairo).—(1) Susse Hayakawa is quite well. (2) Japanese. (3) 5 ft. 7½ in. (4) Born 1889 in Tokio and educated at a Japanese college and the University of Chicago. Acted for six years in Japan. (5) American opinion is like that of most other people — appreciative of good art. (6) Susse has translated some of Shakespeare's plays into Japanese, and has written the story of The Swam (one of his films). (7) Most films star answer their " fan " oil, so I don't see why Susse should be an exception. (10) His address is: c/o. Picturegoer. Glad you like it.

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


H. C. F. (Huntingdon).—Vera Gordon in The Greatest Love as " Mrs. Lantini," Henry Kolker directed it, and Walturdaw distributed it this side. M. K. (Strathtamm).—No objection whatever. Fire away! (1) Ethel Clayton was born in 1890. (2) Not married. (3) I think she might let you have a photo. (4) No mention of " Doreen " in the cast of Eastward Ho! Haven't you made a mistake?

Baby Peggy in the film panther "Jack and the Beanstalk." The giant is Jack Earl, who is 7 ft. 3 inches tall and weighs 237 lbs.
THINGS YOU WANT TO KNOW.

(Continued from Page 6.)

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

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

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

What is Hollywood really like? I lived in Hollywood for over a year. It is a beautiful suburban portion of Los Angeles, at the foot of the Santa Monica mountains, running well up into the foothills. It has wide streets, fine trees, many flowers, and good-looking little bungalows, very low, very new, and spick-and-span. It is one of the cleanest places in the country. The motion-picture part is evidenced by the streets taking of pictures, by the presence of actors and actresses in make-up in the restaurants, and by the presence of the studios. Otherwise, there is nothing different from any other community. At night the streets are dead quiet. There are two policemen, and I never saw them needed. If you want to know the motion-picture folks you can frequent the restaurants they go to and the shops in which they buy until you come to recognise them. And unless you are in the business, that is all you will see of them. They keep largely to themselves, and their affairs, both business and social, include few outsiders. I know people who have lived in Hollywood eight years and who have yet to see in person Mary, Douglas, or Charlie, and recognise them. Some people seem to think Hollywood a place unto itself. (Continued from Page 6.)

H. D. P. (Oxford).—That printer shan’t. You will find that interview in PICTURES and PICTUERGOER for March 1921.


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

Talmadge Fans (Dundee).—A new native Irish Company is the Irish Photo Plays. Productions are Casey’s Millions, Wicked Gold, and another not yet completed. Casey’s Millions will be released next October. Other release dates not fixed.

H. C. B. (Wood Green) sends a bouquet to Norma Talmadge “for her superb acting in Smilin’ Through.”

Reality (Brewood) asks me the old question: “Does Mary’s curls permanently wave?”—by Nature. She told me so herself, and who are we to doubt a lady’s word?


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

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

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

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

Von Stromheim’s wife, Valerie Geronperez, helps him to make up. Stromheim is now with Golwyn.

JANUARY 1923
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There will be a huge demand for No. 1—in order to avoid disappointment, order your copy early.
"I SHOULD like to see more film
prologues of the type given
at the presentation of The Three
Muskeeteers. Both prologue and film
were alike excellent. I must say
I am a word in praise
of Douglas Fairbanks for his splen-
did portrayal of D'Artagnan,
and the producer is to be congratula-
ted on his superb handling of
the picture. As regards the pro-
logue, this, in my opinion, greatly
enhanced one's interest in the film.
We can do with more prologues of
this description."—B. B. ( Hull.)

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

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

"DO not think it necessary for
anyone to run great risks
just for the amusement of the
public; if it's possible to fake a
scene, why not do
In Favour of it? The stars
"Faking" have 'doubles'
'to perform their
risky stunts; surely a 'double's'
life is worth as much as a star's?
To his or her family and friends it's
worth more. Thanks to the movie
magazines, we know that doubles
are employed. If doubles, why not dummies?"—P. E. L. (Surrey).

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

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

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

THE prize of a goblet filled to the
brim with the honest-to-good-
ness tears of picturegoers goes to
William Farnum, as the finest
emotional screen-
actor extant, ac-
cording to vote.

And Some
"Double
Events."

Sessue Hayakawa, Eille Norwood,
Hobart Bosworth, Matheson Lang,
Lon Chaney, Mil-
ton Sills, John
Barrymore,
Stewart Rome,
Charles Chap-
lin, Gwyn New-
all, Henry
Edwards, H. B.
Warner, Vic-
tor Seastrom,
Klement Rosmer,
Wynham Stander
and W. S. Hart.

The Thinker.
Don’t Miss

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paralleling her "Smilin'
Through" triumphs in

"The Eternal
Flame"

YESTERDAY NORMA'S
greatest achievement is de-
clared to be "Smilin' Through."

To-day "The Eternal Flame"
must be hailed as its peer.

For NORMA it is her greatest
acting part: the gorgeous Duchesse de
Langeais, moving untouched through
the romance and scandal of the Old
French Courts only to find herself
regarded as a toy by her husband, who
wagers on her faith just as he would
upon a horse.

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of those emotions which make this
creation of dramatic and artistic
perfection. NORMA TALMADGE
alone could achieve it.
DON'T MISS THIS FILM

It has every ingredient that goes to the making of a truly great picture. A wonderful star, an enthralling story, gorgeous settings, perfect photography and a supporting cast that reads like a "Who's Who" of the screen. Note these names:

Conway Tearle
Adolphe Jean Menjou
Wedgwood Nowell
Rosemary Theby
Kate Lester
Thomas Ricketts
Irving Cummings
Otis Harlan

Do you know of any cast greater?

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

Directed by Frank Lloyd

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

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

National Picture
WHERE TO SEE BUTCHERS SELECTED PICTURES

FEBRUARY 10th, 1923.

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

FEBRUARY 8th, 1923.

Cinema, Dover.

Ealing, West London.

Empire, Olympic.

Palace, Huddersfield.

Theatre, Birmingham.

**FEBRUARY 12th, 1923.**

West End Cinema, Oxford.

Palladium, Chester.

Theatre, Newcastle.

**FEBRUARY 15th, 1923.**

Palladium, Brighton.

Palladium, Liverpool.

Empire, Newcastle.

**FEBRUARY 19th, 1923.**

Grimsby, Cinema.

Oldham, Central.

Palladium, Plymouth.

**FEBRUARY 20th, 1923.**

Cambridge, Commercial Street.

Scala, Stratford-Upon-Avon.

**FEBRUARY 24th, 1923.**

Palace, Wakefield.

Theatre, Wigan.

Palace, Sunderland.

**FEBRUARY 26th, 1923.**

Palace, Park Royal.

Theatre, Warrington.

**FEBRUARY 28th, 1923.**

Palace, South Shields.

**THE LILAC SUNBONNET.**

Produced by SIDNEY MORGAN. Leading Player—JOAN MORGAN.

FEBRUARY 14th, 1923.

Picture Palace, Walsall.

Impress Palace, Hanley.

FEBRUARY 15th, 1923.

Picture House, Barnsley.

Picture House, Coventry.

**FEBRUARY 19th, 1923.**

Academy, Brighton.

Palladium, Brighton.

Scala, Guildford.

**FEBRUARY 22nd, 1923.**

Electric Palace, Birkenhead.

Palladium, Preston.

Scala, Plymouth.

**FEBRUARY 23rd, 1923.**

Electric Palace, Birkenhead.

Palladium, Preston.

Scala, Plymouth.

**FEBRUARY 26th, 1923.**

Scala, Theatre, Nottingham.

Scala, Theatre, Birmingham.

**“WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.”**

Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

FEBRUARY 11th, 1923.

Cinema, Hove.

Palace, Barnsley.

Palace, Chester.

**FEBRUARY 14th, 1923.**

Grimsby, New Theatre.

Lincoln, Royal.

Leeds, Royal.

**FEBRUARY 17th, 1923.**

West End, Picture Palace.

Palladium, Leeds.

Palladium, Newcastle.

**FEBRUARY 20th, 1923.**

Coronation, Walthamstow.

Pale Picture House, Dublin.

Queens, Holborn.

**“SON OF KISSING CUP.”**

Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

FEBRUARY 17th, 1923.

Picture House, Huddersfield.

Picture House, Huddersfield.

**FEBRUARY 19th, 1923.**

Palace, Huddersfield.

Palace, Sheffield.

Scala, Leicester.

**FEBRUARY 22nd, 1923.**

Electric Theatre, Birkenhead.

Palladium, Preston.

Scala, Plymouth.

**FEBRUARY 26th, 1923.**

Scala, Theatre, Nottingham.

Scala, Theatre, Yorkshire.

**FEBRUARY 3rd, 1923.**

Picture House, Lincoln.

Picture House, Lincoln.

**“THE LILAC SUNBONNET.”**

Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

FEBRUARY 15th, 1923.

Cinema, Stourbridge.

Palace, Swindon.

Palladium, Leeds.

**FEBRUARY 19th, 1923.**

Grimsby, Cinema, Hove.

Oldham, Central.

Palladium, Sunderland.

**FEBRUARY 22nd, 1923.**

Electric Theatre, Birkenhead.

Palladium, Preston.

Scala, Plymouth.
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PICTUREGOER ART GALLERY .......................... 28-32
ANN FORREST

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

RITISH five-reeler produced with a smile in it, 1923. Trade holds indignation meeting.

2. "All-subtitle" photo play appears, 1930.

Sudden activity in magic-lantern business.

3. Motion pictures discovered all over again, 1931.


5. The last "George" letter received, 1923. George retires on a pension.


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


10. Censor cuts out close-up of pocket, in case any one should pick it, 1923.

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

12. Industry commits ghastly mistake of not burying "revolver in drawer" idea with him.


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


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


22. Inventor of "revolver in drawer" ought to have done, 1900.

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

24. Editor "Picturegoer" wants to know, for ninetieth time, just why "Darling Mabel" of Ealing was born.


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

27. Photoplay announced that shall be "a distinct departure from tradition: something entirely novel," 1923.

28. Author of Movie Calendar can't think of anything fresh, either, 1923.
Fire!

Fire!!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Action to be speeded up according

Conrad Nagel and Leatrice Joy
in "Saturday Night."

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

Nero holds up a restraining hand.

"That insurance policy covers risks to my fiddle?"

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

"Then let Rome burn!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly, the portion of the masonry supporting the end of the ladder collapses, and Johnny, in the nick of time, hooks a portable ladder on to the balcony railings. Hand-over-hand he drags himself up to the girl, and supporting her on his shoulders, he commences a perilous descent to the ground.

As he nears the waiting firemen below, a heavy steel safe topples over on the second floor and falls in a roaring avalanche of brick and flaming timber, carrying
the girl and her rescuer with it. The mammoth castle, built after many weeks of strenuous and costly labour at Monterey, which was sacrificed to the flames in *Foolish Wives*, was a spectacle to a large extent created to throw a grim sidelight on to the selfish, cowardly nature of the villain. When the fire is at its height, Count Sergius is seen to fight his way through the distracted ladies on the balcony and leap for safety with complete disregard for anyone’s security but his own. That constituted as expensive a method of subtle characterisation as the most prodigious producer can boast.

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

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

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

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

The camera-men participating in the filming of this picture had a thrilling time. For a duel amidst the flames and a dying man’s confession had to be registered on the celluloid before the principal characters made their escape from the flaring building.

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

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

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

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

Russell Mallinson.

Below: *Trial by Fire, in God’s Crucible.*

Right: *The Burning of Rome, in Nero.*
Have the fogs worried you much?"

"Mumph!" said Mr. Samuelson.

"I suppose your exteriors are finished?"

"Crumph!" said Mr. Samuelson.

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

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

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

I gave it up.

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

Josephine pleads with Napoleon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whilst I was sitting in the hall for my car, Napoleon rushed up to me in a state of perturbation, saying:

"Would you please step this way? I've met with a slight accident. I
slipped when crossing over from the studio just now, and ran my sword into my leg!

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

“Half a minute, I’ll get you some cotton wool and—” Napoleon! Napoleon! NAPOLEON!

“I’m wanted on the set,” said Gwyllim Evans, as a stentorian voice resounded along the corridor. "NAPOLEON!"

I peeked my head round the door, and looked at the shouting scene-shifter. "Napoleon can’t come for a minute,” said I. "He’s met with an accident. A sword wound in the leg."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Samuelson’s notice, and that super was given a chance to show what he could do in the vacant rôle. He acquitted himself so well that he was promoted on the spot, and in less than an hour had risen from the rank of super to the dignity of a small Part. I suppose in after years that super will be telling the story when inquisitive interviewers put the question: "How did you get your chance?"

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

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

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

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

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

The words, "Wife" and "Wives" have been an integral part of every other film title during the past few years and many charming stars have quite a reputation for their studies in screen wifehood. It is curious, though, that, with but one exception, all those renowned for their excellent work in domestic dramas are, or have been, waves in real life. Gloria Swanson, Bessie Barriscale, Clara Kimball Young—a dozen or so names come to one's mind immediately in this connection. The one notable exception is Lois Wilson, who is at the moment still unwed, but is said to be on the eve of an engagement. Lois specialises in the patient, loving, and forgiving spouse—witness her work in The Lost Romance and Midsummer Madness; whilst her "Maggie," in What Every Woman Knows, is a screen classic.

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

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

Everyman's ideal wife is ably personified by Ethel Clayton, with Bessie Barriscale and Florence Vidor as very close runners-up.

But I should put my money on Ethel first and last. Since her Lubin days she has portrayed one wife after another. She plays the sweetheart wife to perfection, and it is very sad to reflect that in real life she is a widow.
lovers of screen art, if not to every wife; but the delicate, fragrant charm of her "Moonvyeen," the shadowy dream-wife in *Smilin' Through*, will always remain a sweet memory in the minds of picturegoers.

The butterfly wives of the screen *par excellence* are Mae Murray and May Allison. I doubt very much if they come under the heading of "good" wives, but they are undeniably good to look at, so we'll let it go at that. May Allison in *Extravaganza* is a warning to wives; but she repent and becomes a model mate in the last reel. *The Marriage of William Haines* gave her a charming, if slightly wayward, wifely character. She looks a doll-wife, but there's plenty of spirit about her. A spoilt darling is Mae Murray when she's a film wife, and you can't blame her husband. Put yourself in his place and the chances are you'd do the same. One of the many things I'd like to know is this: Why are all Dorothy Phillips' screen husbands so henpecked? Her real husband is far from it. Allen Holubar is decidedly the head of his own house. But poor James Kirkwood, in *Man, Woman and Marriage*, to quote one example only! Man is invariably the merest microbe in a Dorothy Phillips' photo-play.

Ask any boy whom he'd like to marry if he had his choice out of all the screen stars, and he'll up and answer you, "Pearl White." The peerless, fearless one, since she left serials for serious drama, has provided some very good studies of wifehood. This month's release, *Any Wife*, is a very fair example. Pearl is always delightful with kiddies; they adore her in the studio; she is such a charm to them, and the biggest tomboy extant. But, alas and alas! see what playing wives has done for Pearl. She's thinking of becoming a nun!

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

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

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

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

Much consternation has been caused in theatre and cinema circles all over the world by the report that Pearl White, the famous screen heroine, contemplates retiring in a French convent. At present she is staying at the Hotel de Crillon, where she has a beautiful suite of rooms. She refuses to see all newspaper reporters or grant interviews, and is constantly shut up in her apartment. Pearl White says that she requires no publicity, that it is not a Press stunt, but she is somewhat reticent as to the whereabouts of her new abode. With a view to clearing the mystery attached to this statement, I went to see the charming actress. She told me that the report was quite true—to a certain extent—and that the convent was situated in the mountains of Northern France. She said, however, that she was not becoming a nun, but that she would be received at the convent as a pensionnaire, which is a very different thing. She gives as reason for her proposed seclusion, her desire to meditate and be left alone with her thoughts, oh! such a long while. A penny for 'em! A charming Parisian cinema artiste will be seen in a beautiful new film shortly to be released in London. The scenes have been laid in sunny Spain, and it is the story of a Spanish girl, Chiquita. The part of "Chiquita" is played by Elmire Vautier, and her wonderful versatility and emotional acting have won for her tremendous success. Her portrayal of the Spanish type is really remarkable, and it is not surprising that on one occasion she was mistaken for a native, by a...
"New stars for old" is the cry of the silver sheet; but there's life in the old stars yet.

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

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

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

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

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From top: Hilite
Then, Reginald
Denny, Kathleen
Key: Max M. Loy.
Max, Phelan.

above: Nita Naldi.
right: Peggy Hyland.

the release of A Sailor Tramp, in which he gives a character-study different from any of his previous efforts. Hugh E. Wright is an excellent foil to him, this worth-while newcomer, and his scenes are becoming classics. As star and director, Peggy Hyland returns to you this year. Her comedies (self directed) are most worth watching, and in Shifting Sands she is her own delightful self. Though she has seen too many acting chances, she will also be seen in reissues of many of her Vitagraph successes, some of her best dramatic work went into these films. Peggy is one of the brides of 1922; she married her director, Fred Granville.

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

Among the "indeterminates" of the year are Chaplin and Nazimova. Chaplin may direct Edna Purviance and leave comedies alone for a while; his plans are undecided. Nazimova's fate rests upon Salome, for the moment. Alla herself is on the stage. It is with sincere regret that Pauline Frederick's name must be omitted from the list. Her stories have been growing worse and worse; even a good one like Clementina Wing was ruined in translation. She has done little screen work for the past year, and her 1923 plans include, thus far, only a film version of Largiliere Farceur, which is a melodrama, and nothing wonderful at that. But, in place of Pauline and Alla, you have Pola Negri, a newcomer (on Great Britain's screens), who combines the appeal of both with a personality of her own. Pola is Nazimova-like in her exotic grace. Yet she has, when she so wills it, all Pauline Frederick's dignity and power. She has played Sappho, and has just finished Bella Donna (Pauline Frederick's Mrs Chemist was a fine piece of work), and her "Sumurun," which you will see later (One Arabian Night), is a rôle very much on the lines of Nazimova's early creations. Pola Negri is young, younger than Mary Pickford, whose Tess, by the way, keeps her well in her old place and though the first films released here were made half-a-dozen years ago, her personality is arresting enough to balance faults of lighting, direction, etc.

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

In Trouble, due in a month or so, and
to deal with them jointly. Both have been starred before, but not together until The Scientist, which is not due yet awhile. Marjorie Hume's career so far has consisted of a plucky fight against several sorts of sheer ill-luck. Such things as mysterious fires, consuming ones earliest and sincerest screen work, two unsuitable parts to every one that suited her personality, are not exactly helpful to a film star. Yet beautiful Marjorie Hume has succeeded in spite of everything. She is versatile; can play a thankless rôle like that of "Lady Byron, or an erotic Ethel M Dell creation like Violet Cameron (The Keeper of the Door, with equal ease, and win sympathy in both. She and Flora Le Breton started in the same rôle, and with the same director, the May Irwin, starred Marjorie Hume in the first La Ponpon film he made, also as Noni in His House in Order a rôle which should have suited her well, but both were burnt before they were finally assembled. The second La Ponpon was more fortunate.

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

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

Victor McLaglen, who starred in his very first picture a year or two ago (The Call of the Red), has travelled far along the path to finished artistry since then. Costume and character work of various descriptions he has essayed, and this year sees...
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Fiddle and I, and Toby Tyler, Jackie has more scope for comedy again. He grows in artistry, if not in height, with every picture. Baby Peggy Montgomery, who stars in short comedies, companioned by some clever animals, is a new starlet. She is a little over three years old, and her grasp of studio technique, her dancing, and her command of expression are remarkable. Baby Peggy commenced as in "extra," but three weeks later she was a star. She has a wonderful memory, and is possessed of that inexplicable "something" that distinguishes Jackie Coogan from the other child stars.

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

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

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

Above: Colleen Moore.
Left: Joseph Schildkraut.

From left: Richard Dix, Mae Busby, Lefty Flynn, Hilda Bayley.

Miriam Battista.

John Robertson when casting The Spanish Jade, in which you will see Charles next. But he was Charles de Rochefort; those days. After Mae Busby's 

viscious "vamping" in Foolish Wives, Universal starred her in half a dozen films; but it is as "Glory" in The Christian that she has her biggest chance. Mae Busby is not unlike Betty Compson at times, though without Betty's wastefulness. She and Richard Dix will be seen here this year in the films they made in 1921 and 1922. Dix likes to style himself Charles Chaplin's oneerror in judgment. For when Richard was playing leads in a Hollywood theatre, he had had a "quarrel" with Charles, who told him never to try film work, as, in his opinion, he was quite unsuited for it. But Richard thought otherwise; so did Goldwyn, who starred him with Helen Chadwick in many excellent humorous and serious features. In The Son of God, Dix shines in a powerful, emotional part, and into his "John Storm" in The Christian he declares he has put all that is best in him. Maurice (Lefty) Flynn, left baseball (he was a champion player), to become a film star, and by the look of him and the success of him, we'll say he knows what he was doing all right.

Maurice is one of Fox's best male stars.

Joseph Schildkraut, the picturesque "Chevalier" in Orphans of the Storm, had made only one film previous to that—i.e., The Picture of Dorian Gray, which was shown in England a few years ago. Joseph is primarily a stage player, and one very much averse from personal publicity, too. His views on stage, screen, and other matters he will freely express, in his broken English or perfect French, but close as an oyster is he when questioned as to his likes and dislikes, hobbies, etc., etc. But he's married now, so perhaps he'll alter. Anyway, he returns to the screen some time next April, for at least two feature films.

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

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

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

Kathleen Key, too, belongs to the younger set. Although American, she has been featured by an Australian movie company; but this year stars in several films. The work of the Film Guild will be seen this year. This Guild arose out of a visit to the officials of the Theatre Guild by students from Yale, Harvard, and Princeton Colleges. It is a profit-sharing concern, whose members do their parts for the love of the thing, firstly, and no one has any set duties. But they are all College students, Glenn Hunter and Mary Astor, their stars, have already made good. Now Hunter has been starring in the stage version of "Merton of the Movies," so they will have to get a new star for 1923 productions. Their first offerings are The Cradle Busters and Second Fiddle, and both are novel and good.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Initially a "Follies" girl, lovely Billie Dove entered motion pictures in Constance Talmadge's The Follies and Cosmopolitan's Get-Rich-
C ut," roars the director, "Smell-  
ing salts, and be quick about  
it! She's fainting."
The rhythmic whirr of  
the film cameras fades, and  
a dozen hands reach forward  
to support the swaying form  
of an artiste whose pallor is  
alarming beneath the grease  
paint. She is carried to a neighbour-  
ing couch, and restoratives from the  
studio medicine-chest help to coax the  
crumpled butterfly back to something  
of her former vivaciousness.

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

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

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

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

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

Lon Chaney, who has not the  
advantage of lengthy tresses to enable  
him to drag his facial muscles into a  
realistic suggestion of Oriental nu-  
mobility, has to adopt a still more  
painful ruse when characterising a  
Chinaman on the screen.

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

Chaney has schooled himself; how-  
ever, to face drastic physical pain in  
the course of his extraordinary screen  
portrayals.

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

D. W. Griffith does not hesitate to  
ask those whom he directs before the  
cameras to face physical pain in the  
interests of realism. And such is the  
lovable personality of the master pro-  
ducer that the artistes who bring to  
the screen his remarkably human  
characters enthusiastically face hard-  
ship for art's sake.

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

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

REX W. RUSSELL MAUSSON.
Globe Trotting into the Movies

Who has not heard the call of foreign lands? Very few, I expect. To some of us the call comes early, when, after reading the thrilling tales written by enthusiastic globe-trotters, we disturb our peace of mind, each of us imagines himself to be a Clive, a Livingstone, or a Scott in embryo. To some of us, also, is given that pluck and grit to follow our determination to see the world — and to this class belongs Victor McLaglen, who has now achieved something which to the modern youngster is ambition, but to which our Victorian grandparents were never subject. He has become a film star. But, long before that, he had a bad attack of Wanderlust, so that, soon after he had left school, the call of the Canadian farm lands became too strong for him, and with little more than his fare in his pocket, he went to seek his fortune in Ontario.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To Australia he went primarily on holiday, but, catching the gold-prospecting fever, he lingered in the land of the Southern Cross long enough to lose a lot of money. During this time he once came very close to losing his life in the desert; and had it not been for the intelligence of his horse, McLaglen says "my bones would have rotted on a desert waste."

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

Victor entertained by Arab minstrels at Baghdad.

"You've never done any film work, have you?"
"No," replied McLaglen, "and I'm not likely to. I am not an Adonis, you know."
"Would you like to try?" inquired the gentleman, again. "I want a boxer who will let me train him to be a film actor."
Still McLaglen would not agree, for, as he afterwards explained, "I thought Mr. Davidson was pulling my leg."

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

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

Little, But Oh, My!

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

A Hair-Raising Exploit.

To David Hawthorne belongs the credit of growing the maximum of beard in the minimum of time. During the second whilst one scene flashed off and another flashed on, David, in Silent Evidence, acquires a very droll appearance around the lower jaw. Maybe the film cutter Marjorie Hume and David Hawthorne in "Silent Evidence."

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

A Movie Monarch Abdicates.

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

Shy Shylocks.

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

Where the Camera is Welcomed.

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

La Belle Stuart.

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

In Hepworth Studios.

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

Dance Your Troubles Away.

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

Other Attractions.

Many favourites of yours have charge of the Novelty Stall, for which souvenirs from all over the world have been secured. There is also a Bran Tub, containing a little of everything from chocolates to cars, and from jewellery to jazz-band instruments. The tickets cost 2s., which includes an excellent supper, and you can get them from The Kinema Club, 9, Great Newport Street, London, or from Miss Billie Bristow (who is organising this festival), at 175, Wardour Street. Fancy dress is optional, but many valuable prizes are to be awarded to the wearers of the best and most original costumes.

Some Interesting "Futures."

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

The Three Wishes.

It was a most interesting evening and one which gave me enough thrills to last a year.

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

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

Hugh Miller and Madge Stuart in "The Letters."
VIOLA DANA.

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

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

Has been more than once accused of looking like Wallace Reid. In the motoring get-up he wears in "A Race for a Bride" he does nothing to dispel this illusion.
IVOR NOVELLO & NINA VANNA.
As they appear in "The Man Without Desire." Ivor Novello is now in America, where he will work in D. W. Griffith's Mamaroneck studio opposite Mae Marsh in "The White Rose."
MERCY HATTON,
The popular British film star, demonstrates the picturesque
charm of the fashionable, Paisley shawl wrap for evening
wear. She has introduced a new fashion to the screen,
in the form of a single-pendant ear ring.
The Modes of Marshall

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

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

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

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

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

Rhea le Forst's evening gown is of draped silver cloth, with grey pearl chain shoulder-straps, and a panne velvet train of lipstick red.
I remember, I remember,
The neolithic age
When no one said a kindly word
About the shadow stage;
When films were curiosities
Folks clapped their hands to see,
And everybody said: "The film
"Is in its infancy."

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

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

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

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

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

Two girls were on their way to Paris from their home village in distant Normandy—Henriette Girard and her sister Louise, who was blind. Visitors from Paris in the summer-time, struck by the wonderful beauty of the two, and touched by the affliction of the younger, had advised the journey, telling of a wonderful occult in the capital and of the miraculous operations he could perform. The girls had listened, dared to hope; money had been saved, and now they were on their way to gladness. A relative was to meet them on arrival, and in a week... .

But the Marquis de Presle had seen in their arrival at the gates of his château the direct act of Providence, casting a free gift at his feet. He disregarded the blind one, leaving her to think of other plans. A man he would have stricken on the spot, ending a life; even some women might have been thrown to the gendarmes; but this fresh beauty, so new, so different—there must be other measures here. He bowed and went away.

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

Ralph went without a word. He was not paid to talk.

In a little while all was well with the coach, and the passengers got inside once more to resume the journey. Henriette and Louise sat side by side, and when they had discussed Henriette's adventure to its barest, Louise said—"I should be so helpless without you, sister. You must take great care." "Indeed I will," said Henriette. "Do you think my operation will take very long?" "How can we say? And why should we care, if only it be successful? I am with you." "If we should part!" "What should part us, dear sister?" "You might love and marry."

CHARACTERS:
Henriette Girard - Lillian Gish
Louise - - - Dorothy Gish
Chevalier de Vaudrey - Joseph Schildkraut
Marquis de Presle - Morgan Wallace
Mother Frochard - Lucile La Verne
Jacques Frochard - Sheldon Lewis
Pierre Frochard - Frank Puglia
Danton - - - Monte Blue

Narrated, by permission, from the D.W. Griffith production, released by Film Booking Offices Ltd.
Henriette drew the blind girl to her side and tenderly kissed her.

"Sweetness," she said, "I shall never marry until you see the man I wed."

"Wonderful, wonderful sister!" sighed Louise. And the assurance was sufficient for her all the rest of the journey. She sat first, as the coach rumbled down over the rough cobblestones of Paris and through the narrow streets and under the shadows of the mighty buildings. Her sister's eyes were her eyes. Her sister told of every wonder on the way. She listened, and thereby soothed.

When they came to the destination the sisters alighted and looked round for the relative who was to meet them, but there was no sign of him. Nor, indeed, of anyone who might seem to have interest in them. They waited; the coach's passengers all went their ways, and the coach itself was taken off to its stable shelter. Night began to fall, yet still they stayed, thinking the relative might be detained by business, or ill—certain that soon some word would come to them. Over the square, a cripple sat with his sorry machine for grinding the knives and scissors of the poor. There was no trade. There was no hope. Pierre's name was. Nobody cared about that, though.

When the dull flicker of the shaking lamps had conquered the early night a man stepped suddenly from the shadow of an arch and gave a mock bow as he stood before the girls.

"Oh!" cried Henriette, in sudden glee at the arrival. "You are from——"

But the man stood erect and she saw the smile on his lips, sensing rather than knowing the evil there. She broke off and stepped back. But even as she did so the stranger raised his hand and sent a summons into the shadows of the arch. Suddenly the shadows spilled their deeper shadows; rough hands tore the two girls apart, and almost before Henriette was aware that danger threatened, the blow had fallen and the fumes of a drug were stinging her mind.

Louise! My sister!" she had time to cry, and that was all. Then she was raised to a vulgar and ragged shoulders, and embraced by the shadows of the arch so that all looking for her might have been as sightless as the termed and helpless sister who stood now alone, calling on God to aid where all men failed.

"My sister! My love! My sister! Come back to me, my love!"

Mas, Henriette was far from hearing! But all men had not failed. Painfully hobbling, came Pierre from his broken and futile machine across the way—was broken and as futile as it himself. He crept to the girl's side and took her in his arms. Was this, too, one of the unseen devils? But Louise had other sight than that of mortal eyes, and she knew that here a friend was close to her.

"My sister!" she sobbed. "I cannot see. We are orphans and have no friends."

"I know," said Pierre sadly. "I am lame and could come to your aid no sooner, or things might well have been different. But if you will let me——"

Again the foul shadows spilled evil, and now stood before them a woman, heavy and unpleasant, and a man young but stumped with the shadows' brand already. Mme. Frochard, Pierre's mother, and Jaques, his brother. The cripple's owners—strangest blood-relationship in all the blackness of the back-ways of Paris.

"Oh, he! cried Madame. "And what has our poor Bandylegs found this time?"

Jaques laughed coarsely and spun the girl round, the better to look at her.

"Bird!" he cried.

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame. "Don't say, too, that you can sing, ma belle?"

"Why, yes!" said Louise eagerly.

"God is good!" laughed the hag.

"This is mightier than I could have hoped for. Come home with me and my son. You shall sing for your living, and live with us. I am a poor woman, but honest. She leered at the son who was after her own heart, kicking the crutch out of her way.

"May the good God reward you," said Louise simply. "I put myself in your hands."

"Oh, well," said Madame, with a wink.

"You might and worse hands too." She led the way to home—at least, she called it home.

When Henriette came to she found herself in the midst of a garden fête of such bewildering wonder that at first she thought herself still in some glittering ill, in terms of her swoon.

"Do I dream? Am I mad?" she whispered. And then, memory returning—"Louise!" she cried, springing to her feet.

The Marquis was before her, smiling calmly, waiting, seeing as if he had paid at a show, and the anguish of the girl was the show. He uttered no word, but his very look told all and more than she wished to know. In despair she flung round at the laughing guests of the evil old nobleman and spread her hands in appeal.

"My sister is blind and helpless and a stranger in Paris," she sobbed.

"Without me she must die or come to some worse fate. Is there no man of honour here who will help me?"

"There is, Mademoiselle," said one, stepping forward suddenly and offering his arm. "I will take you to your sister."

The Chevalier de Vaudrey was young and handsome, and influential too, being the nephew of the Prefect of Police. Though this did not cause the Marquis to hesitate an instant. Prefect of Police? Why, cannot a Marquis make a dozen in a day?

"Not so fast, Chevalier," said the old nobleman, as de Vaudrey and the girl turned to go. This is my house. The girl is my girl. Do you seek to insult me?"

"Indeed, I care not that you are insulted," the Chevalier replied. But this girl is not as the others you entice here—who need but little persuasion, I must say—and if she desires to go, well, then, she shall go, and there is an end of the matter."

"Stop!" cried the Marquis.

"Stand aside, Sir!" cried the young man, his temper now at white heat. Astounded at the stand, the Marquis suddenly drew his sword and sprang forward.

"Do you think me a lackey?" he thundered. "Shall I order you to one side in my own house? Have at you!"

Little cries, and the clearing of a space. Then, pale with fear and trembling at the thought that the best man might not win, Henriette stood by and watched. Watched the wildest flaks that evil that wild spot had witnessed—wild and swift, too. A swiftness as bewildering as its result. Even to Henriette's eyes, who so desired it, the suddenness of the end was horrid. The Marquis lay dead, mourned by the hangmen-on who had helped spend his rogues, and the Chevalier with his hand by the arm and holding her to safety.

"My uncle is Prefect of Police, and he will shelter you in his home and help us find your sister," said he tenderly.
In three months a pure and ardent passion had sprung up between de Vaudrey and Henriette; but timidly enough did the girl give evidence of this. Not until she had found Louise would she permit her lover to declare himself, and Louise seemed far away and lost as ever.

The much looked-for help of the Prefect had come; but to their sorrow, for the Prefect had seen well enough which way the wind blew with the young people, and for the Chevalier, his nephew, he had other and vastly different plans. There was a family of great wealth, much but plainly daughters, in Paris, who half-way day, unthinkable sums for a handsome and titled husband for their eldest. Vastly different plans had the Prefect!

"Go about your business, boy!" he snapped when the young man approached him in the matter. "A princess' body for your wife? Have sense!"

"Nevertheless, I shall marry her!" asserted de Vaudrey.

"Well, well, we shall see!"

De Vaudrey repaired to the lodgings in which he had established Henriette, and her own dread had not been the Prefect's attitude. The two lovers sat by the window, looking down on the dusk-filling streets, and wondering what the future held. Murmurs came from afar, as murmurs came so often, these days. There were hints of a rising, and violent overthrow. Danton and Robespierre were the masters of to-morrow. Paris was a powder-keg, and it needed but a match to set the city alight. Whose the match? And where? And when the striking?

"My uncle, perhaps, is not so safe and powerful as he thinks," said de Vaudrey, with a shake of the head.

It was at that moment that the voice of some ragged street singer came trilling up from below. At once Henriette sprang to her feet and rushed out to the balcony, crying to the darkness below: "Louise! Louise!"

"And from the darkness came the reply:

"Henriette! Come! Save me! Save me!"

With a low cry Henriette dashed to the stairway, de Vaudrey close behind. But before they were at the door, the way ahead was blocked, and the bewildered girl was aware of uniforms and hard, official voices, and knew that she and de Vaudrey were being torn apart—that for some wild, cruel reason, with the crown of weary weeks just within her grasp, she was being dragged from lover, sister, hope—all.

"Let me go!" she cried, struggling to free herself from the nearest gendarme.

"By whose orders is this?" de Vaudrey demanded.

"By the orders of the Prefect of Police!"

The squad formed in line, and with de Vaudrey standing looking on, powerless to aid, the grief-stricken girl was marched away to prison.

"I see! I see!" cried de Vaudrey.

"So that we shall not marry!"

And as he stood there cursing fate and his uncle, a small man, cloaked and with a hat drawn low across his eyes, crept forward and looked into his face.

"I remember that girl," he whispered. "I met her one day searching for her sister, and heard her sad tale. Perhaps it is lucky for her that I am willing to be her friend."

"Are you?" demanded de Vaudrey.

"My name is Danton," was the reply. "Return home and wait, and hope for the best. There is another reason of which I told you nothing. Assassins pursued me one night, and she gave me shelter. She is a woman in a man's world. And, madame, let my congratulations! Danton is with you! Adieu!"

And he strode away without another word, leaving de Vaudrey yet even more bewildered.

But not yet had bewilderment had its last card on the pack. That night in the mighty salon, from the lips of his aunt, the wife of the Prefect, de Vaudrey heard a story that had him away in the lavender of fear for fifteen years, a strange story even in the midst of all these strange events.

"When I was young—young and mad," said the woman—"I loved and was beloved by a man far beneath me in rank. To him I was secretly married, and for some days our life was a sweet dream of bliss. But my family heard of it, and sought him out, and one night he was dragged from me and killed. I became a mother, but the family honour demanded that my child should disappear, and I never saw the mite again. I was betrothed to the Prefect—I married him—"he knew never."

The woman's voice trembled and faltered, and de Vaudrey took her hand and looked upon her tenderly:

"Aunt!" he cried, and she saw that his hand was trembling.

"What is it?"

"This child! Would you love it, now—want it?"

"My boy!" and she burst into tears.

"Then—"

"Yes?"

"This blind girl for whom I seek—"

I and Henriette. She told me all. They are not sisters. Years ago Henriette's father adopted the child, and there was much money with it. They were poor, and on the verge of starvation. The man by the likely gift of heaven, and in their thankfulness, they cared well for the child. The two girls were brought up like sisters, loving like sisters. The name of your child was—"

"Louise!"

"Would the same! Oh, aunt! If it should be—"

They said no more. Past
In the great cellar home of the Frochards, blind Louise and crippled Pierre sat side by side, listening, without retort, to the vulgar abuse of the bag and her favourite son. The flame of the Terror had been burning many days, and now neither cripple nor blind girl was of use to their owners. No man tarries in the midst of a revolution to have scissors sharpened, or cast a copper to the blind. Mme. la Frochard was deciding their fate.

"You are useless to me now, my singing bird," said Mother Frochard, seizing Louise by the throat in a sudden excess of passion. "No one heeds your singing these days." She flung the blind girl from her, and Jacques caught her in his arms, as she reeled across the room.

Suddenly there was the sound of rushing feet upon the stone stair, and the door was thrown open, disclosing the guard. Mme. la Frochard told back with a loud curse, and her son Jacques, his arm already round the blind girl's waist and his hips to hers, turned to the interrupters.

The light was short and very one-sided. Before they were clearly aware of the coming of their fate, Madame and her son Jacques were enveloped by it, and it was binnen them away. And through the sea of terror a short man in a low hat and a wide cloak guided the cripple and the girl.

"Where do you take me?" asked Louise.

"Wait—you shall see," he replied. He guided them through unsuspected back ways to one of the few great mansions left standing. The Prefect's wife was known, and she and her home had been spared.

She stood in the great salon as the chalked man ushered in the blind girl. "Louise!" she cried. "Who—is this?" cried the girl. "It is your mother!" said the man.

Out of the tears of the reunion came hopes and plans. The great surgeon...he was a friend of Madame's. Louise would see again. And they would all go far from the grim Terror—to Normandy, where Louise had lived her sunny days.

"But Henriette, my sister?" sobbed the girl.

A man of the guard burst into the room and stood before the chalked rescuer. "Danton," he said, "the sentence is out. De Vaudrey and the woman are to die."

In the great Place stood the guillotine, and around it pressed the mob, knowing some of the story, but not all—enough to love and to hate at once the young man and the beautiful girl who came now through the lane of horror in the dread and rumbling cart. He was an aristocrat, but he fed the poor and loved this girl. She was poor and of their class, and her rescue of Danton was known; but she loved this aristocrat. Cheers and groans were strangely intermingled. The knife was hoisted. They stepped forward. But a line of mounted men fought a way through the crowd. Danton, a paper waving in his hand, led them.

"Wait," he shouted. "These two are free."

Swiftly he told Henriette of her mother, of Louise, and the great hope. "By sunrise you leave the city. My guards have their orders. Unscorched by the Terror, the blossoms smile in Normandy. There you shall go."

He bowed and sighed as he lifted his hand to her trembling lips. "You are a woman that all men love," he cried, giving her to de Vaudrey. "I can be but one of them. Adieu!"

And in Normandy, when the Storm had died away, love and happiness returned to Henriette and Louise.
The first of a new series dealing with the personalities of the men behind the megaphone.

There was once a small boy in Glasgow who fairly revelled in the marvellous stories of Charles Dickens. Little did he dream that some day he would see upon film versions of two of his favourite novels, versions which would be shown in every part of the world, and that would bring back memories of other days to many people. Some would read once more the familiar forgotten passages, while others would enjoy the well-known situations anew and marvel at the cleverness with which they had been pictured.

The boy was Frank Lloyd, well known among the leading directors across the big pond. Thirteen years have been spent in America against the twenty in his native land, and England may well be proud of his progress which has placed him in the front rank of directors, and demonstrated that Britain's sons have not been left behind in this important branch of a very important industry.

Frank Lloyd made a flying trip to New York recently, and it was my privilege to have a chat with him. I found him a devoted Dickensian. One of the joys of his first trip to London, he told me, was the hunting up of the immortal passages, while he was visualising Dickens pictures long before motion pictures were thought of—just as many of us have done time after time again. Then, when we came upon some historic old spot, later he lived in England, and acted many times in London before he went to America at the head of Walker's repertory company. That was in 1909.

"I consider that my stage experience in England, and later in the States, has been invaluable to me in picture work," he said. "When I went into the picture business, it was rather looked down upon, and the few who played before the camera considered the work as temporary, and felt it unnecessary to do the best possible work. It was a 'game,' then; now it has developed into an 'industry,' and the growth has been apparent in all branches of the business. My first work was for Universal. I wrote, directed, and played leading roles at the same time. In one single year I made fifty pictures (one and two reels, of course), and the average cost was a dollar a foot. Contrast those conditions with present ones!"

" Didn't you find the work very trying?" I asked.

"Not a bit. Of course, things were done too harrily for really artistic success; but it gave one an excellent training, and you learned more in one year than you could in four or five to-day. There was such a variety of work, too. I had some funny experiences. Once I played the hero in one of my own pictures, and after seeing myself on the screen, decided that ' heavies' were my forte, and played them until writing and directing occupied all my time."

At present, Mr. Lloyd's efforts are in the line of directing, but his knowledge of scenario writing is extremely helpful, and often bridges over scenes that need the editing of a specialist. When he gets tired of producing plays, he can write them or turn his attention to something for the dramatic stage. He is a man of infinite possibilities.

From Universal, Mr. Lloyd went to Paramount, and directed a number of their principal stars; then to Fox, where he made, among other plays, Les Misérables and A Tale of Two Cities. At Goldwyn he did Madame X, The Loves of Ledy, The Great Lover, and a number of other important features. His last two for First National were The Eternal Flame (Norma Talmadge), and Oliver Twist, which has diminutive Jackie Coogan as star.

As essentials for success on the screen — listen, you screen-struck "fans"!
Above: An upstairs sitting-room in Wallace Reid’s home.

Below: The entrance hall.

"Is it cold, Dad?" inquires William Reid jun.
Father seems to have his doubts.

William Wallace Reid and his wife, Dorothy Davenport Reid, in their garden.

Wally, Bill and "Spike."
Above: Interior of the lounge of Wallace Reid's Hollywood home.
Below: The architect's drawing of the house.

Reid, Wally and Bill in the doorway of their home.

Whole Reid family—Wally, Dorothy, Bill and Betty Mummert Reid.

Bill Reid snapped in a favourite haunt.
Shortly after *Experience* (in which she played "Love") was finished, Marjorie Daw (or Margaret House, if you prefer her baptismal to her movie name, portrayed one of the young lovers in *Penrod*. Johnny Harrow was the other, and before the final "close-up" was made, the "playing" had developed into the real thing. Twenty-year-old Marjorie now sports an engagement ring; but, as she still considers herself the man of the family (brother Chandler being hardly through college yet), she does not intend to change her name just yet awhile. With her mother and brother, Marjorie came to Hollywood when quite a child, and entered Screenland when she was fifteen. She has played in nine of Douglas Fairbanks' films, also in *Don't Ever Marry*, *Duty*, *The River's End* (her favourite), *Fifty Candles*, *The Butterfly Girl* and several Universal productions. Marjorie lives in a Los Angeles bungalow-house of her own designing, and her nickname is "Piggy." Needless to add, this was given her by Chandler. Hazel eyes and light-brown curly hair has Marjorie, and her hobbies are reading, being criticized by frank friends, and her work. She is "The Human Girl" of the screen.

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*Right*: Ralph Graves and Marjorie Daw in "*The Long Chance*".

*Below*: With Betty Carpenter in "*Experience*".
"Yes! three o'clock on Tuesday," said the beautiful voice on the phone—and my heart palpitated! At last I had run my quarry to earth, and I was to meet the very exclusive Violet Hopson. Dozens of interviewers have failed in their attempts to interview Vi—but it was not until I had met her personally that I understood why.

At last the eventful Tuesday arrived—and I presented myself, trembling, in case she should have changed her mind when she changed her frock, and had given instructions that I was to be told she was out. But, no! after the garden gate had clanged, the now-famous Peter rushed, with one of his little black sons, from somewhere to greet me. At first he mistrusted me and barked loudly—his three months' old son joining in the chorus. I rang the bell, and when I was ushered into the oak-panelled lounge hall—Peter forgave me, realised I was a friend, sprang up and licked my hand.

Then the soft rustle of skirts—Peter deserted me—and then running at his mistress' feet, looked up at me as if to say: "Here she is—now, isn't she more wonderful than ever you imagined?"

A kindly greeting, and I followed in the wake of the rustling skirt down a thickly carpeted corridor, the walls of which are decorated with some superb etchings, to the cozy drawing-room. I was ushered to a comfortable black-and-gold upholstered chair. The moment I sat in it I forgot all about the questions I was going to ask.

"her"—and then she brought me back to earth—"Peter's quite friendly with you," said Vi, in that musical voice of hers, which, alas! is lost to her screen admirers. "He doesn't take to everyone, you know—neither does his son. In fact, we've had to keep Peter II. muzzled because he has taken a fancy to the postman's trousers—he's really a very valuable puppy, for he's eaten about six square inches out of my new fur coat—three bedroom slippers, two silk stockings, and no end of cushion tassels and things—yes! he's really very valuable."

A vicious poke at the fire, and then Vi looked up at me. "Now, I beseech you," she said, "don't interview me—I hate being interviewed, because I'm most uninteresting, really! You mustn't believe some of the things other people write about me—journalists seem to have wild imaginations, and they always seem to be letting them loose on me!"

Slowly I edged my notebook under me—and sat on it heavily—I was far too
quiet homely affair — it's much nicer. And in those few words Vi summed up her self. Primarily she is a home-lover and a home-maker, secondly she is a film actress, and if she hadn't been a film-actress, she would have been a famous painter or pianiste. The three talents were there undeveloped, and because acting was given the chance, she is an actress. I wonder little, got I'm still. not am the was lie Isn't home-maker, her horse "I'll's most an let bit do ventured don't and thing, What she 'F'here's. 'ventured would What hundred the she's she's one. comfortable to interview anyone. But Vi's like that — she makes you feel at home immediately. There's nothing of the leading lady about her, she's just like your greatest friend inviting you to do what you like doing best. She's not a bit like anyone's conception of an actress at home — she's far too natural, and, oh! so shy and reserved!

Once I ventured to ask her the date of her birthday, and she said: "You aren't interested in my birthday, are you?"

After we had chatted about Peter, his son, and their shortcomings, the conversation turned to dancing. "I love dancing," she confessed; "but not big dances — just a little,

I just have to walk in and out of a door, or watch horses in training. Then Peter, jumping into the fireplace, demanded attention. Come away, Peter — you'll burn yourself,' she warned, but Peter refused to obey. "Isn't he perverse?" She looked up quickly. "But everyone's like that — from the time we're old enough to toddle the more we're told not to do a thing, the more we want to do it," she added. "I watched some babies in the Park the other morning — running away from their nurses. The faster the nurses ran, and the more they called 'Come back!' the faster those babies ran, and the more they laughed — until, crash, the baby legs gave way, and down they went. Now, isn't that life all the way through?" and thoughtfully she gazed into the fire.

Vi is not only a deep thinker, but is keenly observant — witness her delineations of the screen characters she portrays. She never exaggerates, but, by the little movements so typical of the characters, she establishes those characters and "gets them over."

She was silent for some time — the beautiful clock on the mantelpiece chimed four — and then she said: "There's just one thing I wouldn't like to tell my kinema friends a thing that has worried me considerably. I have been living a lie!"

At this my heart almost stopped beating! What terrible secret was I to hear? What was there that this beautiful woman should have to confess? I dared not speak. Then she continued. I'm not such a brave horsewoman as you all think — in fact, I'm terribly nervous of horses, though I love them so much. It was during the making of my second racing film that I got all unnerved. One horse tried to bite me, and another threw me, and my nerve was all to pieces! It is absolute torture for me to mount a horse now — but I had created a sporting character, and after that the public wouldn't let me do a lot else. Every now and again they demanded a racing film — how I dread them! Still, I'm not quite so nervous as I was six months ago, because I've had a long rest and now I shall start my new racing film like a giant refreshed with wine!"

And that was the lie she had been living! Candidly, I thought it was going to be something far more serious — far more personal. And you want me to tell my readers that? I opened:

"Yes, because I hate people to think I am what I'm not. That is one of Vi's chief attractions — her deep sincerity. Sincerity which is reflected in her beautiful eyes, her sensitive mouth, and again in everything she does or says.

Then, feeling that I couldn't return to the editor empty-handed, when he had impressed upon me the importance of finding out Vi's future plans. I ventured.
"And your plans after you have finished the racing film—what are they?"

"I have none," she replied quickly: "always I think of the present—the future is in the hands of the gods and my director, Walter West." But my next racing film is going to be different from all the others I have ever done—I'm busy putting the finishing touches to it now. It has a most romantic theme, and its setting is Sussex. Yes, Mr West was so enthralled with Sussex that when he had finished Hornet’s Nest, he simply had to sit down and write another story round that part of the country. It is wonderful, too! When I used to stand on the Downs waiting to 'take,' I could almost imagine the Normans marching up from the coast—and my fancy would carry me right away from my work, and I would go back to the scene feeling totally out of place and unreal!"

She thinks in pictures—that is why Violet Hopson would have made an artist of quite another sort if the screen had not claimed her."

"Tell me something about your frocks," I persuaded.

"There's nothing interesting to tell," she assured me. "It's terribly difficult trying to be pleased about buying new frocks when really one is hating it. My pet abomination is shopping, and since I have been living out of London, it makes me nervous to get into the hustle and bustle and crowds. You don't know what a treat it is to be cast for a part like that of Vi of Smith's Alley fame. No new ideas to think out—no fashion books to study—no long periods of fittings—no thinking out of colour schemes—just all one's attention centred on the character— it's wonderful!"

"But to make a success of a part that needs dressing," she continued after a moment's reflection, "demands special attention to the dress, and if one has any ambition to succeed in the film world, all these little details must be attended to personally."

"And you're ambitious?" I commented. Then came the most surprising criticism I had heard from Vi—

"A woman is only ambitious when she has to be—when she has personal responsibilities. Men are ambitious because they are selfish—they aim at big positions because a big position means personal comfort and luxury. Women are, deep down in their hearts, unambitious—they are perfectly happy and contented if they can live just comfortably and peaceably, and no one can convince me to the contrary. I would like to meet a woman who has made good in any business or profession, who has done so for the sheer satisfaction of making good. In every case I have met, responsibilities have prompted her ambition."

It was an evasive reply to my query, and it caused me to think deeply. No one who sees the "dear, delightful villainess" (never was anyone more misappropriately named) as she now is, could ever think that primarily her determination to reach the top of her profession was urged on by responsibility. Which goes to With Lewis Willoughby in "The Scarlet Lady."

"You dirty boy!"

A scene from "Vi of Smith's Alley.""

midnight hair framing a pale, sensitive face. I instinctively wondered how such a very feminine personality ever manages to fool us all so completely."

"Oh, yes!" she told me, albeit gravely, when I congratulated her upon this feat. "That's part of the acting game. Besides, I'm becoming quite a versatile business woman. In the studio, of course. Out of it, I leave all that to Walter West. But in it, I've managed city offices, pulled With Stewart Rome in "The Romance of a Movie Star."

With Clive Brook in "A Sportsman's Wife.""

prove that even responsibilities are sometimes blessings in disguise!

But, in a way, Vi spoke the truth when she accused herself of lying a lie. (Only on the screen though, and not in every picture.) Meeting this small, violet-eyed lady, with the soft clouds of
for one film last year, but even

nually we made the scenes here.
But I do go abroad via films. I
realise how far, whenever I look
through my post.

She numbers amongst her au-
diences people of almost every
nationality under the sun. From
India, Scandinavia, far-away log-
towns in Canada, and the Aus-
barian bush, from the Pacific Is-
lands to Lambeth East. Violet Hopson showed
me souvenirs and gifts sent by
appreciative admirers of her work.
Her letters, too, would make an
article by themselves. Veritable
life stories, some of them, and most
contain requests for advice on all
types of things. But then, even in
the days Vi first stepped before a
motion-picture camera, members of
the studio staff used to take their
troubles to her, sure of sympathy
and friendly counsel.

"From villainess parts, which
gave me thrills when I played them"
(she played many decidedly un-
lovable roles, as in The Marriage
of William Ashe, The Man Who
Stayed at Home, etc.) I did a
rather interesting study of a gypsy
girl - remember it? I gradually
made my way to bigger things.

"When Walter West starred me
in The War Case, I was delighted
to be able to portray a sympathetic
character at last. And then Mr.
West engaged me for his stock
company, and we have worked to-
gether ever since."

It has been real work, too. Violet
Hopson has appeared in many more
films than the majority of British
artists. Her best-known are A Inti
Conspiracy, A Gamble for Love,
Snake in the Desert, Romance of
a Movie Star, Her Son, Case of
Lady Camber, A Soul's Crucifixion,
Kissing Cup's Race, Ft. Smith's
Alley, When Greek Meets Greek, The
Scarlet Lady, Son of Kissing Cup,
The White Hop, and The Lady
Trainer. But she finds time for a
few outdoor sports, too. A keen
motorist and racegoer, she may be
found at most of the important
meetings. Also, though she keeps
them hidden away in a bottom
drawer, Violet Hopson owns several
prizes she won for scaling you
may see her on the river in the
summer, if you can get close enough
to look beneath the huge hat she
wears in on these occasions. Also, if
you are lucky, and know how to
listen unobserved, you may hear
her sing. For she has a delightful
voice, but her shy, retiring nature,
does not permit her to often entre-
tain anybody that way.

So I left Violet Hopson, who
congratulated me once more upon
the friendliness of Peter, who hos-
pitably came to the gate (with
sons). But I think I really should
congratulate myself upon obtaining
so many sidelights upon a Violet
who really lives up to her name.

Three studies — two of the screen, and
one of the real Violet Hopson.
Getting Out of the Groove

By ELsie CORD

On screen stars in general, and Charles Chaplin in particular.

The announcement that Charlie Chaplin intends to desert the comedy field, now that he has completed the last picture for the First National, comes as a surprise to nobody who knows anything of the mysterious workings of the Chaplin mind. A good many clever folk have seized this opportunity for the purpose of wisely molding their knowing heads and expressing the opinion that Chaplin has come to the bottom of his comedy bag of tricks, and therefore thinks that it is high time he should salvage some sort of reputation in another branch of the business.

How little they know their Chaplin!

During my own personal association with Chaplin and his work, I have seen him shelve enough joyous inspirations and screamingly funny gags to keep every rival comedy concern working overtime for the next few years. And, believe me, if Chaplin ever did get to the bottom of the bag—a possibility which I, for one, decline most loyally to entertain for a single moment—he would be the last man on earth to acknowledge himself in any sort of quanlity. Right then and there he'd evolve a new laugh-epic, depicting the ludicrous predicament of a man who had got to the bottom of the bag, and realized the humours of the situation.

Chaplin's only reason for abandoning the comedy path for the more serious walks of screen drama is that one aspect of his genius is still unknown to the greater masses of his film public; in short, that he has never fully realized himself. He feels the urge toward a wider range of self-expression. And, above all things, he simply loathes the idea of working in one continual groove.

Presuming a man makes his first successful bid for fame as a knock-about comedian, you can easily figure out for yourself what he is likely to be up against if he happens to want another form of performance, to take him seriously. And what future is there for the girl with any real acting ability, as the years roll on, when her public refuses to accept her unless in the golden curls and shifty tricks of the eternal ingénue?

During Chaplin's screen successes, the West has enjoyed a new type of comedy picture which decided his whole film future. The picture, in short, was so bad that he felt that it was something in the nature of a libel of the West he had known and loved as a child. Also, that it was high time, under the circumstances, that the West should find a champion to defend the honour of its name. The results of his chivalrous undertaking are on the screen that all may read.

Of course, I know that objections may be raised concerning Hart's own particular screen type as but yet another form of the 'groove.' For me its justification lies in the fact that at least it is based on a certain high ideal.

Alice Lake graduated from slapstick comedy in the early Arbuckle Triangle ventures to dramatic roles in Metro productions, requiring the very highest emotional capacity. Betty Compson was merely a pretty girl in Christie comedies before she was promoted to something really with value in a Veronica type. It was then that she got the chance to prove that she could act as well as look extremely ornamental.

The same play, incidentally, gave Thomas Meighan his first opportunity to prove that he was capable of better things than of merely providing a suitable male complement for feminine vehicles.

Gloria Swanson is another ex-comédienne who has succeeded in obtaining an entrée into the higher circles of real-life drama—according to Cecil de Mille, to whom she owed her first chance in the dramatic line of business to a lucky hatpin. It was at the time when screen heroines used such grandmotherly things. Nowadays, of course they don't seem to need them. Anyhow, Gloria was going out on location, and back one day she fetch this antediluvian adjutant to every feminine toilet. On the way she bumped into one of Triangle's leading directors, who offered her then and there the lead in his next dramatic production.

Of course certainly a great day for Gloria, but it seems to me she has simply got out of one groove to subside in another. A woman's real acting abilities can hardly be gauged by any capacity for carrying off bizarre situations à la Élinor Glyn, or for her skill in making plausible a variety of frothy situations. Some day, perhaps, Gloria will get her chance when she is called upon to portray a normal-minded woman.

Harold Lloyd first came into prominence on the day when he decided that it was a pretty fool of a business aping the style and mannerisms of a greater man than himself, and determined to try whether he couldn't do something of his own bat. Anyhow, Lloyd with the horn-rimmed glasses seems to have proved a bigger box-office attraction than any borrowed triumph achieved by Loie-Miss Luke.

Douglas Fairbanks has certainly made some attempt to ring a change by resorting to romantic history in his quest for a new line of character. But, a film business, being as it is, among all his "pep" and healthy virility, he never succeeds in being anything else but a very modern young American man.

Pauline Frederick's wonderfully vibrant screen personality and fine emotional powers have been utterly swamped in a drab category of simply bad plays. The vampires have retired to give place to the latest evolutions of their exotic kind. Louise Glaum, I hear, has gone into vaudeville. "Theda Bara was a marvelous, if ineffectual, attempt to stamp on women's sanity in an even part, for which she was, physically and popularly speaking, entirely unsuited."
Above: The Grand National.
Right: The Sheep-dog Trials.

Above: Henry Vibart.
Right: The dance in the woods.
delightful Granger-Davidson production. Full of thrills, beauty and charm.

This film which has been described as "Britain's most beautiful photo-play," is a wonderful picture of English life so naturally acted, amidst glorious surroundings, that it is certain to appeal to every picture-goer.

Exciting incidents of a hunt are woven. Starting with the meet of the hounds, and the ensuing close to cover, and then the exciting chase of the fox and hounds in full cry, these scenes will stir the blood of every man and woman.

The sheepdog trials are wonderfully clearly depicted, and it is thrilling, and almost uncanny, to watch the dogs at work. The steeplechase is the climax of the Grand National is won, with all the dramatic incidents of the world's greatest steeplechase. The cast includes Henry Vibart, Myrtle Vibart, Dacia and Derek Glynne. Our readers should certainly make a point of seeing this great British film.
She says:—

"'Eastern Foam' is delightfully refreshing to the skin, and, moreover, has a most fascinating perfume. For protection from East winds and strong sunshine, I have found it excellent."

**Delightfully Refreshing to the Skin**

"'Eastern Foam' Vanishing Cream is par excellence the preparation to use for producing and maintaining that youthful freshness and soft natural bloom which are so admired in a woman's complexion. If you are not already a user of 'Eastern Foam,' we invite you to try this wonderful beauty-aid at our expense. Merely send self-addressed envelope, with 2d. stamp affixed, and we will forward a Demonstration Supply in a dainty aluminium box suitable for the purse or handbag.

In large Pots, 1/4, of all Chemists and Stores.

Cecil B De Mille is certainly well again. His newest, after Adam's Rib, is titled The Ten Commandments, and he has sent Clare West (the famous Command-dress in charge of Lasky's costume department) and Mrs. Florence Meehan, traveller and authority on ancient customs and people, halfway round the world—the first in search of ideas for gowns, the second in search of data. Clare West goes to Paris, and Mrs. Meehan to Palestine, Arabia, Egypt, India, Java, Ceylon, and Tibet. Certain places named in the Old Testament will be visited, and historical facts noted for use in the film.

It is not only in fairy-tales and plays that the unknown girl suddenly finds herself a "somebody" in the world. Take the case of Eleanor Boardman. This young lady favoured a stage career, but, just as she had made some progress, her voice failed her, and she turned her face—no, not to the wall, but to the movie camera, as the next best thing. This was some nine months back. One of a crowd of over a thousand, she replied to a "call" from the Marshall Neilan Studios, who were looking for a new screen personality. In Eleanor Boardman they found it.

She made a decided "hit" in the Neilan production (The Stranger's Banquet, from a Don Byrne story). When it was finished, word came from Rupert Hughes, the novelist, who had seen her at work on the "lot," that she was his selection for the heroine of his Souls for Sale, which was soon to be kinematized. In the meantime, she was offered the rôle of "Amelia Sedley" in Vanity Fair with the Ballhics. All three films are just about due for U.S.A. release, so that the new star will burst upon the firmament threefold. Certainly Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford had nothing on Get-There-Quick Eleanor.

Practically all the boys you saw in Penrod have been engaged for Baby Peggy's next Special Century comedy. There is Winston Radom ("Maurice Levy"), Newton Hall ("Kenneth the Sissy"), Don Condon, and Verne Winter, who played the Fat Boy. Baby Peggy was loaned to Marshall Neilan for one little bit of comedy in Penrod, so this occasion is in part reciprocal.

Although his contract has several years to run, it looks as though Rudolph Valentino will not be the ace among Paramount stars. For, besides Charles de Roche, another new male star has been discovered. Dowered with a very striking appearance and the romantic name of Orlando Cortez, this actor was seen by a studio party which included Jesse L. Lasky and Charles Chaplin, dancing at "The Coconut Grove." This is a well-known Hollywood evening rendezvous, and when the dancing contest ended, Chaplin and some others officiated as judges. Cortez, who is a Castilian, won the contest easily, and was then introduced to Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor, with the result that he has a five-year contract in his desk drawer and a part in De Mille's The Ten Commandments.

Kamuela C. Searle, best known for his "Tarzan the Man" in Sou of Tarzan, has had a most romantic career. He is part Hawaiian, his mother being a beautiful South Sea Islander and his father a young Scotch trader. When Kamuela was seventeen he went to San Francisco and became a pugilist, though not for long. Drifting into Los Angeles, he played in many serials, doing "stunts," and being often sent under water to fight sharks (a Kanaka trick every Hawaiian boy knows).

Searle joined up for the Big Fight, and went in due course to France. Whilst there, he one day idly began fashioning figures and busts out of the famous Flanders mud, and found he had a surprising aptitude for this. About a two-month ago, in Los Angeles again, but out of a job, Kamuela spent his last four dollars upon potter's clay, went to work in good earnest, and is now fast finding fame as one of California's finest sculptors. Cecil De Mille and other Hollywood celebrities have been "busted" by Kamuela, who also tried his hand at Impressionist landscape work, and found it quite easy. And now Rex Ingram (himself no mean sculptor) wants Kamuela Searle to go back into movies in Toilers of the Deep.

The Master of Greenacre Kennels (you know him better as E. K. Lincoln) is seriously considering entering the directorial fold. E. K. put in a good year's work, for he played in Women Men Marry, Devotion, The Light in the Dark, The Woman in Chains, and The Little Red Schoolhouse, all of which you will see on
the screens shortly. He is a man with a thousand-and-one different interests besides filming: there are his famous Chows and other prize dogs, his New York offices: his gold mine, which he bought and worked himself: his silver dito, way out in Mexico, and others too numerous to mention. E. R. joined Vitagraph in the early days and co-starred with Anita Stewart in *A Million Bid*, the first big Vitaphone feature.

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of Sherloc Holmes, which is having a special pre-release showing at the Marble Arch Pavilion, London.

Gaston Glass, Kenneth Harlan, Miriam Cooper, and Ethel Shannon are working under Tom Forman’s direction in The Girl Who Came Back.

If you have tears—you know the rest. Tony Moreno is engaged to a Los Angeles society lady, Mrs. J. M. Danziger.

For once Eric Von Stroheim will not write his own film-story. MeTeague (from Frank Norris’s novel) is his first production for Goldwyn. Eric specialises in unpleasant characters, and the title-role “McTeague” is a gentleman after his own heart.

Bebé Daniels and Bert Lytell will co-star in The Exciters, for which both will work at Long Island for a while. Bert has just finished Rupert of Hentzau in Selznick’s studios.

Wanda Hawley and James Kirkwood are over here playing for Gaumont in Fires of Fate, which is being directed by Tom Terriss. James Kirkwood was over here last summer working in the Famous-Lasky Islington Studios, Islington.

The Woman’s City Club, Los Angeles, has appointed Monte Blue to be their representative in a special petition for the enfranchisement of the Indians. Monte has canvassed all the Hollywood and New York studios, and has 5000 signatures to date.

Louise Fazenda shed her tricky comedy clothes and played a straight part in an honest to goodness sob story. Result—Haaken Trolch, a Norwegian sculptor, has secured her to pose for “Morning,” one of three figures he is executing for a Hollywood Institution.

One of Ethel Barrymore’s greatest emotional successes, Déclassé, is to be Pola Negri’s next American-made film.

Whilst making his serial, Houdini told us he got seven black eyes, a broken wrist, and a fall of 800 feet from an aeroplane. Otherwise he escaped without a scratch.

We fear a Made-in-America edition of Dickens is upon us. After Jackie Coogan in Oliver Twist, we are to have Wes Barry in David Copperfield. Who’s next?

Alia Nazimova’s play, with which she is about to burst upon Broadway, is titled Dagnar. Needless to add, it’s dramatic stuff.

Betty Balfour has been notified by Mme. Tussaud’s that, in her famous characterisation of “Squibs,” she is (to use a Hugh E. Wright-ism) to be “Done in Wax.”

A film syndicate in America have just bought the rights of The Broken Wing, which is to have an all-star cast; but Thurston Hall, who created the principal rôle, will not appear, as he is still on the stage this side.

Serial “fans” are all wondering what has become of Eddie Poole. Well, Eddie writes us saying he himself does not know his future plans. He has had several offers to make films in Italy.

"Milk and dough - nuts." Tom Forman, Marguerite de la Motte, and Harrison Ford, snapped "between sets" during the filming of "Shadows."
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A Guilty Conscience (Vitagraph; Feb. 15).


A Kiss in Time (Realart-Gaumont; Feb. 15).

Light, bright, and romantic. Adapted from a Royal Brown story about an author, an illustrator and a kiss, with Wanda Hawley, T. Roy Barnes, Walter Hiers, Bertram Johns, and Margaret Loomis in fine fettle. Good farcical fare.

Any Wife (Fox; Feb. 26).

Pearl White revising in dream and drama scenes in a conventional domestic story with an excellent surprise ending. Proves that a serial can be serious when it's Pearl White. Cast includes Holmes E. Herbert, Gilbert Emery, Laurence Johnson, and Eulaich Jensen.

A Soul's Awakening (Westminster; Feb. 19).

Flower-making; fish; dog-stealing, and child-beating by David Hawthorne; and some excellent character work by Flora Le Breton, Ethel Oliver, Maurice Thompson, Selvia Came, Philp Desborough, and Tom Morries. A human story and excellent dramatic entertainment.

A Bachelor's Baby (Granger-Davidson; Feb. 26).

Rolf Bennett's excellent humorous novel (Odhams; 28.) made into an equally excellent screen comedy, featuring Tom Reynolds, Harlee Wright, Malcolm Tod, Constance Worth, and Maud Yates.

Be My Wife (Goldwyn; Feb. 21).

A worthy successor to Seven Years' Bad Luck, showing how thoroughly Max Linder has adopted American comedy methods. This matrimonial farce stars Max, supported by Carolyn Rankin, Lincoln Stedman (son of Myrtle), Rose Dione, Charles McHugh, Arthur Clayton, and "Pal." Good comedy fare.

Blackbirds (Realart-Gaumont; Feb. 12).


A Broken Doll (Jury; Feb. 19).

A rural and improbably melodramatic sob story with romance dragged in by the ears. Well played by Mary Thurman, Mary Jane Irving, Leo Bates, Lizette Thornton, Arthur Millette, and Jack Riley. Monte Blue's characterisation and the sub-titles are at variance. Decide for yourself if he's very good or very bad. Fair entertainment.

The Butterfly Girl (Phillips-Playgoers; Feb. 5).


Carmen (Fox Re-issue; Feb. 15).

Shows signs of age, and as a screen version of Prosper Merimee's story is disappointing. Theda Bara is more to be pitied than censured in a quite unsuitable role. Support includes Einar Lindell, Else Macleod, Marie de Benedito, James Marcus, and Carl Harbaugh. Poor entertainment.

Cappy Ricks (Paramount; Feb. 5).

Breazy stuff with Tom Meighan re-issuing perfectly the hero of the well-known stories. Agnes Ayres, Charles Abbe, Hugh Cameron, John Sampols, Paul Evertson, Eugene Woodward, Tom O'Malley, Ivan Linow, William Wally, Jack Dillon, and Gladys Granger all excellent in support. Don't miss this one.
A Certain Rich Man (Wardour; Feb. 12).

Mammon worshippers, matrimony, and melodrama travelling over two decades, with an all-star cast comprising Robert McKim, Claire Adams, Carl Garvoort, Jean Hersolt, Joseph K. Dowling, Frankie Lee, Mary Jane Irving, Lydia Knott, and Grace Pike. Will please most drama-lovers.

Conflict (F.B.O.; Feb. 5).

Vigorous and thrilling log-camp melodrama inspired by Way Down East (complete with thrill climax). Good work by Priscilla Dean, Herbert Rawlinson, Ed Connely, Martha Mattox, Hector Sarno, L. C. Shumway, and Stuart Paton (Director). Excellent entertainment.

Chaplin Re-Issues (Pearl; Feb. 5 and 26).

Charles Chaplin's two-reelers are always welcome, and these are two of the best. Edna Purviance opposite each. Shoulder Arms on the 5th, and Sunny Side on the 20th.

Custer's Last Stand (Ass. First Nat.; Feb. 12).

Somewhat old-fashioned Indian spectacular melodrama like a Kaybee-de-luxe, with thrills, battles, real Redskins, and an all-star cast directed by Marshall Neilan—James Kirkwood, Wes Barry, Marjorie Daw, Pat O'Malley, Tom Gallery, Priscilla Bonner, Charles West, Victor Potel, Bert Sprotle, Carrie Clarke Ward, and others. Mainly for male "fans," but excellent of its kind.

The Desert Man (Pearl Re-Issue; Feb. 12).

A typical W. S. Hart story of a good-bad man, in which the star is supported by Margery Wilson, Jack Livingston, Buster Irving, and Henry Belmor.

Don't Call Me Little Girl (Gaumont-Realart; Feb. 12).

Romantic comedy about a modern girl and an ancient aunt, containing some of Mary Miles Minter's best work. Also Ruth Stonehouse, Fanny Midgely, Jerome Patrick, and Edward Flanagan. Pleasing entertainment.

The Eternal Flame (Ass. First Nat.; Feb. 5).


Exit the Vamp (Paramount; Feb. 22).


The Forbidden Valley (Globe; Feb. 2).

Our very dear friend the Kentucky feud, with, however, only two killings and a well-developed plot. Excellent acting by Marion Stewart, May McAvoy, Bruce Gordon, William Dunn, Charles Kent, Gene Layman, and Harry Kiefer. A Stuart Blackton production. Not for the over-critical.

From the Ground Up (Goldwyn; Feb. 19).

Contains everything that makes a good comedy, except the plot. Tom Moore as an Irish artisan is excellent; so are Helen Chancellor, De Witt Jennings, Grace Pike, Haidee Kirkland, and Darrell Foss. Excellent entertainment and characterization.

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford (Paramount; Feb. 26).

A fine super-version of the popular play about a most engaging pair of crooks. Sam Hardy and Norman Perry star, and Doris Kenyon, Diana Allen, Billie Dove, Mac Barnes, and William T. Hayes support. Frank (Humoresque) Borzage directed. We recommend this one.

 Gim o' Dawn (Fox; Feb. 12).


The Girl from Nowhere (Pathé Selznick; Feb. 19).


God's Half-Acre (Walturdaw; Feb. 12).

Unreal sentiment; a hero who isn't up to our standards of a man; and good character work by Mabel Taliaferro, in a story about a little drudge whose daydream came true. J. W. Johnston, Helen Dahl, John Smiley, Mrs. Corbett, Lorraine Frost, and Richard Neill support.

Habit (Walkers; Feb. 19).

Another dream story—and a weak one—about an extravagant heroine. Good fashion displays and a thrilling railway smash. Also Mildred Harris, William Lawrence, and Walter McGrail. Fair entertainment.

Houses of Glass ( jury; Feb. 5).

Unrequited love, unconvincing story, and Pauline Frederick in a part that gives her great emotional scope and a tragic, renunciation end à la Madame X. Thomas Holding, Leon Barry, Goro Kinnu, Togo Yamamoto, Clarissa Selwynne and Haidee Kirkland support. Tragic entertainment.

The Infidel (Ass. First Nat.; Feb. 19).

The South Seas and Katherine MacDonald in a distinctly cut-and-dried story about an unbeliever who finds faith. Boris Karloff supports. Fair entertainment.

The Leopard Woman (jury; Feb. 26).

Louise Glau in a passionate romance, which, however, promises more thrill than it gives. House Peters opposite; also plenty of picturesque scenery and characters.
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The Lilac Sunbonnet (Butcher; Feb. 5).

Quiet, but British and thoroughly wholesome. Story of some narrow-minded Scottish church folk and how two youngsters find romance in spite of them. Joan Morgan stars, and Warwick Ward, Pauline Peters, and Forrester Harvey support.

Long Odds (Stoll; Feb. 12).

A. C. G. Muriel and produced this entertaining racing drama, which is well played by Coleby himself, Mrs. O. E. W. Royce, H. Nicholls Bates, Frank Wilson, Sam Marsh, Edith Bishop, Fred Paul, Harry Marsh, and Sam Austin. Good entertainment.

Lucky Carson (Vitagraph; Feb. 12).

London according to an American director, complete with fog, which seems also to have got well into the plot. Earlie Williams in a good role, but a poor film, concerning a gambler’s last throw. Cast includes Gertrude Astor, Earl Schenck, Betty Ross Clark, Colette Forbes, James Butler, and Loyal Underwood. For Earle Williams fans only.

The Married Flapper (European; Feb. 5).

Contains an ideal exponent of the title-role in Marie Prevost. Good light comedy with a competent cast, including Kenneth Harlan, Philo McCullough, Lucile Rickson, Kathleen O’Connor, Tom McGuire, Hazel Keener and William Quinn.

Mord Em’ly (Jury; Feb. 19).

A Welsh-Pearson adaptation of Pett Ridge’s novel of London life, with Betty Balfour at her best in a comically charming Cockney study. Also Rex Davis, Mrs. Hubert Willis, Edward Sorley, and Elsie Craven. Excellent entertainment.

Mother o’ Mine (Jury; Feb. 12).

Fine drama of mother-love, suspense and circumstantial evidence, starring Lloyd Hughes, Claire McDowell, Betty Blythe, Joseph Kigour, Betty Ross Clark, Andrew Robson, and Andrew Arbuckle Excellent on all points, but you’ll need a large handkerchief.

Mozartry (Goldwyn; Feb. 1).

Artistic and unusual detective drama. A chapter from the life of “Sherlock Holmes, Esq.” in which some hitherto unknown characteristics are brought to life. All-star cast with John Barrymore, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Carol Dempster, Richard Young, Reginald Denny, and Hedda Hopper Excellent entertainment.

The Mysterious Rider (Feature; Feb. 26).

Zane Grey’s story makes a thrilling and convincing movie melodrama containing the worst villain on view this month. Fights, fine Arizona backgrounds, and Robert McKim, Carl Gantvoort, Claire Adams, Frank Haynes, and Aggie Herrin.

The Night Rose (Goldwyn; Feb. 5).


No Defence (Vitagraph; Feb. 26).

None needed. William Dunican and Edith Johnson in a vivid Western story with plenty of incident, thrills and suspense. In the cast are Jack Richardson, Henry Herbet, Mathilda Brugne, and Charles Dudley. Refreshing entertainment.

Orphans of the Storm (F.B.O.; Feb. 26).

Griffith’s romantic drama of ancient France adapted from “The Two Orphans,” a world-famous melodrama. Cast includes Frank Losee, Lilian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, Catherine Emmett, Morgan Wallace, Lucille La Verne, Sheldon Lewis, Frank Puglia, Creighton Hale, Monte Blue, Leslie King, Sidney Herbert, Leo Kolmar, Adolph Lestina, Kate Bruce, and, according to report, a cast of twelve thousand. Don’t miss this one.

Over the Wire (Jury; Feb. 8).

Chiefly remarkable for the fine work of George Stewart (Anita’s brother), and innumerable close-ups of Alice Lake. Story of a girl’s plan of vengeance carried out by Cupid. Albert Roscoe and Allan Hale support. Romance lovers will enjoy it.

Queen of the Moulin Rouge (Wardour; Feb. 26).

Entirely respectable, despite its title, and underworld theme and atmosphere. An old musician takes an unusual means of striking the human note in his favourite pupil’s work. Martha Mansfield, Joseph Striker, Henry Harmon, Fred T. Jones, Jane Thomas, Tom Blake and Mario Carillo act well. A good dramatic feature.

The Rage of Paris (European; Feb. 12).

Not in the same class as the one above. Dramatically slight story showing why parents should not interfere with their child’s love affairs, plus one sandstorm, one camel, Miss Du Pont, Elinor Hancock, Jack Perrin, Ramsay Wallace, Freeman Wood, Eve Southern, Mathilde Brugne, and J. Lane. Poor entertainment.

Rainbow (Vitagraph; Feb. 5).

Alice Calhoun in a simple story of a girl with three foster-fathers. John Roche, William Gross, Charles Kent, Tom O’Mally, George Ossay, Tammany Young, Cecil Kern, and Ivan Christie lend adequate support. Sentimental entertainment.

[Continued on page 58]
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The Rough Diamond (Fox; Feb. 5).
Tom Mix wrote this topsy-turvy tale about a nec-do-well, a circus, and a wonderful horse. Poor support for Tom from Eva Novak, Hector Sarno, Edward Brady, and Sid Jordan. Good sub-titles, and rapid-fire comedy entertainment.

Sam's Boy (Artistic; Feb. 12).
An excellent British film version of W. W. Jacobs' popular story, featuring Johnny Butt, Tom Coventry, and Bobby Rudd. Waterside comedy with fine characterisation and production.

Silver Wings (Fox; Feb. 20).

The Scallywag (Butcher; Feb. 13).
A British cinematisation of Grant Allen's novel starring Hubert Carter as a money lender, supported by Mme. Dupernot, Fred Thatcher, Murriel Alexander, and Ann Elliott. A fine drama.

The Silent Call (Pathé; Feb. 12).

Stable Companions (Jury; Feb. 26).
A Samuelson sporting drama featuring Lilian Hall-Davis.

Three-Word Brand (Paramount; Feb. 19).

Three Live Ghosts (Paramount; Feb. 12).
Screen comic melodrama, and War Office entanglements concerning three soldiers wrongly reported dead. Made by George Fitzmaurice, with Anna Q. Nilsson, Norman Kerry, Cyril Chadwick, Edmund Goulding, John Maitlen, Clare Greet, Annette Benson, Dorothy Lane, Wyndham Gause, and Malcolm Tod. Excellent entertainment.

Trimmed (European; Feb. 26).
Excellent Western comedy drama, with a trick donkey, the month's speediest film courtship, and Hoot Gibson, Patsy Ruth Miller, Alfred Hollingsworth, Fred Kohler, Otto Hoffman, Dick Laren, and K. Hugh Sutherland.

Under Suspicion (Walturdau; Feb. 26).

Without Benefit of Clergy (Phillips-Pathé; Feb. 26).
Rudyard Kipling professed himself satisfied with this cinematisation of his story, so who are we to cavil at certain alterations and explanations? Excellent cast includes Virginia Brown Faire, Thomas Holding, Evelyn Selbie, Otto Lederer, Boris Karloff, Herbert Prior, Nigel de Bruihl, Ruth Sinclair, E. G. Miller, and Philippe de Lacey.

Your Best Friend (Walturdau; Feb. 21).
Vera Gordon in another of her excellent studies in mother-love. Supported by Bore Davidson, Harry Benham, Stanley Price, Belle Dennis, and Beth Mason. Excellent sentimental fare.

Dacia, who was première danseuse in "Chin Chin Chow" for over four years, plays the rôle of a vamp in "Weavers of Fortune."
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FEBRUARY 1923

Pictures and Picturespoer

Nestlé for the original perfect permanent hair wave

To watch the really wonderful Nestlé inventions gradually transform straight hair into the gloriously becoming waves and curls pictured above, is such a delightful experience that the 2 hours which the Nestlé permanent hair wave takes, simply fly by.

Nestlés alone can produce that becoming depth and width of waviness, the actual characteristics, in fact, of naturally wavy hair, wave for wave, curl for curl.

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Nestlé's is the original, perfect permanent hair wave patronised by several Princesses of the English Royal Family and by leaders of Society all over the world.

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WOLVERHAMPTON—Madame Elizabeth Haward, 122, Trowbridge Rd.

 YORK—Swallow and Barry, 26, Stonegate.
ENGLAND FOR EVER!

You may talk of Mary Pickford, call her beautiful indeed;
Of Con and Norma Talmadge, and of charming Wallace Reid;
You may sing of Nazimova and Doug. Fairbanks all the day,
And rave about the acting and the looks of Charlie Ray;

But the face of Mary Pickford never was a lovelier sight
Than the dainty little features and the charm of Chrissie White;
And if Wally's handsome face you have adored and often seen—
Just wait until you've viewed our Henry Edwards on the screen!

Both Con and Norma Talmadge may be useful in their place,
But they're not the cultured beauty found in Alma Taylor's face.
Even though great Nazimova may much approbation win,
She's nothing when contrasted with our lovely Mary Glyne.

As to dashing Douglas Fairbanks, just to see him act, who cares
When Jack Hobbs is in a picture, or our handsome Owen Nares?
Guy Newall more than equals all the charm of Charlie Ray;
And can Ivy Duke be beaten by a girl from U.S.A.?

Then there's clever George K. Arthur: watching him we're never bored.
And I'll dare say Charlie Chaplin hasn't beaten Walter Forde!
So although the U.S.A. may think their picture stars sublime,
In beauty and in acting England beats them every time!

J. M. G. (Essex)

THE ONE AND ONLY.

Genial George, the sapient sage,
Emperor of the Answers Page!
Of his worth we have no doubt;
Really, what we'd do without
George to capture and disclose
Every answer, no one knows!
FILMAX (London).
AN EXTRA.
(With apologies.)
The shades of night were falling fast
As through a Yankee village pass'd
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A ticket with this strange device—
"Extra; I'm an Extra."
His brow was sad, his feet were tired
He wished he never had been hired;
And from his lips, in steady flow,
Bad language came, and words spoke low:
"An Extra, I'm an Extra."
And just ahead he saw the cars,
That held not Extra lads, but "stars."
He thought: "If I, too, only shone!"
And from his lips escaped a groan—
"An Extra, I'm an Extra!"
M. B. (Hampstead).

STEWART ROOME.

Oh, wander with me to the gay Broad-
west;
O'er all the wide Screenland their films are the best.
Their plays and their players are all made at home,
Yet, strangely enough, all their roads lead to "Rome."
Most British of heroes! So big and so brave,
With a smile flashing forth from a countenance grave;
So stern, yet so tender, abroad as at home.
Sure, there never was screen knight to match Stewart Rome.
\"Weed\" (N.W.8).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES
(This is your department of Pictures and Picturegoer. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in The Picturegoer. Address: "Faults," Picturegoer, 93 Long Acre, W.C. 2.)

The Coé System
In The Heart of a Wolf "Gaspard" waves to the boy in the boat, and reveals a damaged face and bandaged hands. He kneels down, resting his face in his hands for a moment, and when he next stands up sticking-plaster and scratches have miraculously disappeared. Truly the power of the human mind is wonderful—R. E. R. (Abbey Wood).

The Bootblack's Worst Customer.
In The Forged Bride "James Dant" disembarks at the dock and tramps many miles to his home. The way is dusty, and he looks very much in need of a bath when he arrives, but his boots still retain a beautiful polish. I should like to know his secret.—J. P. B. (Slough).

"Dry" Humour.
In The Iron Trail Wyndham Standing rescues the heroine from drowning. He reaches the shore with the girl after half an hour of strenuous swimming, and pulls her out of the water. Surely half an hour is enough time for anyone to get soaked to the skin, yet when these two stand once more on the shore they are as dry as America.—R. T. (Solihull, near Birmingham).

Scrap-Iron Eggs.
Charles Ray, as "John Steele" in Scrap-Iron, places three eggs in a pan to fry. The clock on the table shows the time to be 12.10, yet when he removes the eggs it is 1.35! Even so, he takes them from the pan, and they constitute the main part of his lunch. Would you fancy 'em?—D. D. G. (Norfolk).

In Days of Old.
In the first Episode of The Count of Monte Cristo "Danger" is seen wearing a wristlet watch. As the action of the film is supposed to take place in Napoleon's time, when I have always been led to believe wristlet watches were unknown, this seems rather out of place.—F. D. (Bacup).

What About the Ship's Purser?
The heroine in Godless Men has spent her early life on a lonely island, which ships never touch. At length one does, and takes her to America. During the voyage she appears each day in a different dress, also wears silk hose and all sorts of fashionable attire. Where did she get these?—J. D. (Stirling).
Adapted from Honoré de Balzac's "La Duchesse de Langeais," with all the colour and pomp and glory of the second Restoration Period in the Court of Louis XVIII., this First National production features Norma Talmadge in the rôle of the beautiful and flirtatious Duchess.

Infuriated by the act of her husband, the Duc de Langeais, who wagers on her purity, she becomes the heartless coquette of the Court. She toys with men's hearts once too often. General Armand de Montriveau, friend of Napoleon, learns he is but the object of her vanity, that she is laughing at his love. Transformed into a man of violent passions, he makes her captive to inflict a terrible revenge; but, somehow, he cannot bring himself to brand her forehead with the mark of infamy. He releases her. Then comes her suffering. She realises her love for him. Her letters are returned unanswered. Every artifice she employs to attract him fails. Heartbroken, she goes to the convent, determined to renounce the world. Meanwhile her husband is killed in the wars, and de Montriveau learns that her love is not sham. In a powerful dénouement the lovers are brought together in a happy reunion.

Magnificent are the settings revealed in this gorgeously spectacular photodrama, particularly so the great ballroom scene. The photography is the last word of the art of the kinematographer, and the direction by Frank Lloyd is the work of a master craftsman. A remarkable cast includes Conway Tearle, Adolphe Jean Menjou, Wedgwood Nowell, Rosemary Theby, Kate Lester, Thomas Ricketts, Irving Cummings, and Otis Harlan.


Bill's Admirer (Bedford Park).—Don't be so polite—I'm not used to it. Try Fox Studios, 1417, N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, for that photo. Send about 25 to pay for it. Cover of Bill's Picture, Feb. 12, 1921. Illustrated from PICTURESQUE December 1921. Dustin Farnum was born on Saturday, May 27, 1874. Grey eyes, not brown.


Happy (Stockport)." "Goes to the pictures every week, as her father is the chairman of two cinemas." No wonder you're happy. Happy! Charles Jones ("Buck") is a nickname, born Vincennes, Indiana; he's married, and has one little daughter. More about Buck in PICTURESQUE August 1921.

Lady D. (Merrimah).—(1) Howard gave "Pictures, Please," in The Prince of Lovers is descended from John Gay, the author of "The Beggar's Opera." His mother was the daughter of Mr. Chapman, who published most of Dickens' books. Born at Hitchin; went to America in 1912, where he played in many films, including The Birth of a Nation, Intolerance, The Averaging Conscience, Home Sweet Home, The Spirit of '76, and Iris. The Prince of Lovers is his first British film, and he by no means intends that it shall be his last. He has come to England with a view to becoming associated with a British film concern as an actor-director.

G. S. (Dundee).—Do you take me for President Wilson? Fourteen questions, forsooth! (1) Fay Compton was with the old London Film Company. Enchantment is one of her first. (2) We are having something akin to your first suggestion next September; but don't tell the world. (3) Sydney Carlisle was "Nanny" in Humoreague. (4) The "Kinetograph Weekly" is a trade organ. Ask the manager of your pet cinema about that. In The Bigamist; "Pamela Arnott," Ivy Duke; "Herbert Arnott," Julian Royce; "The Arnott Children,\" Fryla and Betty Barclay; "Richard Caruthers," A. Bromley Davenport; "Mrs. Carruthers," Dorothy Scott; "Blanche Maitland," Barbara Everest; "Café Proprietor," Douglas Munro; "George Dare," Guy Newall. And leave all Kinema Colleges severely alone is my parting advice to you. Write in for the next again some time.


Two Readers (Walthamstow).—(1) Mary Miles Minter, not Mary Pickford, in the December 1921 "Shadoweland." (2) Requests for art plates shall be attended to.
RED CHrysanthemum.—(1) Rodo-
olph Valentino is dark—a true Italian. He's married to Winifred Hudnut, and they may both be coming to England to play in a revue. Some of his films are: Delicatus Little David, All Night Eyes of Youth, Ambition, Passion Playground, Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, The Wonderful Chance, The Conquering Power, The Sheik, Blood and Sand, and The Young Rajah. Write to him c.o. Picturesgoer.

(2) Nothing's certain in this life! Try your luck, anyway.


VIOLET HOPSON'S ADORER (Folke-
stone).—Don't put that black curse on me this time, adorine one. Let me do my own "cussing." (1) Try Walter West, Princes' Studios, Kew Bridge, Brentford, Middlesex, for photos. (2) The interview you ask for is in this month's Picturesgoer. (3) Stewart Rome lives at Richmond. (4) Your note is reason why, little one. (5) Illustrated article by Violet Hopson in Picturesgoer May 31st, 1920. Page of pictures in Pictures and Pictures-

The Only Vanishing Cream
That Gives Instant Beauty

SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE
BUT WE GUARANTEE IT

THERE are no long waits or tiresome delays with Crime Tokalon. The first application instantly makes your skin soft, smooth and unusually beautiful. Your complexion is made radiant with the clean, wholesome freshness of youth. It is astonishing how quickly Crime Tokalon transforms a wrinkled, lined or blemmed face, with sallow, lifeless, sagging skin, into a beautifully smooth, unmarred, softly rounded face with firm, well-nourished tissues. It makes you look ten years younger. Do not lose faith, because other creams have failed to beautify your skin. There is just as much difference between face creams as there is between motors or dresses. But in Crime Tokalon you get the very best and yet pay no more than you would for an ordinary cream. You will never know how vastly superior Crime Tokalon is unless you try it. Don't delay. Make a new now while you are thinking about it—to get a pot to day of this pure, deliciously creamy, non-scented French beauty cream for everyday skin food. See for yourself how amazingly different it is. If your skin is troubled, you are advised to ask questions. In open pots at 25 s. & 5/- and handy form at 12 s. 6d. per pot, Portland St., London, W. 1.

One of the newest ideas to improve your personal beauty. A lovely locket, and without expense. Send for a sample.

PARIS LONDRES NEW YORK

Camelotone

A 1/4 BEAUTY Shampoo FREE

Proper use of a good, mild Shampoo is one of the most important secrets in hair-repairing the colour and making it soft, light and easy to wave—upper how different is it from modern pills. We would send you a BEAUTIFUL 'Camelotone,' a beauty locket, and allow you to try it. If your hair is troubled, you are advised to ask questions. In open pots at 25 s. & 5/- and handy form at 12 s. 6d. per pot, Portland St., London, W.1.

CAMOMILE TONIC CO.

Camilatone TONIC SHAMPOO

CAMELTOINE

Hand-coloured postcards of all the

The Adoration of the Man Without Desire as well as the other films you mention. (4) Look at your picture inside front cover and form your own conclusions.

C. W. F. (Fulham).—(1) Phyllis Haver born Douglas, Kansas, Jan. 6, 1899. Blonde hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. Some of her films: Never Too Old, The Foolish Age, Among Those Present, Salome vs. Shervandah, Married Life, Love, Honour and Devotion, and A Small Town Idol. (2) Your prayer has been granted. (3) When a film breaks, the edges are dampened and pressed against each other until they stick firmly.

WALLY'S ADORER (Paris).—There seem to be an epidemic of politeness around just now. (1) Wally Reid is not leaving Famous Lasky. (2) Dorothy Davenport hasn't been working lately.

L. R. (Wandsworth Common).—Frank Dane's newest film is Creation.

TRIPE (Liverpool).—(1) Peter Ibbet-
son released May 14, 1923. See reply above for the others. (2) I first took up photography for your film worries on April 12, 1920. I'm still living, but ageing fast.

E. B. (Leeds).—Dorothea and Lillian Gish have never played in serials. Who wins?

CASILDA • GIANETTA (Newcastle).—Don't you mean Baratarya, my child? (1) Sorry, they're too far back. (2) Yes. (3) Not so as you'd notice it.

F. R. (Herne Hill).—Rumour hath it that Pearl White has entered a convent.

A CONSTANT READER.—Baby Marie Osborne is nine years old. Hope that settles the office dispute satisfactorily. Halves?

CHARLES (Chiswick Mall).—Sorry to damp your youthful ardour, but "Faults" must be witnessed or they can't be entered for the competition.

M. B. (Blackpool).—You're right. George Dewhurst did write The Narrow Valley. John Fleming is the man who wrote the story of the film for "Pictures."

Y. R. (Croydon).—The Art Department has a standing feud with noses—and delights in spoiling people's classic beauty. Look what they did to mine in "Pictures," Jan 1, 1921.

H. S. (Romford).—(1) Alice Calhoun was born in Cleveland, Ohio, educated there, and started film life, early age. Some of her films are: The Thirteenth Chair, Everybody's Business, A Bride in Bond, Sea Rider, The Dream, Princess Jones, Charming Deceiver, and The Little Minister. (2) Con-

stance Binney was born in New York. She was a dancer in New York, Lady, and has appeared in The Spotting Life, The Test of Honour, 30 East, Eveshile Susan, Something Different, Such a Little Queen, and A Bill of Divorcement. Glad you like Picturesgoer.
Constance Worth in "A Bachelor's Baby," released this month.

W. H. (Birmingham).—Thanks for interesting letter. Pearl White has signified her intention of giving up film work 10 tem. Brickbats and Bouquets duly noted. Aren't you a little severe?


A. E. (Wemham).—(1) Stewart was the Yankee in A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. (2) Some of Katherine MacDonald's films are—The Notorious Miss Lisle, Passion's Playground, Curtain, My Lady's Latchkey, Trust Your Wife, and Stranger Than Fiction. Wishes reciprocated.

J. J. (Bournemouth).—Raymond McKee was born in Iowa, I1. Brown hair and grey eyes. Height, 5 ft. 7½ in. Some of his films are: Heart of the Hills, Katherine Macdonnell, Captain Kidd, The Little Wanderer, Girl of My Heart, Flame of Youth, Ming Toy, The Lamplighter, and The Little Mother.

E. C. (Sutton).—All letters to film stars, if sent to Picturegoer, will be forwarded—for the umpteenth time of telling.


D. J. (Foarf).—Wishes reciprocated.

A. Roman (Congolet).—Stewart Rome's real name is Wernham Ryott. Born Jan. 30, 1886. Work it out!

Amor C. T. (Cape Town).—(1) Albert Roscoe did not appear in The Woman in His House. Some of his films are: The Siren's Song, Evan-
geline, A Man's Country, Her Purchase, Price, Last of the Mohicans, Madame X., Her Unwilling Husband, and The Last Card.

D. W. (Calcutta).—All let.-ers to film stars c/o Picturegoer.

FREE STATE (London).—(1) Signor Caruso has appeared in two films—My Cousin and A Splendid Romance. (2) The Pickfords and Tom Moore are Irish. Colleen Moore, who is really Kathleen Morrison, is of Irish descent, so is Tom Meighan.

M. H. (Nile End Gate).—Comedies don't count. That one's above criticism, anyway.

Sybil (Walton on Thames).—No photos of either. Letters to any and every star, if sent under cover of Picturegoer, will be forwarded.

Vera (Watford).—(1) Harry Myers was the Yankee in A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. (2) Some of Katherine MacDonald's films are—The Notorious Miss Lisle, Passion's Playground, Curtain, My Lady's Latchkey, Trust Your Wife, and Stranger Than Fiction. Wishes reciprocated.

M. C. (Bedfordshire).—(1) Yes. (2) Madge Titheradge isn't married. Neither is Jack Holt. (3) Langhorne Burton played a dual role in A Man's Shadow—"Peter Beresford" and "Julian Grey." Violet Graham was "Vivien Beresford," his wife.

Peggy (Iramley).—(1) Stewart Rome was born on Jan. 30, 1886, at Newbury, Berks. Studied civil engineering, but gave it up for the stage. A long interview with him in Aug. 1921 Picturegoer. He's a bachelor, and just back from Germany, playing for Dewhurst Productions in What the Butler Saw. A few of his films are—The Great Gay Road, Her Son, A Gentleman Rider, Snow in the Desert, A Daughter of Eve, The White Hope, and When Greek Meets Greek. Page plate of Stewart in the March 1922 Picturegoer.

Pug (London).—You're a ready reckoner, certainly. Your prayer for a long article on Ethel Clayton was granted in the Nov. 1921 Picturegoer. She was born at Champaign, I1., in 1890, and educated at a Chicago convent. Height, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight, 150 lb. Grey eyes and red-gold hair. Some of her films are The Soul Without Windows, A Sporting Chance, More Deadly Than the Male, Young Mrs. Winthrop, The Ladder of Lies, Sins of Rosanne, and The City Sparrow. Now working on an Ahmed Abdullah story, The Remittance Woman.


Mary Odette in "The Lion's Mouse," from the novel by C. N. and A. N. Williams, son.
One of the necessities of charm is the use of a hair-net, which keeps carefully coiffured tresses free from disorder. For the outdoor girl who has to take box seats, and the indoor girl who wishes to look her best in the house, a hair-net is indispensable. A hair-net is part of the equipment of every smart woman, whether she moves in society or in humber spheres of life.

**Beauty for the Asking.**

Only a woman knows the secret sorrow of possessing hair which necessitates an incessant struggle against lankness and straightness and which continually has to be coaxed, with little success, with the aid of curling-pins and curling-irons. The advent of Nestlé Permanent Hair Waving now makes it possible to convert the most stubborn locks into a thing of beauty. This is accomplished by a clever yet simple process which takes a strand of straight hair and produces in it the characteristic of natural waves. The numerous machines working in conjunction with electrical heaters are ingeniously utilised to open the hair pores and bring about this transformation from the straight to the wavy. Mars, C. Nestlé & Co., Ltd., 48, South Molton Street, London, W.1, will give you full particulars of their wonderful discovery.

**Screen Stars' Hair Secret.**

The brilliant arc-lamps of the studios relentlessly expose any blemishes in the hair of those who act for the camera beneath their penetrating rays. In order to ameliorate the fault many artists must of necessity pay great attention to fostering the beauty of their tresses. A large number of screen favourites rely on the well-known tonic for the hair, "Koko," which helps to preserve the hair and brings back to it a natural attractive brilliance. Being a clear, non-greasy liquid pleasantly scented, it appeals to the dainty woman, and it is to be found on the dressing-tables of many film stars, who are well known for their discrimination in the selection of toilet requisites. A postal order of £s. 6d., 3s. or 5s., according to the size bottle required, if sent to Koko Marcopas Co., Ltd., 16, Bevis Marks, London, E.C.3, will secure you a supply of this delightful preservative for your hair.

**The Simple Paths of Charm.**

There are many women who regard with envious eyes the society or stage beauty, in the belief that such smart members of their sex can foster their attractions because they can afford expensive beauty culture. But charm often lies along simple paths which are overlooked by many.
AND, while you are about it, you may also record your votes for the best individual performance of the past year. Candidates may be of either sex, and of British, American or other nationality. We may as well do the thing properly now we've started. Without fear of treading on "Fattenham's" toes, I herewith present you with a few likely winners. Eric Stroheim in Foolish Wives, Lilian Gish in Way Down East, Monte Blue in Orphans of the Storm, Rudolph Valentino in The Four Horsemen, Betty Balfour in Squibs, and so on, at random. After that, we'll start a "Who's

Worst" campaign, and prove once and for all that the pen is mightier than producers and players put together.

HERE'S the recipe for a picture policy as outlined by one of the oldest and most successful exhibitors in a small town along the Canadian border. "Give the Perfect Programme, the Strong stories, occasionally a picture with a sad ending—but only occasionally—be sure of that. Follow the stars until they break or are made, and if you buy pictures for story values, be sure they are stories that are well known, even if they are old. If you strike a bad season put two features on your bill, and if you are a small operator, as I am, and can't afford two big ones, put on one big one and one old one." Would you patronise a cinema worked on these lines? Or are you a "the-story's-the-thing" shouter?

TRUE to his propensity for fighting, Rob Roy seems to have started something. Listen to these: "I wish to present the biggest bouquet procurable to W. P. Wha Hae." Kellino, Westminster producer, for his admirable screen version of Rob Roy. Never until now have I been so deliciously thrilled and captivated by any film as I am with this; it is the most entertaining motion picture that I, personally, have ever seen! In my humble opinion, it is far more thrilling even than Way Down East or Orphans of the Storm. Such a bold statement may, naturally enough, be based on the fact that Rob Roy deals with a romantic phase of Scotland in bygone days, therefore making its greatest appeal to Scottish people. No matter, it will prove a big attraction everywhere, and establish British productions in America."—D. D. J. (Forfar)

Only the thought of what happened when "George" made a joke prevents me from adding the obvious comment!

DON'T you think it's time Rob Roy McGregor was left to R.L.P.? We have had books and plays and motion pictures of him—good, bad, and indifferent—and to me my mind this last effort is the most indifferent of all. We have the fine scenery round Loch Lomond and Inversnaid; we have the historic walls of Stirling Castle before us, and the old Stirling Bridge; but why, oh why, build such pasteboard looking affairs like the fort at Inversnaid and the thatched church? And why put into a picture, that boasts foundation on fact, the entire imaginary infatuation of Montrose for Helen Campbell? Rob Roy McGregor, a black sheep who has been strenuously white-washed, was undoubtedly a very much-wronged man; but he was no gallant hero such as David Hawthorne would have us believe. And let me add, in conclusion, that if Walter Scott's version, with 'Bailie Nicol Jarvie' and 'The Dougal Crater' is the fruit of his imagination as against the scenarist's embroidered facts (!), give me the former every time."—M. R. (Durferline).

THE 'Rave-Over-Rudy' Rally is now in full swing. Saith Rudolph Valentino Fan (Birmingham): "Why are fans here not more enthusiastic about 'T was Bound 'Rudy' Valentino? It needed only The Four Horsemen and The Sheik to establish him as America's first favourite. The women adore him, and the men 'learn about loving from him.' In The Four Horsemen, he stood out a rare, magnetic personality. I'm no silly flapper; but I consider him a very sincere, intelligent young actor. He is 'different,' has subtlety, and appeals to the imagination. We're tired of everlasting 'son of the soil' Registering nobility in every 'closeup.' Rudolph is the personification of the Romance we longed for but thought dead. It is that delicious bit of delirium that is one of his greatest charms."
The Gift Exquisite.

We realise that in such an intimate article of dress only stockings which you would be really proud to wear will suffice. That is why we have been so careful over our selection, and why we think you will compliment us on the lustrous beauty and shapely elegance of the Silk Stockings we have selected for you.

Would You Like a Pair of Silk Stockings?

A Fascinating Offer from The Picturegoer to its Readers.

A presentation pair of Silk Stockings! Here is an offer which will surely capture the hearts of our readers.

So many "Picturegoer" readers are introducing the "Movie Magazine de Luxe" to their friends that we feel that we should like to acknowledge the compliment in some distinctive fashion; hence the idea of presenting these Silk Stockings.

All You Have To Do.

Have you five friends? — friends who perhaps accompany you sometimes to the cinema, or who are never so happy as when obtaining the latest photograph or news of their favourite film stars? Of course you have. Then tell them about "The Picturegoer"—get them to give it a trial, and the pair of Silk Stockings will be yours.

First Sign the Coupon.

We first want you to see how easy we have made it for you. Sign and post the coupon to-day, and by return you will receive full particulars of our offer. In a few days a pair of these delightful stockings should be in your possession.
"When Greek Meets Greek."

Produced by WALTER WEST
Leading Players: VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

MARCH 19th, 1923.

Dumas, Waiting
Elephant Theatre, Caversham.

Emma, History
Town Hall, Hove.

Imperial, Compton Road
Grosvenor, Hove.

Prince, Mill Hill
Rainbeau, Barley.

Picture House, Walsall
Empire, Banister Bank.

Newcastle, Tynemouth
Kings Parade, Sunderland.

Albany, Northallerton.

March 19th, 1923.

Poker, Basing
Reece, Stockhill.

Palace, Townhead
Empire, Longton.

Corinthian, Barley.

John Ashton, Barmouth.

MARCH 20th, 1923.

Empire, St. Aigns
Blackpool, Lytham.

Empress, Walsall
Columbus, Blackpool.

Hyde Park, Tobermory.

Gala, Kimberley.

Crit, Blackpool.

Picture House, Sunderland
Men's Tennis, Trenth.

Land's End, Barnstaple.

MARCH 21st, 1923.

Péan, Barley.

Empire, Shoeb.

Palace, Buxton.

Empire, Ecclesall.

Gala, Usedby.

The Lilac Sunbonnet.

Produced by SIDNEY MORGAN
Leading Players: JOAN MORGAN.

MARCH 18th, 1923.

Palace, Holbrooks.

MARCH 19th, 1923.

Kings, Basing
Imperial, Newry.

Peter, Colne
Empress, Hebburn.

Granada, Westbury.

Maple in Newbury.

MARCH 20th, 1923.

Columbia, Hebburn
Kings, New Bolden Lane.

Carrs, Hunslet.

Refuge, Batley.

Palladium, Penrith.

Columbia, Watford.

Loch, Mitchel
Picture House, Motley.

"Son of Kissing Cup."

Produced by WALTER WEST
Leading Players: VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

MARCH 18th, 1923.

Victoria, Castle
Picture House, Southport.

Palm, Liverpool.

Palace, Deepdene (6 days).

Picture Palace, Batman.

Empire, Birkenhead.

King's Hall, St. Georges Bridge (6 days).

Empire, Heswall.

Goldsmith's, Northampton.

MARCH 19th, 1923.

Palladium, Buxton.

Pelham, Sheffield.

Pinto House, Newcastle.

Picture House, Leeds.

MARCH 19th, 1923.

Princess Antoinette Palace.

"Scarlet Lady."

Produced by WALTER WEST
Leading Players: VIOLET HOPSON and LEWIS WILLOUGHBY.

MARCH 19th, 1923.

Empire, Cambridge
Picture House, Cambridge.

Empire, Oxford.

Empire, Shoreditch.

Paddison, Towards.

Palladium, Birkenhead.

Jubilee, Altrincham.

Imperial, Hove.

Empire, Oxford.

Garlands, Batley.

Palace, Derry.

Picture House, Newry.

Newcastle, South Shields.

Empire, Sunderland.

King's, Blyth.

Stall Theatre, Manchester (6 days).

Empire, Blyth.

King's, South Shields.

Empire, Sunderland.

Coronation, Sunderland.

Picture House, Hove.

Barnes, Westhoughton.

Empire, Athletic.

Barnes, Manchester.

Barnes, Sheffield.

Palladium, Wolverhampton.

"Where to See Butchers Selected Pictures."

MARCH 20th, 1923.

Empire, Grimsby.

Picture House, Burnley.

Coxen, Clapham.

Grand, Grimsby.

Picture House, Chesterfield.

Butcher's Film Service Ltd.
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Clara Kimball Young
WILLIAM DESMOND

Bill is an Irishman, hence that irresistible smile. On the stage he starred in "Quo Vadis" and "The Bird of Paradise." His screen successes include "Barefoots and Gallaghers," and "The Broadway Cowboy."
Our March Movie Calendar

- Pictures and Picturegoer


Our March Movie Calendar

3. - French, not to be outdone, discover French English Mary Pickford at Paris, 1926.

4. - Spanish French English Mary Pickford discovered Madrid, 1927.


6. - First trade show British Tragedies. Producer apparently not paid to think anything.

7. - Bill Hart takes holiday on Mt. Ararat, 1927.

8. - Japanese professor says there are no new ideas under the sun, 1930.


10. - Lapland professor claims that new ideas can be found with effort, 1930.

11. - America declares war on Lapland, 1930.

12. - Helton Eyewash produces "Reincarnation," fifteen reels, 1940.

13. - Eminent scientist says reincarnation idea false and film should be suppressed. Helton Eyewash willing to bet £100 idea has scientific basis. Taken on by eminent scientist.


15. - Strange noises heard Stratford on Avon, 8 a.m. 7 p.m. Eminent scientist loses his hundred.

16. - Pauline Frederick deserts screen for stage, 1924. Deserts stage for screen, 1925. Deserts screen for stage, 1926.

17. - D. W. Griffith claims "Intolerance," one picture with four stories, is still world's record, 1940.

18. - Helton Eyewash's claim re four films with no story not admitted.


20. - British Tragedies, Ltd., commence breach-of-copyright proceedings against Swedish Biograph.


23. - First American picture of British life, 8025.

24. - Death sentence abolished England exception of picture palace pianists, 1941.

25. - Fifteen schools at which Chaplin received education erect tablets, 1954.

26. - Five hundred schools at which five hundred eminent film producers didn't, don't, 1954.

27. - Ten-millionth American photoplay shown in Portugal, 1927.

28. - Oil painting Cristopher Columbus Lisbon Town Hall, removed and burnt, 1927.

29. - American producer has revolver discovered in a cupboard instead of in a drawer, 1922.

30. - Author of Movie Calendar fired for lack of ideas, 1923.

31. - Author of Movie Calendar sails for Hollywood, 1923.
The passing of the circus has left a wistful memory in the hearts of many who look back along the path which spans the years to the happy days of youth. And sometimes it would seem that the screen has fulfilled the pleasing role of biographer-in-chief to the immortal traditions of the sawdust ring. For the humour, love, and drama which revolve around the many film stories of circus life embalm in the celluloid unforgettable memories of the golden season of one's earliest years.

Perhaps it is the fact that the motley of the circus is so universally familiar to both old and young, that inspires realism from producers in their reflections of life beneath the canvas roof. It would require a Daniel amongst film directors who could exhibit the courage to produce a story of the circus with the aid of painted back sheets. The populace would howl for him to be thrown to the studio lions, dauntlessly facing the collective responsibility of being accused of cruelty to animals.

In the popular circus story of the screen, the sawdust ring must be there, with its red-nosed clowns, and dainty, bespangled, bare-backed riders. The swaying trapezes must flash in the roof, with lithe acrobats gliding between the slender, glistening bars.

Eddie Polo realised the fascination of the circus for the multitude, and he was largely responsible for the realistic screen presentation of the film revolving around the sawdust ring, The King of the Circus.

Eddie in the days of his youth was the youngest member of Polo and Company, a famous circus troupe. He knew the grim side of the life which lay beneath the glitter and tinsel. For his father was permanently injured in an accident on the trapezes. This misfortune did not break Eddie Polo's nerve, and for many years he was a star performer on the trapezes with the Barnum and Bailey Show.

He was always ambitious to bring to the screen a true reflection of the circus, and his opportunity came in The King of the Circus. He had a huge circus tent erected, with a net-work of trapezes in the roof. Close to these slender supports, platforms accommodated the cameras, and the operators were presented with one of the most difficult tasks of their career. For they had to follow with the lenses the swift moving forms of Eddie Polo and his dare-devil assistants, who gave hair-raising performances on the trapezes.

For days, Eddie practised the most difficult feat of any circus performer, which consisted of a treble somersault in the air, concluding when he caught the outstretched hands of a fellow acrobat hanging by his knees from a parachute.

Time after time he missed his hold, and fell with alarming speed into the life-net stretched some fifty feet below. Twelve hundred feet of film was wasted over these abortive attempts, but the real tragedy occurred when at last Eddie pulled off his great feat.

"Did you get it?" he shouted excitedly, as he was dragged up to safety by the acrobat who had safely caught him after his third somersault.

But a muffled groan came from the nether regions. And Eddie averted his eyes from the empty camera platform.
down to the net, where a disgruntled camera man was sprawling with his tripod and camera enmeshed in the elastic cord.

"I got so excited, Mr. Polo," the apolo- gised, "that I shoved the camera clean over the platform in trying to be sure that I got you in focus!"

It was a screen circus story that brought dainty Shirley Mason to the screen. Her first picture was *The Elephant Man*, in which the charming ship of a girl with the bobbed hair and laughing eyes captured the heart of the public with her bareback riding in the sawdust ring.

For this production a new era of prosperity was opened up for an indigent circus proprietor, whose show was hired, lock, stock, and barrel. A tent two hundred and sixty feet long and sixty feet high was erected. Five thousand sunsets were engaged to fill the great tiers of seats. Clowns and acrobats who had grown grey in the service of the ring presented a formidable problem to the producer. For the traditions of "make-up" in which they had been steeped for years were useless for the cameras. And the old clowns, with many sorrowful head-shakings, were at last persuaded to alter the brilliant carmine that decorated their noses, and the glaring white of their cheeks, to suit the inexorable requirements of the lenses. In the climax to the picture the huge tent was blown down by an artificial wind-storm, created by several score of aeroplane propellers. Their ear-splitting tumult stampeded the elephants in the vicinity. And five harassed cameramen had to film the collapsing tent, with frequent hurrive glances over their shoulders, as the thud of the great feet of the terrified animals sounded in alarming proximity to their stations.

For *Perpetua*, that home of merry-making, Hampstead Heath, was selected for the location of the giant circus tent used in this production. Owing to the danger of stampeding the animals, it was not possible to reduce completely the power of the arc-lamps whose beams splayed the interior of the tent. So the costly illuminants had to be kept burning, whether the cameras were working or not. In one scene in the ring, a timid artiste whispered to her fellow-player:

"Where shall we go if the elephants stampede?"

"That depends on what sort of life you've been leading," retorted the actor, with a twinkle in his eye.

When the great circus tent was erected for the filming of *The Puppet Man* (the British picture screened in the Tyrol) the cameras were forced to work only at night, for the electrical power which lit up the huge tent utilised all the local electricity required for the neighbouring town. So that it was only when the inhabitants were soundly asleep in their beds, and the factory motors had stopped running, that the requirements of the cameras could be satisfied.

There are many famous screen stars and producers who have succumbed to the circus — e.g., Mary Myles Minter in *The Little Clown*. Seastrom, the famous Swedish producer, filmed a story of circus life, and now Jackie Coogan is shortly to commence being filmed in *Toby Tyler*, a romance of the circus. P. K. M.
Those days she was very much the woman of mystery to the public, and her publicity people made her keep up the mystery business always. I had been in a play with Irene Bordoni, and I hurried out to Fox studios, and made that one film between the end of that play and the first night of a new one. I rather took to the screen work, and made up my mind to have another shot at it later.

"You're always having a shot at someone or something?" I interjected. "Killing a general in the first act of The Broken Wing, and disposing of—how many is it?—in the second."

"Say, I haven't always been a villain," Thurston thundered, picking up a large revolver. "My stage career was above reproach until now." So I hastily made a note of this fact, and the features of the "Greaser" relaxed into a grin that made him quite recognisable, despite his black hair and moustache.

It's right about the stage career.

This institution caught him young, when he was a little over sixteen and fresh from Winchester (Mass.) College, and had held him in its toils for the last twenty years. Thurston has played "Ben Hur" in Ben Hur; opposite Lillian Russell in Wildfire; with Marguerite Clarke, Charlotte Walker, and almost every other fair lady you can name on the U.S.A. boards. And all of his characters have been noble, up to the best standards of rectitude: for he's a great favourite and much in request as leading actor on Broadway.

With Wyndham Standing in "The Iron Trail"
"The movie," he mused; "I hired me back to California again, to Luce’s next time, where I was in many films opposite Dorothy Dalton. *The Price Mark* and *Love Letters* amongst others. Then I see saw between stage and screen for a few years, working each time in different studios, till I knew that I was in *The Exquisite Thief* with Priscilla Dean, and *The Wrecker Vessel* with Mary MacLaren. Charming girls both. I was a tramp, I remember, in *The Wrecker Vessel*, and Mary took pity on me and gave me a job, and finally married me.

"Then I was working with the De Milles. I know Cecil the better of the two. I went out to Lasky’s for *We Can’t Have Everything*, which Cecil directed. There were Elliott Dexter, Sylvia Bremer, Wanda Hawley, and myself in the leading roles. I stayed in Hollywood a long while that trip; Dorothy Dalton had joined Luce Paramount, and we made some more pictures together: *Tyrant’s Tear*, *The Edge of Sin*, and *The Mattoe of Marelda*.

"Afterwards I met friend Dexter on the Lasky lot again in *The Square Man*, with Cecil De Mille directing and Katherine Macdonald as leading lady."

Up till then he had not played any really notorious screen roles.

"Rex Beach’s *The Iron Trail* and *The Net* started me off on the road to villainy," he confessed, with an impenitent twinkle in grey-blue eyes. "And I liked it. Now, then, what do you know about that?"

He still had the revolver cocked. I said, "I know we’ve only two more minutes."

"Well," continued he hurriedly, "*The Iron Trail* I enjoyed exceedingly, because of the location work, and meeting Rex Beach, who was with us a good deal. I was an unscrupulous company promoter. I dyed my hair black for the occasion, and got me this small brush here," indicating his moustache, which is provided by art, not nature. "I did plenty of killing, but after the final struggle my brain gave way. I was ‘loco in the coco,’ as ‘Innocencio’ hath it, and had quite a nice bit of character work."

"A Fair Lady was originally titled *The Seal of Cards*... Yes, I was ‘Cardi,’ perhaps you’ve seen ‘Cardi’? I hadn’t; but, after what Thurston Hall told me about him, I’m certainly going to. ‘Cardi’ comes to a frightful end, being torn to pieces by an angry mob— which alone is worth the admission money."

"Thurston Hall starred in *The Broken Wing* in America, first, then brought his play to London (his first trip over) and repeated his success this side."

"Only I’ve ceased to dye my hair," he told me, laughing. "It turned a peculiar violet-grey, and so I had to concoct a special mixture to bring it back to its natural colour again. I have a wig these days.

"We’re going all round with this play," said Thurston, in conclusion; "then I’ve a new one, which is equally as good. Do I kill anybody? Ah! that’s a secret." We still had fifteen seconds to spare. "What are your hobbies, Quick?" I demanded.

"My hobby’s acting, I think," he called from the door. "I like a quiet little game of cards with Cecil and Bill De Mille and Bill Farnum when I’m in California. And I’m a model youth off the screen; don’t drink, don’t smoke—much. My only fault is a tendency to grow unromantically solid," Which, I should say, is a failing common to most good-natured people.

"So you’re Thursty in name alone," I called after him. Thurston Hall’s reply came back in Spanish. It sounded frightful, but I’ve looked it up, and he really meant well. As I left the theatre, I heard the sound of a shot. Thurston Hall had ended his oration, and "General Pampilio Aguilar’s" stage life, and was getting down to his evening’s work.
With the advent of the cinema, Father Neptune has regained much of the dignity of which he was so flagrantly despoiled by the stage reflections of his watery domain. For the film producer goes down to the sea, and with the salt spray sweeping over the cameras, he portrays life on—and on occasions, below—the ocean wave, as it is in boisterous reality. Seldom does the lens of the camera utilise the disrespectful "cardboard waves" and "canvas ships" whose medley of cog-wheels, laths, and varnish so often mock the majesty of oceans on the theatrical stage.

The ships that pass in the movies are invariably seasoned harks, whose keels are clustered with barnacles, almost as profuse as the sea oaths in the vocabulary of the skipper on the bridge.

There is always romance in a story of the sea; but, on occasions, still more picturesque memories of life on the ocean are revived for the cameras.

A modern sailing vessel was recently converted after many weeks of ingenious labour into a realistic representation of a seventeenth-century corsair. The stately poop, with its balconies and gimlet-paired lamps, was modeled on ancient prints. Trap-doors, through which gun barrels gleamed, were introduced into the sides of the storm-beaten hull. And when the skill of the carpenters who worked under the guidance of the studio art-director had transformed the crude hulk into a picturesque pirate ship, for the serial picture, The Son of a Buccaneer, it was sent adrift on the seas of location.

Something about the boisterous life of the sea seems to have its influence on even the most "drawing-room" type of artiste who is called upon to strut the deck of a ship of the movies. Rudolph Valentino, in the adventurous sea-picture, Moran of the "Lady Letty," was whipped by the ocean breezes into a hard-living, hard-fighting young man, very different from the suave, immaculate Rudolph of former memory. So thoroughly did Valentino appear to assimilate the strenuous atmosphere of existence on the ocean wave that he scorned the utilization of a "double" in a sensational scene that transcended on the "yard-arm." The big thrill of the picture was a fight in the rigging of a sailing schooner. After many hours of difficult work, the cameras were hauled up to the yard-arm seventy-five feet above the decks and placed on fragile platforms. A troupe of acrobats who were doubtful for Valentino and his opponent commenced to fight in front of the suspended cameras.

Rudolph, watching from below the progress of the battle, was dissatisfied with the lukewarm nature of the scrap.
on the screen that iron courage and indomitable will to fight the elements after nerve and muscle are exhausted, just as Jack London brought such epics of sea life to the printed word.

Bosworth in The Sea Wolf, and Buchan McLester—the story written for him by Mrs. Jack London, after death had robbed the world of the master of sea stories—used an old and battered schooner. This ship had sailed over many leagues of ocean before it swung into the peaceful haven of picture production. Perhaps it was the old spirit of adventure that still lived within this seasoned hulk which was responsible for its breaking loose during the filming of Beneath the Surface. Whilst the entire company, with directors, cameramen, and electricians were on board, the schooner, "Margaret C." broke from its moorings in a heavy sea, and drifted towards the rocks of Catalina Island. The skeleton crew in charge of the big vessel was unable to cope with the situation. The shore, with its jagged rocks, was within a few hundred yards, when Hobart Bosworth forsook acting for grim reality. Taking the wheel from the helmsman, and shouting orders through the producer's megaphone, he succeeded in getting the sails set and bringing the schooner round under control just outside the surf line.

Sea pictures are popular on the screens of the world, but especially so in this country. Which, no doubt, is the attraction of the seascapes of the silver sheet for the people of an island home.
The many thousands of admirers, both in England and in France, of Raquel Meller the famous Spanish singer will greet with enthusiasm the announcement that this charming and vivacious artiste is shortly to be seen in a great new emotional photoplay which may be released shortly in England. Her first picture is entitled *Les Opprimes*.

An interesting and picturesque film record of the exciting crossing of the Sahara Desert by an expedition travelling in Citroën motor-cars fitted with caterpillar wheels is the invaluable reminder of an original experiment, and one destined to be remembered in after years. I have seen extracts of this film, which is unusual only in the fact that the motor cars themselves take an active part in the various scenes; they form incongruous objects in the weird atmosphere and setting of the Sea of Sand, and the camels fleeing before their advance, together with the bewildered gestures of frenzied Arabs, is ample proof of the sensation the experiment caused.

Battling Siki, the Senegalese boxer who beat Carpentier, recently signed a one-week's contract to appear at a Paris music hall, and the contract was not renewed because, it is stated, the theatre critics had differed somewhat with regard to the coloured boxer's ability on the "boards." To put it bluntly, the "turn" fell flat. This was contrary to Siki's expectations, and he was greatly disappointed. The result is that he has announced his intention of becoming a film actor, and to that effect has signed contracts to play in a number of films to be produced shortly by a Dutch company. The first is to be called *Knock Out*, and, if some slightly cynical persons are to be believed, the rest of Siki's films will have the same title.
When you see The Prisoner of Zenda, watch closely the work of young Malcolm McGregor. He hasn't a large part, but somehow he manages to make it stand out. His is an interesting story. The son of wealthy parents, educated at Yale, he was destined by his father for a city career. But Malcolm wanted to be either a professional diver and swimmer or a movie actor. He told father, who promptly turned him out without the proverbial shilling. McGregor spent his last few pounds on his railroad ticket to Hollywood, where fortune favoured him mightily. He found work almost at once, had a good role in All the Brothers were Valiant, and a better in Broken Chains (Gouldwyn). Malcolm will be starred soon. His screen idols were and are Lewis Stone and Lon Chaney. Lon has been more than kind to the youngest, who is universally popular.

Ralph Graves is in Gloria Swanson's newest picture, Prodigious Daughters, so are Theodore Roberts and Eric Layne, a favourite Lyceum Theatre villain for several years.

Questions as to whether Mary Pickford can swim or no will be once and for ever answered now that Tess is released. Mary has lost none of her old charm in this famous rôle, but the story itself has been elaborated, not always to the best advantage.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Harold married Mildred Davis, so long his reel-life leading lady, but she is to fill that rôle no longer. Harold thinks home the best place for a film star's wife, so Mildred has dutifully tendered her resignation to her husband and employer.

The villainous "Ben Letts" of Tess, Jean Hersholt, has a still more villainous rôle in Von Stroheim's McTeague, second only in rogosity to that worthy himself. Stroheim is "McTeague". Dale Fuller, who won fame in Foolish Wives, is to be "Maria"; and Sylvia Ashton, who has done much work for Paramount, notably in New Wives for Old, will portray "Mrs. Steppe." It is a Goldwyn production. This organisation has just secured the services of that fine artist Victor Seastrom to direct exclusively for them. His first scheduled production is said to be Ben Hur. As Seastrom is an advocate of natural light for film work, it will be interesting to see how his American-made productions will compare with his Swedish ones. But Seastrom is always interesting. His sea story featuring Matheson Lang is shortly to be trade-shown here.

Antonio Moreno has signed a five-year contract with Paramount, and will co-star with Bebe Daniels in his new film for them.

Eight producing companies competed for the services of Jackie Coogan now that his First National contract is ended. The final selection lay between United Artists, through which organisation Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Griffith, Charles Ray, and Charles Chaplin and Metro. Both companies offered the small star 500,000 dollars down and sixty per cent of the profits on every picture; but Metro also offered Jack Coogan senior the privilege of directing his son's pictures, and won. Jackie will therefore make his next four pictures in Metro studios. Buster Keaton and the Talmadge Sisters have also decided to let Metro distribute their films for the future.

Bert Lytell declares that "Rudolph Rasendyl" in Rupert of Hentzau was a more than double-dyed deceiver. Because his part demanded it, Bert bleached his hair for this film—not
Did you know that there is a Kinema Museum? During the last twenty years, Mr. Will Day, an avaricious acquirer of projectors, machinery, etc., since the very early species extant when he first became interested in films and film-making, has just presented his entire collection to a prominent museum. It is to form the nucleus of a National Museum of Kinematography, and you will find fuller particulars about it, also where and when you may see it, in "The 1923 Kinematograph Year-Book," price 5s., post free, from 85, Long Acre. This publication is something no real "fan" should be without, for it deals with every side of the industry during the past year, and gives a comprehensive account of the chief events of 1922, and some of 1923, from the screen's standpoint. There is also much personal information about the makers of British pictures, cameramen, art directors, and others who do much that the public sees and appreciates, though without always knowing to whom their enjoyment is due.

Very much to the fore this year will be Kenneth Harlan and Gaston Glass. Both have free-lanced a great deal, and many of their films will be released simultaneously.

Owing to the elaborate nature of its production, Picturegoer, of necessity, goes to press some weeks in advance of publication date. The news of Wallace Reid's untimely death, therefore, reached us too late for inclusion in last month's issue. The world of "fans," as well as the world of films, is the poorer for the passing of one who, had he lived, would undoubtedly have lived down his one mistake. The embellishment, on the screen, of careless, happy-go-lucky youth, Wally's handsome face and winning personality gained him as many admirers as his clever comedy, farce and character acting.

He was buried in Los, on Jan. 26, after a very simple service at the Protestant Episcopal Church there. From 9 a.m. the church was visited by practically everybody who had known Reid, and wished to see him lying in state there. Lasky Studios closed down for the day, so that their employees might attend the services, and delegations from most of the other studios, as well as hundreds of beautiful floral tributes, went to the studios and the Reid home. Picturegoer readers will join us in sending Dorothy Davenport Reid (neither Bill nor Betty, his sister-by-adoption, knows as yet) very sincere sympathy.

Whether or no you still like old friends best will be seen later when a number of films starring old-time favourites will fall due for release. Maurice Costello, who had practically retired, is at work on a feature for Vitagraph: Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman have arranged to make a series of films; J. Warner Kerrigan is a member of the all-star cast of The Covered Waggon; Blanche Sweet Neilan has the coveted role of "Tess" in her husband's production of Tess of the D'Urbervilles; and William Worthington will give directing a rest, and play an important part in Red Lights, for Goldwyn. Roscoe Arbuckle, also, has completed one film, a short comedy feature; Cloie Madison returns via a new Clifford Sanford production; Carmen Phillips is featured in Temptation; and Wally Van (of Vitagraph fame) is starring in The Divin' Fool.

Rudolph Valentino and his wife are touring Keith's Vaudeville Circuit, with an interesting dance turn. First the famous Tango is given, as nearly as possible to the screen representation of it in The Four Horsemen.

After come other exhibition dances, and Mr. and Mrs. Rady have a special orchestra of their own with them. They are due this side shortly.

Picturegoers will be sorry to hear of the death of "Judy" (M. Rene Cresté, hero of so many Gaumont serials). Cresté was invalided out of the French Army during the war, and went back to his beloved filming before he was really strong enough. He never entirely recovered his health, and the strenuous time he had in serials soon
Douglas Fairbanks junior, who has been in Paris for some time with his mother, is about to enter the movies under the auspices of a French syndicate. He is getting quite a man these days.

Lillian Glyn wrote All the World's a Stage, Dorothy Phillips' just-completed film, which will appeal to everybody because it is a story of Hollywood, its people and its staple industry. "Jo Bishop," the heroine, gains fame in the movies; how, is shown in detail, thus giving spectators a chance of seeing the interior of a studio, how sets are made and unmade, and how scenes and "close-ups" are shot.” Kenneth Harlan and Otis Harlan support, and Dorothy is, for once, a patient and long-suffering wife; not, as in her usual offerings, one who takes the law into her own hands and gives her erring partner short shrift.

Phillips Smalley has just commenced his fourth film at Universal Studios. He is in Triumphed in Scarlet, seen on the stage this side last year; and with him are Roy Stewart, Kathryn Williams, Lucille Ricksen, and Robert Agnew.

Reginald Barker directing Anna Q. Nilsson and Craig Ward in "Hearts Aflame."

Lew Cody plays the title rôle in the Selznick Report of Hentzou, Elmo Hammerstein is the "Flavia," and Hobart Bosworth and Marjorie Daw are also in the cast.

Dr. Coné has lent his presence to the screen, with the object of making the world "better and better." He has made a two-reel film illustrating his curative methods, and seemed quite at home in the New Rochelle Studios. Rumour hath it that the Kliegs and arcs shone brighter than usual when the serious little gentleman with the twinkling eyes was on the set. His salary Dr. Coné is using to further the cause of Coné-ism.

Charles Ray will play "Miles" in The Countship of Miles Standish, with the sweetest of "Priscilla Aldens" opposite in Enid Bennett. Charley sure has played in more film versions of famous poems and songs than any other star.

Constance Talmadge's new film is entitled Souvenir (nothing to do with the heroine of "The Merry Widow," though), with Sidney Franklyn directing.

The resurrection and refilming of popular screen stories is proceeding merrily. One of the most interesting will be The Cricket on the Hearth, with Josef Swickard (the "Marcelo Desnoyers" of The Four Horsemen) as "Caleb Plummer." His support includes Fritz Ridgeway and Virginia Brown Faire. The Hunchback of Notre Dame, filmed a couple of times by French companies, and once by Fox, starring Theda Bara, and titled Esmeralda, has a de-luxe version just completed by Universal. Len Chaeoy is the Hunchback, and Raymond Hatton, "Gri-goire." Then we are to have new versions of The Girl of the Golden West, which Lasky did some years ago with Mabel Van Buren as "The Girl," and The Shooting of Dan McGrew, made about the same time, but by another company. This, for some reason best known to the culprit who is responsible, is to be retitled, Your Friend or Mine? The refilming of Jewel is now finished.
Song titles seem all the rage these days with American movie-makers. Richard Barthelmess is well in the voiceless concert with Just a Song at Twilight; Richard Thorpe is item No. 12 on the programme with The Love Nest. Before which come My Old Kentucky Home, Mighty Like a Rose, the lascivious Where Is My Wandering Boy To Night? and others which every fan can easily supply from memory.

Here's good news for faithful Ford-lovers. (Francis, not Henry, brand)! Your favourite serial hero is producing and acting in a fifteen-episode, titled at present Thunder Island, in which Peggy Day and Jack Perrin will be seen as well. Peggy has a dual rôle, and the story concerns an island where fabulous wealth in the form of pearls lies hidden. It also contains familiar friends, viz., some stolen papers, which fall into the hands of, alternately, the villain and the hero.

Ina Claire returns to the screen in The Gold Diggers this summer.

An original screen story, written by himself, is one of Marshall Neilan's forthcoming Goldwyn productions. It is titled The Eternal Three, and at the moment, Peaches Jackson, James Laughton (an old-timer from vaudeville), and Charles West are the newest additions to the casting director's list.

Phyllis Haver furnishes the surprise of the month for her self-revelation as an emotional actress. As "Polly Love," in The Christian, she gives a poignant little study of the "bad girl of the film play," and proves once again the efficiency of the Mack Sennett school for stars.

After all, Mary Pickford will leave Dorothy Dwan, etc., alone for awhile, and devote herself to creating "Marguerite" in Faust. Ernst Lubitsch will direct her. Svend Sand, a Danish art-director of exceptional ability, has just arrived in Hollywood to supervise the sets Douglas Fairbanks is on the high seas with his pirate story. They are highly coloured sets too, for much of this film is in colour-photography.

Mae Murray has finished Jazz Mania, for which she designed most of the settings (it is an Edmund Goulding story), and is well away with The French Doll, adapted from a stage-play. Orville Caldwell opposes, and this feature is being made on one of the Goldwyn lots.

You will like Norma Talmadge's newest, The View From the Minaret. The scenario is excellent, the settings and photography, ditto, and the star and Eugene O'Brien beat their own acting records. Norma wears a different gown each scene, but this does not prevent her giving a fine performance. It is a desert picture, more or less, though there are many shots of India. This R. Hitchens play makes most entertaining screen fare.

**The principals in "Kick In."
Bert Lytell, Betty Compson, Gareth Hughes, Kathleen Clifford, and May McAvoy.

The serial version of The Three Musketeers, which Gaumont released this side in eighteen two-reel episodes, has been cut to one seven-reel film, and released in America, under the title of Milady. One review of this declares that the picture is "complicated and at times difficult to follow." We're not surprised.

John Barrymore is in England, and will probably be appearing on the London stage by the time this meets your eyes.

We're going to get some "Money," whether we "want it" or no. In film titles, anyway. Three released "over there" this week are Dollar Devils, Money, Money, Money, and Brass Commandments; and there are worse to follow. The first-named stars Cullen Landis and Eva Novak and Joseph Dowling; the second, Katherine MacDonald, who, alas! will retire from the screen after her marriage; and the third contains William Farnum, Tom Santschi, and Wanda Hawley.

One of the best-liked serial stars, William Duncan, after making many live reel thrillers, has now reverted to type again via Universal Studios. According to William, he will, for the next twelve months, make super-serials (whatever these may be!). He, doubtless, knows, for he has had many years' experience as director and star in serials, mostly Western thrillers. Edith Johnson, who is Mrs. William Duncan off the screen, will continue to play opposite her husband. As before, Duncan will be star and director.
Artists of the Camera

P. RUSSELL MALLINSON

The camera-man of to-day is an artist to his finger-tips. He paints with lenses, and the screen is his canvas.

moods, both in the direction of scenic beauty and personal charm. He seeks to hold a mirror up to life, rather than create beautiful illusions which do not suggest nature as it is in reality.

David Wark Griffith almost "paints" with light on the screen. He arranges the composition of each scene just as an artist schemes his landscape on the canvas. He searches for weeks for locations, which probably only exist as backgrounds on the silver sheet for a matter of a few minutes. Where he cannot create artistic scenic effects with the craft of the studio carpenters, Nature has to satisfy him with her most picturesque moods. In Orphans of the Storm, Griffith relegated to the scrap-heap an ambitious scene showing the breaking-down of the coach containing the Gish girls, outside the château of the Marquis de Presle, because a certain tree on the right hand-side of the picture did not come within the range of the cameras. And, according to the Griffith philosophy, this apparently trivial omission spoilt the "balance" of the picture.

Griffith employs a small army of skilled mechanics to operate the arc-lamps of many million candle-power which simulate sunshine, firelight, or moonbeams on the faces of his characters. The turning on of a switch, and his light-beams can flood a scene with the chill winter twilight of Alaska, the blazing brilliance of the midday sun of the East, the soft glow of sunset; or invest a squalid attic with the dreary light of clouded dawn.

With such treatment the harsh black-and-white effects of the early moving picture fade into soft sepia effects which possess a remarkable resemblance to what is more than an artistic painting on canvas. It is a still more realistic reflection of nature, and a suggestion of life in faces, that makes them human portrayals which it is difficult to conceive are mirrored with the aid of the mundane mechanism of the moving-picture studio.

Utilising skilfully-toned light-effects in collaboration with the cameras, to reflect on the screen emotion as it is
One of many remarkable photographic effects in "Foolish Wives."

expressed by the eyes, the mouth, and subtle shades of expression on the features, is a specialty of Griffith's.

In many of his "close-ups," he covers the lens of the camera with gauze, and after a process of careful focusing, he shifts the material so that the naked lens photographs the eyes and the mouth in sharp outline, and softens the rest of the face.

Such effects, which are familiar ones in connection with Lillian Gish, create impressively impressive cameos of horror or grief.

The picturesque battlements of the grey castles which present such striking backgrounds in Robin Hood brought to the screen a suggestion of romance, that appealed to the inherent love of most humans for history that time has mellowed with fable and legend.

Robin Hood represented the new trend of thought in the creation of plays which challenges the art of the Academy painter. Before the picture was produced, a well-known American artist painted a colourful conception of each set, and on these canvases the scenery for the film was based. Much of the castle of Richard was plaster and canvas, and terraces and battlements where knights in glinting armour and fair ladies struttled amidst a panoply of splendour were erected by bricklayers and masons, who did not permit the atmosphere of romance to interfere with their calculations regarding their overtime money.

But Alan Dwan, the producer, skilfully manipulated arc-lamps and massive light-reflectors which imbued each scene with romantic realism. Draperies, cleverly painted and plaster, and terraces of concrete were blended photographically into an illusion of reality. The massive scenic oak trees of Sherwood Forest were splayed with light in many cases from arc-lamps situated on lofty platforms fixed amidst the topmost branches of the timber that carpentry and not nature had shaped. And thus the artificial sunshine that glinted on the steel helmets of Prince John's soldiery, and lit up the Lincoln green of Robin Hood and his Merry Men was obtained.

A hundred-foot tower on which was erected a platform that supported a cluster of arc-lamps, each capable of emitting beams of several million candle-power, was built solely for the purpose of casting the shadow of the King's castle on the ground beyond the moat.

It was a laborious and expensive effect.
hat in the early days of motion pictures would have met with ridicule. But the modern producer sets small store on work if he can achieve artistic realism. The powerful lights behind the adie succeeded in casting deep shadows that left the impression that the adie was bathed in brilliant sunlight, and thus the sombre building had little suggestion of displeasing grey.

The scene in Robin Hood where Douglas Fairbanks and Errol Flynn figure on a moonlit terrace, and the night sky is silhouetted is a towering, frescoed porch, stands out as one of the most beautiful effects ever brought to the screen. It is an attractive example of how features can be modelled by light. The profile of "Maid Marian" was silhouetted with beams from an overhead arc-lamp until it stood out from the greyness of the background. In contrast, the hair of "Robin Hood" was touched with light as with halo, and his face was shadowed. A smaller arc lit up the cushions in the couch, so that they were silhouetted against the rich, velvety shadows behind. Yet another arc-lamp brought out the contours of the broad stone steps beneath the porchway, and thus a barrage of skillfully directed light-beams imbued the scene with a variety of tones of light and shade which gave it the semblance of an expertly painted picture.

Stuart Blackton, in his pioneer days with the Vitaphone Company, that greater realism in moving pictures could be obtained the further that a producer got away from the suggestion of shadow forms on the screen. He sought to make each character more solid and shapely, as opposed to the flat effect of figures that moved across the silver sheet like the cardboard characters of the toy theatre of childhood memories.

He studied the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Michael Angelo, and the manner in which these artists brought "life" to the inanimate through the deft handling of light and shade suggested a similar adaptation on broader lines for screen work.

Blackton conceived the idea of making figures appear almost stereoscopic on the screen, by bringing them away from backgrounds and arranging powerful lights behind them and directly overhead. This had the effect of making the background less clear, but the attention was focused on the figures in the foreground. Though, like the frame which surrounds a picture, the scenic sets blend without dominating the presentation.
Above: Joseph Urban choosing colour schemes for motion-picture setting. Photographic reproductions of the various colours are given on the chart seen in the picture.

Below: Claire Windsor, a beautiful camera study.

A gloomy room, the shadows of which are pierced with sharp, harsh light-rays that throw diffused patches of light and shadow on the faces of the characters, assists in the reflection of a scene of tragedy or mystery more effectively than the green limelight of melodrama has ever achieved in the past.

There was a picturesque example of this aspect of the craft of the camera-artist in The Virgin Queen, when the cavern of the fortune teller is dissected with clever lighting effects that silhouetted the sinister, misshapen faces of the eerie inhabitants of the chamber of witchcraft.

Strangely enough, it was the naked light of flaring torches that burned modest naphtha which brought to the screen one of the most effective impressions of grim tragedy. That was during the filming of Intolerance, when the walls of Babylon were stormed, and the turmoil and disaster of war was reflected solely through the lights of the torches carried by the warriors. At times the picture was like some drear glimpse of the horrors of battle, distorted by the brush of a Post Impressionist painter.

It may be that the modern tendency of motion-picture production to gravitate towards high artistry may result in a revolution in the size and equipment of studios. For artistic effects in photoplays do not necessitate an enlargement of the mechanical aids which assist those who go down to the studios to produce pictures.

One of the most beautiful screen plays brought to the silver sheet is the photoplay version of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat." It presents an enthralling succession of scenic effects embracing vistas of deserts and hills, mountains and plains, as it bathed in the varying lights and twilights of sunshine and shadow. Yet these scenes were screened in a studio measuring little more than twenty-five feet square. The characters acted in front of beautifully painted canvases, which, through the aid of skilful lighting and camera craft, were imbued with a vivid suggestion of actuality that made it almost impossible to realise that backcloths, and not sets of actual wood, metal, and plaster, were utilised.

The question of colour enters into production in many directions. The lens of the film-camera presents a difficult problem for the producer, for it photographs red as black, blue as very light grey, and there are similar distracting diversions of the laws which govern colour as the human eye sees it. It is a usual thing for directors to have in the studios colour charts which show the primary colours, and next to them are placed the photographic reflection of the tints, as the lens records it. In scenes of pageantry, where ornate costumes move before backgrounds of splendour, the blending of colour values is a task which requires specialised study.

And so the artists of the camera are progressing towards a higher artistry in picture production, which makes the crude old-time kina a thing of almost forgotten memory. For, like the human face and form, they have presented the photoplay producer with a formidable task in discovering their secrets of animation and beauty.
When the Powers That Be in Studioland got together and invented the Ten Commandments of Movie-makers, their first unanimous dictum was: "Thou shalt not smoke upon the set," adding, as an afterthought—"unless thou art a director." Which commendable mandate has ever since been honoured more in the breach than the observance. My Lady Nicotine plays quite a prominent part in filmland. The hero is never so appealing as when, in moments of deepest stress, he indulges in a mental soliloquy between puffs of a favourite pipe. And the villainous fashion in which Eric Von Stroheim diffuses the smoke from the elongated cigarette-de-luxe that is part and parcel of his screen personality, assuredly lends force to the sardonic grin that accompanies this feat.

Rodolph Valentino, too, knows to a nicety the value of the cigarette or pipe as an index to the character of the man he is portraying on the screen. Witness the eternal cigarette between the lips of the degenerate "Desnoyers" of the early reels of The Four Horsemen. Also the complicated Arabian hookah he affected in The Sheik. In private life Rody likes a common or garden pipe.

John Gilbert is a nonchalant cigarette-smoker in "Gleam o' Dawn."
A School for Stars

Theodore Kosloff gives Betty Compson her dancing lesson.

"Please, teacher, Tommy Meighan keeps jogging the seat!"

"Betty — ah — I mean, Miss Compson, kindly attend to the lesson; and, Tom, sit still!"

"I can't, Sir; Gloria Swanson's tipping the chair!"

"Now, all—attention, please! For home-work to-night read, and make notes on, Chapter Six. No excuses will be taken. The class is dismissed."

Is such likely to be the scene which may confront an intruder to the Famous-Lasky Studios now that their newly-established screen school is in full swing? One may wonder!

This school, wherein stars, featured players, directors, cameramen, "extras," and, in fact, all concerned in the actual production of Paramount films, take daily lessons in the various branches of their art, has been opened in connection with the recent formation of an enormous Stock Company. From this, the first really extensive stock company in the history of the motion picture, will be drawn all the players for their productions. And, because the picture-going public demands "better and more pictures," all these players are to be trained to perfection in their art.

Whereas many centuries of slow development, from the primitive plays of the open-air without

Below: Penrhyn Stanlaws gives a lesson in pictorial values to James Kirkwood and his camera-man.

Above: Cecil De Mille's class includes Leatrice Joy and Julia Faye.
Left: Max Parker demonstrates architecture on the screen to Jacqueline Logan, Clarence Geldhart, and Jack Holt.
even the aid of simple scenery to the present state of elaborate artistry, have contributed to the legitimate theatre and its spoken drama, a mere decade has witnessed the meteoric growth of the picture play. This new form of entertainment rose by prodigious leaps from a plaything to a great art. But, though the technique required for the camera differs widely from that of the stage, there has been till now no real systematic training for the screen. In most film studios just sufficient instruction has been given to the new recruit, almost at the moment of filming, to enable him to “get over” the required impression.

While the picture art was in its infancy this state of affairs sufficed. All engaged in the work were pioneers and, working together, piloted the new art to its present position. Now, however, that it has reached the point where new ideals are being set up and new demands made, greater achievements in artistic productions are being essayed. To accomplish the ideal, players must be trained in all branches of cinematic art, and stars of the future developed.

Directors, stars, and all the members of the Paramount Company are expected to attend a certain number of the classes. In fact, all contracts now drawn up in connection with the company contain a clause insisting on “part-time” attendance at school.

As the classes are held during the players’ spare time, between scenes, they are necessarily informal, and not exactly replicas of those stuff, formal affairs which most of us recall at the mere mention of the word school! But, at the same time, the work is far more seriously attended to than in many of our colleges, and even universities, for most of the students have already obtained a certain amount of reputation in their profession, and realise the immense opportunities which further valuable training will open up for them. The classes are, therefore, really serious, though not conducted on the conventional bench-and-desk principle. Rules are rigidly adhered to; home-work is compulsory; while marks are apportioned, and every student is desired to obtain a certain percentage.

Jesse L. Lasky, President of the Famous-Lasky-Players Corporation, is in supreme charge of the school, while Cecil B. De Mille combines the duties of headmaster with those connected with his directorial megaphone.

For the maintenance of discipline, there is a committee of prefects, a list of whose names would create a havoc of excitement in any ordinary college or school. The component parts of this body are stars of the

(Continued on Page 6).

Circle: William De Mille gives an informal lecture to Richard Wayne, May McAvoy, and Bert Lytell.

Below: George Melford, instructor in stage history, surrounded by an attentive class.
British Studio Gossip

Ivy amid the Ruins.

Marcus Aurelius, the man of many meditations, must have stood many times even as Ivy stands in the photograph above. But, whereas his meditations are exceedingly learned, Ivy's (so she tells me) were something like this: "So sorry we had to leave Rome because we couldn't find the right kind of villa. But Rapallo was beautiful. Everything was beautiful. Except the weather. That was horrible. De Vere Stacpoole's 'Starlit Garden' has made a fine film story."

When in Rome—

"Guy went out pigeon-shooting. I'm glad I didn't go with him. He came back very much upset. Because it's cruel, and no sort of sport. The poor birds haven't the ghost of a chance. So, if ever you go to Rome, don't do as the Romans do in the case of pigeon-shooting. Then there was the allable Englishman incident. Guy loves this one."

"Guying " Guy Newall.

"Whilst we were filming at Rapallo we rehearsed in the hall of the Grand Hotel there. One morning an Englishman insisted upon speaking to Guy in the middle of a rehearsal. 'I say,' he commenced, 'aren't you Mr. X' (I can't give you the name)? 'No. I'm Guy Newall, and exceedingly busy,' said Guy. 'But, oddly enough, I was talking to Mr. X only two days ago. Poor fellow; he's in an asylum, now,' 'I know,' remarked the persevering one. 'That's why I couldn't help asking you my first question.' After which rehearsal was delayed for ten minutes whilst order was restored. ‘The Starlit Garden’ is almost finished now: the interiors were made in the new Newall Beaconsfield Studios."

Enter Irene Norman.

The screen début of the Countess of Queensberry was made in The Romany, and as simply 'Irene Norman,' she won favourable notices from almost every critic. In this film she has emphatically made good, and will continue working for the screen in Tiptoes and other Welch-Pearson productions. Undaunted by cold, pitiless wind and rain, and conditions which were acknowledged by even so hardy a film director as Victor McLaglen to be 'really uncomfortable at times,' this lady, who recently distinguished herself by driving a two-seater car from Calais across the Alps to Rome, accompanied only by a lady friend, declared she liked 'roughing it.' But Hugh E. Wright says he's had enough of Scotland for a while. Anyway, he is about to return to concert-party work with 'The Film Folies'; and for all who remember Hughie before he went on the screen, this is excellent tidings.

Something that Cannot Be "Made in Germany."

The two films George Dewhurst made in Berlin are now completed, and George himself has many amusing stories of his experiences over there. "In What the Butler Saw," he says, "I wanted two flappers. Perhaps you've been to Germany?" I hadn't, and said so. "Well, there are no flappers in Germany. There is the Jungfrau, also the Backfische (the first word means 'young lady,' the second, 'schoolgirl')." This I gathered after threatening to have Dewhurst ejected for using 'langwidge.' "But, seriously, there isn't a single German actress who measures up to our standards of flapperdom. So I had to import two British girls in a hurry. These were Cynthia Murtagh and Winifred Nelson. And, speaking of language, you ought to have heard what the parrot said the first time he saw our 'Butler.' " Perhaps it's as well the screen is silent.

No Place Like Home!

The adventures and misadventures of a young wife anxious to keep her equally young husband's love are amusingly told in Keeping Man Interested, released this month. Joan Maclean, who plays 'Geraldine' in this Quality series, has gone to America. She is not unlike Viola Dana in both appearance and vivacity, and in the scene shown opposite, which comes at the end of the film, she is hiding from an imaginary burglar. Whilst friend husband, in pursuit of the same imaginary burglar, captures 'him' by the hair of 'his' head.

A Movie Minister.

Wynondham Standing is back into broadcloth again. He has a decided partiality for religious roles; and in The Hypocrites, which he made in Holland, he plays a clergyman. This film is adapted from Henry Arthur Jones' well-known play, and besides Standing, Mary Odette, Harold French,
and other British and Dutch players will be seen. Wyndham Standing made a picture when he went back to America last year, called The Inner Man, which has just been released there.

Denison Clift’s Latest.

Hitherto known better as a comédienne and ingénue, charming, dark-eyed Nancy Kenyon, who decorates this month’s cover, has a deeply dramatic rôle in This Freedom. She was Denison Clift’s choice for “Dola,” the unfortunate daughter of a too-modern mother, and the film, which deals with a problem every woman is up against some time or other, is one of the most interesting of 1923 releases. Like A Bill of Divorcement, most of the interest in This Freedom centres around mother and daughter; and though Clive Brook and the other male members of the cast (especially the sons) have distinctive rôles, it is essentially a story of women for women. Fay Compton plays “Rosalie,” and A. S. M. Hutchinson has seen and approved of the film. Ideal have made from his novel. Also of the one alteration the scenarist has ventured upon.

Poor Old Joe!

Hats off to Gertrude McCoy, who caused more tears to flow in an hour and a-half than were quite good for appearances. For, as “Josephine” in A Royal Divorce, she presents a study of a loving, self-sacrificing woman, that, although untrue to tradition, is true to the scenario. Gertrude, who seems to thrive on tearful rôles, laughed languidly when I asked her why she was so sad on the screen. “Poor old Joe,” said she.

Maqge Stuart and Stewart Rome in “The Uninvited Guest,” written and produced by George Deakhurst.

Mary Odette, Harold French, and Wyndham Standing in “The Hypocrites.”

Irene Norman and Hugh E. Wright in “The Romany.”

Waiting For A Lady!

Disguised as an author in a huge pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and a Turkish-looking djiblah, and knee-deep in a manuscript paper, Seymour Hicks held forth upon films and film making one night last week. “Twelve years ago,” said he; “we made a comedy—Ellaline Terriss and I. We didn’t know much about screen-work, and we didn’t see it for ages after it was released. I also was named ’Scrooge.’ And now, having given the public time in which to forget those early delinquencies, we are about to do it again. Comedies—all comedies, adaptations of The Bridal Suite, ’Always Tell Your Wife,’ and other sketches of mine. And I’m to do the sub-titles.”

What Is A Sub-Title?

What are sub-titles, by the way?” said Seymour, with his best if you were the only-girl-in-the-world glance. “Just now we’re sitting for a lady—for Ellaline, in fact, who has been very ill, and delayed us about a month. I very much wanted daughter Betty to deputise, but she doesn’t like films, and positively refuses.”

These Hicks comedies will be made at the former Famous-Lasky studios. Their first release will be, A Honeymoon For Three, which is “The Bridal Suite,” re-shaped, re-titled, and re-edited by Seymour himself.
NITA NALDI

Began her theatrical career as a chorus girl, and is very proud of her rise to stellar roles. Nita, who is best known to picturegoers for her work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Blood and Sand," is just twenty-two.
ROY STEWART

Is a screen giant, for he is 6 feet 2 inches high and weighs 190 pounds. At one time a popular cowboy star, he has been equally successful in drawing-room roles, for his films range from "The Desert of Wheat" to "Prisoners of Love."
DORIS EATON

Was specially imported from New York to play "Rosny Edwards," in "Tell Your Children," released this month. She and sister Mary are prominent members of "Ziegfeld's Follies," and Doris made her first film in America.
HENRY B. WALTHALL
A very fine actor whose screen popularity dates back to the old Biograph days. The "Little Colonel" of "The Birth of a Nation" has many fine pictures to his credit.
WINIFRED WESTOVER

Was born at San Francisco and came from convent to screen. She was a member of the mighty cast of "Intolerance," and has played opposite De Wolf Hopper, Fairbanks, Hart, Charles Ray, and Buck Jones.
Above: Dorothy Phillips displays a semi-sport costume with French brocaded coat, and accordion-pleated black silk skirt. Below: Polga Negri wears a delightful creation in white charmeuse.

Above: Mary Philbin's walking outfit has a jacket of red and white striped tweed and skirt of white duvetyn. Below: A Gloria Swanson gown of black cire velvet with hip-bands and shoulder-straps of crystal beads.

Oval: Claire Windsor shows a luxurious negligé of silver net worn over French embroidery on grey georgette. Above: Mary Philbin's dance frock has a blouse of powder-blue velvet and skirt of light grey lace.
Graphologists, psychologists, and other wise 'ologists can read characters whilst you wait, but only an actor like Raymond Hatton can show the fan-in-the-street how to do it. All sorts and conditions of men are alike easy to him; for he has made a life study of human nature, and his impersonations are so true to type that any and everybody can understand and appreciate them. Raymond has suffered since his early youth from an unshakable propensity for characterisation. At the age of twelve he had left his home in Red Oak, Iowa, to tour with a travelling repertory company through the Middle West. And his repertory consisted of playing the parts of a page boy, an elderly reprobate, and a white-headed old nigger, and also acting as property and call boy. After ten years on the stage, he heard the call of the Kliegs, and served in his time with Kalem, Biograph, Keystone, Lasky, Paramount, Goldwyn, and Ince, returning finally to the Lasky fold, from whence his next release is "Ebb Tide." Raymond is married, and his wife, Frances Hatton, has recently returned to the screen in several Fox pictures. He is blue-eyed and brown-haired, with one of the most expressive faces in all screenland.
The Bad Samaritan

by

JOHN FLEMING

Can the leopard change his spots? And, if he can, should he?

The Leopard had a name—Smith, or Tomkins, or Jones, or something else. It does not matter. He was known as the Leopard to the gang, and only the gang knew him—the gang and the police, that is. And the police did not know him well. They knew of him, and they had their suspicions. One day they were convinced that they would "land" him, get him in the net; but they did not know him sufficiently for this achievement as yet—not as well as they would have liked.

The Leopard's name did not matter. He was known as the Leopard. Because he never changed his spots. He did not, as some of the "crooks," pose as a "straight one" when it was to his advantage. In that respect there was a streak of honesty in him. "I'm a crook," he would say. "Well, then, why disguise it? They can't get me till they've got the goods on me, and I'm too smart for that."

He lived west of the Park, in the desert of straight streets that are too dull to trouble the police. He had his haunts, and he never departed from them. He had his rules, and he kept to them.

Narrating by permission from Episode One of the First National Production, "Fits of Life."

Also he had his troubles.

Charlie came in one day. Charlie, too, had a name—a name besides Charlie—but it did not matter. He was always Charlie.

"Well, boy," said Charlie, greeting his friend with a pat on the shoulder, "and how goes things?"

The Leopard sneered.

"See this dud cheque," he said, taking it from his pocket and showing it with a flourish. "I only passed it on the butcher yesterday, and it's back already. It makes you tired. This town's getting too smart."

Charlie threw his hat on the table. "My own view, boy," he said.

Charlie went to the window and looked out. There was a railway below, and at the very moment a train was pulling out on the first step of its long journey to the west. Charlie sighed as it drew away and vanished round the bend.

"Something on your mind?" asked the Leopard, drawing back the window curtain to see what had interested his friend.


"Must have!" remarked the Leopard.

And he took Charlie by the arm and guided him to the best chair.

"Sit down and get it off your mind, then," he said.

Charlie laughed.

"I don't want to," he said.

"Don't want to?"

"No."

The Leopard looked at Charlie, and Charlie looked at the carpet. He even blushed. But at last he went on with his story.

"Boy, she's the greatest thing that ever happened. Now, isn't that an original thing to say? I suppose there's a million other fellows feeling just the same way about a million other girls right at this minute. But I feel it, just the same. I think she's the greatest thing that ever happened, and so she is! We've had it fixed up a couple of weeks, and I've only been waiting for . . . you see, I've left the gang and cleared out of the game. . . ." The Leopard stared.

"Going straight?"

"Yes, going straight. . . ."
“‘Hi! Your own affair, boy, of course. You’ll find it hard.”

“Here, yes. I’d find it hard, here. But I’m not going to stay here. We’re going West as soon as I raise the funds. We’re going right out West, where nobody knows me, and I’m going to start all over again there. It was that I came to see you about.”

“Come to see me?”

“I want a hundred pounds, boy. You’re the only pal left I can go to. If you could raise it for me—”

The Leopard whistled.

“A hundred? I haven’t a shilling in the world, old son, at the moment. I don’t see—”

“It means everything to me and— and the girl,” pleaded Charlie.

The Leopard began to pace up and down the carpet, staring at it in perplexity as he did so. He stroked the back of his head and frowned. In a while he whistled. And at last he seemed to get an idea.

“Put on your hat and come out,” he said. “I’ll raise the money for you somewhere. I’ve never seen a pal stuck yet. We’ll go and look for things.”

They went out together and along the dull straight street to where the broad avenue ran up the side of the Park boundary. Up here they turned and continued at a slow pace, chatting. It was early afternoon, still and warm; the sun was lazy, and there was nobody about. A policeman, of course, stood at the corner, but he did not count. In any case, he was very nearly asleep. A bee or two buzzed across in the green of the Park. Sleep stood still.

And the faint cries of children in their playing green were as drowsy as the thick summer sunshine.

“We’ll find something,” said the Leopard. “I always get out of tight corners trickily, you know. We’ll find something. And I’m not going to see a pal stuck, anyway. Don’t hurry. It’s too hot.”

After three streets they crossed the avenue to the Park side, and continued up beside the railings, and, as they walked, drowsily talking about vague plans and Charlie’s future, Charlie felt a tug at his sleeve and, looking up, saw that the eyes of the Leopard were upon a furtive youth who ran across the green hillocks in the quietest corner of the Park towards the rails.

“Something coming,” whispered the Leopard.

The furtive youth climbed the rails and dropped to the pavement. And at once he felt himself in an iron grip, and looked up into the Leopard’s face.

“You let me go!” he cried.

“Not likely!” said the Leopard. “I know your sort. I can tell your ways. What have you stolen?”

“Me?” said the youth innocently.

“Come on!” said the Leopard firmly. “Out with it!”

He twisted the youth’s shoulder, disclosing a bulging pocket, and from this he took a rich red leather pocket-book. The youth made a last attempt to grab it, but the Leopard knocked his hand away.

“Hold him, Charles,” he said.

“I’ll make the inspection.”

He opened the pocket-book and made the inspection. It contained fifty pounds, and he smiled quietly at the youth as he closed the case and tucked it away in his pocket.

“This will have to be reported to headquarters,” he said. “You look young, if only I don’t want to have you landed. Can you run?”

“You don’t believe that, do you?”

“I’ve got ten pounds on the inside. If only I want to have you landed.”

The Leopard strode down the avenue to the corner, Charlie at his heels, and the unbelieving youth some yards behind. The Leopard awakened the law.

“This fellow behind,” he said.

“I’ve been watching him for the last ten minutes. I shouldn’t say he was loitering for any good.”

“Leave him to me, sir,” said the policeman.

And a moment later both youth and policeman had vanished, the youth, first and going the faster, but the policeman not far behind.

“I say!” exclaimed the admiring Charlie. “I’ve got my nerve!”

“Nothing ventures, nothing gains,” quoted the Leopard. “In any case, I want some testimony to my honesty, in case the police should land me one fine morning. This afternoon is going to furnish that testimony.”

“Ah, is it?” said Charlie. “I must say I fail to see—”

“Leave it to me, boy,” smiled the Leopard. “I wasn’t born yesterday.”

Half-a-mile up the avenue was Mac’s, a favourite resort of the Leopard’s. A gathering of the boys could always be counted on in Mac’s select little back room, any drowsy afternoon. Now the Leopard piloted Charlie there and installed him in a corner seat.

“Want a bit o’ play?” asked Mac, coming along the counter and setting their drinks before them.

“I don’t mind,” smiled the Leopard.

“Playing, Charlie?”

“Charlie shook his head.

“Quit that, too, eh? All right. You know your own business. Anybody here, Mac?”

“A few bunches o’ greens, unless I don’t know my men,” said Mac.

The Leopard smiled again, and took from his pocket three little dice, the loading of which had made a considerable hole in the Leopard’s pocket-money some years before. He shivered them lovingly.

But before he could say more, or form any plan of campaign, a heavy man with a thick moustache came through from the little back room and laid a watch on the counter. A look from Mac apprised the Leopard of the fact that here was one of the “greens,” a newcomer, one unversed in the ways. The Leopard gently nodded.

“Loan me something on this watch,” said the heavy man to Mac. “The boys have cleaned me out, and I just can’t stop playing.”

“Isn’t my way o’ doin’ trade,” said Mac, with a shake of the head.

“Sorry.”
The Leopard leaned over and took up the watch, examining it carefully.

"It's worth twenty quid, that watch," said the heavy man.

The Leopard smiled. It was worth forty if it was worth a penny.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"I'll take ten on a loan," said the man. "You can have the money back to-morrow at a reasonable interest. Only I just got to play, and the boys have cleaned me out. I've not got a cent."

"All right," said the Leopard gently. "You're a friend of Mac's, I suppose, and so am I. We can trust each other."

He took out the red pocket-case, and from this ten pounds. Passing the money to the stranger, he tucked the money and watch safely into his pocket.

Then he called for drinks round.

But it was suddenly seen that the stranger had vanished, and not into the little back room, either. The Leopard laughed.

"I thought so," he said. "Well, it's my bargain. I'm thirty pounds to the good on that deal."

He replied the leather glasses, a little man came through the crowd and stood beside the Leopard, rubbing vigorously upon a ring.

"Say, fellow," he said; "a chappie tells me you can tell a good stone when you see one. What sort d'you say this is?"

The Leopard took the ring and examined it. Yes, he could tell a good stone when he saw one. This was worth, at the lowest estimate, seventy or eighty pounds. But the Leopard passed it back with a shrug of contempt.

"Come! A beer-bottle!" was his comment. "Worth ten pounds."

"What!" cried the little man. "Why, I just give a fellow twenty for it."

"Your own fault," said the Leopard. "I'll give you ten for it myself. But that's all you'll get anywhere."

So ten pounds bought the ring, and the little man vanished in the racks of the heavy man. Again the Leopard laughed.

"No questions asked!" he said. "My gain again. Well, I should say wasn't quite so green. They're satisfied, I'm satisfied!"

Then he went on:

"Mac, I've thirty pounds left. I want a flutter. Keep Charlie here and listen to his advice while I slip through. I'll not be long."

Nor was he. His trusty dice of he decided his did their work well, five minutes he was back in the bar, and the word was going round that the Leopard had cleared the boys right out.

When the Leopard and Charlie were again upon the avenue, slowly turning northward, the Leopard began to laugh loud and long, and at last Charlie begged to be taken into his inner circles of the joke.

"The joke, my dear Charles," said the Leopard, "is that I cleaned them out to the tune of a hundred and twenty. I can't stop laughing."

They came to where a little crowd stood about a street preacher, whose voice was raised in the story of the Good Samaritan. The spectators moved the Leopard to the greater, until at last the preacher came from the stand and spoke to him.

"You should not laugh," he said. "Some day, perchance, you will fall among thieves."

"Nay," said the Leopard, moving off; "I'm on the other side. I'm the Samaritan. I'm the Bad Samaritan."

At the top corner of the Park the two men stood to say good-bye.

"See," said the Leopard. "Here is your hundred to take your girl out West and start again. Here is fifty which I place in the case. I said I wanted proof of my honesty. I shall take this case at once to police headquarters and tell them how I came by it—the straight tale. The man who lost it will get it back. So we're all satisfied, eh?"

"But you?" said the Leopard.

"Oh," said the Leopard, "I get a forty-guinea watch and a seventy-guinea ring. It's a funny world... Well, good-bye, boy."

On his way down the East Avenue, a line of perplexity came on the Leopard's brow. Something the street preacher had said at the other side of the Park... Come to think of it, he never had done anything for anybody: nothing, that is, without hope of reward for himself. He had been on occasions, as just now, in Charlie's case, a Bad Samaritan. He had never been a Good Samaritan. But what opportunities... . . .

And then he wondered. Why should he be thinking of this?

As he walked he passed an open space, half boarded in, that was to be a building site, and as he came to an opening in the fence he heard a groan. He looked in, and saw a man, an elderly man, fallen on the bare ground. His clothes were disarranged, and he bled from a wide wound in the temple.

At once the Leopard was by his side. The first time... . "Hold up, old man," he said. "I'll get you to a taxi. There's a hospital not far."

Half-carrying and half-supporting the man, who was near the borderland of unconsciousness, he got him through the broken railings to the avenue, and here he raised his hand and hailed a taxi. And at that moment the old man came back to consciousness and raised a cry for help.

"That's all right," said the Leopard, "I'm helping you."

But the cry had brought a detective, and the detective demanded to be told the trouble.

"I've been attacked in there," whined the old man, "and my pocket-case and ring and watch have gone."

"What do you know about it?" the detective suspiciously asked of the Leopard.

"Nothing at all," said the Leopard. "Of course not," said the detective.

"But I seem to know your face a bit too well, my lad. Open your pockets."

The Leopard opened his pockets. What else could he do?

"Aha!" smiled the detective, as he looked and saw. "Better get in the taxi with us, you. This'll mean five years for you."

And it did.

"I'll raise the money for you somewhere. I've never seen a pal stuck yet. We'll go and look for things."
The Beauties of Beaulieu

Queen Elizabeth's Coronation procession in "The Virgin Queen," filmed outside the looters of Beaulieu Abbey.

Below: Queen Elizabeth's council chamber, photographed in the old entrance hall of Beaulieu Abbey.

Below: A bedroom scene filmed in the recreation room used by Cistercian monks in the 13th century.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Virgin Queen" in the grounds of Beaulieu Abbey.

A "bedroom set" erected amidst the ruins of Beaulieu.

This motor lorry supplied the current for interiors.
MARCH 1923

Pictures and Picturegoer

Picturegoer Parodies

Betty Balfour

"Down Harlesden Way": A Song of New London.

When Betty's films are "On the Board,"
By all who see them they're encored
From Vauxhall way to Harrow,
And every "fan" is moved to swear
Never was star so blithe and fair,
From Battersea to Barrow.
All hearts she finds a way to win;
When her sweet face is "Irissered In,"
I reckon you can hear the din
From Cornwall unto Yarrow.

Refrain:
There's a Violet in Chelsea,
There's a Flora hard by Kew,
Screen blossoms many a Walton lane adorning;
But the flower I hold most sweet
Is the "Radis Rose" I meet
Down Harlesden way so early in the morning.

If Betty Balfour ever deigns
To leave those realms o'er which she reigns,
And trips in fashion frisky
Along the streets of Everyday,
Then each one leaves his work or play
To form a cortège all the way
From Baron's Court to Biscay.
Englishmen smile and look quite bright,
Wild Irishmen forget to fight,
Welshmen lose all their appetite,
And Scots forsake their whisky.

Refrain:
There is cheerfulness in Chelsea,
There is chaos hard by Kew,
Each house and office emptied without warning.
Half the world comes out to greet
The small siren that I meet
Down Harlesden way so early every morning.

Betty Balfour as the dancer in "Twinkle Toes."
Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood

Scenes from the great film spectacle.

Left: Douglas Fairbanks and Enid Bennett (Lady Marian).
Below: A daring leap.

Below: Robin Hood, captured by his foes is sentenced to be shot.

Above and below: Robin Hood on the war-path. The film contains many thrilling sights.
Robin Hood defies Prince John's men.

The Earl of Leicester is painfully shy in the presence of the fair sex.

Above: Robin Hood at bay.

Below: Robin and his bride.

The portrait. A charming scene between the Earl of Leicester and Lady Marian.

Robin Hood invades the Castle to rescue Lady Marian.
Most of us would be content with one perfectly good vocation; Allan Dwan has at least three at his finger tips, not to mention five or six more at which he could probably make a living, if he had to do so.

Of course, a number of people have been famous athletes, have qualified as electrical engineers, but just how many could direct a picture like Robin Hood and make a big success? And so Mr. Dwan has selected his career wisely.

The director to whom you are introduced was born in Canada. Though most of his life has been spent in the States, you would guess his nationality, his athletic type suggesting the North, from which he came as a small boy to Chicago. The "Windy City" appealed to the Dwan, though the stiff breezes from Lake Michigan are usually unfriendly to newcomers, who find the blasts anything but pleasant upon chill wintry day. This was the city of his boyhood, and the city which gave him his first chance in the vocation in which he was to become a prominent figure later on.

Between these two came the college days at Notre Dame University, a school famous for its athletes as well as for its scholastic standing. Allan came into his own there, and was a famous figure on the football field, playing quarter-back.

I heard of his college record while in South America. Speaking of moving pictures, a Peruvian gentleman asked if I had ever heard of his clever class-mate at Notre Dame, and told me of some of Allan's accomplishments at the University. He started in his subject, and after graduation taught electrical engineering for a while, was the most prominent football player and athlete, shone in amateur theatricals—in fact, was one of their most distinguished pupils.

After teaching a while, he decided to try the stage, and, because of his association with the dramatic club, was chosen for a role in a Chicago all-star production at one of the little theatres. In the meantime, he wrote a play—the greatest in the world, he thought it—and took a trip to New York to dispose of it. How different that trip was from those he makes to-day! Then he counted his pennies.

Now the best is none too good for him. When he speaks of that adventure, he graphically describes his disappointment. The play did not sell, and practically everything he possessed of value had to be sold to make the trip back to Chicago.

How many of you remember the old Essanay pictures, with "Broncho Billy," the "Sheriff," and a lot of old familiar characters who played in thrilling Wild West pictures of one and two reels back in 1911 or '12? Perhaps you sent them scenarios—they were in the market for them—and if you received a couple of pounds felt yourself amply repaid? It was at the old Essanay Studio in Chicago that Mr. Dwan made his start with a little no-account story that pleased so well that he was asked to submit others.

Soon he became a regular writer upon the staff, then wrote for the American, and journeyed to San Diego as editor and writer for that picture organisation. In the California Studio he often directed one of his own pictures, and naturally drifted into the work. An excellent school, but if he had not had real genius that would probably have been the beginning—and the end—of our story.

Here are some of his pictures: Wildflower, with Marguerite Clark; Panthera (Norma Talmadge); Cheating Cheaters (Clara Kimball Young), three Douglas Fairbanks pictures—Mr. Fix-It, He Comes Up Smiling, and Heading South. Also Soldiers of Fortune, five other independent productions, and, very recently, Robin Hood, which has been pronounced by many the greatest picture of the year.
A grey-haired man-servant with side-whiskers which were worthy of an aged retainer of a ducal household greeted me in the porchway of Richard Dix's picturesque Los Angeles home.

"My master is at lunch," he told me.

"Then I will wait," said I, subsiding into a comfortably cushioned chair on the verandah.

Through the glass doors that led into the lounge hall I caught a fleeting glimpse of a trim maid hurrying along the passage-way with a loaded tray of steaming dishes.

The henchman saw that appetising vision at the same moment. He narrowed his eyes, coughed nervously, and then leaned towards me with an air of confidence.

"If you will pardon me saying so," he commenced,

"I think it might be quicker if you went straight into the dining-room to see Mr. Dix."

I protested against such a

Richard Dix as himself and as "John Storm," with Mae Busch in "The Christian."

"Young man, you will never be a screen star," said Charles Chaplin to Richard Dix. The joke is on Charlie. A prolongation of the rights of domestic peace.

I had arrived to interview a popular screen star, not to behave like a school-child, scurrying through the turnstiles of the "Zoo," to see the animals feed.

"He may be an hour—and he may be longer," warned the family retainer, in a sepulchral voice. "Lunch is a prolonged affair with Mr. Dix."

So handsome Richard Dix was a gourmet, I contemplated, with some bewilderment. For although he wore a cassock in his screen presentation of "John Storm" in The Christian, there had been little to suggest in his lithe figure the excesses of a portly jolly friar.

"Jenkins!" A voice strangely muffled came through the verandah door.

"Is anyone to see me, send them right in."

A moment later I had been ushered into the dining-room, and a tall, handsome fellow rose from beside the table and extended a welcoming hand.

Still there was that mysterious huskiness in his voice.

"A cold?" I asked politely.

"No; potatoes," laughed Richard, as he thrust a fork into a succulent dish of "earth fruit" swimming in butter.

"Haven't tasted a potato for nearly two months," he gulped. "I had to diet and get my weight down for my part in The Christian. Now I'm running amok, for I'm out of the monastery for good.

"I looked too healthy for the part, and had to tone down. I lost fifteen pounds in weight in three weeks."

I dashed in with a question before another potato spoilt my chances.

"You travelled a good many thousand miles on location for The Christian?" I asked.

"I enjoyed the globe-trotting as much as the fascinating character-study of 'John Storm,'" enthused Dix, as a well-lubricated potato slipped unnoticed from his fork to his plate. I realised with furtive exultation that I had guided him along a path of thought that certainly had interested him.

"London was great. We were treated like royalty, although we took a great many liberties with the conventions of the city. Goodness knows how many
people we kept out of bed, when we flooded Trafalgar Square with million-candle-power arc-lamps, from midnight to dawn. And when, dressed in a cassock, I made a speech to a huge crowd on Epsom Downs on Derby Day, I had a very good-natured reception, although I am sure a large number of my audience took me for a real revivalist. If they could have seen the carefully marked race card that I had concealed in my pocket, they might have changed their opinion.

"I think that I have done some of my best screen work in The Christian," Dix, without the slightest suggestion of boastful pride in his likeable voice. "For the youthful Goldwyn star, in his real personality, all the attractive naturalness and unaffected boyishness that the cameras have caught for the screen.

"Sir Hall Caine was a frequent spectator, and that had the effect of making me keen to live up to his conception of the character of 'John Storm.' It is something of an ordeal, characterising for the cameras a personality created by an author who is standing close by, and perhaps suffering agonies over the mutilation of his work.

"Or enthusiastically enjoying the visualisation of his cold print," I suggested.

"I ought to have made a good job of 'John Storm,'" Dix told me; "for he was the first strong character, that I saw on the stage as a boy. When I was quite a youngster, my mother took me to the local town

Richard's Press cuttings seem to provide entertaining reading.

hall to see my first stage play. And, strangely enough, it was 'The Christian.'

"In those days I little thought that I should strut the stage myself in later years. I was meant for a doctor, but that profession had no appeal for me. At eighteen I went to New York, and got a small part on the vaudeville stage, and that started my acting career.

"I averted my eyes from Dix's sorrowful face, as suddenly he discovered the deterioration of his delectable potatoes. I had a pang of conscience as I watched him sadly motion to the maid to carry the sorry concealed mass away. He looked like a disappointed child at that moment, and there was a fleeting glimpse of the appealing, unspoiled nature of his boyish personality. There is not a vestige of pretence about him. He does not pose, or frame words just for effect. He's the sort of fellow that might live next door, and you wouldn't think twice about leaning over the garden fence and shouting to him to come in and give a hand with laying the linoleum on the stairs.

It was Richard Dix who laughed cheerfully when Charlie Chaplin, some years ago, told him that he would never make a hit on the films.

"He said that my nose was all wrong," said Dix, when I reminded him of that false prophecy. "You can see it is inclined to be flat and spreading, and Charlie thought that the cameras would make it look really bad on the screen."

A youth less conceived than Richard Dix might have drawn himself up in the approved style of the slighted, and withered his outspoken critic with a contemptuous glance.

But Dix, who has a considerable amount of respect for the prince of screen jesters, took Chaplin's advice in a more practical spirit. Straightway he sought a method of 'making up' his nose with grease paint, which would thwart the designs that the relentless lens had in its direction.

And to-day Richard Dix's growing popularity symbolises the fact that Charlie was wrong. For there is a rugged, pleasing charm about Dix on the screen which enables him to bring a refreshing naturalness to his characterisations. And the appeal of his likeable personality banishes from the mind any such mundane thoughts as the contemplation of the contours of his nose.

"In England," I suggested, when we were sitting on the rose-covered verandah, to which we had adjourned after the potatoes had met their Waterloo. "were you tempted to forsake your bachelor vows?"

Dix is frank to an embarrassing degree on occasions, and he did not disguise the fact that he thought the American girls were better-looking than the English. "But that is only a matter of opinion," for British women certainly have attraction and charm," he added gallantly.

"Should I ever forsake bachelorhood," confessed my host, "I ought to be pretty well versed in matters matrimonial. My many screen marriages have given me the groundwork, so to speak."

"They said another story of the swains that exist in modern marriage, which, with Helen Chadwick, I portrayed in Dangerous Curves Ahead, sent husbands away from the picture theatres with a deeper understanding of what their young wives have to cope with. The story sought to show married couples how to evade the danger curves of the matrimonial line without wrecking their happiness.

There was a lot of real life reflected in that film, and that is the human

Pictorial by Joseph Dowling in "The Christian."

MARCH 1922
kind of story that I think has a greater future on the screen than all the spectacular and costly supers that are shown.

"Another of my new pictures, The Poverty of Riches, is a page from the book of married life, for it shows the folly of a husband who destroyed the greatest desire in the life of his wife by his lust for success in riches."

"Yes," said Richard, stretching his long legs and puffing smoke-clouds contentedly from his favourite briar.

"I ought to know something about marriage—but until I meet a woman like my mother, I'll never become a Benedick."

Dix is scarcely an idealist, for he believes in looking at the facts of life straight in the face, and not obscuring them with impractical dreams. But his affection for his mother has a touch of idealism. With unaffected sincerity he tells the world that what success he has achieved he owes to the frail, white-haired little lady with whom he lives amidst the picturesque plains and valleys of California.

"Mother gave to me my creative possibilities in the direction of screen work," Dix told me. "Come inside and have a look at her paintings."

Enthusiastically he showed me many delicate water-colour sketches, artistically tinted china, and musical compositions, which reflected the talent of his beloved mother.

As we turned over the faded pages of photograph albums, which contained many reminiscences of Richard Dix's youth, my host stopped with a chuckle as he came across a picture showing him sitting in the centre of a group of footballers.

"That is the young man who indirectly was responsible for my entry into the films," he said, pointing with his finger towards a particularly brawny youth who figured in the photograph.

"He broke my nose during a practice match," explained Dix. "A week after that mishap, James Neil and Edythe Chapman, who were playing in the film version of The College Widow, advertised for a football player to figure in the piece. I went along with all the local colour, that my bandaged nose gave to me, and I got the job. And that started me on the films.

"Sport is a great tonic for a screen player, and it's better medicine for keeping you fit and not letting the cameras show the shadows and lines of indifferent health on one's face than anything that came out of the blue-tinted bottles of the chemists. And it helps you to keep level-headed and not lose your temper over things that don't matter."

Like most men with the broad, trim shoulders of athletes, and muscles and biceps that command respect should the prospect of an argument arise, Richard Dix is by nature a peaceful fellow.

To look at the youthful star with his level, unlined brows, that never seem to frown, his clear, laughing eyes and friendly smile, is to realise that it would take a good deal to make him ill-tempered.

He admitted that once he got badly rattled, and that was during the filming of Yellow Men and Gold. He had a strenuous part in that picture, and he had to fight on land and water, and carry out a daring leap of a broad chasm. Then came an incident in which a "crack" cowboy sharpshooter was engaged for one of Dix's stunts.

"You've got to shoot close to Dix without hitting him," the director told the expert with the gun.

"Well," he drawled, "I'll want another twenty-five dollars if I'm going to take a risk like that."

"And he got it—for taking the risk!"

Left: The Dix smile.
Below: Richard Dix and Mae Husch en route for England, where exteriors for "The Christian" were filmed.

"And when the shooting was over, I talked straight to that gunner, and let him know who was really risking a damaged skin."

Dix confessed to me that his greatest aversion in life was seeing himself on the screen for the first time in a new picture.

"Like most stage actors, I have been through the tortures of stage-fright," he admitted, "but that spine-chilling sensation is nothing compared with 'screen fright.'"

"For, when you see your shadow self on the screen, you recognise those little faults of acting; of character interpretation, which required just a few more subtle touches to be perfected, and similar mistakes, which it is too late to remedy.

"And all through the picture, you sit watching like a Mark Tapley, waiting for something to turn up—some fresh phase of acting which you feel reflects your best work. And still the celluloid slides through the projector, and that perfect piece of acting does not flash on to the screen. And you inwardly groan, and thank the kind fates for the darkness of the projecting theatre which hides your despairing features.
Mrs. Dix finds her son an appreciative art critic.

"One of the most vivid memories of my career was the occasion when I witnessed the first performance of Not Guilty, the picture which introduced me to the screen.

"I had all the thrills of a first night, only a thousand times more awful. I picked the picture to pieces the whole time that it was showing. And I felt that everyone around me was vivisecting me in just the same way."

Before I left Richard Dix's charming old-world home, I was introduced to his mother. It is simple to see from whom handsome Richard Dix has inherited his attractive, smiling grey eyes, to whom the cameras are so kind.

For Mrs. Dix, with eyes that, despite the whiteness of her hair, are still unfaded, smiles back at one with a charm that mirrors the appealing friendship and good-nature that her famous son radiates from the screen.

She is inordinately proud of Richard, and one realises that it will have to be a rather wonderful woman who tempts Dix into the paths of matrimony. For he is looked after with a care that reflects the tenderness of mother love.

It is not so much personality that impresses one where Richard Dix is concerned. It is his absolute naturalness and unspoilt nature, despite the success which has come his way, and the popularity which his work behind the footlights and on the screen has brought to him. In many ways he is still a boy, with the care-free outlook of youth on life.

He told me, with almost childish glee, how he convinced everyone in his picture, The Wall Flower, that he was a hopeless ballroom dancer.

"In that film, you remember, I appeared as the worst dancer in town. I succeeded in blacking the satin shoes of every lady at the party to which I went with Colleen Moore.

"Then," explained Dix, as he threw back his head and laughed like a schoolboy, "we gave everyone a surprise."

"A few weeks after the film was completed, Colleen and I entered for the dancing championships in a local town. And we walked off the ballroom floor with a silver cup as the trophy of the evening."

Pot-hunting, by the way, has long been a hobby of the popular Goldwyn star. On a massive oak sideboard in his dining-room, there are ornate cups which he has won for golf, swimming, and shooting.

In connection with golf, Dix told me an amusing story. Apparently the telephone service in Los Angeles is the "worst ever." So that a popular joke in that locality, when invited by friends to play a round of golf, is to reply, "Sorry, can't come. I've got to make a telephone call this afternoon!"

Gradually Richard Dix is moving towards the stellar heights of film popularity. And not only is his growing success failing to spoil him, but he gains friends wherever his travels take him—friends who join the increasing numbers of his admirers who are attracted by the appeal of his screen personality, and those who have been fortunate enough to meet him in real life.

In the studios he has a cheery smile for everyone, from the director to the call-boy. And I felt something of the appealing charm of that good-natured smile when he extended his hand to bid me good-bye.

When I was half-way along the wooded drive that led to the entrance-gates of his old-world house, I remembered that I had forgotten, after all, to have even one good look at the nose that Chaplin predicts would become as distressing to its owner as that of Cyrano. Dix is such a likeable fellow that you just don't notice whether he's even got a nose at all. Yes Charlie, you sure were wrong! P. R. M.
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BILL OF THE FILMS.
Bill Russell is my hero,
The King of all the screen,
His stunts to me are wonderful,
I wish I were his Queen.
I like him as a cowboy,
He keeps me all in thrills,
When movie bullets fly around,
Like rain among the hills.
M. A. (Kilmarnock).

ALL THE STARS.
They tell me "Guy Newall" the time
when "Cameron’s Carr" went
"West."
When "Violet Hops-on" board says
he, the "Rhodes" will do the rest.
"Florence " will want to "Turn-er" side,
"Doris May" wish to "Rome,"
But "Gloria Hope"'s they soon will get
to "Peggy’s Hyland" home.

"Peggy" will go and "Wyndham"
ap while "Wyndham’s Standing" by.
"Cause "Gregory:S-cott" a shrewd idea
the "Stars" may reach the sky.
They said "Charles"’s lump will shine a
"Ray," but "Bill Hart"’s fly bungled.
"Cause "Ivy Close"’ly wrapped up well, "Norwood Eille"’ risk a draught.

"James’s Horn" was sound loud
and shrill, "Tom Mix"’ed a drink
or two,
"Betty" was "Blythe" and gay as
well, the "Monty" looked quite
"Blue."
The "Miles" they went were "Moore" and
"Moore" "O’land" and in the air
"Harry" had put the "Meter" wrong, the darned thing "Buster"’ed "Fair."
So up and up the "Stars" were
"Shot," illuminating the sky,
"Norma." looked near as "Tal as
Madge," and Fatty like a fly.
They tell me these things happened
once, I call it "Tommy" rot,
But still I'll write and ask our
"George," tell me on the spot.
G. Rhum (Rotherham).

TO ANY SCREEN MOTHER.
We watch her growing older,
We see her beauty fade
Like some delightful flower
That’s lost its richest shade.
Her eyes have lost the sparkling light
That in her youth she knew;
But now there is a deeper thought
Beneath the self-same line.
Her smile that was vivacious
Has changed to gentler tone;
Her hair has lost its lustre
In it the silver’s shown.
Her childish pranks are over,
Her ways calm and serene;
And though now past that golden age,
We keep her memory green.
D. W. (Calcutta).

ALL A DREAM.
I’d just been reading "Picturegoer,"
and dropping off to sleep,
I had a simply awful dream; it
nearly made me weep.
I dreamt that Nazimova’s hair was
dyed a peacock blue;
And Tommy Meghan (my favourite star)
was only five-feet-two.
That pretty dark-eyed Lila Lee was
nearly forty-four.
And Charlie Ray had grown a beard
and kept a hardware store.
I also dreamt that Lillian Gish, that
lovely, petite star,
Had grown to be six feet in height,
and served behind a bar;
That Kenneth Harlan’s lovely nose
had turned an emerald green;
He’d also bought a fish shop
and left the movie screen.
I dreamt that Clara Kimball Young,
when going into town,
Wore red and green striped overalls
with spots of ginger brown.
At first I woke; my "Picturegoer"
was lying on my knee;
And in its pages were the stars, just
as they ought to be.
A S. (Glasgow).

Extra ! Extra !
Katherine MacDonald, in My Lady’s
Latchkey, is asked to fetch the evening
paper. She brings it in and reads it to
"Widow Barns." Large letters at the
top announce that the "evening"
paper is the Daily Telegraph.
This paper has not, to my knowledge, any
evening edition.—B. M. (Canterbury).

Cinderella’s Mistake?
In Forbidden Fruit Agnes Ayres is
supposed to leave the ball-room on
the stroke of twelve. On her departure,
however, the clock plainly shows
that it is eleven-thirty.—E. G. (Dewsbury).

Serials Make Their Own Laws!
One episode of The Bull’s Eye, an
Eddie Polo serial, shows the boss of the
ranch leaving his daughter all
his property by will. But the will
was not witnessed, and everyone
knows that a will is not valid unless
it is witnessed by two persons.
M. J. (S. Africa).

We Suppose So.
In The Branding Iron, when the
stranger shoots the husband (James
Kirkwood), he falls down "dead."
The stranger then takes the "dead"
man’s wife into the next room, but
when they come out again the husband
has changed both his pose and his
position. I expect he felt uncomfortable in his first fall. D. W.
(Xr. Bristol).

A Strange Case.
When D’Artagnan (Douglas Fairbanks) in The Three Musketeers goes to
England to fetch the Queen’s diamonds, he finds that Lady de Winter has
preceeded him, and cut them off Buckingham’s coat during a fête. Later D’Artagnan enters
Mildred’s cabin on board ship, and takes the studs from her. They are now
in the case in which the King gave them to the Queen. But, as the Queen
did not give Buckingham the case when she gave him the jewels, how
did it get to England? —P. C. (Hull).

Give It Up.
"Ruth," in Men, Women, Love,
decides to leave the house, as she
is accused by her sister of stealing her
husband’s love. So she collects all
her belongings and goes off in a
car-hatless. Can you tell me why she
should remember to take her luggage
NOT "for one week only"—but as long as the material lasts—that is the proved claim for the many qualities of "LUVISCA."

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Cinema Actresses the world over use this delightful new liquid, odourless, and absolutely harmless depilatory. No bother of mixing can be applied while dressing for the theatre or dance. No unpleasant smell, perfectly gentle, containing no harmfullv Bismuth Sulphide (like many common hair-removers). It will not burn or harm the skin in any way.

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'EASTERN FOAM' is sold in large pots (Price 1/4) by all Chemists and Stores.

Try 'EASTERN FOAM'
Granger's film version of Henry Arthur Jones's famous play, The Hypocrites, which was first produced in New York and London seventeen years ago, provides excellent screen fare. It is a pungent story, replete with dramatic situations.

The Hypocrites of the story inhabit a little country town, over which the Lord of the Manorholds absolute sway. The only person to question his authority is Edgar Linnell, a young curate, sworn enemy of hypocrisy in all its forms. Although the Lord of the Manor takes a harsh view of the misdemeanours of his parishioners, he is the first one to play a hypocritical rôle when his own son falls from grace.

The son having become entangled with a Continental dancer, his parents do everything in their power to prevent the truth being made public. Linnell incurs their enmity by befriending the dancer, and a tissue of lies is built up around his philanthropic act. Events lead up to a dramatic climax, in which the curate triumphs over the hypocrites.

The cast of The Hypocrites is remarkably strong. Wyndham Standing, famous for his work in Earthbound, Smilin' Through, and other screen successes, portrays the part of Edgar Linnell; and other favourites in the film are Lillian Gish, Mary Odette, Gertrude Sterrell, Roy Travers, Sydney Paxton, Fertie White, and Harold French. The best-known player is better known for his stage work in this country, which includes leading rôles in "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Where the Rainbow Ends," "Twelfth Night," "The Bird of Paradise" (opposite Willette Kershaw), and "The Blue Lagoon," in which he played opposite Faith Celli. His films include The Land of Mystery and Only April.

The film was made in Haarlem, Holland, in the Granger-Binger Studios there, under the direction of Charles Giblyn, better known hitherto in America. Mary Odette, whose first film opposite Wyndham Standing this is, has a more dramatic rôle, if possible, than the
"You hypocrites!"

Below:
Harold French and Mary Odette.

"So you are the girl."

Wyndham Standing and Lillian Douglas.

The Text.
The Fine Granger-Binget Film Version of Henry Arthur Jones World Famous Play

Mother and Son.

Good Samaritans.

Pleasantries.

Circle: Gertrude Sterrell, Lilian Douglas and Roy Travers.

Despair.

The coward's part.
Granger's to present a wonderful superproduction

Below: At the Petit Casino.
Above: Doctor Mabuse.

Count Tolst.
The cabaret.

Above: The betrayal.
Left: Doctor Mabuse and Countess Tolst.
Who is Doctor Mabuse?

A remarkable German production.

Master criminals have always fascinated the kinema public. From the Arthur Conan Doyle stories of Moriarty the exploits of criminal geniuses has been watched with never flagging interest by breathless millions, and the latest recent in the legion of the wrong 'uns is certain to find a large and appreciative public.

Doctor Mabuse, who will shortly make his bow to British audiences, is a German creation, a sinister character introduced by Robert John in his novel, "Dr. Mabuse, the Gambler." The film version produced by Fritz Lang, a remarkable picture in many respects, but its chief interest lies in the wonderful acting of Rudolf Klein Rokke, whose renditions of the title role is one of the most wonderful characterisations ever seen on the screen. Rudolf Klein Rokke, who is a master of make up, invests the part with a most haunting realism.

The other characters are, without exception, vital and interesting. Cara Carossa, the dancer, De Witt, Chief of the Police, Count Tolst, the dreamer; Edgar Hall, young, wealthy and impressionable; and the Countess Tolst, indifferent to most things except Doctor Mabuse.
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The Water of Your Bath?'
(Use it in your wash-hand basin too)

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Lee White    Ivy Duke
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water-softening, the oxygen & medication it adds
to the water will quickly beautify your skin and
complexion as nothing else can. Keeps the
7,000,000 pores of your body clear, active and healthy.

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FITS CAN BE CURED.

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There is no infirmity so distressing, either to the sufferer or to those around him, as epilepsy and those tolerated nervous complaints which, recurring more violently and unexpectedly at shortening intervals, render the life of the sufferer one round of misery.

IT HAS LONG BEEN SUPPOSED THAT FITS WERE NOT CURABLE, AND MANY AN UNFORTUNATE SUFFERER HAS SPENT LARGE SUMS IN SEARCH OF THE ALLEVIATION THAT ORDINARY REMEDIES, HOWEVER EXPENSIVELY PRICED, CAN NEVER BRING.

It was left to Dr. S. B. Niblett to at last discover the remedy that would not only bring alleviation, but, by building up the patient's vital forces, finally render him immune from the dread scourge. Dr. Niblett gave thirty-five years' close study to epilepsy and intensified a devoted lifetime to the alleviation of these terrible complaints. His remedy—what he called "Vital Renewer"—has brought back during the last few years health and strength to thousands, and it is with the object of making it more widely known that we, to-day, make a remarkably offer of a free bottle to anyone who is afflicted with this dread disease. We invite you to take advantage of this offer now— to learn, once and for all, that there is a way by which you can be quickly and permanently cured—a treatment medically endorsed and vouched for by hundreds of patients thoroughly cured.

Nor is Dr. Niblett's treatment other than pleasant, its simplicity and the ease with which it may be carried out being marked features.

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Perhaps you have already noticed that your daughter in her "teens" has developed a finicky temper, is restless and excitable, and often in need of gentle reproof. In that case, remember that the march of years is leading her on to womanhood.

If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness and depression, feels tired out after a little exertion, if she tells you of headache or backache, she needs help, for she is most probably anemic, that is, bloodless.

Should you notice any of these disturbing signs, lose no time but procure for her Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills enliven the impoverished blood of girls and women, and so tend to restore youth and prevent disease. They give to sickly, drooping girls health, brightness, and charm, with color in the cheeks, sparkling eyes, a light step and high spirits.

Let your daughter keep Dr. Williams' pink pills handy. Or write for sample to Dr. Williams, 10, Warwick Road, London, W. 1.

All girls and women should read the booklet, "Nature's Warming." A copy will be sent quite free if you write to R.G. Dept., 39, Finsbury Square, London, W. 1.

A Stage Romance (Fox; March 20).

The rise and fall of the tragedian, Edmund Kean, according to William Farnum, Peggy Shaw, Myrtle Bonillas, Paul McAllister, Holmes E. Herbert, Ruth Goodwin, and Bernard Seigal. Mainly for Farnum fans.

A Thousand to One (Fox; March 12).

Hobart Bosworth the outstanding figure in a dramatic if inconsistent story of regeneration. Ethel Grey Terry opposite; also Charles West, Landers Stevens, and Fred Kohler. A good melodrama.

A Woman's Place (Ass. First Nat.; March 12).

Constance Talmadge standing for mayor in a multitude of Paris frocks. Cast includes Kenneth Harlan, Haskell Short, Florence Short, Ina Rorke, Marguerite Linden and Jack Connolly. Light comedy, mainly for the ladies.

Bits of Life (Ass. First Nat.; March 5).


Breakneck Barnes (Artistic; March 23).

Improbable but really humorous light comedy, with Johnny Hines as a slacker who braced up. Also Betty Carpenter, Edmund Breeze, George Fawcett, J. Barney Sherry, Julia Swayne Gordon, and Billy Boy Swinton.

Devotion (Fox; March 20).

Or three women in search of happiness and what Fate found for them. Hazel Dawn and E. K. Lincoln star; and Violet Palmer, Henry G. Sell, Renita Randolph, Wedgewood Newell and Bradley Barker support. Sentimental entertainment.
Doctor’s Orders (War, and F.E.; March 5). One of Harold Lloyd’s best; a<br>tautrical comedy full of clever and<br>human little touches, poking fun at a<br>certain type of doc. Mildred<br>Davis opposite; also John T. Prince, Eric<br>Mayne, Anna Townsend, and C. H. Leighton.<br>Directed by Harold Rosch; we recommend it.<br>

Don’t Tell Everything (Paramount; March 12).<br>The late Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson,<br>Elliott Dexter, Dorothy Cumming,<br>Genevieve Blinn, Baby Gloria Wood, and<br>the Briae twins in a breezy out-of-doors<br>love story. Excellent comedy<br>fare, though Reid fans may have<br>trouble in raising a smile.<br>The Forbidden Thing (Jury; March 1).<br>Simple, sincere, and strong. James<br>Kirkwood stars in this tale of love in a<br>fishing village, well supported by<br>Helen Jerome Eddy, Marcia Manon,<br>King Baggot, Jack Rosealeigh, Arthur<br>Thalasso, Newton Harby, and Katherine<br>Norton. Excellent entertainment.<br>The Fall of the Curtain (B.E.F.; March 8).<br>Francesca Bertini in a dramatic<br>stage story founded on an Ohnet novel.<br>Two actresses love the same man, with<br>tragic results for all three. Good<br>settings, but somehow as entertainment.<br>
French Heels (War do; March 15).<br>A fresh interpretation of a fairly<br>good romance in a fashion which<br>will delight lovers of Terpsichore.<br>Her partners are Charles Gerard, Ward<br>Crae, and Thomas Murray.<br>

The Goddess of Lost Lake (Feature; March 19).<br>Fine forest and lake scenery, a<br>somewhat disappointing story of Indians and pseudo-Indians, and Louise<br>Joseph, Gl areas, Lawton<br>Butt, Howard Mack, and Frank<br>Lanning. Good entertainment.<br>

Good Heart (Paramount; March 1).<br>Mr. and Miss Sills and Ann Forrest in a<br>story of a young preacher and an old<br>girl. Cast includes Fontaine La Rue, Mary Girar, Adolph Menjou, Robert<br>Brown, and Winifred Green-<br>wood. Good entertainment.<br>

Girls Beware (Unity; March 8).<br>A story for mothers and daughters with<br>the story of “Faith,” well staged and<br>acted, held up as an awful warning.<br>Beatrice Michelena and Lois Wilson<br>star, with Frances Burnham, Albert<br>Morison, and Mina Gleason. Improving<br>but interesting romantic fare.<br>

Hearts Up (F.B.O.; March 12).<br>Human Harry Carey in a human<br>little story of a boy about an<br>intricue man. Supporting cast in-<br>cludes Charles Le Moyne, Frank<br>Braudwood, and Mignonette Golden.<br>Characteristic Western romance.<br>

His Back Against the Wall (Goldwyn; March 12).<br>Raymond Hatton’s first star picture.<br>A one-man show in which a tailor<br>vides the honour of his profession and<br>disproves an old saw, Virginia<br>Vali opposite. Excellent light drama.<br>

Is Marriage a Failure? (Jury; March 10).<br>A Maurice Tourneur production treating of three marriages, with an<br>all-star cast including Doris May, Wallace McDonald, Hobart Bos-<br>worth, Kathleen Kirkham, Charles<br>Meredith, and Betty Schade. Good<br>entertainment.<br>

Jane Eyre (War do; March 5).<br>An American adaptation of Charlotte<br>Bronte’s famous story of Victo-<br>rian days. Mabel Ballin stars, and Norman<br>Trevor, Craford Kent, Eliza-<br>bet Aeriens, Louis Grizel, Emily<br>Fitzroy, and John Webb Dillan sup-<br>port. Good, if somewhat morbid,<br>entertainment.<br>

John Chilcote, M.P. (First Nat.; March 19).<br>Gay Bates Post in an effective picture-<br>tion of Katherine Cecil Thur-<br>stone’s novel, and a good dual role.<br>Also Edward Kimball, Ruth Sinclair,<br>Herbert Standing, Lawson<br>Butt, Marcia Manon, Barbara Ten-<br>nant, and Kenneth Gibson. Excellent<br>entertainment.<br>

Just Around the Corner (Paramount; March 22).<br>Based on a Fannie Hurst story of<br>New York tenement and underworld life. Well directed by Frances Marion,<br>and acted by Lewis Sargent, Sigrid<br>Holmquist, Margaret Seddon, Rosa<br>Rosanova, Peggy Farr, and William<br>Nally. Good entertainment.<br>

The Lane That Had No Turning (Paramount; March 29).<br>Rather a long lane, but interesting all<br>the way. A story of revenge and self-sacrifice, starring Agnes Ayres, with<br>Theodore Kosloff, Mahlon Hamilton,<br>Frank Campeau, Lilian Leighton,<br>Charles West, and Fred Broom also in the cast. Good dramatic fare.<br>

The Loaded Door (European; March 26).<br>Hoot Gibson in a good Western story, supported by Gertrude Olmstead, Bill<br>Ryno, Eddie Sutherland, Noble<br>Johnson, Victor Potel, and C. L. Sherwood.<br>

Little Miss Rebellion (Paramount; March 1).<br>With little Miss Gish (Dorothy) as a<br>Grand Duchess who is a democrat despite her royal birth. Ralph Graves,<br>George Siegman, Riley Hutch and<br>Marie Burke support. Good comedy<br>fare.<br>

The Magnificent Brute (European; March 1).<br>Melodramatic Western stuff, with plenty of fights. Frank Mayo, Doro-<br>thy Devore, Alberta Lee, William<br>Eagle Eye, and Dick Sutherland<br>providing many thrills.<br>

The March Hare (Gaumont; March 12).<br>Bebe Daniels in an excellent farce which suits this star-piquante to a<br>nicety. Concerns the doings of a<br>wayward Society girl. In the cast are<br>Rayne Kelso, Harry Myers, Helen<br>Jerome Eddy and Sydney Brady.
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The Milton Mystery (Vitaphone; March 5)

Staged as a society spectacular drama, with a good story, lavish settings, and excellent acting by Corinne Griffith, Kenneth Harlan, Charles Hammond, David Torrence, Regina Quinn and Dan Duffy. Good fare for all, especially the fair sex.

Miss Lulu Bess (Paramount; March 20)

Losl Wilson in a capital character study of a drudge whose eager-anticipated idyll turns out badly, but who finally wins through to happiness. Milton Sills opposite, and Theodore Roberts, Helen Ferguson, Clarence Barton, Mary Giraci and Mabel Van Buren all excellent in support. Good entertainment.

Riding with Death (Fox; March 3)

Buck Jones in a somewhat mechanical Western, alternatingly falling in love and shooting people in each reel. Also Betty Francisco, Jack Mower, Jack McDonald and William Steel.

The Royal Divorce (Napoleon Films; March 5)

A British super based upon the famous melodrama, starring Gertrude Mc Coy and George Evans, with Mary Dibley, Gerald Ames, Lilian Hall Davies, Jerrold Roberts and Mercy Peters also in the cast. An excellent semi-historical drama.

Rent Free (Paramount; March 5)


The Riddle Woman (Philips; March 1)

Geraldine Farrar in a tempestuous drama about the exploits of a modern Don Juan. William P. Carleton opposite; also Adele Blood, Frank Lose, Montagu Love, Madge Bellamy and Louis Stern. For melodrama-lovers.

Riders of the Night (Walturdaw; March 19)

Shows some favourite stars in roles quite out of their usual beat. Viola Dana pathetically tragic, and Monte Blue as a "killer"; with George Chesebro, Clifford Bruce, Mabel Van Buren and Russell Simpson in support. Thrilling entertainment.

Scrambled Wives (Ass. First Nat.; March)

Marguerite Clarke's last film to date. A slender story, adapted from the stage play. Leon P. Gendron supports; also Ralph Burke, Virginia Lee, America Chisholm, Emma Wilcox and John Mayer. Fair entertainment.

The Silent Voice (Allied Artists; March 10)

George West as a musician who loses his hearing, and almost his happiness. All-star cast includes Ann Forrest, Lyn Simpson, Edward Earle, Miriam Battista, Elsie Shannon, Mickey Bennett, Mary Astor, and Pierre Gendron. Excellent entertainment.

The Sin Flood (Goldwyn; March 5)

Powerful drama based on a well known human failing. Excellent acting by Richard Dix, Helen Chadwick, James Kirkwood, John Stepping, Ralph Lewis, L. H. King, William Orlamond, Howard Davies and Will Walling. A treat for the discriminating.

Soldiers of Fortune (Gaumont; March 20)

A South American war story, with some good mob and fight scenes and a fine cast, including Anna Q. Nilsson, Norman Kerry, Pauline Starke, Ward Crane, Wallace Beery, Fred Kohler, Frank Wally and Phil McCullough. Good entertainment.

Strength of the Pines (Fox; March 12)


Schooldays (Phillips; March 25)

Wes Barry stars in this human little story of a very human boy. Excellent character studies by George Lessing, Francis Conlan, Nellie Spaulding, Arline Blackburn, Jerome Patrick and Arnold Lucy. For the youthful of all ages.

The Storm (European; March 20)

A ruggedly spectacular North-Western drama starring a forest fire: also House Peters, Virginia Valli, Matt Moore and Joseph Swickard. Exciting entertainment.

Tell Your Children (Gaumont; March 19)

Rather novelistic propaganda, as the title would lead you to expect. Good photography; and Boris Eaton, Walter Tovvman, Marie Rorke and Adeline Hayden Colvin.

Trainin' (Fox; March 19)

Tom Mix in an intricate and rather "scrappy" Western, in which the star has some remarkable stunts. Supporting Tom are Carol Holloway, Eva Novak, Cecil von Auker.

Tess of the Storm Country (Allied Artists; March 1)

Mary Pickford in the re-filming of her early success. Cast includes Lloyd Hughes, Gloria Hope, David Torrance, Forrest Robinson, Mae, de Bodamere, Jean Hersholt, Danny Hoy, Robert Russell and Gus Saville. Excellent entertainment.

Tit for Tat (Imperial; March 29)

Good light comedy about a nervous young man who is played by Henry Edwards, Chrisse White opposite; also Mary Brough and Annie Esson in character roles.

Watch Your Step (Goldwyn; March 26)

Cullen Landis as a show-go-luckY character, also is a good light comedy of American village life. Patsy Ruth Miller, Bert Woodruff, and Harry Rattenbury also appear.

The Wonderful Story (Astra; March 5)

Lives up to its title. An exceptionally good British ethical triangle story, produced by Graham Cutts and featuring Herbert Langley and Lilian Hall Davies, Olaf Hytton.

The Sin Flood
Goldwyn
March 5

Powerful drama based on a well known human failing. Excellent acting by Richard Dix, Helen Chadwick, James Kirkwood, John Stepping, Ralph Lewis, L. H. King, William Orlamond, Howard Davies and Will Walling. A treat for the discriminating.

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Phillips
March 25

Wes Barry stars in this human little story of a very human boy. Excellent character studies by George Lessing, Francis Conlan, Nellie Spaulding, Arline Blackburn, Jerome Patrick and Arnold Lucy. For the youthful of all ages.
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To prove this astonishing claim we will send you

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It's many smiles nicer
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Razors and ordinary depilatories simply remove the hair above the skin surface. Veet melts the hair away beneath it. It's easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. You simply spread Veet on just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse off, and the hair is done as if by magic. Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case or your money is returned.

Veet may be obtained from all chemists, hairdressers and stores for 36½d or it is sent direct by post in plain wrappers to insure privacy upon receipt of 36½d plus 6d for postage and packing. (Tall size 6s.) Address the Health Laboratories (Dentist) 6x Bobover Street, London, W.1.

A New Reader (W. Hartlepool).—
(1) She hasn't done any film work recently. Write her c/o. Waltardv, 46, Gerrard Street, London, and mark envelope ”Please forward.”
(2) They have no headquarters in U.S.A., as they only rent films, and do not produce them. That's right, N.R. The Post Office is responsible for all that kind of thing.

Olive Twist (Clapham).—Remarks that she's always coming back for more. You'll get it, my lass, some day, and then you'll be sorry you came.
(1) No names were given in that cast except Ora Caren's. It's an old film, so I'm afraid I can't help you.
(2) Sorry to say those "yarns" were true.
(3) I have been told that I resemble that actor, so, naturally, I am hardly the right man to answer that one.
(4) Griffith in The Fatal Marriage, which is the Enon Arden story, will be revised next June or July. It stars Lilian Gish and Wallace Reid. Peter Ibbetson is a "Super.
(5) He put up a very brave fight. But try to forget all about the "yarns." (6) Yes, I'm like your sketch — i.e., I have two eyes, two ears, one nose, mouth, chin, and neck. Emphatically not curly hair, though.

Tribe (Waterloo).—The prodigal reader returns! All is forgiven.
(1) Minaya was released some time ago.
(2) Ivor Novello is well known as a composer. Commenced screen career in 1919 in The Call of the Blood, and has played in Minaya, Carnival, The Bohemian Girl, and The Man Without Desire. Now in America with D. W. Griffith.
(3) Ralph Forbes is twenty-two.
(4) She plays minor rôles. Cheerio, mychild! Your ambition is realised.

Richardite (Wimbledon).—
(1) Richard Barthelmess has been married for about three years. He will be twenty-eight next May.
(2) Mary Hazen is twenty-six.
(3) Lilian Gish was born Oct. 14, 1906.
(4) Pearl White's plan, as regards the future are rather uncertain.

C. C. (Hull).—Eric Von Stroheim married Valerie Germonprez. Write to him c/o. Picturegoer. It will be refreshing change for him to hear from someone who "likes him as a hero, and he certainly ought to reward you with a signed photo.

SERIALS (Bradford).—On Avon. Thinks that these columns b for some especial use, important one? Learn, then, that "Enough is as good as a feast," or, by my hail, let's do this right arm will smite thee to the earth. (How's that?)
(1) Cast of The Count of Monte Cristo: Edmond Dantes — Count of Monte Cristo, Leon Mathot; "Mercedes" Nelly Corman; "Fernand Madame, M. Garat; "Danglars," M. Colas; "Villefort," Albert Mayer; "Cadreousse," M. Ballien. "Tons of Money" will probably be filmed this year. When Mary Pickford does (4) Douglas Fairbanks junior is about seventeen years old. He has been in Paris for some time and will certainly be a screen actor. Vitagraph and Fox produced Tale of Two Cities, Dustin Farnum and Joc deRiche in The Spy. J. S. (Sloane Street).—The printer is the culprit. Jack Holt is married and has three children, as you say. Jack Hobeck is the bachelor. (1) Two of Pola Negri's pictures — Summer and Carmen, are over here at the present time, but no release dates have been fixed. Charles de Rochef is seen in The Spanish Fad over here later on.
How PRISCILLA DEAN
the Charming Universal Star
Keeps Her Hair Beautiful

Cocoanut Oil Fine
for Washing Hair

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Many soaps, prepared shampoos and shampoo powders, contain too much free alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo—which is pure and entirely greaseless—is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this cannot possibly injure the hair.

Simply put two or three teaspoonsfuls of Mulsifed in a cup with a little tepid water. Then moisten the hair with and rub the Mulsifed in. It will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather runs out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo from all chemists, perfumers, hairdressers, and leading toilet goods departments. It is inexpensive, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure you get Mulsifed. Beware of imitations—look for the name Watkins on the package.

MULSIFIED
COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO

ELAINE (Birmingham).—(1) I stand corrected. Gareth Hughes born 1897, not 1895. (2) Art plate of Guy Newall in Pictures April 1922. (3) One of Ivy Duke in Picturegoer May 1922. (4) Guy and Ivy interviewed together in Picturegoer March 1922. (5) They are married to each other now. (6) Mary Pickford starred in Less Than the Dust.

G. A. S. (Kingston-on-Thames).—I am forgiven. The sun shines once more! (1) Manning Haynes played in Three Men in a Boat. (2) Of the Parnum family Dusitan is the eldest. Thanks for kind offer to send more queries! If I answered all the present ones I'd have to make a special edition of Picturegoer for you. Still, with initials like yours—Let's mutually forgive.

C. S. (London).—(1) Diana Allen is a blue-eyed 5 ft. 11 in. height. Age not stated, (2) Eddie Polo certainly hasn't given up serials. I'm prepared for anything since I joined the Boy Scouts.

CARMEN (Dudlester).—Most people call me "George," misguided people call me "Sir." (I wish they wouldn't), but nobody ever calls me "What."

(1) Georges Carpentier is 5 ft. 11 in. in height, and is about twenty-eight years old. His first screen experience was in The Boxing Cavalier (a French film) then came Jack Johnson's Adventures in Paris, The Wonder Man, and A Gypsy Cavalier. (2) Jack Dempsey is 6 ft. 1 in. tall.

J. K. (Carlisle).—(1) Letters to film artists, if sent to Picturegoer, are always forwarded. There's nothing on my conscience, so you must blame the G.P.O. or the film stars themselves if you haven't had an answer. (2) Nobody doubted for Gordon Griffith in The Son of Tarzan. (3) We can't give secrets like that away. (4) American films are often so long that they have to be cut before they can be shown—that's why some of the stills from Pollyanna reproduced in Picturegoer were not shown in the film when you saw it.
A SCHOOL FOR SCREEN STARS

first magnitude—Agnes Ayres, Lois Wilson, Sylvia Ashton, Thomas Meighan, Conrad Nagel, and Theodore Roberts; and it is their duty to enforce the rule which has been drawn up by the students themselves.

The teaching staff is composed of men and women who are all world-renowned as experts in their particular branch of the new art; and most of them had acquired fame in their speciality even before pictures dangled them.

As it is the desire of teaching the young students to give the players an opportunity to broaden their technical education so that their training may embrace a knowledge of all phases of picture production, the curriculum of the school is so planned that each scholar may study other sections of the art of film production besides the technique of acting before the camera.

Just figure to yourself the kind of work which members of the Stock Company have now to engage in during their off time! The syllabus contains, among such ordinary subjects as physical exercises, ballet dancing, and stage training, items such as: scenario history; the art of scenario writing; "the analysis of photodrama"; "photo-drama theory and practice"; "photo-comedy"; "the history of the motion picture"; "the history of costume"; and "physical expression and pantomime".

In turn the theory and practice of photo-drama are conducted by William De Mille, one of the best-known directors, and famous as a dramatist long before he entered the screenland; while his celebrated director-brother, Cecil B., holds classes on his branch of the art, in which the manipulation of the camera is a part.

Another famous director, George Fitzmaurice, is in charge of the classes for the teaching of acting before the camera; George Melford, one of the oldest producers in the service, who has been connected with films since the days of Edison's flickering experiments, lectures on the history of the motion picture.

And art and on the screen is discussed by Penrhyn Stanlaws, who was one of America's well-known artists before he temporarily neglected the brush for the megaphone; and James Cruze, also a Paramount director, gives the necessary training for the expression of light comedy on the celluloid sheet.

ON OTHER PAGES

Free Wedding Presents for Readers.

Because all the world loves a lover, those happy people who are engaged often feel that the interest of humanity in their romance is on occasions embarrassing. The ordeal of buying the wedding ring, for instance, is a trying one, for there are always curious eyes looking at the ceremony, which in reality is rather sacred to those intimately concerned.

The excellence of the well-known Northern Goldsmiths Company, which consists of a novel method of choosing a wedding ring in strict privacy, is something of an inspiration. All you have to do is to write for a "Felicitas" Wedding Ring Brochure. It will be sent to you free of charge, and it illustrates in natural colours and in a realistic way nine different styles of wedding-rings. The lowest price is 25s., and the highest 3½s. A size-card which accurately measures every finger size is enclosed. Apart from the excellent value of the 22-carat gold wedding ring, the Northern Goldsmiths Company offer a solid silver hall marked spoon as a free gift with every "Felicitas" wedding ring purchased.

Here is a wonderful opportunity that you should not miss. Write to the Northern Goldsmiths Company, New Castle on Tyne, England, to day.

A Screen Star's Secret.

The screen star, so largely relies on her beauty to retain her popularity with the picture theatre public, cannot afford to neglect any aid to attractive appearance. It is for this reason that so many film-favourites use "Decollete," the well-known depilatory, which is absolutely harmless and odourless. This liquid hair-remover has been scientifically produced for the purpose of easily eradicating superfluous growth. It operates in a few minutes, and can be used while dressing for the theatre or a dance. A postal order for 3½d. will obtain you a supply of this invaluable depilatory, "Decollete," Dept. P.G., Hatfield House, Southampton Buildings, London, W.C.2. Or any perfumer or chemist will supply you with "Decollete." Biaden Complexion Wax is another well-known asset to the dressing-table of the woman who values her complexion. A 3½d. jar of this effective beautifier will soften and smooth your skin whilst you sleep.

The Thrills of Ski-ing.

The picturesque scenery of the Alps has intrigued many screen locations; but seldom have the chief players amidst the snow and ice presented so thoroughly happy an appearance as the Biarritz boys who have been holiday making at Wengen in the Bernese Oberland. These happy youngsters, with the well-known English chocolate and cocoa making centre, were accompanied by Mr. Paul Cadbury, of the famous firm of the same name. They demonstrated the characteristic love of sport which is latent in every healthy British boy by learning to ski and skate with remarkableness and oddness, and no doubt Cadbury's famous cocoa helped to keep out the cold of the climate that favours a low thermometer.
The Strangest Love Story in the World

JOHN CHILCOTE M.P.

featuring

GUY BATES POST

in his epoch-making dual role

When Katherine Cecil Thurston's remarkable novel first appeared as a "Daily Mail" serial it created a big sensation; in book form the story was a best seller; as a stage play "John Chilcote, M.P." met with an enthusiastic reception in this country and in America. But all these successes will be overshadowed by First National's film version of this remarkable drama, which promises to be one of the screen triumphs of 1923.

The pictures on this page show Guy Bates Post in his wonderful dual role of "John Chilcote, M.P." and "John Loder." The film is replete with tense moments, and the all-star supporting cast includes such first-rate favourites as Ruth Sinclair, Marcia Manon, Barbara Trennen, Lawson Butt, Herbert Standing, and Kenneth Gibson.

A First National Picture
What Do You Think?

YOUR VIEWS AND OURS

THIS paragraph being For Ladies Only, male readers of THE PICTUREGOER are requested to pass it by. Now then, Ladies. Would you like a presentation pair of silk stockings? Elsewhere in this issue you will find particulars of an attractive offer to our readers. We are giving away silk stockings of histrionic beauty and shapely elegance to those of our readers who are willing to help THE PICTUREGOER. If you want to learn how you can qualify for this delightful gift, turn now to page 65 of this issue.

Oh! how you girls love Rodolph! Out of the hundred odd eulogies crowding my desk, this is a representative specimen. "I believe I have found "Tells Us where Rodolph Where Is Valentino's 'fash- Fancy Bred'" citation rests -'tis his adorable smile. With one or two exceptions, all film actors' molar displays are so obviously 'just that-minute-made-to-order' grin, and remind one of a death's-head combined with Urrah Heep. 'Rudy,' on the other hand, makes his spontaneous (really, he might have been one of Murillo's models), it's so half-lazy-sleepy-patetic-humorous-tolerant-varmint-street-arab-y, with just a sn-ician of spimeness—in truth, it's a human smile. I'm not given to hero-worship, but I do think Rodolph has supplied a long felt want—how, I don't quite know."—Hercules (London).

So far, so good. This morning's post brought one dissentient voice all the way from Balham, S.W.12. Signing himself or herself "A Nagel Fan," The Retort's the owner holds Obvious, forth as follows:—"In my opinion, the reason why Rodolph Valentino is not, and probably will never be, very popular over here, is because he is so foreign-looking, and in the eyes of the average Englishman the foreigner finds little or no favour. Again, Valentino is not quite artist enough to hide his overwhelming conceit in his good looks. I have seen him in The Four Horsemen, The Sheik, Blood and Sand, Camille, and The Conquering Power, and think that any other actor with the 'dash of devilry' that your Birmingham correspondent admires so much, and a minimum of good looks, could have created the roles equally well. Conrad Nagel (American) and Clive Brook (British) are my favourites, and I would rather see these two than any other so-called 'star' in the whole of the film firmament."

After an attack upon serials even more slashing than usual, C.A.B.S. (Edinburgh), one of my regular thought-registers, wants to know "Why Scotch with should we allow a Dash. German films to enter the market now? Surely we have enough good films of our own without encouraging trade with our late enemies. They may be good, but I would far rather see our own film producers flourish and feel that I am putting my money into the pockets of British or American stars than that I was helping to pay Germany's way into world trade again. Must stay my hand now, though I am still bubbling over."

[I disagree entirely. Art has, or should have, no nationality; therefore good films, no matter what their place of origin, should not be barred from British screens. What do you think?]

Some of you are sending me, besides lists of the twelve best films of the year, lists of the twelve best individual performances.

Too Much of a Good Thing, Prithie, cease being so wholesale, and confine yourselves to one only, else I shall have to prohibit any more voting contests. Some very good lists have arrived; so far, three films have appeared in all of them. These are: The Four Horsemen, A Bill of Divorcement, and Orphans of the Storm, in the order they appear above, A recent discussion amongst producers elicited the sad statement that there can be no screen-play "having universal appeal." What do you think?

Little mention has been made of reiss-ues," writes J. D. (Kettering). "I can remember many old films I liked much better than these silly matri- monial problems a Screen Luxor, screen-plays that surround us to- day. Here's my list of old favourites I should like to see again: The Robbery of the Lyons Mail, The Friend of the Throttle, As the Sun Went Down, Peg o' the Ring, A Dustman's Wedding, The Fatal Fingers, Through Turbulent Waters, The House of Temperley, The Incorruptible Crown, Eugene Aram, The She-Wolf, Har- bour Lights, and A Deadly Hate." What do you think?" Better let sleeping films R.I.P. You might lose some of your enthusiasm if these were reissued, because, technically, at any rate, we've made great strides of late years. Two on your list would bear re- excavation, though.

The Thinker.
Think what a gathering of 2000 dancers must mean, half in fancy costume and half in evening dress, and all armed with the latest and cutest carnival novelties, in the ample interior of a Fairyland like the Palais at Hammersmith.

To the misanthropic it may suggest a vast foolishness, but to the healthy-minded, and to those of willing spirit, it is just the truest and purest form of mental and physical recreation.

Experienced management, superb music, and a floor of the finest fettle, have made the Palais a constant and ever popular feature in the Brighter Life of London.

**A FILM CARNIVAL BALL**

**will be**

**HELD IN MAY,**

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Dancing 8 p.m. till 2 a.m.

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**ADMISSION 5/-**

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**The DANSE**

**London — Hammersmith.**

W. F. MITCHELL, Sole Managing Director
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N.B.—We say nothing about it below, but for those who send in the coupon at the foot of this page early—there is a delightful “extra” surprise.

The Picturegoer

Silk Stockings Offer

has taken our readers by storm!

A Pair of these lovely Silk Stockings is waiting to be dispatched to you. Write for particulars to-day.

We were hardly prepared for such an overwhelming response to our offer. A special staff has been kept busy wrapping up these lovely Stockings and dispatching them. Not only are our readers more than delighted with the exquisite quality of the Stockings, but, as we predicted, they find it exceedingly easy to comply with the simple conditions.

All you have to do is to get five of your friends to give “THE PICTUREGOER” a trial. What a lot of friends you must have who are film fans! What a delight they would take in the full page portraits of their favourites! How interested they would be in knowing how some of the big masterpieces are produced—what the life of the cinema actor is like, and the hundred-and-one other topics so enchantingly discussed in the Movie Magazine de Luxe. You will be doing both your friends and yourself a good turn by showing them your copy and persuading them to take “THE PICTUREGOER” too.

We first want you to see how easy we have made everything for you. Sign and post the coupon to-day, and by return you will receive full particulars of our fascinating offer, after which it should be only a few days before the Silk Stockings are in your possession.

THE GIFT EXQUISITE.

When addressing upon Silk Stockings as the ‘Gift Exquisite’ to our readers, we were determined that supreme quality alone should guide us in our selection. The shoals of letters we have received from delighted wearers of these Stockings testifying to their lustrous beauty and shapely elegance, make us think that we have selected wisely and well.
Go where you will, pay what you like, you cannot possibly find a wider selection or better value in Cretonnes than you will get at Marshall Roberts. We have customers in all parts of the country, who, whenever they require Cretonnes for Curtains, Loose Covers, Children's Frocks, Overalls, etc., send us their orders as a matter of course. They know they will get full satisfaction—and they do! Why not entrust us with YOUR orders?

The Marshall Roberts
"BLOOMS"
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A very delightful Old English design of Fruit, Flowers, and Foliage, introducing many and varied colourings in an exceptionally harmonious manner. Predominating shades: Rose, Pink, Sage Green, Purple, and Brown. On Ivory, Buff, Blue, and Black grounds. 34 ins. wide.

per 2/11½ yard.

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An exquisite blend of rich colours introducing Roses, Lilies, Butterflies, and the Bird of Paradise on Jasper or Black grounds. A really appropriate pattern for loose covers and draperies. 34 ins. wide.

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"Scarlet Lady." Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and LEWIS WILLOW.


"The Lilac Sunbonnet." Produced by SYDNEY MORGAN. Leading Player—JOAN ANNS.


Camera House, Tarringdon Avenue, London, E. C. 1. BUTCHER'S FILM SERVICE
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The clifftop star who hoisted London Hearts over the horizon is Nancey Benyon. In this year's London productions, she will be seen in particular in portraying the heroine in *The Mango*. She appears in Richard Thomas's story in which she played the central role.
Our April Movie Calendar


11. — First “slow motion” Italian emotional drama, 1930. Many deaths.

12. — Walter Sludge, eminent lunatic, escapes Colney Hatch, 1923.

13. — Buys kinema.

14. — Turkish Problem finally settled, 1924. Constantinople given to British. One hundred picture palace pianists given to Turks.


16. — See Louis Fazenda.

17. — Go back to moon.


20. — Walter Sludge first used as Scotch supers, 1925.

21. — First picture shown in which heroine appears to be wet after being rescued from the sea, 1923.

22. — Dean Inge offered lead in Swedish farce.

23. — German tragedy star offered lead with Mack Sennett.


25. — Woolworth Building, New York City, first appears in Sussex domestic drama, 1912.


28. — Author of “Mumford” could be home at time of February.

29. — Centenary at Sheffield.

30. — Revolver still being discovered in drawer, 1957.
Kipling was wrong. Despite the last verse of "Mandalay," it is not necessary to be "shipped East of Suez" in order to "raise a thirst."

Not in these days. Emphatically not, if you're a film fan. Society screen-plays say it with champagne in every reel. If the characters belong in a humbler sphere of life, then they say it with something less pretentious but equally stimulating. In any case and in every film they say it with something—to drink.

So that a very fine imitation of a thirst, if not the real thing, steals o'er the spectator before he is aware of it. A good angle for those whose business in life it is to decry the cinema, but one which they seem somehow to have missed. Allah forfend that they should read this article.

In the days before Prohibition, wine flowed like water on the "sets," when banquets or similar scenes were staged. What some unfortunate American actors have to swallow now is their secret. Or their secret sorrow. No doubt, Pussyfoot would like to "cut it right out," but this cannot be done. Where would the "Western" film be without the bar? Where would the screen cowboy stage his most picturesque arguments, and where and how could William Shakespeare Hart possibly be a good-bad man? The Western bully, too—he who swaggers in with revolver and holds up a host of trembling habitués until the hero arrives on the scene and proceeds to turn him inside out—the cowboy film couldn't exist without him, and he seldom deviates from this habit by one hair's-breadth.

Over his glass of what looks like wine, the screen villain either scowls or leers at the lady of his choice—in the drama of high life, that is. And the fascinated gaze of the hero meets the inviting optic of the bold bad vamp much in the same fashion. Once in a way it is "Drink to me only with thine eyes," but not often. And it is an immutable law of the movies that all unsophisticated heroines shall duly taste of their first glass of champagne, shudder over it, grimace over it, then shut their eyes, polish it off, and fall asleep on the nearest shoulder. Out of five hundred heroines personally seen by the writer, it would seem that "the cup that cheers" doesn't; judging by Tom Meighan's expression in "The Conquest of Canaan."
Only one failed to do this. It wasn't Leatrice Joy in Saturday Night.

Of the sinister plots hatched across a bottle of something or other, it is best to say as little as possible. The film could not run its five or more reels without them, and they are usually paid for over a bottle of the same. But, although Broken Bottles was a very successful film, likewise The Bottle and The Bottle Imp, it isn't all bottles in Movieland. Sometimes it is cups. Containing coffee, drugged or otherwise. Sometimes containing tea. Poisoned tea, as in Mr. Wu, or just tea. There have been occasions, too, when the troubled film hostess solemnly and unwinkingly pours out nothing from a handsome silver teapot, adds nothing from a ditto ditto milk-jug, and hands an empty cup to another character, who agitatedly "drinks" it. Apropos of tea, breathes there a fan with memory so poor that he can't recollect at least ten close-ups of heroes so much in love that they pour hot liquid from a teapot into a cup long after it is filled to the brim?

In Charles Ray's small-town idylls the lover takes his last into the chemist's and buys her an ice-cream soda. Verily, had it not been for these films, ice-cream sodas might never have become as popular over here as over there. Seated opposite each other at the tables for two, the pair emit gurglings of delight

(you must have noticed it yourself), and the shy swan becomes eloquent of glance, if of nothing else.

Certain actors evince preferences (on the screen) for certain kinds of liquid refreshment. Take the case of that compest Cockney, Hugh E. Wright, and his ever-present beer-bottle. His "Mr. Hopkins" in the Squibs films would not be himself without his favourite "'beverge." Whether bemoaning its loss when someone knocks it out of his hand, or peacefully sleeping with it (un corked, mind) beneath his pillow, "Hopkins" and his beer-bottle are inseparable allies.

Gerald Ames is cosmopolitan in his screen tastes: he tosses off something out of a tankard in a costume romance, or anything out of a glass when he's a modern villain, with the same air of devil-may-care insolence. Tom Meighan, too, is catholic in his choice of film thirst-quenchers. Of late he has taken to depicting characters who first degenerate, then regenerate, and he is a regular screen-consumer of anything, from "square face" on board ship, to cocoa in bare, cheerless lodgings — or even coffee from a coffee-stall, as in Manslaughter. Stay, though. He didn't drink it. He pushed it away untasted, and went home and fought out a private battle with a bottle of screen whisky. Of course he won. Genial William Farnum is another good screen tankard-tosser. The classic occasion upon which he used a mug with a glass bottom (If I Were King) made movie history, masmuch as nearly every picturegoer felt bound to write to the papers about it, and did so.

Atmosphere can be suggested by a collection of bottles and glasses. There is much of this in Dr. Mabuse, whose victim, "Count Tolst," is shown time and again almost entirely surrounded by these things. At length the poor man sees several editions of himself at once, plays a game of cards with them, and then puts an end to his existence.
Meet Milton Sills

There are moments when one looks for the privileges of youth. If during one's heyday a circus clown had tumbled around the sawdust ring with only the red nose of his calling, and the droll trills of tradition replaced by drab broadcloth, youth would have raised a shell protest.

When I met Milton Sills, beneath the rose covered verandah of his picturesque Californian house, I, too, longed to shout "Impostor!"

Not that my handsome host was physically reminiscent of a circus clown. But his lofty, impressive forehead, so suggestive of the highbrow, was symbolic of the ornate nose of the pseudo-jester. For beneath his broad brow were the kindly, reflective eyes of a man who fuses the realities of life; there was the sensitive mouth of the idealist, in close sympathy with human nature. Milton's forehead draws one on a false scent. In reality he is far removed from the popular conception of the intolerant highbrow. He is too human.

Milton Sills smiled as he noticed my swift glance at the weather-stained tweed cap which he held in his hand.

"You expected to discover me in the mortar-board of the professor, and a student's gown, instead of comfortable tweeds," he bantered. "The indiscretions of youth shadow one as persistently as the income-tax collector."

"Indiscretions?" I questioned.

He laughed good-humouredly. "My earliest interest in philosophy called it philosophy. But it lacked the red blood of realities—the heartening knowledge that close contact with human nature brings."

"And you found that on the stage and screen?" I suggested.

Milton nodded. "He certainly has the head and features of a Rodin statue when he is serious."

"Characterisations on the stage reflect the practical side of philosophy," he claimed. "The shadow of the silver sheet with their subtle change of emotion and delicate feeling are studies in psychology which everyone can understand."

In the studios I am teaching such science a good deal more effective than I could ever have done in a university. All that information is a very highbrow, apologised Milton with a self-conscious smile. "I've got to explain somehow why it ceased to be a 'Varsity' professor at all. You see, I was just the only member of my family generations who has been associated with acting. I have gained my knowledge of moving solely through study of human nature in its minor intimate phases."

A twinkle crept into his expressionless eyes as he settled back contentedly in his chair, pulling at his favourite briar.

"One rose to treat heights in some production," he said reflectively. "So this sort of higher philosophy, I humbly expect, will be a thing. In the case of the man who is, in a man with strong, to live drawn his past."

Milton Sills was dragged to a bro
five hundred feet on the end of a rope attached to an aeroplane. It was during his prison-escape scene, when I jumped from the roof of an express train and swung on to the swaying lifeline trailing from a hundred-miles-an-hour aircraft."

"What branch of philosophy were you reflecting at that moment?" I asked.

"Physiology would be a better word," grinned Milton. "For when you are swaying like a human fly at the end of a rail rope betwixt heaven and earth, the problem of life becomes one of acute importance."

Milton Sills is intensely interested in the artistic development of the cinema picture; but he does not let his theories overshadow his natural gift of humour.

He chuckled over the discomforts of an intricate make-up as "Bud Doyle" in "Skin Deep," when his evil, misshapen face was converted by plastic surgery to that of an Adonis.

"To build up my new nose and cheeks, and to suggest the cauliflower air of a pugilist, I utilised putty; and hewing-gum aided me materially in reducing an underslung lower lip and bulging jaw. And all the time that I was in front of the cameras, I was inspired by a secret that the heat of arc-lamps would melt my complicated facial appendages."

Milton Sills told me that he had acted behind the footlights of a leading man with elasco, Schubert, rady and Frohman, before he came to the screen.

"In those days I used to act a stage part every night after night, until I discovered the somewhat alarming result that I was tending to repeat my lines and carry out the same gestures with a parrot-like illness. That was one of the influences which struck me to the core. For screen acting insistently calls for the best work in an actor. Because he lives his character but once, his freshness and enthusiasm does not wane.

"Between Sets."—Charles Ogle, Milton Sills, James Neil, and George Fawcett.

Milton adopted a remarkable make-up in "Skin Deep." he insisted that I inspected his smooth green lawns bordered with beautiful blossoms which he had cultivated. For Milton's greatest hobby is horticulture.

"There is the greatest treasure of my garden," he said softly, as a dainty sweet-faced girl waved a greeting from the door. And I saw that Milton Sills has chosen his life partner with that unswerving appreciation of beauty which inspires his love of flowers and of screen artistry.

Milton Sills in "Behold My Wife."
Scotch Reels

"Bonnie Scotland" has been featured in many movies, a large number of which have been "made in America," which proves beyond all quibble that the cinema really is a cosmopolite institution.

Tradition has it that the Scotsman who emigrates to the business world of the South only goes back to his native land to fetch his brother. One can imagine the British producer who journeys North with his film cameras being still more canny. He mightreasonably be expected to wire for all his Southern relations. For not only is Scotland rich with picturesque and colourful locations for photoplays, but the cinema artistes who visit the land of Robbie Burns are greeted with the characteristic hospitality associated with Scots in their own country. There is a still more human reason for the enthusiastic reception accorded to moving picture producers by certain belligerent members of the Gaelic race. For the requirements of many of the scenarios, reflecting the romance and adventure of Scottish history, necessitated fierce fights that revived the traditional love of battle still surviving in the true Northerner.

When W. P. Kelino produced Rob Roy, amidst the picturesque braes and heather, he had an inspiration. He assured the success of the big battle scene by enlisting temporary armies from Stirling and Glasgow. Over a thousand doub and determined Scots waged a fierce battle, that became so realistic through the influences of local rivalry, that claymore and dirk wrought havoc which ambulances had to repair. At sunset, special trains steamed out of the waggonside station of Aberfoyle with battered and bruised...
When the picturesque Scottish fishing village of Auchmirthie was utilised to provide appropriate backgrounds for Christie Johnston, the primitive inhabitants were treated to the delectable spectacle of pretty British screen stars in crinolines. For the story was imbued with an early-Victorian atmosphere in which horse-hair couches, antimacassars, and ornamental glass prism stands, described by the cynic as decorative icles, figured. The poke bonnets and crinolines of Mercy Hatton and Mrs. Hayden Coffin puzzled the simple fisher-folk. They could not understand why these artistes of the screen should struggle to control their voluminous skirts in the stiff sea breezes, when kilts would have been so much more comfortable to wear.

One kindly old fisherwoman sidled up to Mercy Hatton, and, in an almost unintelligible accent, suggested that her boy Donald "had a fine kilt, that he'd lend any of the lasses." And with a sympathetic glance at the polished high hat that Stewart Rome was wearing, according to Victorian custom, she jumbled, "And that pair lad could be more comfortable, I'm hinkin', with a Glengarry on his ate."

Scotland has an circle: Florence Turner and Rex Davis in The Shepherd Lassie of Argyll. Below: Betty Compson in Paramount's "Little Minister." open his ancestral treasure-chests to provide period costumes, or historic pictures, for the assistance of producers. The many Scottish screen stories which have been produced in Los Angeles may savour of sacrilege. For no true member of the Gaelic race will admit that even the highest artistry of the studio-producer can create the true atmosphere of the land that lies over the Border. But photoplays such as Bunty Pulls the Strings, Sentimental Tommy, The Little Minister, the backgrounds for which might be described as "Scotch" considerably more than "thirty under proof" have a widespread appeal. For they contain many human sidelights on the Scottish character, and even in studios it is possible to reveal those attractive character-studies that live so vividly in the books of Barrie and Crockett. The quaint picturesque village of Thrums, which was constructed for the filming of Sentimental Tommy, was something of a triumph for the scenic artist, with its tiled cottages and narrow streets. Which suggests that the enterprising American producer can bring everything that is Scotch to the screen except the whisky debarred from a dry country.
A RIDDLE-ME-REE.
My first is in "Gregory," but not in "Scott."
My second is in "Lydia," but not in "Knott."
My third is in "Olive," but not in "Tell."
My fourth is in "Henry," but not in "Sell."
My fifth is in "Alice," but not in "Howell."
My sixth is in "David," but not in "Powell."
My seventh is in "Josephine," but not in "Earle."
My eighth is in "Conway," but not in "Teale."
My ninth is in "Alice," but not in "Terry."
My tenth is in "Norman," but not in "Kerry."
My eleventh is in "Charles," but not in "Ray."
My twelfth is in "Doris," but not in "May."
My thirteenth is in "Lillian," but not in "Hall."
My whole is the name of the best star of all.
Answer: Gloria Swanson.
B. S. (I.O.W.)

AN ODE TO MY FAVOURITE.
There is a girl that I admire,
of all her films I never tire.
She's so lovely, and so clever,
I could see her act for ever.

She's like she were once unknown,
Now the stars are on the throne.
Of rare - a band, which needs winning,
By hard work at the beginning.

My favourite dwell upon this island,
And her name is Peggy Hyland.
I may not portray her powers,
To give her credit of ours.
M. H. (Cresswearbooth).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES
[This is your department of Picturegoer. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 25 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault," published in the Picturegoer. Address: "Faults," Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

London "à l'Américaine."
In Pilgrims of the Night, "Lor Ellingham" (Lewis Stone) lives at No. 11, Cavendish Square, London. When we see him on his front door step preparing to enter his car, "Big Ben" and the Houses of Parliament are in a prominent position on the other side of the road. No need to say this is an American film - P. T. (Honor Oak Park).

Generous!
The attorney in The Great Men women hands "Nadine" her fountain-pen with which she signs a paper annulng her marriage with "Delaval." "Nadine" then hands the paper to the attorney, who looks it over, and walks out of the room, leaving the pen on the table. - C. C. (Tooting).

The Elusive Letter.
When Mary Glynne gives a letter to the butler in Beside the Bourn, Brier Bush, he turns it to the letter-rack, but lets it fall to the ground. When he is asked for it later, he picks it up from behind the table. Did it get there - S. W. S. (Birmingham).

The Mystery of the Missing Ring.
When the reporter, in The Mystery of the Yellow Room, clumbs a ladder and spy through the window, the last bit of one ring is missing. On his descent the ring is there; but when, after time, he again clumbs the ladder, the ring is missing once more. How, do you account for this? - H. S. (Cardiff).

The Handcuff Trick.
In Isobel, featuring Jane Nova, the handcuffs are placed on the villain's wrists. He glares at them and at the hero, and walks towards the sledge. On his way he stops and pulls up his hat, and it is noticed that his hands are then unfettered. What happened to the handcuffs? - D. (Leicester).

Whose Stuckfast?
In the Tom Mix picture, Cup's Round '19, the heroine's two portmanteaus are placed in the open back of a four-wheeled trap, while the hero sits in front. The hero then bolt, and, after the trap has stopped in the middle of the road. When once more at a standstill, the portmanteaus are still in the centre of the back portion. Who they are? - D. P. (Johannesburg).

THE BETTER WAY.
A learned judge the other day Schemed how to make wrongdoers pay. He thought: "Their ill-deeds they shall rue; I'll make then read the Classics through."

But though that punishment is hard, 'Twill not their erring steps retard. A better way, I think would be To give them "George's" job — then see!

The next day's paper would contain The news that, "Driven quite insane" By "George the First's" enormous post, The wretch had given up the ghost! - C. S. (Ealing).

TOM MEIGHAN.
I like his eyes, So straight and true. I like his smile. When he laughs at you. Just natural. Sincere, a free 'un, Is handsome, rugged. Thomas Meighan.
F. G. (London).

IN PRAISE OF PRISCILLA.
This dainty maid, too seldom seen In England on the movie screen, Is proud, vivacious, winsome, keen. The Universal claims her Queen Of artists, and in every scene She justifies that claim, I ween. Helen of Troy's a plan — "Has-been." Compared with sweet Priscilla Dean, "F. L. S. (Cambridge)."

PictxjKes
Come to the Palais de Dance

The Palais de Dance is to present, for the first time, a dance with Britain's foremost screen stars at the forthcoming Kinema Carnival. The artistic producer of the screen, the suggestion of animation and irresistible joy of motion is most effectively reflected by a vivid and colourful ballroom scene.

hundreds of pounds have been expended in radiating from the silver screen. Not a few famous screen stars have tripped lightly along the paths of Terpsichore to the hearts of the public.

In bringing dancing to the screen its most attractive aspects, astute directors are in reality holding up a mirror to life. For the traditional dance of dancing exists in greater or lesser degree in everyone. And the leisure of modern life has added to the vast host of devotees who flock to the ballrooms. Now our ancestors who danced a stately gavotte would marvel at the spectacle of the famous Palais Danse, the renowned Hammerstein rendezvous which pioneered the dance for the masses! On the vast dance floor, one of the largest in the world, hundreds sway rhythmically to the lil of the Fox-Trot. Picturesque light beams spray the scene with animation and a swirl of colour.

The Hammersmith Palais de Danse heralded the passing of the "wallflower." No one need feel the greatest loneliness of all—the loneliness of a crowd that passes by. There are dainty lady dancing partners who include amongst their ranks a world champion. Immaculately attired gentlemen instructors are waiting to "take the floor" with lady patrons. Here is spontaneous happiness which is rarely seen beyond the Continent. No longer can one believe that the English take their pleasures sadly.

Dancing makes for gracefulness and beautified movement, and for this reason, apart from the joy that it brings, the universal pastime is indulged in by many famous screen stars. Such popular film favourites as Mercy Hatton, Gertrude McCoy, Hilda Bayley, and others, will visit the Palais de Danse on an evening early in May. Victor McLaglen, Bromley Davenport, and many more will be present at the Film Fancy-Dress Ball in aid of charity.

The Editor of The PICTUREGOER will present a prize value five guineas, and there will be prizes for the best impersonation of Betty Balfour and other popular stars. J. Stuart Blackton, the well-known producer, will assist in the judging.

There are a limited number of flower-girl costumes modelled on that worn by Betty Balfour in her well-known screen characterisations of "Squibs," available. They are at the disposal of those readers of The PICTUREGOER, who make the earliest applications. Prizes will be given for the most original fancy dresses, and also for the best exponents of the fox-trot in the dance competition. A few of the famous stars of the screen and dancing world who will attend next month's Kinema Carnival Ball: Mercy Hatton, Cecil Roberts and Beryl Ercett, Gertrude McCoy, Hilda Bayley, and Victor McLaglen. A complete list of artists will appear in our next issue.
The biggest cash expenditure for any one French film, although a serial of ten episodes, has resulted in a photoplay that is as picturesque and romantic as the true story around which it is woven, and the finished film is one likely to go down in film history as one of the great achievements of the French film-producing industry.

At the time of writing, Vidocq is having stupendous success in the French capital. Elmiré Vautier in the part of "Manon la Blonde," and René Navarre as the intriguing character known as "Vidocq," surpass themselves in the sincere characterisation of their respective rôles.

Vidocq is that queer personality of a man who does big things although surrounded by insurmountable obstacles and innumerable enemies—men and women in the last stages of despair who think naught of taking the life of all who attempt to thwart them in their criminal efforts to attain their nefarious ends. Vidocq, from being a crackerjack, forger, prince of robbers, and a man condemned by the civil court to the bagne for life, finally became Chief of the Paris Sûreté Police from 1809 to 1827. Then, as Chief of Police, comes his wonderful and meteoric fight, a great battle of wits and knives, against les Enfants du Soleil," a notorious gang of cutthroats; the interest in the film is heightened by the extraordinary but triumphant part played by "Manon la Blonde." Vidocq's charming wife.

Realism is sometimes dangerous, and may lead to direful consequences, as the following amusing little story shows. It was told me by a leading artiste in the film, L'Ile sans Nom: "We were on location in Brittany, and in one of the scenes a party of us were shipwrecked on some rocks entirely surrounded by water. Fortunately we had a wireless outfit with us (this is all in the film, please), and, setting it up, we sent out 'S.O.S.' signals. Imagine our consternation when we perceived on the horizon ships—lots of them—all sending back encouraging messages! We had not realised the possibility of anyone listening in, and it was only the timely arrival of the company's wireless telegraphist that saved the situation. He immediately flooded the ether with the word, 'Teinema, Teinema, Teinema,' and the 'shooting' of the film continued with no other untimely interruption holding up the good work."

An important Albert release announced for public show in a few weeks is Sarat the Terrible. The dominating and harah owner of the Sarat restaurant at Algiers is a striking screen personality splendidly acted by Henri Baudin, a man who, in this picture, puts fear into the heart of all but his little daughter Rose, whom he loves dearly. His brutality and bullying nature vents itself on everyone, but when la petite Rose appears on the scene, the result is a whimpering and pitiful individual. It is a sincere and attractive story, and there are some very beautiful Algérain scenes in this photoplay, especially some of the exteriors, which are more like paintings than pictures projected on a silver sheet. Arlette Marchal is "la Petite Rose," and the other leading rôles are taken by Gnette Maddie, and M. Peramus.

So astonishingly realistic are some of the scenes of La Rose ("The Wheel"). written and produced by Abel Gance, the celebrated French metteur-en-sceaux, that it is extremely difficult to realise that they were made to order, and are not true incidents photographed by the cleverest of cinema reporters for their topical budgets. La Rose is a modern tragedy of a prologue and six chapters, and in the first part there is a train smash, the greatest masterpiece of realism ever seen on the screen. It is safe to say that Griffith or Ingram has never even attempted such a thing; and there are such scenes throughout the six parts.

I understand that Sarah Bernhardt has signed a contract with a well-known French cinema producer to star in a number of films at an early date. The Divine Sarah, who has recovered from a very severe illness, is to be heard eager to start work on her first photoplay under this contract.

S. M. SHREIBER.
A prodigal producer may bring to the screen a lavish photo-play, rich with picturesque pageantry and ornate splendour. He may drain the coffers of the studio exquisite down to the last dollar, and the telegraph wires of the world may hum with the news of the record-breaking salaries which he is paying to his leading men and women. But his picture will never crowd the kinemas unless he has woven into the fabric of his story the elusive and indispensable necessity, heart interest.

Look behind the magnificence which Griffith brings to the silver sheet, and analyse the more subtle artistry of the mind-arresting characters which he has created. And, although his characteristic, massive, and colourful settings and his vivid screen reflections of powerful personalities intrigue the mind, it is the emotional appeal in his stories that makes them live in the memory.

Gradually creating emotion by means of suspense is more difficult than handling great crowd scenes for the film cameras. Reflecting for the screen the pathos of sensitive lips, the forlornness of anguish, the realistic fluttering of fingers in moments of tragedy, often requires greater patience and artistry than the more directly sensational fight scenes, fires, or grim disaster.

The progress of the art of depicting emotion on the screen has been a process of evolution. Way back along the path of kinematograph history, it presented a problem that caused many people to shake their heads and prosecute a restricted popularity for the moving picture. In those days, the pioneer artistes of the screen acted at a measured distance away from the lenses, and until the advent of Griffith, this practice continued to restrict the emotional possibilities of the players.

With the introduction of the "close-up" came a revolutionary innovation where the reflection of sentimental appeal was concerned.

Faces five feet long were flashed on to the screen as the cameras were moved up to within a few feet of the actors and actresses. Eyes a foot or more in length flooded with tears which represented the largest output from human ducts that were ever intended to vibrate the heart strings. Mouths that in the past one associated with the giants of Gulliver twisted their emotional lengths into wistful smiles. Vast expanses of smooth cheek dimpled into shadowy craters, and realistically suggested the spirit of laughter.

Although there may have been a touch of crudity in the earliest "close-ups," to-day this form of camera artistry is a realistic reflector of emotional values. The trickery of the lens is forgotten. The magnified faces of the shadow screen can create laughter and tears at will. Skillfully handled, such effects are often more impressive than those associated with the theatrical stage; which, considering the fact that the sister art of the theatre has the advantage of the human voice as a medium for conveying patios over the footlights, is by way of being a triumph for the cinema.
With the evolution of the "close-up" came an inevitable demand for artistes whose features presented a natural ability to radiate emotion from the screen. The wistful mouth, the reflection of sadness in a face, and eyes that could express the extreme emotions of love, fear, or hate, became to be even more valued than histrionic ability. For the latter might be taught, but the former—never—with the possible exception of rare artistes such as Lon Chaney, whose skillful make-up, bordering on plastic surgery, distorts his features into a grim mirror of dramatic values.

Without detracting from her undoubted ability, the fact remains that Lillian Gish owes a great deal of her success to her remarkable ability to sway the emotions with her heartbreaking smile. Griffith has magnified the natural pathos that lurks in her face. He suggests through the lenses that dumb patience with which she suffers pathetic physical and mental torture. She inspires a shadowy pity for her image on the screen which, as long as the projectors hold out, must continually repeat its poignant performances nightly.

Lillian Gish provides a striking example of the new trend of emotion which the screen has created. Place her behind the stage footlights, and only the spectators in the first few rows of the stalls would observe the light and shadow, the sadness and tragedy, which the subtle shades of expression on her features portray. Here is essentially a product of poignant artistry, which only the magnifying possibilities of the screen can realistically reflect. Griffith plays on the heart-strings in such a way that his close-ups bring every member of a cinema audience in intimate touch with his heroes and heroines.

The border-line between cameracraft and acting art is a narrow one where the expression of screen emotion is involved. The most brilliant photography, and
fame as great human pictures had the "close-up," with its power to paint an intimate portrayal of mother love, not existed.

The innocent blue eyes and sweet, pouting mouth of Mary Miles Minter, in the strict practical sense, are grist to the mill of the producer who creates human film stories. She brings to the silver sheet the spirit of happy childhood.

It is scarcely fair to the studio director, however, to suggest that the raw material that comes his way in the form of wistful eyes, poignant mouths, or sad expressions can be transferred to the screen without passing through a refining process. The mills of the movies grind both slowly and exceedingly small. Mary Miles Minter, despite the gifts which nature has given her, has to be treated very skilfully by the studio arc-lamps, the great reflectors, and similar mechanical devices which accentuate personal charm, as a diamond-cutter effaces the crudity of a jewel.

Her face has to be bathed with light which is sufficiently subtle in strength to avoid unbecoming shadows on her delicate features. The fairness of her hair has to be accentuated by indirect lighting; else it may photograph almost black; because the gold in her tresses is akin to red, which the lenses reflect in a hue akin to ebony.

In Youth's En-dearing Charm, in which Mary Miles Minter played the part of a blind orphan child, hours were spent in discovering the correct lighting which suggested that her eyes were sightless. The arc-lamps had to shadow her naturally brilliant pupils with an artificial dullness. All of which demonstrates that the personal element and the mechanical effects of the studio are closely allied in the mass production of heart-stirring screen emotion.

C. H. Croker-King in a study illustrating the powerful and bizarre effect obtained with shadows.

A Chamber of Horrors thrill: Doris May in "Up and At 'Em."

Rehearsing Louise Glaum for an emotional close-up.

The cleverest director could not have inspired the natural sadness that is reflected in the appealing face of Mary Carr—the Queen of Screen Mothers.

She radiates the spirit of mother love with a touching realism which artificiality could never achieve. Her sad expressions, and the kindliness that lurks in her soft eyes, can dominate a simple story so effectively that it fills the kinemas as successfully as a super production costing twenty times the money. Over the Hill and Silver Wings might never have come to the screen, and achieved
The instinctive sympathy one feels for blind people heightens the dramatic intensity of the stories in which they appear. Dorothy Gish, in "Orphans of the Storm," was a classic example.

Jackie Coogan's expressively pathetic face has inspired the creation of specially written and costly screen stories. This child-genius of the films demonstrates the value of sentiment in picture productions. His fleeting expressions form the basis of ambitious screen plays, with lavish settings, the co-operation of high-salaried stars in the film firmament, scientific cameramen and directors earning a salary that a Prime Minister might envy. Such painstaking work and prodigal expenditure are justified by the face of a rare child, whose big brown eyes look out from the screen with appealing sadness. If the hand of time should smooth the pathos from Jackie Coogan's face, then the vast organisation that has been built around him will collapse like a cardboard castle.

Compared with the more subtle process of stirring the emotion with skillful reflections of facial expression, the mirroring of tears on the screen is a cruder deviation of such artistry. Yet Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Norma Talmadge, Katherine MacDonald, and many others have effectively cried their way into the hearts of the picture-theatre public. With highly emotional and temperamental artistes, tears for the screen can generally be inspired at will. For less sensitive players, eyes are belied, for the purpose of imbuing scenes with invaluable sentimental appeal, with the aid of the unromantic onion. Many teardrops, it must be confessed, have been manufactured in the studios with glycerine and vaseline.

It is in the direction of vibrating the heart-strings through screen reflections of tragedy or thrilling drama that the mechanical factor largely enters. Camera-craft which enables a face distorted with gripping emotion to be brought out from a crowd with an almost stereoscopic effect, when the faces behind are softened by soft-focus effects, is largely utilised. Lighting effects can accentuate tragedy on a face and imbue the surroundings with haunting eeriness. Grotesque shadows, similar to those so effectively used in Moriarty, which flicker across walls, are all part of the magic of the fear-inspiring magicians of the modern studio. Even huge close-up pictures of hands are utilised to reflect the emotions which pass through their owner's brain. Artists such as Frank Mayo, Norma Talmadge, and Richard Barthelmess can make the dumb show of twisting fingers almost as eloquent as the spoken word.
The White Faced Buck

Nigel Barrie wrote this little story for us during his brief visit to London. He is now in Egypt playing with Wanda Hawley and Pedro de Cordoba in *Fires of Fate*, produced by Tom Terriss for Gaumont.

I shouted in triumph. "I reckon my aiming was fine. My bullet went clean through his body." But Stuart said: "Pardon me—it's mine."

We tore down the slope at full speed, Sir, each anxious to prove himself right; but when we examined the carcase, ah, bitter indeed was our plight! One bullet had ended that Buck, Sir. One bullet had killed him—but whose?

"You'll admit that you missed him," I said. But Stuart replied: "I refuse."

There was only one thing to be done, Sir. A coin in the air soon was tossed. To settle

The Buck is sighted.

the problem before us, we tossed for the Buck—and I lost.

Oh, sadly I watched Stuart taking the head and the antlers complete. Said he: "I'll be kind to you, Nigel. I'll make you a gift of the feet!"

And, so in the hall of his mansion, the head of the Buck hangs to-day. The feet do not hang in my hall-way. What use are the feet, anyway?

Nigel Barrie, Stuart Holmes, and the White-Faced Buck.

Shall I tell you the tale of the Buck, Sir? The Buck of the Maliboo Range? 'Tis a tale of amazing ill-luck, Sir. Sad, wonderful, truthful, and strange. Stuart Holmes was the cause of the trouble; he suggested a co-partnership to hike to the Maliboo Mountains, on a holiday deer-shooting trip.

Our guide, Pete the Ranger, informed us, the White-Faced Buck of Maliboo, had baffled a thousand keen hunters, and surely would baffle us too. We smiled as he told us the story, and made up our minds right away, before the sun set on the mountains, that Buck would be marked for our prey.

I took up my stand in the hill-top and focussed my gaze on the pass, till suddenly down in the valley, I potted that Buck through my glass.

"Get ready!" I shouted to Stuart. Two shots woke the echoes o'erhead. And when the smoke cleared from the valley, we saw the Buck lying here—dead.

"We've got him!"

Nigel Barrie at home.

Nigel Barrie at home.
The Career of Clare

by DOROTHY OWSTON-BOOTH

As I sat waiting in the lounge of the Savoy Hotel, I wondered. "What," I pondered, "would a famous designer of magnificent screen gowns be like? Would she be just an ordinary woman like any of the others walking aimlessly about in the vestibule or sitting silly chatting in groups? Or would she be some rare, exotic, "ultra" personality?"

Interrupting my cogitations, there came towards me, with a half-smile, a tall girl, clad in an extraordinary saffron-coloured gown, with a marvellous "confection" upon her head, decorated by a massive pearl-and-brilliant ornament, which looked for all the world as though she had mistaken the time of day and come to the hotel to tea in her diamond tiara!

Seconds before she had realised that I was not, after all, the friend she was seeking, I had decided most forcibly: "This is not Clare West!"

Clare West, who designs the gowns for Cecil B. De Mille's productions, famous as much for their sartorial artistry as for their scenic art, clad in such a gown and crowned with such a hat! Never! 'Twere not within the bounds of the humanly possible!

At that moment, there entered the lounge from the residential regions of the hotel—Clare West!

I knew her immediately! An artist in dress from the toes of her American shoes to the tip of her dainty lace-veiled hat!

As I afterwards discovered, Miss West had made a special study of costuming to suit personality, and, certainly, her own artistic temperament—as well as her inborn sense of perfect good taste—announced itself in the soft folds of black charmeuse.

Later, over a cozy tea-table, Miss West confessed that she had always loved clothes, and had been professionally designing since her early teens.

"When I was quite a child," said De Mille's special designer, "I used to invest each of my dolls with a peculiar temperament. Then my chief delight would be to deck each of these delicate models in some quaint or wonderful creation to suit its particular personality and the 'great occasion' which my imagination had concocted.

"And all the time I had definite intentions of making clothes my career! Even my ambitious spirit, however, did not foresee the Paramount wardrobe department, with my one hundred and fifty assistants!"

I suppose I opened my eyes widely at the mention of such a staff in a mere section of the studio equipment, for Miss West continued, laughing:

"Oh, yes! I need every one of them, in spite of the fact that I design every costume and every accessory myself, and even—in the case of some very special gowns—do a good deal of the actual stitching!"

"What do you consider has been your biggest costuming effort so far?"

I asked.

"My first big film was Intolerance, for which I designed every costume used. For this picture I had the unusual experience of having to make duplicates, and even triplicates, of
practically every garment. You see, the screening of such a masterpiece necessarily takes a long time, and in this case we were working for two years before the great film was complete. You can imagine that clothes worn over and over again in many scenes soon lost their freshness, and new ones had then to be made, which, of course, had to be exact duplicates. Then, in some of the very difficult and strenuous scenes, there was needed so much rehearsal before the camera-men could commence operations that costumes began to look frowsy before being translated to celluloid. My assistants and I were therefore kept very busy copying our own models. This is the only time when I can remember making the same design twice.

"After Intolerance, I became Cecil B. De Mille's own special designer, and have been responsible for the sartorial effects of all his pictures since my introduction to his studio. "Why Change Your Wife? Something to Think About, The Admirable Crichton, Forbidden Fruit, and his two latest releases, Fool's Paradise and Saturday Night have been some of De Mille's biggest productions, and each one gave me splendid scope for exercising ingenuity and imagination of design and colour."

"Colour?" Again I showed surprise, for, though the Cecil De Mille pictures are famed the world over for their sumptuous costumes and gorgeous settings, the screen has so far only reproduced them in neutral blacks, whites, and greys.

"Yes indeed; colour is a vastly important part of the technique of the camera. Colour value must be thoroughly studied, in fact, by the designer of screen clothes before all else. One must know exactly how a certain shade will appear when transferred to the screen, just as one must be able to tell at a glance which tones will bring out to the best advantage all the beauties of the star."

I asked Miss West whether business or pleasure brought her from sunny California to tour the Continent.

"This is a serious business trip," Miss West assured me; '"I am visiting nearly all the capitals of Europe, and probably other towns as well, in connection with designs and materials for Mr. De Mille's next 'super' production. This same picture, I can assure you, will be a magnificent— a colossal—affair, which will astonish even the hardened picturegoer."' I gathered that, among the many stars whom Clare West has dressed, Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Dalton, and Agnes Ayres have particularly endeared themselves to their designer. Each of the three, declared Miss West, has a personality that makes designing "worth while"; while each has also her own peculiar charm of figure.

"Is it true," I asked, "that stars are terribly temperamental in the studio, and refuse to wear gowns which they do not like?"

"Indeed, no!" Miss West championed the movie folk with her deep blue eyes flashing quite excitedly. "They rarely see a dress before they are required to don it for a scene; and I have never yet designed for any actress who was not perfectly content to leave the dressing entirely to me."

"How is it that your designs are always absolutely up to date, although films take months to produce, and then are not released for quite a long period?"

"We always work on ideas months ahead of the fashions, and are in close touch with dress experts in London, Paris and New York."

"Talking of Paris," continued Miss West, "I was so agreeably surprised on my arrival in London to see that English girls are every bit as well dressed as Parisiennes! I just think English girls positively charming, and dressed in such perfect style and taste."

And as I emerged from the hotel, I wondered whether Clare West had seen the ugly saffron gown with its tiara crown!
British Studio Gossip

How She Commenced.

"I didn't get any engagement at once, of course. In fact, I sometimes wonder whether I ever would have made a start had it not been for my unshakable belief in my own private and particular fortune-teller. With which belief I infected others, notably the late George Edwardes (or maybe it was to get rid of me), who allowed me to be in the chorus of one of his productions. I didn't stay there long, though. I was soon promoted to small parts, and then I left musical comedy and played in 'The Little Café' and 'The Yellow Jacket.'" Peggy Hyland's return to the stage is only a temporary one, though; she will be screening again shortly, and has just finished the scenario of her next film.

Tinker, Taylor—

Alma Taylor is her simple, lovable self in "The Pipes of Pan," one of the current Hepworth releases. This is her first picture since her return from America, and the attractive kidde seen with her in the photograph on this page is little Leslie Attwood. The story concerns a travelling tinker (John McAndrews) and his daughter Polly (Alma Taylor), who make a sudden entry into high society. But they are robbed of their money, and are both glad to take to the road again. A delightful interlude is the scene wherein tiny "Derek Hulme" summons the fairies of the woodland by playing on his Pan pipes. They are shown dancing amid the mist upon a silvery lake, over which large trees droop their foliage. The many woodland scenes are up to the best Hepworth standards. One is almost always sure of some such glimpses of English rural beauty spots in the productions made by Cecil Hepworth.

Our Busiest Brook.

Last time I saw Clive Brook he hinted darkly about certain American producers who were trying to lure him over the water. But he hasn't allowed himself to be lured, for he has found all the excitement he wants in his new rôle. Clive is playing the adventurous hero of "Out to Il' in," the play that was so successful in London about a year ago. The screen version will be a Denison Clift production, with Catherine Calvert as the heroine. Many exciting scenes that were of necessity only described in the stage version will be shown in the screen-play; and, of course, the action will be very much speeded up throughout.

Quantity and Quality.

Several new one and two reelers have been completed in Quality studios. "Pearl for Pearl," which is an adaptation of a "Pan" story, has a South Sea Island setting, which was made in three days in the studio itself. It is a romantic tale of the struggles of two pearl traders for a particularly fine specimen, involving a fair Kanaka girl in the deal. To her and her lover pearls mean less than nothing, and,
Flora's Fall from Grace.

Sad, but true. After ornamenting many screen-plays in ingenue rôles, Flora Le Breton has become a crook. Aided and abetted by Gerald Ames, she is alternately breaking safes and breaking hearts in God's Prodigal, at Alliance Studios. Between helping Ames crack cribs, Flora sings "A-vamping we shall go," between shots, and practises smoking cigarettes with the aid of a long holder. Considering her youth, she's doing very well, so far.

An Involuntary Film Star.

"She's the worst woman in screenland—but I simply loved playing her." That's Edith Bishop's opinion of "Helga," in The Prodigal Son. "Helga" certainly is a vain and selfish woman, but Edith Bishop's characterisation is an extremely clever one. Edith herself, though she likes film work now, declares that her entry into screenland was unsought by her. She had accompanied a friend in search of a part, and as she happened to be a "type," she was immediately seized and borne off to a studio. "I was one member of the audience in a theatre scene," said Edith; "and we started work at 10.30 a.m."

But She Liked It.

"We went on almost without a break on 'takes,' and 'retakes' and I could hardly believe it when someone said, 'Why, it's midnight—we'll have to do the rest to-morrow.' It was the shortest day I've ever known, and I promptly put my name down as a 'crowd worker.'" Her first parts were in A. E. Coleby films, The Peacemaker and Long Odds, in which she was a chorus girl. The Prodigal Son, which stars Henry Victor, Stuart Rome, and Collette Brettel, is the longest British film ever made, and will be released in two parts. It was made in five different countries, and for once "fan" grumblers cannot complain of alterations.

Englishmen Abroad.

Lewis Dayton, seen on this month's screens in Shifting Sands, opposite Peggy Hyland, is now in America. He has just signed on to appear opposite Dorothy Phillips in her new film, Slander the Woman. And G. K. Arthur writes us as follows from Hollywood: "I had only been here three days when I signed up to play in a Fox film, Red Darkness. My part is something like the one I played in Paddy."

Sing Ho! for the Life of a Sailor.

"The Vanbrughs, Arthur Wontner, and several other now-prominent folk were with us then," says Robertshaw; "and we had one glorious scene in which our boat 'sailed' into the stage. Well, the 'water' was, of course, simply cloth; the 'waves' were made by extras assisted by what were called 'water rows.' These structures materially assisted the illusion. One night our vessel capsized too soon and in the wrong place. Flip-flop! Down went the wooden 'water rows,' and we found ourselves sitting on the ocean, which, I may tell you, voiced a protest in several keys and in language none too mild. The worst of it was this: The 'water rows' were hopelessly out of place, and so prevented the other boat coming along to rescue us. Our play was a dead failure that night!"

A Voice on the Radio Wave.

Joan Morgan is very much interested in wireless these days. She not only "listens-in" with great regularity to anything that is being transmitted, but has tried her hand (this should read "her voice," I think) at transmitting for herself. It is possible that, at some future date, the first showing of one of this popular little star's pictures may be preceded by a message from her. Many kinemas now have their radio sets, and wireless music is a regular feature of the new one at Hendon.
EDITH ROBERTS

began her stage career at the age of six. Has appeared in many Universal productions, including "Lasca," "The Adorable Savage," and "The Fire Cat." She has light-brown hair and brown eyes.
LEWIS DAYTON

George Arliss

This fine actor is a Londoner by birth, with thirty-three years of stage work to his credit. His best-known pictures are "The Devil," "Disraeli," and "The Ruling Passion."
MILDRED DAVIS

Harold Lloyd's leading lady in so many of his pictures recently became his leading lady for life. Mildred, who is a beautiful blue-eyed blonde, was born at Philadelphia.
WALLACE BEERY
His face is his fortune, and Wallace doesn’t complain, because he is one of the screen’s foremost character actors—witness his work in "Robin Hood," "Behind the Door," and "The Four Horsemen"
The Screen Fashion Plate

May McAvoy displays a summer ermine cape of champagne shade.

Agnes Ayres wears a charming brocade evening gown.

Anna Nilsson's fur-trimmed velvet suit.

Left: A Norma-Talmadge creation.

Triche Jo's afternoon dress of black crepella, with long sleeves and skirt.

Agnes Ayres, wearing a mandarin robe worn by Dorothy Phillips.
Directors
I Have Met
by ELIZABETH LONERGAN

Rex Ingram was born in Dublin, educated at the University, and destined for the Bar. Unfortunately for his family's happiness, he decided that his career was art, and so ran away and came to America. That was eleven or twelve years ago, and in so short a time he has made an enviable record. But, of course, it did not come overnight. He worked in the freight-yard of one of the big railroads, and when he had money enough, enrolled as a student in the School of Fine Arts at Yale University. He studied sculpture, as well as other branches of art, and his cleverness is illustrated in portraits of his work. It is easy to recognise Eric Von Stroheim in the caricature reproduced above. That art experience has been most helpful in putting on pictures. The average director is a matter-of-fact person to whom the practical rather than the artistic appeals. Mr. Ingram combines the two qualities to a marked degree, and his pictures clearly demonstrate this.

You will be interested in some of his novel ideas about picture making and picture acting. I asked if he considered stage experience necessary for screen acting.

"Stage experience often tends to produce the best players," he said, "though there are times when an actor has become very stilted and mechanical, then, of course, he is of little use in screen work, unless he is particularly adaptable. But where one is clever, his work is a great delight to any director because it is not necessary to instruct him, and the time saved can be used to good advantage by the busy producer. I consider that a man like Lewis Stone, well known on the English and American stage before he went into pictures, is an example of this sort."

Just as the English director finds inspiration in pictures of another country, so does Mr. Ingram enjoy European pictures, seeking in them something different from the usual sort of offerings.

His dream, to produce in Europe, is to be realised. At the completion of his next picture, he plans to sail immediately for England, and will go location-hunting. A little later his company will follow, and a number of pictures will be made in England or on the Continent. This will be in May or June, depending entirely upon the completion of Scaramouche, which will be started as soon as he returns to the coast.
Whither Wilt Thou Wanda?

"Make it 'Whither hast thou wandered?' Please do," begged Wanda Hawley, so prettily that only the thought of spoiling a bright title could have made me steely-minded enough to refuse. She had just given me (amongst others) a picture of herself in Miss Hobbs, partially surrounded by geese, informing me the while that she reckoned nine thousand miles in three weeks was not such bad going, all things considered.

Pardon our pun, but as Wanda Hawley has joined the ranks of the Wanderers, the opportunity was irresistible. Wanda is now in Egypt playing in Gaumont's film version of "The Fires of Fate."

What did I think? What, in the name of Pelman, could I think, save as above?

"Well, then, so far as I know, it will be Paris, Marseilles, Port Said, Cairo, and Wady-Italla. Upstairs and down steps, and into Tutankhamen's tomb, if he will give me audience. Also to the Pyramids, the Second Cataract, and the Sudan—all for The Fires of Fate. There! Now let's talk sense."

We talked frocks, which is the next best thing. Wanda is an expert on this subject, as having a De Mille leading lady, and always likes to choose her own costumes whenever possible.

"I was perfectly thrilled at the prospect of playing over here," she smiled. "And because I wanted 'Dorinne' Wanda called "real vampy and sneaky." Which is Americanese for striking.

It is a crystal and orange-beaded affair, calculated to make the occupants of an hotel lobby turn and stare, according to Wanda. "And I had some trouble before I found it."

She likes French models always, and told me, in confidence, the name of a Hollywood store, the only one in the town, where these things may be purchased. She also likes England, and has decided to take a house and settle down this side for a year or two.

"Seriously," she said, "in that husky whisper of hers that is oldfashioned, "I haven't travelled very much. I've been to Canada, crossed the ocean from Seattle to Vancouver once. Now, don't tell me you saw me in Montreal at the opening of a new movie theatre there. Because three other people have said that, and I've never been to Montreal in my life."
became a Folly. Ziegfeld wanted me, but I wanted to keep on studying.

"An 'understudy' to one of the principals in 'Chin Chin,' I didn't disdain, because that meant singing," Wanda continued. "But fate was against me, and I had some kind of laryngitis, and lost my voice. Also had an operation which everybody thought would restore it. No use, though. But I don't let it worry me overmuch.

"We were all musical at home. My brother was a concert violinist, and I was his accompanist on one of his tours. I played for Albert Spakling too; he's quite well known this side and ours. And," laughing gaily, "Pedro de Cordoba, our villain in The Fires of Fate, vows I shall accompany his violin-playing some time. He's got his instrument of torture concealed in his cabin-box; but, so far, I've been adamant, and he hasn't dared bring it out."

Her first film in America was made at Fox studios, after Norma Talmadge introduced her to William Farnum.

"It occurred after I'd had two years at Washington College," she declared. "I was terribly highbrow then. But after a week or two on the set, I acquired quite a reputation as an expert in slang, studio and otherwise. I also acquired Pettit instead of Pittack as my surname, and I think both changes were for the better. The film was The Derelict, and Stuart Holmes was the star. I was in several of his films, though only in small parts. My first lead was in The Heart of a Lion, opposite William Farnum. He's awfully nice. Do you know, my last picture before I sailed was Brass Commandments, opposite him again, and he said he remembered, perfectly well how scared I used to be of him."

After eight months at Fox's, Wanda (I mean Selma) joined Artcraft as Doug Fairbanks' heroine in Mr. Fix It. This worthy fixed upon her name at once, and, in his energetic fashion, soon persuaded her to become "Wanda." It was "Wanda Hawley." Cecil De Mille directed in Old Wives for New and We Can't Have Everything.

"The fact is, I was supposed to appear on that occasion; but as I was miles away on location, somebody 'doubled' for me."

She is a very dainty little lady, this flaxily-haired, dimpled Pennsylvanian. One usually associates this part of America with Quakers; but, though she can look demure enough at times, there's far more rougishness than Quakerishness about Wanda.

Doubtless, all good movie fans know that Wanda Hawley was born Selma Pittack. She confessed as much. Selma was all a Selma ought to be. She was very ambitious, terribly learned (graduated with honours from a Washington college), and Grand Opera was her goal. Maybe sister Ormi's example inspired her.

"Anyway, she—I mean I—left my home town, Seattle, and went to New York for more singing lessons. When I wasn't practising, I was posing. Oh, yes; I was once a magazine-cover girl, and through that I nearly

Pedro de Cordoba, Wanda Hawley and Nigel Barrie, principals in "The Fires of Fate".
"'Kedzie Thropp' in that film," mused Wanda, "was a real saucy little salamander. Not a sub-deb like Marguerite Clarke's 'Babs,' nor an ingenue like Mary Pickford. Just a salamander."

Unwilling to confess my ignorance, I agreed that "Kedzie" undoubtedly was a salamander. If I remember rightly, she was the young lady who belied the title and did have everything, including a ducal husband, played by Elliott Dexter. Leads with Bryant Washburn, W. S. Hart, Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, and Robert Warwick followed. One of her cherished daydreams had been to work with the Talmadges—Norma is Wanda's ideal screen-actress. She did make one picture with Constance, A Pair of Silk Stockings. One of her best rôles was that of 'Betty Hoyt' in For Better, For Worse, also a De Mille production. This war-time story starred Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter, but Tom Forman and Wanda Hawley ran away with the honours. Tom, you remember, was the young soldier who returned on the day his wife was about to marry her old sweetheart. And Wanda was the nice girl who had loved him all the time, and who consoled him for his sufferings.

Incidentally, Wanda remarked that a sincere rôle like that was a delight to her, though she's versatile, and tackles comedy, farce, costume, or character parts quite easily. "My best part," she said, rather wistfully, "no one will ever see. I mean 'Peg,' of course. Oh, you don't know how I loved playing 'Peg.' (In Peg o' My Heart.) It was my first star picture, and everybody was so interested in it. Laurette Taylor wrote to me, and promised to come down. John McCormack came down. We had such a cast, too. Tom Meighan was 'Jerry' (the only time I ever played with Tom, though I know him very well). Barbara Castleton and Mayme Kelso were the two English ladies. Then, after we'd quite finished, the blow fell.

"The author, Hartley Manners, had sold the play to Oliver Morosco, and he disposed of the film rights to Famous-Lasky. Neither knew that this wasn't allowable. Anyway, there was a law-suit, which Famous-Lasky won. But the matter was taken before a superior court, and, as often happens, the judgment was reversed, and the film copyright of 'Peg' reverted to the author. And no one was sorrier than 'Peg' herself, Laurette Taylor, who sent me the sweetest of letters."
Although she looks and acts the part of a shy, charming, mid-Victorian damsel with wide curls, poke bonnet, and mittens all complete so well, Wanda likes modern roles best.

"Baby-vamps, yes," she said decisively. "Because though she's a tease and a flirt, and likes to be thought the least bit wicked, it's all on the surface. Sweet and genuinely womanly, beneath, is the baby-vamp."

A pretty good description of herself, I think. For Wanda, is decidedly "peppy." Far more so an natural than in most of her screen roles.

She told me many interesting studio details whilst chatting of her work as a Realart star. About the clever "exteriors" that are not exteriors at all, but paintings on glass, photographed at a certain distance from the camera, and their positions adjusted, of course, to the nth degree.

Of Penlyn Stanlaws, too, who directed her in The House That Jazz Built, and who also supervised her surprising make-up in that film. "I didn't fatten up for the part," she laughed. "Though, I believe I could do it very easily. In fact, I'm sure I gained pounds and pounds coming across, because I took a holiday from dieting, for once in a way. No. There were red and white 'high lights' under my eyes, making them look quite pretty, and all around my chin and neck. Even on my hands. But it was great fun."

Most things are "great fun" to Wanda, who is a dimpled bundle of cheerfulness and laughter, and everybody's darling wherever she goes.

She's a many-sided little person too, drives her own car at home in America: rows, swims, and delights in demonstrating the fact that her mother taught her to cook really well. She also quotes Latin with disconcerting ease and effect, and owns to a never-ending thirst for knowledge.

She was "Beauty in Everywoman" also one of the "affairs" in The Affairs of Anatol, which we hope yet to see this side. Besides several Realart-Gaumont star pictures, Wanda will be seen this year in Thirty Days (Wally Reid's last film), Nobody's Money, with Jack Holt; Masters of Men, with Earle Williams; The Snob, a college picture; and, of course, the Gaumont Fires of Fate, for which she came all the way from Hollywood, and was going all the way to Egypt.

"It's adapted from a terribly tragic Conan Doyle story," she told me. "But the play is much nicer, I think. And my part, that of an American heros, is a very sympathetic one. And it's quite easy to be sympathetic to Nigel Barrie. He has promised not to do as Jack Holt did. Jack Holt is the worst man in the world to play opposite. He has a cast iron countenance, you know, and instead of keeping to his part, he likes to whisper all sorts of funny things when you're supposed to be dreadfully upset. If he can make you laugh, he's quite happy; but the director isn't. Of course, Jack never moves a muscle himself, and it's impossible to be angry with him."

She was "Held by the Enemy."
With a generous sweep of his hand, the caller d’halb indicated an open door; it he said anything, I did not hear him, nor did I hear the mother of Douglas Fairbanks junior greet me. All I could hear was the crash, rattle, and booming of an improvised ragtime internally-jazz band under the unique direction of Douglas himself. In a corner of the brightly-lit and cheerful apartment a gramophone was trying to make itself heard; but Doug, junior wouldn’t let it. Not him! “Bang, ooooooee, crash-honk-honk!” said Douglas to me.

“Not at all!” I shouted above the din, with a cheerfulness I surely did not feel. “Zoomph, pong, hoot, zing, crash!”

The last sound, however, was only Douglas falling off his stool of neatly piled magazines, the traps, drums, and other paraphernalia of a Parisian jazz-band collapsing over him. Gracefully extricating himself from the debris, flushed but smiling, he rose and extended his hand, saying: “Not bad for a jazz band, is it?”

The first thing that strikes one when introduced to Douglas Fairbanks junior is the fact that he has completely inherited his father’s famous smile. Doug, junior, is of medium height, athletic build, and has fair hair brushed back from the forehead in exactly the same style as his father. He is, naturally, strikingly handsome, and has a charming and bewitching personality.

Douglas has the gift of free and easy conversation; he is extremely witty, and is never at a loss to answer whatever question one may put to him. He has a vast repertoire of amusing tales of his life out in California, and he has just that knack of bringing out the best point about them.

One afternoon, he was telling me, “I and a few friends organized a Wild West show, with lots of huusses and attractions. We sent invitations broadcast, and when everything was ready, and the show about to begin only three people turned up!”

“Only three?” I echoed.

“Yes,” he sighed reminiscently, “but then they were my cousins! They each paid fifty cents, and said afterwards that they enjoyed the show . . . As for us . . . ” his pause was most eloquent.

“What do you do with your time now?” was my next question.

“I like boxing, I play a lot of tennis, and my hobby is every sport,” was his enthusiastic rejoinder. “I am very fond of the gym, and I am especially keen on our national game—namely, baseball. I do quite a lot of painting and sculpture. I play the jazz band (heavens, scenarios and settings of which are in preparation now). The first scenes will probably be shot in the beginning of June.”

But before leaving the presence of Doug, junior, I was able to cheer an interesting little bit of information, which was to the effect that his roles will be similar to those of his father; and as Douglas is, as I hear, a finished athlete, I fear that Fairbanks senior will have a very formidable rival.

“By the way,” said my victim, as I was just taking leave, “you might tell them through the Picturegoer that my age is—”

“Yes,” I queried blearily, I had a presentiment that I was about to experience a shock.

“I am not seventeen,” he said, slowly, preparing me for it; “nor am I eighteen; while sixteen is still incorrect. I was born on December 6, 1900; therefore, my correct age is THIRTEEN.”
Charles Ray indulges in a romp on the lawn with his little niece and his dog Whiskers.

Below: Director Joseph de Grasse gives Charles an impromptu trim-up before their departure for the studio.

Charles Ray and his father at the star's private swimming pool.

Below: Charles Ray in his dressing room at home.
at Home

Ray

Charles Ray and Whiskers. The little dog is in close attendance on his master both on and off the screen, and the star would feel lost without him.

The fountain in the grounds of Charles Ray's beautiful home at Beverley Hills, California.

Tea-house and swimming-pool in the grounds of Charles Ray's home.

Charles Ray and wife—a close-up and a long-shot.
of Tob'able David, are Dicky's favourite roles. His latest release in the State is Fury, which has been described as 'the sea epic of the screen.' If his plans work out right Richard Barthelmes will be in London in the spring, and looks forward with great pleasure to meeting his many friends, known and unknown. I have promised a gala welcome because I know of his popularity with English fans, which equals his standing in my own country. A star of the educated, athletic type he will appeal to you all and you will like him. He is quiet and well mannered, a gentleman to his finger-tips, a star who reflects credit upon his own country, and who will give a good impression wherever he goes.

You will recall his pretty little wife in Way Down East. Mary Hay also appeared in the stage version of Pomander Walk, a couple of seasons ago, in which she was featured with Peggy Wood and Lemos Fauble. Before that she was in Th Follies, but plans now to devote herself entirely to Home, Husband, and Little Daughter. I asked about the latter, and am able to tell you that she looks like them both, which ensures a wealth of beauty and cleverness. You can judge when you meet the Barthelmes family soon in England!

E. L.
Marianne Jordan was in "town" for the annual sports and cattle sales. "Town" was about six houses, a stable, and a place for drink and cards, styled "hotel." It could house perhaps twenty people at a squeeze.

There were to-day present, however, a good couple of hundred.

All the ranchers had cars and could ride in from their ranches and back after the sports before nightfall. The cars they parked round the course and the arena, making a temporary enclosure, and the roofs of these would serve as grand-stands. It was on top of the Jordan family Ford that Marianne now sat, awaiting the beginning of the great race.

It meant a great deal to Marianne and the ranch, this great race. Five mares from the east were entered, and a wild thing of the name of Tony, captured in the desert by a half-breed Mexican. The five eastern mares were known to be runners, and there was likely to be much bidding for them in the event of the defeat of Tony. But should Tony win, then the eastern mares would be had for a mere song, and a mere song was as far as Marianne was authorised to go by her father. The Gordon ranch was passing through times none too rosy, and the pence were having to be carefully watched. On the other hand, what with break-aways and horse-stealers, it was most essential that the blood-stock be increased at some very early date, and no better opportunity than this of the annual sports would recur for a year at the very least.

Jim Perris, a strolling cowboy, never anywhere for long, was standing beside the Jordan Ford when one of the ranchers came along with his news.

"Missie, they're saying that the Mexican has a pot of money on this race, and is going to see to it that Tony doesn't win."

Jim Perris started. Came a memory of long nights on the prairie and the desert spent in vain attempts to track the glorious Tony. Never had there been its like before. It was the finest horse, the most intelligent, the swiftest runner, in all the history of those parts. It was the leader of vast herds; a king. And Jim Perris had vowed that some day Tony should be his. Not just his horse—his comrade, his friend. And here he was now, the property of a half-breed, a Mexican, who, for money, was to smash his great reputation, and—

Jim heard without hearing the girl's exclamation. He heard without hearing that if Tony lost and the price of the eastern mares went up, it might mean run to the Jordan ranch. What did it matter what happened to the Jordan ranch? Jim had never heard of the Jordan ranch. But Tony's reputation—Tony's pride—

Before the thought had formulated, Jim was across the track, and had paid his entrance fee for the race and was at the starting line beside the other six. He knew that he had no hope of winning, but... but he could at least save Tony from disgrace.

Bang!

They were off, and at once it could be seen that the Mexican was pulling the horse and holding it back, so that the others from the east were already drawing away and gaining the lead. Jim put on a spurt and came alongside, and grinned in the eyes of the half-breed and drew in and waited his moment.

It came. With a sudden slash he drew his knife across the Mexican's reins, and, free from restraint, the wonderful horse of the desert shot forward. With a snarl the Mexican turned on Jim, and then sought to regain a grip on the trailing reins, but it was now too late. Nothing could stop the wonderful animal. He shot forward, with nostrils distended and ears flat, round and round, lap by lap, and soon a great roar from the stands told that all was over for the eastern mares and that Tony had won.
Jim strolled across the enclosure to hear the news, and learnt that the owner of the eastern mares had sold out at the price offered by Marianne Jordan, and had been glad to. Then he strolled back to where the horses were tethered behind the "hotel."

A sudden snarl and a quick whinny set him running, and when he came to where Tony stood roped in a little hurdle space, he saw that which made his blood boil and his fists involuntarily clenched. The half-breed held the mightiest whip that ever Jim in all his experience had seen, and with it he was "teaching" the wonderful horse, to the best of his ability, not to win!

"I'll teach ye to lose my money for me! I'll teach ye to run and run and win! You like zat?"

He brought the stick of the whip across the animal's snout, and the great horse plunged and kicked with pain, and lashed out with its quick hoofs that were only just not quick enough. And then Jim bounded to the fence, and was about to spring over, when suddenly, with one gigantic heave, the animal had snapped the rope that bound him, and was free. A scream from the Mexican, a yell for help from Jim, a lightning turn from Tony, and in less than a minute the little drama was over. The Mexican lay battered to death in the middle of the enclosure, a fence was kicked in, and Tony was back once more to his freedom on the desert.

Marianne had witnessed all from her window of the hotel, and when it was over she called to Jim, and he came to the window.

"You saved a lot for us," she said.

"And you were the only one with a kind thought for Tony. Will you come back with me to my father's ranch and be our foreman? Things are not too well there, and we could do with one like you in command."

Jim shook his head.

"The pay will be good enough, I reckon," said Marianne. "We could arrange it, anyway."

"It's not that," said Jim. "I'm not short of money. And before I take on another job there are two things I've sworn to do. I say I'm the best shot in a hundred miles. But once a man shot me, crippled my leg for weeks. He shot me when my back was turned, when I wasn't looking, when I was not thinking of him. Well, you can't do that with Jim Perris and get away with it for ever. I don't know where he is, but I'll find him, and when I find him, the fur's going to fly. That's one thing. The other is Tony. I'm going to get Tony. He's the finest horse I've ever seen, and I want him for a pal. When I get him, and the man who once got me, I'll be free to talk."

He made a sweep of his hat, and leapt to the saddle.

TONY that day declared a vendetta against Man. Man was his enemy. Man saddled and shod him and took him from his beloved desert and beat him, beat him, beat him.

Tony declared a vendetta, and went to work with the intelligence that had always raised him high above the herd of his fellows. First he waited for nightfall, when men slept, and then he galloped in to where the ranches were, and looked over the ground.

The herd had thinned lamentably in Tony's absence in civilisation. The better horses had been captured and harnessed by Man; the poorer ones scattered or shot. It was a depleted kingdom over which Tony had returned to rule, and his first thought was to bring it back to the numbers and the proud position of old.

The first ranch to which he came on the night of his return was the Jordan ranch, and there, sure enough, were a good score of his followers of old, corralled and captive. Tony snorted and got their ears, then stepped boldly to the fence that separated them, and called to them to watch the opportunity.

His captives days with Man had taught him many things, and of none of these many things the chief was familiarity with the things that Men called fastenings, the things that made the gates of the corrals to open and close. Tony had watched.

Now with his nose he pushed aside the fastenings of the corral on the Jordan ranch, and in a moment the score of his captured followers were free, and the third of his herd was telling of the speedy return to the wild. Marianne and the men of the ranch were awakened, but too late, and all that met their eyes was the little cloud of dust far on the moonlit horizon, where Tony and the band were vanishing from sight. But Hervey, the former half-breed, was a powerful field-glasses, and before Tony had completely disappeared, he had been recognised.

"It's that darn wild horse that killed the half-breed!" snapped Hervey.

"It must be caught!" cried Marianne. "And as soon as possible, if we are not to be ruined."

Hervey smiled. In truth, he might have told more than he did of the depletion of the Jordan stock. There was a steady market over the hills for good horses that were also cheap, and Hervey knew well that there were no horses cheaper than those that cost nothing. Many a night had he journeyed to the markets with a horse or two from the ranch, and many more times would he have done this but for the fear of eventual discovery. Now here was his best excuse. Tony! If in the future horses
She says:—

"The name 'EASTERN FOAM' has always had a fascination for me, and now its use has in no way diminished that fascination, rather has it been increased. As everybody knows, a good complexion is the first essential possession if you wish to be a success on the screen. The camera does not miss or cover up any blemishes, rather does it intensify them, so you will readily understand my appreciation of 'EASTERN FOAM' as it enables me to keep my skin beautifully clear and soft in this trying English climate.

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were missing, it could all be blamed on Tony. Tony must be caught? Well—perhaps not!

"But he said, 'Yes, Miss,' and made obvious preparations.

Marianne's father was away from home, and the ranch nominally in his daughter's management. When, therefore, at the end of a week, when all Hervey's 'efforts' had failed to effect a capture, and Jim Perris rode up to the place, it was as master of the ranch that the girl finally appealed to the cowboy.

"You know the desert better than any of us," she said. "Accept employment until Tony is captured. Capture him for us."

"I will capture him," said Jim, "for myself. All right, I'm one of you till then."

Hervey took his intimates aside.

"This feller's got to be finished," he said. "Let him loose and our game's up. And once Tony is captured, our best excuse is gone. Finish 'em both."

Jim set a trap for Tony far out on the desert, and for many days watched day and night. And at last he won the prize. Roped by every leg, and by his slim, proud neck, Tony at last fell captive. But, to his vast surprise, captive to a man far different from the others.

"Lie still, old man," said Jim, patting the horse's neck. "I ain't going to hurt you. We're going to be pals, you and me, Tony. Rest up while I get the saddle on you."

But the breeding of generations made it difficult for Tony to submit at first. He was saddled and promptly mounted by Jim, but then he tried every means to unseat his new master, and at last he succeeded. Jim fell, his head striking a stone, and lay unconscious.

Tony knew not what to do. This new man had been a friend. He had been kind and good to Tony. And now he was lying still and quiet. How could Tony help?

Hervey came, and his men, and gave a whoop of joy when at last they found the rival in their power.

They took him in a chaise to a rough hut in the hills, and tied him to a chair.

"Leave him with me," said Hervey. And the others went.

Soon Jim came round and saw his plight and the cold eyes of Hervey.

"You're causin' trouble, so you're goin' where there ain't no more," he said.

"I should have been goin' from the ranch when Tony was caught," said Jim.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" sneered Hervey. "D'yer think I ain't seen? You love the boss's daughter. But I reckon I'd be doin' you a favour to finish you. There'd be complications, y'see. The feller you're after for shootin' you in the Lane Duck Saloon up in Nevada is—the girl's father! Bit of a mess, eh?"

"I'd—I'd forgive him anything for Marianne!" said Jim.

"Only you won't have time!" said Hervey, flashing his gun.

Suddenly it was struck from his grasp, and he found himself staring down the barrel of the revolver of Marianne Jordan.

"Quick!" she cried. "Unstrap him!"

Hervey unstrapped him, and they ran for their saddles and away. Tony, watching in the bushes, moved round and followed at a safe distance. And when Hervey thought they were too far to shoot he strode to the door of the shack and whistled to his men.

"Head 'em off at Sleek River!" he said. "We got to finish 'em there."

Sleek River was wide and muddy at the bend, and the going was always slow and bad. Marianne got across, but was unsaddled at the tip of the treacherous bank. Jim's horse was shot from under him halfway across the river, and he was forced to wade.

"We got 'em!" shouted Hervey.

Jim gained the bank and stood by Marianne's side. To think of escape was madness. The wide prairie stretched ahead, and before they could hope to do a hundred yards they must be overtaken. Already Hervey and his men were well across the river. They could only wait in each other's arms for death.

When suddenly, like a streak of ebony lightning, something shot across the stream and climbed the bank. One who knew Sleek River better than any man—Tony! He stood snorting beside the only man who had ever shown him kindness.

"Tony!" cried Jim, springing for the sleek black buck and holstering up Marianne behind. "Good boy, Tony! Away!"

The horse shot forward across the prairie, and by the time that baffled Hervey and his band reached the tip of the bank he was already a little black speck in the distance.

Jordan himself was at the ranch when the pair returned on Tony:

"I'm willing to draw now and shoot it out," he said, with a proud glare at Jim. "But Jim shook his head.

"I reckon I couldn't shoot my own father," he said. And Jordan started to find them hand in hand.

"My boy," he said, "I never had a chance to explain. Hervey kept me out of sight—for his own ends, as I know now. I was in drink at the Lane Duck, years back, or you may be sure it wouldn't have happened. Still—"

They shook hands.

One thing remained—to unhitch Tony and give him the freedom that he had so well earned. But when Jim cast the ropes aside and pointed to the wide prairie before them, Tony merely walked to the rise and stared at it coldly. Then he came back to Jim's side.

"You're causin' trouble, so you're goin' where there ain't no more!"
Miss Valia
says

"As my hair is so thick I was in some doubt as to what the result would be like when I was recommended to have it permanently waved. However, you will see from the enclosed photo — which was taken four days after your setting — how firm and beautiful the waves look and the natural glossiness of my hair is greatly increased. Film work demands that one should look one's best often under very trying conditions. In my latest film 'The Starlit Garden' I have found the Nestle wave of the very greatest help and I am delighted with the wonderful naturalness of the waves and the pleasant nature of your treatment."

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Written in collaboration with Nestlé, the leading hair wave manufacturers, this advertisement highlights the benefits of Nestlé's permanent hair wave treatment. The text emphasizes the naturalness and glossiness of the waves, as well as the product's success in various film settings. It also mentions the widespread patronage of Nestlé's hair waves by notable individuals and its availability at selected locations across the country.
My Fiercest Film Fight

by REX DAVIS

The popular British screen star and athlete has fought many famous film fights since the days of "The House of Temperley," but he surpasses himself in his latest picture, "The Knock Out.

It was Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 13 (oh! ominous date!), and no pancake ever had a better time than the hero of Samuelson's film, "The Knock Out.

That the atmosphere, the environment, the details should all be correct, the National Sporting Club and its staff had all been engaged; and so, well before 10 o'clock, I passed through Covent Garden to begin my longest film day. Already many had arrived, and on my way a fruit-seller called out:

"Hurry up, mate, you'll be late," at which I smiled, for I was like the man going to be hanged—they could not begin without me. On arriving at the famous boxing theatre, a pugilist, bearing all the marks of his trade, came up to me and said: "Are you having a go with the coloured fellow to-day?" I said: "I thought so," to which he replied: "Well, I hope it will keep you for you! He's got a dig like the kick of a mule, and sometimes he gets scatty in the ring. You don't mind my telling you?"

Soon after I got into the ring, our great sunlight arcs and the huge lighting installation were all driven by powerful dynamos on lorry outside, and the vast, white glade lit up the rows and rows of artists concerned. I took a look at my huge black opponent, and wondered whence he got his dazzling dressing-gown. A moment after, Mr. Eugene Corri climbed into the ring, and my seconds, whose names were pugilistic household words, began to look after me. It seemed almost dreamlike, for all were so genuine. I alone felt I was the make-believe.

Mr. Corri, the Prince of Referees, was to manage this film fight; my opponents were the actual artists of the noble art, and my seconds were all on the N.S.C. staff. Next came the instructions of Mr. Butler, the director: I was to be defeated—to be hit low, and as I staggered to my feet the coloured gentleman was to fell me with a jolt on the jaw.

As I left my corner and faced my formidable film foe, I wondered vaguely if this would be one of his "scatty" days. I felt there was a kind of "there you are, then," look about him—and I soon found his taps jolted and hurt. First, we got out of camera range, or our punches were on the blind side of the camera, or I fell wrongly, or the lights were not right—each time it meant a repeat, and, sore and dissatisfied, I would try yet again.

Then Rocky (and he was!) thought it would be injurious to his professional career to deal a foul film punch, and there were long discussions on this. At last it was settled, and the cameras brought close up to register the jolt on the jaw. This time they enjoined him seriously to let it be seen. It was seen, and FELT, for as it jolted on my sore jaw, I saw the Northern Lights climb slowly over Aurora Boreals.

Towards evening, I saw, without a single regret, the departure of my ebony friend—and soon after, Bill Manering, a clean, healthy British type of pugilist, took up the running; or I should say, I felt like taking up the running! This time I had to win, but not before many more pugilistic protests had been lodged on my weary face and frame. About 10 o'clock at night, when I was told I'd some more scrapping, one of my seconds turned to his mate and said: "Gaw blimey! If this is a film actor's life, no wonder they take to dope!"
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Most of the stars in the heavenly constellations have their counterparts in the kinema firmament. Inasmuch as their attributes are concerned, that is. Hence the following exercise for would-be astronomers.

If the star-domestic of the silver sheet be Ethel Clayton, which is her twin-star in the sky? Take your time over it; remember to consult your calendar—and award yourself anything you like when you've worked out the answer. Screenically speaking, there is no "if" about it. Femininity personified is Ethel Clayton, the screen's acknowledged past-mistress in the not-always-gentle art of wielding woman's weapons. Give her a cookery book and a cradle, or an array of delectable gowns, and a few loveable little airs, and she will go forth and conquer in a fashion that is an object-lesson in itself. Which may be the reason why every girl-fan has a corner in her heart exclusively reserved for Ethel. Whether there be "vamps" to conquer, or merely a woman-hater to be shown the error of his ways, she is the girl to tackle the job. She takes an occasional flyer into "melos," or underworld romances; but her forte is emotional drama seen from the fireside angle. Ethel left the stage for the screen when she was nineteen; and for ten years her rippling, red-gold hair, long-lashed grey eyes, and elusive smile have endeared her to the movie-makers and movie-takers everywhere. Her first long film was When The Earth Trembled, a Lubin three-reeler; her latest, If I Were Queen and The Remittance Woman. In between come too many to enumerate here. But all deal in one way or another with the problems that confront womenkind; and Ethel's predominant characteristic—a certain quiver of lips and chin, which is her sure way of expressing and arousing emotion, will be found in each of them.
We greatly regret that, owing to an engraver's error, Nancye Kenyon's photo which adorned last month's cover was captioned "Nancye Benyon." It is Nancye Kenyon who plays the leading role in Denison Clift's great picture, This Freedom, Nancye Kenyon being a leading light of the legitimate stage, although she is well known on the screen too, for her work in The Beetle. We offer sincere apologies to both ladies for any confusion that may have been caused by this mistake.

Jack Pickford has been busy with the pen. He has written the story for his next film. It has a South American setting, and is a blend of adventure and melodrama. Marilyn Miller (Mrs. Jack Pickford) may co-star with him.

Some of the most thrilling scenes in Under Two Flags were entirely unrehearsed. When some seven thousand Arabs and four thousand soldiers of the Foreign Legion (pro eun.) got together there was bound to be some excitement. However, it lent added realism to the film, so nobody minded very much. The clever effect of the savage-looking Arabs apparently escaping out of the screen towards the looker was secured by cameramen hidden in a trench. The top of this was sand-bagged, with the cameras where the guns usually are. When the horsemen charged they leaped the trench, and the cameras caught them at very close range, with excellent effect. Only one horse leaped short and fell into the trench, causing one of the photographers forcibly to desert his post.

Early in 1924 Universal will star Virginia Valli in Naughty Marietta, The Pretty Sister of José (already filmed with Marguerite Clark in the title rôle), and The Co-Respondent. The last was one of Elaine Hammerstein's early successes. The Accused, a powerful drama, is to be made, with Priscilla Dean in the leading rôle.

The mantle of Theda Bara seems to have definitely settled itself upon the shapely shoulders of Estelle Taylor, also of Fox film fame. Estelle is the vampire of vampires (1923 brand), and her pictures lead her from bad to worse. In Desire, her current film, she has a splendid supporting cast in John Bowers, Marguerite de la Motte, David Butler, Noah Beery, Ralph Lewis, Hank Mann, and Edward Connelly.

Back again in Hollywood, Wyndham Standing has recommenced work with Emma Chantard, a former Famous Players director. Chantard directed Out of the Shadows and Paid in Full, in which Pauline Frederick appeared, with Wyndham Standing opposite. Eve of the Soul and The Marriage Price, with Elsie Ferguson, were made under Chantard's guidance also. The new film is Daytime Wives, for F. B. O., and Standing is cast opposite Anne Percie, a new beauty whose first prominent rôle this is.

The clever four-year-old who is seen with Charles Chaplin in The Pilgrim, is known as "Dinky Dean" in the studios. His own name is Dean Franklin Resner.

Rex Ingram has commenced work on Scaramouche, from Rafael Sabatini's French Revolution story. The hero, played by Ramon Novarro, is a revolutionist, who joins a band of strolling players and becomes their "Scaramouche." His adventures look like spreading into twelve reels, and some faithful pictures of France under the Terror may be expected. Alice Terry will play opposite Ramon Ingram's last production was a South Sea story, with the same two, Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry, in the principal rôles.

Lewis Dayton is appearing in Clara Kimball Young's next picture-play, Cordelia the Magnificent. Huntley Gordon, another favourite this side, has also a leading rôle. Dayton plays an Englishman—complete with monocle.
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HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

A thrilling scene from "Quincy Adams Sawyer" showing the rescue of Blanche Sweet by John Bowers. The breaking of a cable added an unheralded sensation to this incident.

Name or finds is the theme of several new pictures on both sides of the Atlantic. Fred Niblo's The Famous Mrs. Fair is a study of a Major Nancy Fair's Red Cross activities, which leave her no time for her home and family. War stories are somewhat belated; but this one shows very little actual warfare, dealing more with the aftermath of war work for women. The eight "buddies" accompanying Mrs. Fair (Myrtle Stedman) are all former stage favorites of Broadway. Drama, musical comedy, and vaudeville each have a representative, though they have only very small parts.

Mary Pickford has changed her mind and her motion picture yet again. First it was to be Dorothy Vernon, next Faust, now neither of these, but a fifteenth century Spanish story, all about a dancing girl. Ernst Lubitsch will direct it, and Mary will play "Rosita," and may possibly be seen in a dark wig, for a change. The change of plans is, in part, owing to the hundreds of letters the World's Sweetheart received, begging her to let Faust alone, and not to grow up.

Having, apparently, exhausted the subject of "Wives" in Holland, Lois Gasaway is turning his attention to Mothers-in-Law. That's the title of his new picture, anyway.

With his White Rose company, which includes Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello, D.W. Griffith went South for location work on this film. He was in New Orleans for the Mardi Gras carnival, and may shoot scenes for his next production there. Griffith, a Southerner himself, has a confessed fondness for the picturesque South, with its negroes and its charming scenery, as a background for drama. Ivor Novello, who plays the young priest in The White Rose, may take a brief holiday in England after its completion. His mother and sister, both celebrities of the musical world, have been in America for many months, and both are keenly interested in Ivor's studio activities.

The Pharaoh, "Amenes," in The Loves of Pharaoh, may not be everyone's idea of a Pharaoh, but he is an excellent and impressive actor. He is well used to monarchical roles, for he played "Harry VIII." in Lubitsch's much-discussed Anne Boleyn film, which has not been publicly shown here as yet. Jannings played the title-role in Othello, another German production only just released in America. This was not directed by Lubitsch, but by Dimitri Buchowetski.

Tony Moreno plays Rodolph Valentino's scheduled role of "The Spanish Cavalier" in Don Casor de Bazan, which stars Pola Negri.

There is a epidemic of pen-chewing in Chicago. Douglas Fairbanks has promised to give his bow and arrows used in Robin Hood to the writer of the best essay on Archery. Doug is keenly interested in the Boy Scout movement, and since he became an archer himself has strongly advocated this ancient sport from a health point of view for everybody. The bow, which is on view in Chicago, will need a well-developed youth to draw it. It is a worth while trophy, though, and every Fairbanks fan in the city is entering for the contest.
When John Barrymore returns to the screen, which will be this autumn, he will be starred in Deborah and Beau Brummel. Both are stage plays. The first is a French drama; the second a melodrama by Clyde Fitch, author of The Woman in the Case. Barrymore went straight to Paris from America, and it is uncertain whether he will visit London, which was anticipating his "Hamlet," or not.

Quite a lot of movie stars are changing their working addresses. George Walsh has gone to Goldwyns on quite a long-term contract, and Conrad Nagel will soon be seen there too. His Famous-Lasky contract will not be renewed.

That Chaplin can be serious when he chooses, parts of The Kid showed us clearly. In his first ten-reel production for United Artists, Public Opinion, Chaplin makes his bow as author-director of a new type of problem drama. Speaking of this venture, Chaplin says, "I believe Public Opinion will be the most important work of my career. I am trying to portray an intelligent and sincere story, and there will be originality in both treatment and acting." Originality is Chaplin's middle name, anyway. The film stars Edna Purviance, and many of its scenes are laid in France. Adolphe Menjou and Malvina (late Malveen) Polo head a strong supporting cast.

Good tidings for Farnum fans and others! Fox's are having new prints made of many former successes, and among the first on the list for reissue are clearly. In Two Cities, If I Were King, and Les Misérables. Besides these, Evangeline and the four fairy-tale films featuring the Fox kiddies will once more see the light. These are Jack and the Beanstalk, Hi-Baby, Hidden, and The Babes in the Wood. This is in U.S.A., but doubtless they will sooner or later cross the Atlantic again.

In a coming Paramount production entitled Hollywood almost every well-known star will be seen in minor roles. "The Only Girl" will be played by a hitherto unknown young lady who is the director's (James Carey's) "find," and A. G. K. Arthur plays opposite her. It is the story of a girl who wants to break into the movies, and who, contrary to film plot traditions, does not succeed. The novellette from which the scenario was made is by Frank Condon, and was called "Hollywood and the Only Girl" in its original form.

The original screen version of The Spoilers, though good of its kind and of its time, did not boast of a cast like the present one. In this Anna Q. Nilsson is "Cherry," the heroine, Milton Sills, "Glenster"; Bryant Washburn, "The Attorney," Wallace MacDonald, "The Broncho Kid"; Noah Beery, the villainous "Mr. Namara," Mitchell Lewis, "Forrester," and Ford Sterling, "Slapjack Simms." Alec B. Francis, Kate Price, and Louise Fazenda make up the tally.

Gloria Swanson is playing the title-role in Bluelock's Eighth Wife, under Sam Wood's direction. It is an adaptation of the successful play of the same name.

The demon dentist, "McTeague," in Greedy Wives, will not be played by Von Stroheim any more. Gibson Gowland fills this rôle. "McTeague,

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It is said that a woman with a well made face is the most distinguishing feature of her appearancces and accomplishnents. Her hair should be clean and smooth, her face well proportioned and her features well defined. It is impossible when the woman is seen to avoid noticing the expression of her face. The really well made woman knows what she is going to do and how she is going to do it. She has learned from experience that there are certain rules to follow, and she follows them. She dresses her hair with care, and when she is not dressing it, she keeps it well combed and her face clean and fresh. She is always dressed in clean clothing, and her shoes are well polished. She is always well mannered, and her conversation is always interesting.

Creighton Hale is to play one of the chief roles in "With a Kick," a new comedy drama now being made at Fox Studios. He will leave character roles alone for a while and play a straightforward juvenile lead.

Lauretta Taylor plays Vera Gordon in a dramatic introduction of Miette, running now at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York. Of the clever cast who made the film so popular everywhere, Sydney Carlyle is the one whose name is the subject of the programme of the spoken version. He plays the same part in the film as the karman's brother.

Mary McInerny, having spent nearly all last summer in Honolulu, is just beginning to like travelling. She has visited also Japan, Siberia, China, and Bermuda, and plans a trip to England and France this summer.

Most of the popular male stars in screenland have been Norma Tahmad's leading man at one time or another. But now Norma announces that for the rest of this year, 1923, she will have the same man, Jack Mulhall, opposite her in all her productions. Mulhall is one of those dazzling young actors who has had several narrow escapes from stardom. He looks a little like Eugene O'Brien, and is a capable and versatile player. He is at work on "Within the Law" at the moment, and after that will have the role of the hero in "The Yellow Canary," a romance of old France. The third story, please note, of old France scheduled to date.

A special dispatch to a leading U. S. A. movie newspaper announces as follows: "The first production of Associated Authors will be a Woods screen version of Scott's 'The Tarn,' with Wallace Beery in the title role. Wallace is a versatile fellow, but we can, somehow, see him playing a tarsman, and we put the film 'Salishn,' if this dreadful rumour be true.

In 'The Rustle of Silk,' now being screened, Betty Compson and Conway Tearle play the leading parts, Conway that of a politician, and Betty the girl who loves him.

Very seldom does the same film star play in two versions of the same story, Conway Tearle is one of the few who can boast of this distinction. He was the artist-lover opposite Clara Kimball Young in Selznick-Select's first production of 'The Common Law,' and he is one of the three co-stars of this organization's new production of Robert W. Chambers fascinating romance. Corinna Griffith plays the unconventional heroine, and Elliott Dexter is the third in the trio of stars. It is an altogether grander production this time, and Doris May, Phyllis Haver Miss Du Pont, Hobart Bosworth and Bryant Washburn are other names on the studio pay roll.

The title role in 'Red-Hair' is still unfilled. Is it possible that they are waiting until Jackie Coogan is tall enough?

Kenneth Harlan is the most likely candidate for stardom in 'The Broken Wing,' which will be directed by Tom Forman. Tom is taking his cast to Mexico for location work, as he declares nothing so goes by the way as the Mexican. A director must be made in a studio as the ones who are of frequent occurrence on the spot.

Ten years ago the name of Yal-Boss was quite well known to movie lovers. This youngster was seen in films starring Voira Dana, Glaad, Hetche, Mary Full of etc. He returns after about four years in filmland served with the U. S. Shipping Board during the war, and then continued his office for some while after the fight was over. He has now decided that movie are the best game after all, and returns to the screen in 'Souls for Sale.' Yal-Boss has now attained the ripe old age of twenty-three.

Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky will play together in 'Souls for Sale,' a story of the movies, by Rupert Hughes, which has had a big sale of novel form.

Cosmopolitan are planning a big Elizabethan costume film for the autumn starring Manon Davies of course, and with Julia Areting, a famous and beautiful stage star, "Queen Elizabeth." The musical play, "Irene," which introduced Londoners to delightful Edith Day, is being billed with Marie Prevost in the title role. This Cinderella story of a little New York tenement haslacc should make an appealing movie, on comedy-dramas.

Joseph Scholikrau, whose mail has considerably increased in weight since 'Orphans of the Storm' was released in Great Britain, has been playing the title role in "Peer Gynt" in America. He is due to appear in "All of Me" again later, and his his production of 'The Dance of Life.'
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A Fool There Was (Fox; April 30). A crude but exceedingly well-acted version of the oldest screen story in the world; with Lewis Stone, Mahlon Hamilton, Estelle Taylor and Irene Rich at the head of the cast. Unifying entertainment.

A Fool’s Paradise (Paramount; April 23). Love amongst the crocodiles. Beautifully staged and produced by Cecil De Mille, and acted by Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris, Conrad Nagel, Theodore Kosloff, Julia Faye, John Davidson, Kamuela C. Scarle and Jacqueline Logan. Excellent dramatic fare.

A Perfect Crime (Fox; April 2). Monte Blue as a timid bank clerk in a sympathetic and novel romance. Also Jacqueline Logan, Stanton Heck and Haidee Kirkland.

A Prince There Was (Paramount; April 23). Tom Meighan in a slight but pleasing story about a millionaire who took lessons in life at a boarding house. Mildred Harris, Nigel Barrie, and Peaches Jackson support. Romantic entertainment.

Back Pay (Paramount; April 23). How one girl sowed her wild oats written by Fannie Hurst, and directed by Frank Borzage. Featuring Scena Owen, with Matt Moore, J. Barney Sherry, Ethel Duray, and Charles Craig in support. Fair entertainment.


The Broadway Peacock (Fox; April 30). Pearl White in a stagey stage story about an episode in the life of a cabaret dancer. Joseph Stryker, Doris Eaton and Elizabeth Garrison support. Beautifully costumed. For unctuous Pearl White fans only.

Cast Not the Stone (Orion; April 2). A foreign-made problem drama, concerning a woman’s mistake, with a finale that will remind you of “Flames of Passion.” Acted by Olive Dare, Paul Bennet, Harold Jackson, Owen Sanderson, Sybil Ternayne, and John Blundell. Somewhat sordid fare.

The Chicken in the Case (Pathé; April 30). Owen Moore borrowing trouble when he borrowed a wife to gain an inheritance. Cast includes Katherine Perry, Vivia Ogden, Edgar Nelson, Teddy Sampson and Walter Walker. Farcical entertainment.

The Child Thou Gavest Me (Moss Empires; April 9). The story of a tragic honeymoon Social drama, starring Lewis Stone, William Desmond and Barbara Castleton, with Winter Hall, Adele Farrington and “Ithee” Headrick in support. Well produced and acted.

The Colonel’s Orderly (Waltzdown; April 9). A French adaptation of a Guy de Maupassant story, with hopeless tragedy as its keynote. Excellent acting by M. A. Colles, Paul Hubert, Nathalie Kovanko and M. Sveltid.
The Cup of Life (Jury: April 9).
Filled with pearl poachers, Orientals, night scenes and suspense. All-star cast includes Hobart Bosworth, Madge Bellamy, Niles Welch, Tully Marshall, and Kay Wallace. Good South Sea stuff.

Darin' (Goldwyn: April 30).
Slight but delightful Irish comedy about an impetuous colonel's alarming and excursions. Featuring Colleen Moore, supported by Ralph Graves, J. Farrell MacDonald, Florence Drew, and Kate Price.

Dead or Alive (U.K.: April 19).
Jack Hoxie, Marin Sais, Joseph Girard and Evelyn Nelson in a vivid Western story about a chauvinist cow-puncher.

Don't Shoot (European: April 2).
The reformation of Herbert Rawlinson, in five reels and one fight. Good acting by the star, Edna Murphy, Wade Boteler, Margaret Campbell, Tiny Sandford, Duke Lee and William Dyer. Impossible, but entertaining.

Desperate Youth (F.B.O.: April 23).

The Education of Elizabeth (Paramount: April 16).
Billie Burke in a good comedy romance showing how a chorus-girl and a highbrow exchange characteristics—with amazing results. Donald Cameron opposite; also Lumsden Hare, Frederick Burton, Edith Shayne, Helen Dahl and Kay Macaulay.

Extra! Extra! (Fox: April 9).

The Fear Market (Gaumont: April 9).
Blackmail versus brains, and an over-acute plot, made interesting by the presence of Alice Brady, Frank Losee, Harry Mortimer, Richard Hatteras and Edith Stockton. Fair social drama.

Fifty Candles (Wardour: April 5).
Mystery melodrama with plenty of excitement, Oriental intrigue, and a good cast, which includes Marjorie Daw, Bertram Grassby, Ruth King, Dorothy Sibley, Edward Burns, Wade Boteler and George Webb. Effective entertainment.

The Fighting Lover (F.B.O.: April 9).
Frank Mayo, the out-of-doors star, in a Society romance with an undercurrent of satire. In support are Elmer Hanceock, Gertrude Olmstead, Colin Kenny, Jacqueline Logan, Jean Calhoun, Jackson Read and Ruth Ashby. Good entertainment.

Fires of Innocence (Butchers: April 16).

Five Days to Live (Jury: April 16).
Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki in an excellent Chinese drama of self-sacrifice that ended in happiness. Supported by Goro Kino, Misao Seki, Toyo Fujita and George Kuwa.

The Fox (F.B.O.: April 2).
A kind of super-Western, with a thrilling story, battles, a sandstorm in the desert, and Harry Carey, Gertrude Olmstead, Betty Ross Clark, and Breezy Eason. Good entertainment.

The Galloping Kid (European: April 30).
Pleasing, if far-fetched, cowboy romance, starring Hoot Gibson, with a good fight or two and some amusing situations.

The Girl from Nowhere (Pathé: April 16).
Elaine Hammerstein in a fair romantic drama about a hasty marriage that did not lead to repentance at leisure. Supporting Elaine are William B. Davidson, Huntley Gordon, Louise Prussing, Colin Campbell and Warren Cook.

San Francisco life during the gold rush, according to the novel by Stuart Edward White. The long cast is headed by Robert McKim, Claire Adams, George Hackathorne, Sutz Edwards, Carl Gantvoort and Claire McDowell. Good entertainment.

The Golden Snare (Moss Empires: April 16).
Adventures in the frozen North. Grim at times, but picturesque, with excellent characterisation and acting by Lewis Stone, Wallace Beery and Ruth Renick.

Grandma's Boy (W. and F.: April 2).
Harold Lloyd in an extremely human comedy about an experiment in self-confidence. Mildred Davis opposite; also Charles Stevenson, Dick Sutherland and Anna Townsend. Excellent entertainment.

Guarded Lips (Gaumont: April 2).
A Swedish biographic production dealing with the Russian Revolution and an exiled princess. Excellent story, production and acting by Jenny Hassehqvist, Carl Nissen, Karin Svanstrom, Ivan Hedqvist, Nils Olin and Lars Hanson.

Her Own Money (Paramount: April 19).
Cheerful light entertainment, with Ethel Clayton as a typist who marries but has to return to work. Cast includes Warner Baxter, Mae Busch, Clarence Burton, Jean Acker and Charles French.

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[Image of a page filled with postcards featuring various movie stars and images.]

Just Tony (Fox ; April 9).
An exceptionally good Western story written around a horse, starring Tom Mix, supported by Claire Adams, J. P. Lockney, Duke Lee, Frank Campeau and "Tony." Turn to page 43 and read it for yourselves.

Kindred of the Dust (Ass. First Nat. ; April 9).
Miriam Cooper in a colourful romance of the North-West, adapted from a Peter B. Kyne story. In the cast are Ralph Graves, Eugene Besserer, Lionel Belmore, W. J. Ferguson and little Bruce Guerin. Good entertainment.

Kitty Mackay (Vitagraph ; April 23).
A reissue of a pleasing story of a Scotch lassie of the cranberry period. Lilian Walker stars, and William Shea plays the chief supporting rôle.

The Little Minister (Globe ; April 9).
A well produced screen version of Barrie's famous romance, featuring Betty Compson, supported by George Hatton, Nigel Barrie, Edwin Stevens, Gwy Oliver, Fred Huntley, Robert Brown, and Mary Watson.

The Message of the Mouse (Vitagraph ; April 9).

Moran of the Lady Letty (Paramount ; April 9).
Well acted seafaring melodrama, in which a young "softy" is turned into a seaman. Stars Rudolph Valentino and Dorothy Dalton, supported by Walter Long, Maude Wayne, Cecil Holland and George Kuwa. Good entertainment.

Mother Eternal (Anchor ; April 2)
Pathos and sentiment galore, but effective drama and contrast, and good acting by Vivian Martin, Earl Metcalfe, Thurston Hall, Jack Sherrill, Vivian Osborne, Baby Ruth Sullivan, Pearl Shephard and J. W. Johnston. Tearful entertainment.

My Old Kentucky Home (Wardour ; April 9).
Evolved from the famous old song, with the added attractions of a Race-Monte Blue, Sgt. Holmquist, Lucy Fox, Arthur Carey, Juha Swarve, Gordon and Frank Currier. Fair entertainment.

Paid Back (European ; April 16).
Glady's Brockwell, Mahlon Hamilton and Stuart Holmes in a somewhat artificial story of blackmail and the tropics. Fair entertainment.

Polly of the Follies (Ass. First Nat. ; April 10).
Or how a country maid became a Ziegfeld Follies Constante Talmadge as the maiden. Light entertainment.

The Prodigal Son (Still ; April 9).

Restless Souls (Vitagraph ; April 16).
Elma Williams, Florence Haines, William Mathews and Arthur Lake in a story of four of the famous.

Red Ray (Majestic ; April 16).
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Rudge-Whitworth
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Every picture-lover should make a point of seeing this gripping drama of youth's courage and character.

As David Kineman, the whimsical, lovable boy who yearned to prove himself a man, Richard Barthelmess is delightful and entrancing. Handsome in his simple village garb, manly in his every action, drawing upon the funds of sympathy, with his incomparable art he proves in this picture to be not only a star established, but a hero for every man to applaud and every woman to admire.

"You can't go, Davy. You are all I have left."
A story of fight and feud—a romance of love in the Blue Mountains of Virginia—its comedy, its tears, its thrills and its throbs—as stupendous as the sweeping hills that form its background.
Walter West directing James Knight and Nora Swinburne in "Honeys' Nest".

Shifting Sands (F.B.O.: April 30).

The Skipper's Wooging (Artistic: April 30).

Son of Kissing Cup (Butcher's: April 2).
A worthy successor to Kissing Cup's Race, and a thrilling Turf drama in which appear Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, Mrs. Hayden Coffin, Cameron Carr, Judd Green, Arthur Wallcott, and Lewis Gilbert.

Suspicous Wives (Stoll: April 6).
Domestic difficulties capably attacked by Mollie King, Holmes E. Herbert, Ethel Grey Terry, Rod la Rocque, Frank D. Camp, Gertrude Warren, and Robert Cook. Fair entertainment.

Tol'able David (Jas. First Nat.: April 9).
Won a medal in U.S.A. as the best film of the year. A rugged story of the mountains starring Dick Barthelmess, supported by Miriam Abbot and Gladys Hulette. Don't miss this one.

An ornate American version of Piroto's well-known play 'The Profligate,' in which Anna Lehr, May McAvoy, Holmes E. Herbert, and Joe Dawson appear. Good entertainment.

Two Kinds of Women (Jury, April 16).
Pauline Frederick in a colourful story of a Society girl who goes West for a husband. Tom Santschi, Charles Clary, Jean Calhoun, Dave Winter, Eugene Hallett, Otis Harlan, Billy Elmer, and Jack Curts support.

Under Two Flags (European: April 16).

The Unknown Wife (F.B.O.: April 30).
Edith Roberts in a sentimental story about a deformed convict. Carson Ferguson, Spottiswoode Atkin, August Philip, William Quinn, and Mathilde Brannage support. Fair entertainment.

The Wallop (F.B.O.: April 30).
First-rate Western fare, starring Harry Carey as the true-blue hero whose breezy personality and speedy action dominate the film.

The Wages of Sin (Eclipse: April 30).
Olan Fons in a complex but entirely respectable story of a man with a mission in life. Good photography, but exaggerated acting which causes unintentional amusement.

Wee McGregor's Sweetheart (Jury: April 30).
Betty Balfour in a Welsh Pearson adaptation of two J. J. Bell novels. Supporting cast includes Mabel Archdall, Bryan Powley, Minna Gray, Cyril Perceval, Marie Anit, Nora Swinburne, and Bunty Fosse. Don't miss this one.

A terrible job, but the Weber's production is believable. Domestic matters laughably produced, and well played by Claire Windsor, J. Frank Glendorn, and Edith Kessler.
GET RID OF YOUR FOOT TROUBLES

USE
REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

AT ALL CHEMISTS

PRICE 2/-. 
Anna Breton. "Soul," 1893. which can’t read.

Cecil (ft.) plays Yvonne Greatest Gordon tini. "Ray" you Clara J (2) in I —

day, had art Cavalier, 1-lora to do Nora

K. of Ic Arundel, 1921, Young’s the Shelton; Clara

of Warner, has been released. to Mrs. Young's the Shelton,;

in (known Liverpool). Clara

with warren forwarded. to the

Porter, "Nancy Brett," Gertrude McCoy; "Dick London,"


AMATEUR CRITIC (Hull) — I thought there was a catch somewhere. You’re not dying to go on the films; but you would love to criticise them. Well, criticise as much as you like, but don’t do it aloud in your local picture palace, or someone will strafe you. (1) Jack Holt was born at Winchester, Virginia, on May 31, 1888. He’s married (not to a professional), and has three sons. He’s 6 ft. tall, and some of his latest pictures are All Souls’ Eve, Conjuror’s House, Ducks and Drakes, and Nobody’s Money. (2) Agnes Ayres was born in Chicago on April 4.


SCOT (Aberdeen). — I was well in the middle of my best blush of embarrass- ment when I read your first sentence and stopped halfway. We can now talk as man to man, Sunny Jim. (1) Ruth Roland started on the stage at the age of three. Her first film was a Western Indian drama made by the Kalem Western Company. She has played in other feature films, some of which are Conrade John, A Matrimonial Martyr, The Red Circle, The Fringe of Society. She was born in 1893. (2) Corinne Griffith was born in 1899. (4) Betty Balfour is not twenty yet. Her birthday is on March 27. Write her co. Pictures.

MOVIE Pianist (York). — Look in last month’s replies and you’ll see what you want regarding Rodolfo Valen- tino. (2) Elsie Ferguson was born in New York on Aug. 19, 1883. She is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, with golden hair and blue eyes. Elsie’s married to a banker. Some of her films are Sacred and Profane Love, The Rise of Jenny Cushing, Eyes of the Soul, The Lie, Footlights, Barbary Sheep, Lady Rose’s Daughter, His House in Order, A Society Exile, Peter Ibbetson, Footlights and Outcast.

E. J. F. (Bayswater). — Did you file these six-syllabic words out of the dictionary especially for me, or does it come naturally to you? Anyway, I’m quite a simple fellow, and small words suit me very well, if it’s all the same to you. “Fan” is certainly an abbre- viation of “Fanatic” in some cases. Thanks for good wishes.

E. J. (Manchester). — Letter has been forwarded. Apologise to Cecil, not me.

LUCIA (London). — I can’t believe my eyes. Two pages and not a single question. Togo Yamamoto’s name shall head my next list, Lucia, token of my gratitude.
MISS DU PONT
The Beautiful Star of "Foolish Wives" How She Keeps Her Hair Lustrous

Careless Shampooing Spoils the Hair

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Main soaps, prepared shampoos and shampoo powders, contain too much free alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and runs it. The best thing for steady use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup with a little tepid water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub the Mulsified in. It makes an abundance of rich creamy lather, which rises out easily, removing every particle of dirt, dirt, sand, and excess oil. The hair feels quite and even, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo from all chemists, perfumers, hairdressers and leading toilet goods departments—it is inexpensive, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months. Be sure you get Mulsified. Beware of imitations—look for the name Watkins on the package.

MULSIFIED COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO

Secrets of Screen Dress.

There is one very interesting lesson which the screen teaches, and that is the power of dress to express personality. The artistes of the shadow screen, who are robbed of the appeal that lies in the human voice, have developed the possibilities of artistic and carefully selected raiment with which to enhance their characterisation. Away from the screen, the influence of dress can be cultivated in similar directions. Personal charm can be accentuated by tasteful selection of one's clothes, and this is the principle which underlies the production of the well-known "Luvisca" material, which serves a variety of purposes in every-day life. Made from genuine artificial silk, "Luvisca" possesses an attractive and refined appearance. And because it combines charm with durability and strength, it is ideal for blouses, shirts, collars, or pyjamas. The charm of "Luvisca" is permanent and does not disappear at the laundry. Courtaulds, Ltd., of 10, Aldermarbury, London, E.C.2. the manufacturers of "Luvisca" will send you the name of the nearest retailer if you have any difficulty in securing this remarkable material.
LIKEWISE the Spring poet—poetess, beg pardon, C. R. (Marry Poppins), who bursts into song thuswise: "Your Balham reader seems to think Spring Has Rodolph will never come!"—hence because of his foreign look. This is an asset more than a drawback, because where any other actor must needs 'make up' to look the part, Rodolph is 'the goods.' Therefore, I say any other actor with a ton of devilyh could not make good in his roles. The following lines express my thoughts:

Some like Kiddy natural,
There's a few may think he's flat,
When he strikes a note like that.'
Meaning, of course, that hostilities have not yet ceased.

The first three in the film popularity contest remain unchanged, so far. But after that opinions are as diverse as the postal addresses trading the Twelve Best of the critical readers who are on the jury. Which reminds me. We're going to count your votes very soon. So, hurry up and let me know which you think deserve the most praise. This is one reader's selection—(1) The Four Horsemen; (2) Way Down East; (3) Orphans of the Storm; (4) Robin Hood; (5) The Penalty; (6) The Sheik; (7) Through the Lookout; (8) For Call Me Jim; (9) The Temple of Dawn; (10) The Ace of Hearts; (11) The Branding Iron; and (12) Nomads of the North. It was sent by M. E. C. (Walhamstow), whose letter also contains a very convincing Valentino vindication.

In the far-off days of my youth, a favourite game of the period was "How, Whon, and Where Do You Like It?" Perhaps it's still in existence, in a Why Do You more up-to-date Like Em? form. Certainly selecting the year's best films is one variation of it. But when you don the thinking cap this page provides for your use, what, exactly, do you take into consideration when making your choice? Are you severely technical, valuing excellence of photography, niceties of lighting, etc., etc., above everything else? Is it the acting, the star, the story, or the director? I'd like to know not only what you like, but why you like it.

WHAT Do I Think?" writes EYES OF THE READER (Balham): "I'll tell you. The majority of films are full of death-bed scenes, murder, and unhappy marriages. This continual thrusting of nursery films down our throats is perfectly sickening. It keeps a large percentage out of the cinemas. Why are brighter pictures so few and far between? I cannot understand why film companies do not try to keep away from these gloomy subjects. British films are the worst offenders, but many of the American films are the same. What do you think?"

"I HAVE not seen many of the latest films, but those I have seen have disgusted me. To my mind, Mary Pickford is ridiculous in child roles, and her curls don't suit "General Post." If she had dark, straight hair, drawn high off her forehead, she would make an excellent vamp. Douglas Fairbanks is far too short for 'Robin Hood,' and too much on the wrong side of forty. He ought to take 'old man' parts. But then, of course, most of the film stars of to-day are much older than they like to own. I think Richard Barthelmess is more of a Charlie Chaplin type, and the only thing I like about Bill Hart is the way he cries. He can't ride for toffee. I could cite a lot of other examples; but I guess you'd get 'fed-up,' so I'll say no more. Of course, all your readers mayn't think the same way, but you do like us to say what we really think, don't you?"—Fed Up (Tooting).

REFERRING to an article on "Doubles" in a back number of THE PICTUERGEOER, a Surrey reader soliloquises: "Why should stars employ 'doubles' to perform their risky stunts? I think that a 'double's' life is worth just as much as that of a star. I do not think it necessary or right that anyone should run great risks just for the amusement of the public. Is it not possible to fake scenes that look like the real thing, so that there need not be this senseless risk of life and limb?" —What do you think?"
The May "Romance" is now on sale. Get your copy today and at the same time order the June number, on sale Friday, May 18th.

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WHERE TO SEE BUTCHER'S SELECTED PICTURES

**“Son of Kissing Cup.”** Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

**MAY 3rd.**
Cinema-de-Luxe, Hastings. Palace, Stourpool.
Vaudeville, Reading. Royalty, Slough.
Royal Cinema, Kensington. Palace of Variety, Kings Norton.
Pavilion, Blackheath. Empire, New Tregear.
Paliphotone, Middlesbrough. Empire, Burnley.
Tivoli, Burnley. Picturephone, Kensington.

**MAY 7th.**
Star, Barry.
Palace, Preston.
Geocen, Barrow.
Guthrie Picture House, St. Helens.
Princes, Bolton.
Premier, Rotterdam.
Oxley, Reading.
Theatre-de-Luxe, Bradford.
Rialto Health Picturehouse, Birkenhead.
Park Hall, Cardiff (6 days).
Gaiety, Poplar.
Montpelier Walworth Road, Queens St. Clun, Maidstone.
Imperial, Forest Gate.
Regent, Chelsea (6 days).
Imperial, Highbury.
Electric Theatre, Barnham.
Empire Cinema, Swansea.
Carnet Cinema, Walthamstow.
Rose’s Hall, Pege.

**MAY 14th.**
Cinema, Villiers Street.
Picture Theatre, Walthamstow.
Gaiety, South Norwood.
Theatre Royal, Kyle.
Vaudeville Cinema, Bexley.
Central Cinema, Croydon.
Electric Theatre, Bowbrook.
Bedford St. Picture Palace, Laindon.

Pavilion, Hertford House.
Empire, Chester Street.
Pavilion, Fleetwood.
Pavilion House, Falkirk.
Empress, Oldham Rd, Manchester.
Palisadore Lancaster.
Picture Palace, Ardwick.

**MAY 18th.**
Palaces, Shoes Gate.
Imperial, Walsall.
Pavilion House, Birkenhead.
Carrot, Bradford.
Birley Rd, Picture House, Leeds.
Stanhope, Hull.
Birmingham, Perry Barr, Birmingham.
Palace, Durham (6 days).
Well, Ashton.
Dalham, Mile End Rd, (6 days).
Empire, Cheshippa.
Cinema, New Malden.
Pavilion House, Banbury.
Grand, Westbourne, Hounslow.
Central, Ipswich (6 days).
Electric Theatre, Muswell Hill.
Majestic, Stepney.
Rink, Springfield.
Palladium, Peterborough.
Blue Hall, Hammersmith.

**MAY 19th.**
Grand, Leveshulme.
Palladium, Seaham.
Super, Watford.
Globe, Plymouth.
Princess, Brighton.
Gerrard Cinema, Kentish Town.
Gatti’s, Westminster Bridge Road.
Picture House, Wimton Green.
Benedict, Hull.
Haymills and Yarkey Picture House.
Harrington, Lancashire.
Workman’s Hall, Montmax Ash.
La Scala, Grangemouth.
Gaiety, Aberdare.
New Cinema, Nelson.
Gaiety, Chester.

**MAY 21st.**
Tower, Hall (6 days).
Electric Theatre, Catham.
Cinema, Liversedge.
Dukes Picture Palace, Ipswich.
Empire, Scarcroft.
Gerrard, Pimliscof.
George’s Hall, Biddulph.
Empire, Gainsborough.
Grand, Anson Rock.
Astley X. Pri Hse, Birmingham.
Cinema, Ystvald Wyke.
Electric House, Tidworth.
Palace, Milt explosion (6 days).
Tower, York (6 days).
Princess, Rovland.

**MAY 22nd.**
Gran’ Holm, Cleabam.
Playhouse, Wakefield.
Empire, Netherton.
Cormorant, Small Heath.
Buffalo, Ashton.
Empire, Bradford.
Firc, Palladium, Camden Town.
Picture Palace, Kendal Rise.
Cinema, Sowerby.
Star, Tingley.
Navy, Bedale.

**MAY 28th.**
Empire, Harborne Bridge.
Palace, Horwich.
Picture House, Bradford.
Picture House, Leith.

**MAY 30th.**
Croy, Bexhill.
Birkenhead, Liverpool.
Park Cinema, Huddersfield, (6 days).
Grand, Nantwich.
Empire, Bodel.
Palace, Stockbridge.
The Square, Walsall (6 days).
Park Cinema, Oswestry.
Globe Theatre, Stockton.
Palace Theatre, Sandfield Plain.
Cinema, Wigan.
Palace, Edinburgh (6 days).
Picture House, Eastbourne.
Central Hall, Stamford Hill.
Cinema, Dagenham.
Nestor, Ealing.
Central, Woking.
Vicarville, Bath (6 days).
Electric Theatre, Foyrqay.

**MAY 31st.**
Picture House, Leatherhead.
Park Cinema, Shepherds Bush.
Alcaraz, Edmonton.
Palace, Dunstable.
Cinema, Newbury.
Central, Weston-super-Mare.
Grand Theatre, Wigan.
Victoria, Newport.
Castle, Caernarvon.
B. B. Cinema, Glasgow.
Pavilion, Hove.
Picture House, Cowthorpe.
Peel Pavilion, Lytham.
Savoy, Showl.
Rumworth, Bolton.
People’s Hall, Denston.
Coburn, Bingley.
Picturephone, Bradford.
Cinema, Thornham.

**“The White Hope.”** Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

**MAY 7th.**
April, Customs House.
Vic-W, Lowest.
Scala, Oswestry (6 days).
Palace, Chesterham.
Imperial, Clapham Junction.
Notre Theatre, Blackheath.
Millfield Picture House, Belfast.
Gaiety, Southport (6 days).
Marlowe, Middlesex (6 days).

**MAY 10th.**
Victoria, St. Helens.
Public Hall, Gosway Bay.
Empire, Ilford.
Nellie, Harrow.
Villa, Gabby.
Royal Electric, W. H. Bridge-up.
Empire, Seaham.
Gaiety, Morecambe.
Nina Music Hall, Winchester.
Central Picturehouse, Gosport.
Empire House, Kingston.
Gaiety, North Finchley.

**MAY 14th.**
Clifford, Ilford.
Sala, Little Britain.

**MAY 15th.**
Kinoena, Cambridge.
Premier, Embankment.
New Picture House, Ealing-
Hyde Park, Arsenal.
Central, Coventry.
Grand, Kentish-
Picturephone, Dartstal.
Park Hall, Cumnor.
Raby Hall, Ryton.
Princess, Atrimpton.
Gaiety, Chester.
Regent, Keswick.
Picture House, Hebron Brae.

**MAY 17th.**
Reger, Seaburn.
Temple Cinema, Dudley.
West Rid Cinema, Belfast.
Gran’ Holm, South Shields.
New Vic, Glasgow.
Blue Hall, Eaglesfield Gate.
Empire, Heaton.
Empire, Richmond.
Coast Theatre, Thornton.
Dome, Worthing.
Central, Gosport.
Central, Ashton Hill.
Cinema, New Milton.
Pavilion, South Shields.

“WHERE TO SEE BUTCHER’S SELECTED PICTURES” is produced by Walter West. The leading players are Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome. The film is available at various cinema locations across the region, including the Palace, Empire, and Picture House. The page also contains a list of cinemas and their locations, such as Manchester, Bradford, and Brighton, where the film can be seen.
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WIELDING WOMAN'S WEAPONS

The Eternal Feminine on the Screen

IN REPLY TO YOURS

Reference Mr. Rudolph Valentino

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BRITISH STUDIO GOSSIP

PICUROGEOGRAPHER ART GALLERY

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PICTUROGEOGRAPHER'S GUIDE

LET GEORGE DO IT

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
CHARLES CHAPLIN
Though lost to sight (almost) yet still to memory dear.
The picture above shows Charlie in his latest release, "The Pilgrim." Recently Charlie has been directing Edna Purviance.
Our May Movie Calendar

MAY 1923

AY Day. Author Movie Calendar may get new ideas for this month May not.

2.—Speaking pictures invented again, 1924. Sudden disappearance of many stars. Rumored gone to school.

3.—Certain company claims to make first "all sub-title" film, 1931.

4.—Eighteen other companies enter injunctions.

5.—Umbrellas first provided with e-issues, 1940.

6.—Buster Keaton's baby smiles for first time, 1925.

7.—British Film Retaliation Society formed, 1945. Battle of Bunker Hill filmed with Southend Pier in background.

8.—Topical Bits does not show by Scout review, 1999.

9.—First film stars to celebrate golden Wedding, 5555.

10.—Eminent custard-pie comedian mysteriously disappears, 1923.

11.—Eminent detective claims ill find him.

12.—Eminent detective found lynched.

13.—Moving Pictures invented at Littlehampton, 1930.

14.—Somebody sees point of last subtle joke, 2009.

15.—Income Tax returns due. Telescopes turned on film stars' contracts.

16.—Chaplin declares that he is too poor to marry Pola Negri, 1923.

17.—Pola Negri's Press-agent demands an increase in salary, 1923.

18.—Subtitle "LATER" makes millionth appearance, 1924.

19.—Golders Green sold to Mack Sennett, 1930.

20.—Eminent burglar sentenced to write Movie Calendar, 1925. Eminent murderer sentenced to read it.

21.—Pearl White retires into another convent, 1927.

22.—British Surefire Films Ltd. claim to have bought rights Wells' next ten novels before written, 1923.

23.—American Misfits Inc. claim to have already produced same.

24.—Anniversary Battle of Ili, 78 B.C. If inventor Motion Pictures had been killed in this battle there would not have been any Motion Pictures.

25.—But he wasn't.

26.—West End premiere has music specially write by Mendelssohn, 1923.

27.—Jackie Coogan elected President of U.S.A., 1940.

28.—Great enthusiasm over Italian comedies at Great Middledon Picture-drome, 1923. Not shown there.

29.—First release of Fool'shead comedies, Littlehampton, 1980.

30.—Cecil B. De Mille starts work on expensive film version of "The Seven Deadly Sins" 1927, but admits misgiving that seven is a small number for a producer of his calibre.

31.—De Mille's "Seventy - Seven Sins" released, 1928.
I am the motion picture's one best bet. I am the bid for sympathy that has never been known to fail. I am the director's joy in theory, and the bane of his life at times (in practice). I am the backbone of the motion-picture plot. I am the movie baby.

Whenever there is melodrama to be found, there also you will find me. I'm well in evidence in Way Down East, you'll notice. I gave Lillian Gish the opportunity for a wonderful display of anguish when I died in that film, not to speak of the misery my existence caused the poor little girl.

Directly I appear on the silver screen, sounds of "Ah!" "Ooo!" "Isn't it sweet?" "or" "Isn't it pitiful?" as the case may be, are heard from amongst the audience. Especially from the feminine section; for it is to them that I make my most direct appeal. Very few women can resist me, but I, alone and imitated, can resist the united efforts of a whole studio staff. I have done it on many occasions. Once when they wanted me to look up at the villain and smile. Well—I didn't like that villain's face. I told everyone so at the top of my voice, but they didn't understand my language. Even my own mother didn't seem to get my point of view. They sent for dollars' worth of toys, but I wasn't to be cozened by any cheap devices like that. So I was sent home for the day, and in the end they had to cut out the smile business altogether.

I caused one elderly bachelor to write a letter of protest to a newspaper when Flames of Passion was released. "It's cruel," he complained, "to cause suffering to a helpless infant, and make close-ups of its crying for the amusement of the multitude. Making a baby cry is sheer cruelty." By this he showed that he knew very little about babies. I seldom have to be "made" to cry. It's usually the other way about, and most human babies are like me in that respect if in no other.

But they do some funny things with me on the screen. For instance, I'm often born at least six months old in
the movies. Usually with a tooth, sometimes with more than one. I don’t grow; either. I stay the same right through the movie, though years may pass. And I’m seen with all the favourite movie stars at one time or another. All of them coo sweetly to me when the cameras are clicking. All of them don’t when they’ve stopped.

I was in my element in Bootles’ Baby; had a glorious few weeks and made poor “Bootles” hair stand on end many and many a time. But

Victor Seastrom in “A Man There Was.”

I usually drop in at the end of the film, if it’s a happy ending, and a domestic drama. I used to loom very large in Norma Talmadge’s plays at one time. Now there’s a real live Talmadge baby (Norma’s niece), so

Natalie Talmadge Keaton and Baby Buster.

my poor nose is out of joint, I think I excelled myself in A Bachelor’s Baby. The film was splendid; but you only have to mention the word “baby” to the makers of it and—you’d be surprised! I taught the hero several things about babies he’ll thank me for later on. But there, some people are never satisfied.

J. L.

Arthur Pusey and Molly Adair in “The Blue Lagoon.”

Barbara Castleton in “What’s Wrong with Women?”

he was really very fond of me. So was I a pronounced success in The Manxman. Fred Groves as “Pete” had a great deal to do for me and with me. He did it as to the manner born, and we became the greatest of friends. I rather enjoy myself in comedies, too, though my appearances aren’t very many. I’ve reposed in an ash-heap several times, once in Daddy Long-Legs; and in The Kid it was a dust-bin.

I cause a good deal of trouble in movies, by appearing when I am not wanted, and having to be concealed, or passed off as someone else’s; but, even then, I’m a very valuable means of reviving interest when all else fails.

I can’t remember how many times I’ve been

Tom Reynolds in “A Bachelor’s Baby.”

kidnapped, or how often I’ve been the means of reconciliation between my estranged parents. There is great pathos connected with even my tiny garments. One of my wee shoes, plus a weeping screen heroine, has made many an effective fade-out, and my broken toy or shiny rattle is often requisitioned for this.

L. M.}

J. B. Stoneman in "What’s Wrong with Women?"
Human nature is the same, whether it is concerned with Cabbages or Kings. Had Ivor Novello in reality discovered America, in place of Columbus, he would have ranked as one of the most popular figures in world history. For his handsome Celtic features would have brought a welcome charm to the dryness of history books; his classic profile would have lived through the passing years, and the realm of exploration would have gained the distinction of possessing a hero akin to a "matinée idol."

Time has reserved for Ivor, however, a brighter America than the mist-covered shore which Columbus knew. The boy with the face of a Greek god has "hit" the lights of Broadway, and because he possesses that bubble reputation and has much personal charm, those fickle beams are shining brightly upon him.

On the other side of the Atlantic Ivor Novello is the rage. Even with high Society Griffith is a power, and the limelight which he has turned on the youthful stage and screen star has ensured the inevitable housing that follows in the train of popularity and favour in the bohemian quarters of New York.

Yet his enthusiastic reception in America has not tended to spoil him. When I found him beneath the vast expanses of glass-fretted roof in Griffith’s New York studio, he still had the same likeable, boyish smile, the almost childish enthusiasm over the new scenes and faces which had come within the ever-widening circle of his fresh experiences.

His fine dark eyes looked a little wistful when I told him that I had heard that his loss to the British screen was widely mourned in his own country.

"I, too, was sorry to leave England," he said, his face a little troubled as he rested his chin on his long, shapely hands.

"I secured release from every existing contract that I had in England to join Griffith. Everyone was willing to free me, for they realised what it meant for me to carry out creative work for the screen with so great a master of dramatic values and sweeping effects."

As we sat at the side of a typically colossal Griffith set, whilst Mae Marsh was posing for "close-ups" in front of an unfamiliar camera.
plete with many mysterious screens and intricate shutters, Ivor told me how Griffith discovered him.

The famous producer, not knowing Novello, was attracted by the classic charm of his features at a social gathering. He asked to be introduced to him, and a more intimate study of the young British stage and screen star still further convinced Griffith that this handsome youth had a perfect screen face for his particular photographic treatment. Griffith went back to America, and months passed. But he had not forgotten he dark-eyed youth with the arresting personality. And eventually there came a letter from America which made Ivor's greatest desire an accomplished fact.

He admitted to me that he was sometimes a little homesick, despite the fact that Society has given parties in his honour, and in Florida he houseboats, yachts, and summer residences of American aristocracy welcomed him as a privileged guest. "But I feel that I am helping to make 'The White Rose' a picture that England will enjoy," he told me. "We have secured some wonderful natural backgrounds. It is a mistake to believe that Griffith is almost entirely a creative worker, where his settings are concerned. He has an amazing sense of beauty where the reflection of landscapes and old buildings is involved. On location, we have visited Mississippi, New Orleans, Alabama, and Georgia. In Southern Florida, I worked on rivers whose surface was rich with floating myrtha. We secured some beautiful shots under the boughs of stately old oaks, festooned with vines and strange tropical flowers."

Ivor Novello and Mae Marsh in "The White Rose."

He spoke with a far-away expression in his luminous eyes, and there seemed to be a new dreaminess in his voice. Unconsciously one wondered if Griffith's extraordinary personality was tending still further to develop the love of mysticism and deep emotion in Ivor Novello.

There was a flash of the old Ivor as he enthusiastically denied the rumour that he was giving up music, now that he had been enveloped in the vortex of American film production on the grand scale. "On the contrary," he explained, "I am busy writing songs on this side of the Atlantic. For shortly I shall be returning to England for further film work, and my present arrangements, I hope, will enable me to spend one half of each year in the States, and the other in the country of my birth."

An oyster is communicative compared with a Griffith player who is asked to disclose some details of the film in which he is appearing. For Griffith carries his sense of climax to the length of concealing as far as possible the stories of his pictures until they flash on to the screen, completed to the last full-stop in the sub-titles.

In addition to Novello and Mae Marsh, Carol Dempster, Charles Emmett, Mack, Neal Hamilton, Lucile La Verne, Porter Strong, and others will appear in 'The White Rose.' When I left Ivor Novello, at the door of the mystery studios, he smiled a farewell, just like the natural unaffected boy that the British audiences know. For success under such a master producer is never likely to spoil Ivor Novello.
Defying Doctor Watts

Some of the fights of filmdom would horrify the reverend Doctor.

Lon Chaney lashes out in "All the Brothers were Valiant."

Frank Mason in "Afraid to Fight."

Right: Clara Kimball Young in "The Woman of Bronze."

Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature so," wrote the good Doctor. "But children you should never let your angry passions rise; your little hands were never meant to tear each other's eyes."

That was in the year 1710 B.M. With the coming of the movies we have put pious Doctor Watts away with the back numbers, where he belongs. "Let Dogs Delight," as revised by Great God Kneena reads as follows: "Film stars delight to scrap and fight, for 'tis their nature such. If they forebore we'd see no more of folks like Doug, and Hutch."

Life for some screen stars is just one fight after another. Nor is scrapping confined to the stern sex. Several stars like Ruth Roland and Pearl White can always be trusted to give a good account of themselves in that line. Always Ruth Roland estimates that she has delivered nearly two thousand knock out blows in the course of her screen career. Last on my list entitled "People I should NOT care to Anchor," you will find the name of Eddie Pyle. Which Eddie made his debut with the Universal Company by bringing with him a troupe of trained acrobats to play the part of human nuncups with him; and the way he knocked his little friend about made me long for a society for the prevention of cruelty to screen stars. When he wasn't hitting them playfully over the heads with chairs or tables, he would be throwing them down stairs or out of windows, or standing well back to see if they could get up as fast as he could knock them down— which they couldn't. Some fighter, Eddie, and the boys could never get their own back with him. The best
Rodolph Valentino had to scrapping in "Moran of the Letty."

they could do was to keep him busy buying shirts between sets. Whenever Eddie appeared on a scene wearing a new shirt, his gang used to rush at him and tear it into ribbons. The Broken gun must have cost Eddie a fortune of haberdashery.

Warned by Eddie's fate, Elmo Lincoln usually operates in a singlet, and when you consider what happens to Elmo in most of his films, you must admire his foresight. In a "rough house" Elmo is rather more than instinctively useful, and he wanders through each screen story leaving a trail of knock-outs behind him.

Charlie Chaplin's screen fights are kings of beauty and perennial joy. His encounters with the tough in City Street, and with the robbers in The Shopwrecker, are comedy gems. Charlie's impersonal way of fighting, is "very-sorry-to-do-what-I-shall-have-to-do" manner, would make a pacifist laugh. Delicious, too, was Jackie Coogan's fight in The Kid, which Charlie refereed in his own inimitable fashion.

Douglas Fairbanks refuses to take his screen fights seriously, and latterly has become too fond of clowning. His hop-skip-and-jump methods seem out of place in many of his pictures, particularly so in Robin Hood, where his volatility is carried to ridiculous extremes. Robin Hood is, of course, a very great picture, but if Doug had shown a little more restraint in his acting, it would have been infinitely greater.

In the course of her extensive screen career, Mary Pickford has had a rich variety of fights, and, oddly enough, she has not once suffered even a minor injury. This is surprising, because most of her screen fights have been unrehearsed dust-ups with children, who are apt to get excited and hit out in real earnest. The screen Mary is a truculent little soul who believes in getting in the first blow; also the second, third, fourth and fifth. Her fights in Rags, Fanchon the Cricket, and Little Lord Fauntleroy, will be remembered by all picturegoers.

Quite apart from its usefulness in

Maurice Flynn in "Smiles are Trumps."

Life for a serial heroine like Pearl White is just one fight after another. She is here seen disposing of an enemy in "Plunder."
Lucy Doraine, a French film actress, greatly distinguishes herself in *Le Sixième Commandement*—like *La Roue*, another of the modern tragedy films, but one in which the ancient note is very effectively combined. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is here shown in full, contrasting with a similar incident in modern life, the scenes of which are laid in the fashionable world of Paris salons, with men in evening dress. It is a Viennese film released by a French company, Eclair, and cost twenty million francs. It took two years to make, and has a cast of fifteen thousand.

M. Louis Feuillade, the famous French metteur en scène, is a hard taskmaster when it comes to realism and detail in films. Recently when he required a vessel for his latest film, *La Revenante*, he went all the way to Spain, where he made his purchase, and then returned with it to Nice. A terrific explosion occurs, and the vessel is entirely destroyed.

I am told that a new actress possessing dramatic talent of exceptional value has just made her debut in a film called *Corsica*. She is the Comtesse Rosella del Turco, and is a beautiful young woman with dark hair and flashing eyes, and a certain vivacity of expression that is particularly attractive. I understand that she is now at work on another film, both of which are to be released shortly in England.

The fire and explosion thrill in "La Revenante."
The methods of Marion Davies (above), and of Pola Negri (below) are as the poles apart. But both are irresistible.

Wielding Woman's Weapons

by P. Russell Mallinson

It is customary to speak glibly of the sixth sense of the lens—that subtle, inexplicable trick of the camera which gives fleeting, intimate glimpses of the real personalities of the artists of the silver sheet. But although this vagary of photography, through the medium of a smile, a mannerism, or a passing gesture, reveals the individual beneath the studio motley, it has its limitations.

The film cameras, with all their relentless analysis of those who move beneath the arc-lamps of filmdom, have not yet succeeded in solving the problem of the eternal feminine. Woman still remains the elusive, complex, and bewildering creature who through the centuries has carried on the traditions of Eve. She has not yielded up her secrets to the cameras, and they have had to remain content in reflecting on the screen those vagaries which for generations have proved to be the most deadly weapons in her armoury of feminine wiles.

And so film history is interwoven with a fascinating host of screen vampires, sirens, ingénues, and other fair daughters of Eve, who reflect real life in their ability to subdue mere mankind.
Her pouting lips—bee-stung, as they are described by the materialistic Americans—bring to her expressive face a fascinating feminine appeal. Her deep shadowed lashes sweeping over wistful blue eyes provide heart-stirring close-ups which wreak havoc with many more males than those whose shadow forms flicker across the screen. Mae Murray has fostered since her dancing days with the New York Follies the exotic appeal of beautiful femininity. It is a frequent occurrence for her to rehearse time and again the subtle movements of her shapely hands, which she has imbued with remarkable powers of expression. When, in Peacock Alley, she ran her manicured fingers over the smooth, sleek hair of Monte Blue, her screen husband till the end of the reel, she reflected an irresistible coxing charm which would have inspired pity for any modern St. Anthony. There is much to suggest the butterfly on the reel in Mae Murray's screen artistry. For artistry it is, and not merely the camera posings of a beautiful woman. For although the most decorative girl in filmdom stands unrivaled in her ability to subdue mankind with effervescent allurements, hers is an art that cloaks an art. She works for hours in collaboration with her producer-husband, Robert Leonard, beneath the tire heat of the studio arc-lamps, creating, after wondrous rehearsal and repetition, just those subtle feminine wiles that appear to be so deceptively natural.

Constance Talmadge's irresponsible "glad eye" has shattered a hundred screen homes. She has brought to the screen lessons in flirtation which are models of femininity. She tames the members of the male sex, with her sparkling, buoyant personality, riding roughshod over conventions, as only a

The gentleman in the centre is about to die for love of Nazimova. The vampish Salome would appear to be saying: "It's a pity, but it can't be helped."

The gentleman in the centre is about to die for love of Nazimova. The vampish Salome would appear to be saying: "It's a pity, but it can't be helped."
brett women is privileged to do. To Constance "you've just gotta hand it," to use the American vernacular. She has all the wiles of fascinating eminence at her finger-tips, and around them she twists the Adonises of the screen with delightful ease.

In reality, the charm of Constance Talmadge is a tribute to the power of the camera to reflect real life personalities. For the tomboy of the screen radiates from the silver sheet the spirit of irresponsible and happy girlhood. Her vivacity is an expression of her natural temperament, and it has inspired her strenuous screen rôles from her earliest appearances before the cameras. It was characteristic of her dynamic personality that her début

Mrs. Henpeck in action. A scene from "Brothers Under Their Skins."

in the screen took the form of a wild rive in a chariot in Griffith's Inolerance. Some may see a symbol in this spectacular entry of the queen of screen flirts into filmom. For ever since she has "harassed" susceptible males with the subtle bonds of her irresistible charm, and has driven them to distraction.

Constance Talmadge's power to subdue the helpless males who cross her screen path is an art which internationalises flirtation. In East Is West, Britshers, Orientals, Americans, Fifty-fifty Chinamen"—what the locals term Eurasians—lose their hearts in swift succession to the fascinating "Ming Toy."

Pola Negri brings to the screen devastating love, on the heels of which tragedy lurks. She inspires passion in the hearts of her lovers, which burns with a fierce flame until it consumes them. Hers is the type of love which has created the tragedies of history, overthrown monarchies, and ravaged kingdoms.

The wistful sadness of her dark blue eyes, her jet black hair, sweeping back from a forehead suggestitive of white velvet, her beautiful white hands with lustrous pink nails which flutter in expressive emotion, create a magnetism which brings men in the pride of manhood, and those in the autumn of their lives, pleading at her feet.

This swayer of men's destinies, who was once a shop girl, reflects the love and passion which is a part of real life.

On the screen she is the siren who inspires pity rather than contempt. For her

Shirley Mason displaying some of the weapons in woman's armoury.

fascination seldom brings her happiness. As "Madame du Barry," in Passion, she visualised the tragedy of those beautiful women who are destined to lure men to destruction, and to end their lives in grim disaster, just as the guillotine descended on the fair neck of the Court favourite of Louis XV. She will make an ideal "Bella Donna" for the screen, a rôle in which she will shortly be seen.

In these days of lavish photoplays, the lure of clothes is within the reach of the screen beauty who seeks to obtain her conquests through the aid of sartorial charm.
langorous, exotic siren with luminous eyes and intriguing smile, who spread her silk-clad voluptuousness over tiger-skin couches, has been displaced by a more subtle wrecker of hearts.

Nita Naldi represents the new order of vampires. She plays on the susceptibilities of her victims with a deftness which penetrates the chinks in the armour of mankind. And her calculating, expressive eyes, in whose depths lurk a deceptive innocence, her tasteful clothes and refined manners, bring to her trail a host of "fools" whose folly and misdirected prayers are no less disastrous than those of Kipling's poem.

Precise in which one of Nazimova's thousand moods plays the greatest havoc with male hearts is an unanswered problem. Probably it is the irresponsible combination of her fleeting charms which constitute her irresistible charm. When her face is alive with animation, her eyes are flashing, and even her short brown curls seem to bristle with personal magnetism, she reflects an extraordinary suggestion of vivacity and life. In everything she is expressive. A shrug of her slim shoulders, a gesture of her long, narrow hands, the lifting of her finely arched eyebrows, and—she gets her own way. For she is very like a spoilt child, who bends everyone to her will, through the appeal of the unquenchable spirit of youth.

Love-making with Nazimova is a specialised form of attack on male strongholds. From her vast répertoire of moods, she selects the one which is most likely to appeal to the temperament of her victim.

Perhaps it is in comedies that one gets nearest to human nature, where the reflection of woman's designs on the opposite sex are involved. For here is a swift succession of angry wives endeavouring to regain the wandering affections of their husbands with methods which savour of the bludgeon rather than the rapier. And so the eternal feminine triumphantly continues her bewhiler ing progress across the screens of the world.

Gloria Swanson, although she presents the clinging, essentially feminine type of woman, relies very largely on her wardrobe to win her the hearts of men.

Gloria, has solved the secret of expressing personality in dress. The flash of a shapely bare arm, through silk or satin, the fascination of a silk-clad ankle, and the angle of a hat which throws becoming shadows over her eyes, are all weapons in her store of womanly wiles.

Beauty adorned has brought her more screen-lovers than all the arts of unsophisticated and shy girlishhood could ever have done. Her film conquests are an enlightening parable on the weakness of mere man, who succumbs to the dazzle of fine feathers, as the impressionable husband in Don't Tell Everything capitulated, when his wife beat a vampire at her own sartorial allurements.

In selecting her weapons against the peace of mind of mankind, Lillian Gish has relied on tradition. The girl who inspires in masculine hearts the spirit of protection has won her myriad admirers through the centuries. And even in these days of woman's emancipation it is a sure recipe for success in the game of love.

The most persecuted of all screen heroines wins hearts with the wistful sadness of her eyes, the suggestion of frailness which creates the desire in every man's heart to gird on the symbolical armour of a Sir Galahad.

It may be that the modern man is wiser in his generation, or that screen artistry has reached a higher level; but the fact remains that the old time vampire has passed. 

Talking about woman's weapons—here's the surest way to a man's heart, if the ladies did but know.
In Reply to Yours—

by "GEORGE"

Will the two-thousand-and-six inquirers concerning Rodolph Valentino, Benedick, read, mark, learn, and then for evermore save their stamps, and leave me to a peaceful old age? You've declared him a charming fellow—talented, handsome, etc., etc. I agree. He deserves it. Tell him I said so. But, for pity's sake, don't keep on telling me—at the rate of fifty effusions per liem. Reading your admiring missives I find much curiosity there. So, to satisfy all, and spare father's stamps, I hasten to gratify it with full details about Rodolph.

He stands five foot eleven inches tall, has black hair, and dark-brown eyes.

(14 correspondents declare "Rodolph has a devil in his dark-brown eyes"); twelve call it a glint; and the others define it as a dangerous gleam.) I'm neutral.

He was born at three o'clock in the morning of May 5, 1895, at Castellaneta, a small Italian village, and christened Rodolph Alphonso Rafaele Pierre Filibert Guglielmo Rodolpho Valentino d'Antonguolla.

Not an only son, Maybelle, (Wigan); Rudy has a brother, Alberto, two years older than himself, also a younger sister, Maria.

Our hero was rejected by the Italian Navy when he was fifteen, so turned his attention to scientific arming, studying at Santa Iliario, Genoa. Took honors, but preferred taking flyers to Paris, Monte Carlo, etc. He played leading rôle in a version of "The Prodigal Son" when he returned home absolutely penniless, after one of these excursions, whereupon the family shipped him to the U.S.A. to seek his fortune there. He wrote the story of his adventures in America, with a view to making a film of it; but it was rejected as being too impossible. Rodolph tried his hand at a number of things, finally becoming a professional dancer and gaining a certain amount of fame thereby. He started a movies as an extra, and worked for many months without recognition and without any outstanding rôle. You may have seen him in amongst others, The Married Virgin, The Big Little Person, A Delicious Little Devil (he played an Irishman in this!).

All Night, A Society Sensation, and A Rogue's Romance (in which he staged and performed an Apache dance) Rudy played in Out of Luck, with Dorothy Gish, and was considered for the rôle Bartelhome's later had in Scarlet Days. Once to Every Woman and Passion's Playground (a Katherine MacDonald picture) came next, then a "heavy" rôle in The Great Moment, which starred Mme. Namara, and The Fog. After this came Rudy's great moment—when he was offered the rôle of "Julio" in The Four Horsemen, in which he conquered completely the fancy of the film fans. His other Metro pictures were The Conquering Power, Uncharted Seas, and Camille; after which Paramount finally purchased an option on his screen services at the rate of a thousand dollars a week. His films for this company were The Sheikh, Moran of the Lady Letty, Beyond the Rocks, Blood and Sand, and The Young Rajah; and because the stories were not all that was promised, Rodolph reshuffled his responsibility to his public, and came to loggerheads with Paramount over it. Unless—and it does not seem likely—the difference is adjusted, he will make no more movies until 1924, although "tis said that Norma Talmadge wants him to play "Romeo" to her "Juliet," in a screening of Shakespeare's romance. He was also the public's favourite candidate for Ben Hur. He is earning his daily bread and butter by dancing again these days; and his wife, whose professional name is Natasha Rambova (born Winifred Hudnut), dance "The Four Horsemen" Tango, and several other costume dances on the American vaudeville stage. Besides his unique personality, good looks and grace of movement, Valentino is an excellent actor, shining alike in modern drama or costume romance.

Handsome Rodolph Valentino, who has caused more feminine heart-beats than any screen star in recent years. Half the flappers of filmdom rave over Rudy.

Letters, letters, letters, letters! Every day and in every way the letters about Rodolph Valentino get longer and longer. On this page you will find a few things that every film fan wants to know about the latest idol of the picturegoer.
If Herbert Rawlinson ever goes back to Brighton, where he was born, a sad fate will surely overtake him. He will be uncerremoniously hustled by the Mayor and Corporation—the latter not necessarily in the physical sense—to the local publicity offices of London-by-the-Sea.

There he will be forced to pose before a canvas background depicting the most golden sand and the bluest sea that ever flanked Father Neptune's domain. For the eternal glory of Brighton, a camera will register his six feet of healthy, virile manhood. And, as relentless as time itself, the hour will come when he will figure on one of those poignant posters of familiar memory which announce to a jaded world that "Slocum-on-Sea," or some similar delectable resort "is so bracing!"

It was Herbert Rawlinson's typically healthy British face which smiled at me in the lounge of the Los Angeles Sports Club, that inspired this philosophy in my mind.

His appearance of superb fitness certainly justifies his reputation as one of the finest athletes in the film colony of California.

Although the somewhat painful grip of his muscular hand, as he greeted me, made me sigh for the less disconcerting symbols of welcome practised by the gesticulating natives of Borneo.

"No need to ask you how you're feeling," I remarked, diplomatically providing my tender fingers with welcome refuge in the safe precincts of my coat pocket.

My host stretched himself, as he lay back in his chair, with that reflection of wellbeing with the world and humanity which splendid health brings.

"I've got to keep pretty fit for the especial type of screen work to which the producers have somewhat inconsiderately called me," he chuckled.

"During the past eight years I have engaged in an average of six strenuous film battles a year. I have only worn gloves in three of those scraps, the other forty-five being fought with bare fists. The average rounds for each fight was six, and altogether I've fought about three hundred hard rounds before the cameras."

"Any causalities," said I, thinking of the other fellows.

"Rawley," as he is nicknamed amongst his friends, began to tick off an alarming succession of mishaps on his big fingers.

He told me that his screen realism had cost him one broken leg, two broken fingers, three broken ribs, and enough black eyes to have used up all the available raw beef on a respectably sized cattle ranch.

"Still," laughed Rawley, "I don't look like a screen veteran, do I? I'm sure lots of people who hear that I have been on the films for over ten years imagine that I am on the way to a long white beard, and crow's-feet wrinkles round my eyes. One humorist wrote to me a short time ago, and suggested that I had been so long on the screen that my teeth must be beginning to fall out, and it was fortunate that I was in the silent drama, otherwise I could only talk 'gum Arabic'!"
The popular star, like most good sportsmen, does not mind a joke against himself. His expressive dark-blue eyes have humour lurking in their depths, and there is a happy philosophical smile which is all his own, both on and away from the screen.

Neither is he superstitious; for it was in his thirteenth year that he left the breezes of Brighton to journey to Canada.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor—actor"—there you very nearly have my early days in brief before I came to the stage," laughed Rawlinson.

"My first vocation in life was as an acrobat in a circus; afterwards I became a rolling stone in earnest, and, true to tradition, I gathered insufficient moss to decorate a self-respecting rockery. My adventures in those days included sailing, factory work, making lawnmowers, and controlling a fleet of pleasure boats.

"I had a brief period on the stage, and to let you into a secret," said Rawley, with a burst of confidence, "they tried to turn me into a handsome juvenile. My curly hair and blue eyes started the trouble. So I regained my self-respect by deserting the footlights and entering the films as a stunt performer, in serials.

Then came my chance in the old-time screen serial, The Exploits of Elaine, in which I played the part of Craig Kennedy, the super-detective."

"And then you began to track down a handsome salary in addition to screen crooks," I suggested.

"It wasn't so easy in those days," Herbert Rawlinson assured me. "I have seen many changes in filmdom, but the growth of salaries is one of the most revolutionary ones. Picture work to-day may be more exacting, but it is carried out with a degree of comfort for the artist which was probably undreamed of ten years ago. I can remember the bare, comfortless studios of the old days, with the nerve-trying delays, when the lights failed at critical moments, or the sun unexpectedly disappeared behind a cloud and ruined an exterior just as we had worked up a stirring climax."

Ten years ago Herbert Rawlinson told me that he directed a stock company, in the ranks of which were such notabilities as Hobart Bosworth, Lew Stone, Frank Camp, and others.

Certainly the Brighton breezes have gifted this famous star with an insight into the secret of perennial youth. For it is still a very young and handsome face, and one that reflects buoyant youth, which now gazes back along the paths of kinema history. He became reminiscent as he talked of his work in his memorable pictures, Flirting with Death, The Flash of Fate, The Mau Trap, Smashing Through, The Turn of the Wheel, Good Gracious Anabelle, A House Divided, Passers By, Chief Flynn of the Secret Service, and The Substitute Millionaire.

In many directions Herbert Rawlinson is a puzzling personality. For his love of strenuous outdoor sports is almost a craze with him. Yet almost in the same breath that he talks of his ambitions to reduce the standing records on the running tracks, he diverges on to intricate reflections on film artistry. He was especially pleased with a subtle effect for which he was responsible in Passers-By. In one scene May McAvoy was sitting near an open window gazing at a scene which was meant to depict the awakening of Spring in the mountains. Rawlinson suggested to the producer that he should photograph the effect of light and shadow passing across the youthful star's face, as the sun shone through the leaves of a wind-blown tree.

"So realistic was the effect," he told me, "that you could almost imagine that the breezes of Springtime were drifting through the window."

M.R.
An Indian Period Romance.

Very beautiful Eastern costumes will be used for this production, for the period is not modern, but some time in the reign of the Great Mogul. The exteriors will be made abroad, and the company are already well forward with them. A special musical scenario will be written to accompany the film, in which the songs themselves will appear in their correct order, and their melodies wind in and out at various times between other Oriental and native music.

Happenings in Egypt.

The Fires of Fate company, visiting Luxor and Mena, have had several and uncommon opportunities and adventures. Some scenes were taken inside a mosque, for the first time in history: a dervish entertainment was staged and photographed, parts of which were too realistically true to type for the peace of mind of Wanda Hawley, the star, who went into hysterics. These dancing dervishes work themselves up into the wildest frenzies, mutilating themselves savagely at times, and the spectacle of a huge and fearsome-looking specimen suddenly striking a knife into his cheek, quite close, is surely enough to give any star "nerves."

British Studio Gossip

Stoll's Indian Love Lyrics.

Everybody will be anxious to know what kind of a film story has been evolved from the word-famed "Four Indian Love Lyres." These songs are universally and deservedly popular, and the poems which form the words are taken from a collection of eighty-four, published under the title of "The Garden of Kama." They were written by Laurence Hope, a sister of the novelist, Victoria Goss, and the musical setting of the four which form the song cycle by the late Amy Woodford-Finden has also been acquired by Stoll's.

About the Characters.

The film will be a seven-reeler, and the setting Northern India (Kashmir), where the people are almost white. The hero, to be played by Owen Nares, is "Prince Zahuradun," heir to a little kingdom in the Plains. A sultan's daughter, "Princess Nadira M'Din," is the heroine, and Malvina Longfellow is to have this role. The "vamp" of the story will be enacted by Catherine Calvert; she is a Kashmiri Queen and warrior, this "pale-hands-I-loved" lady, according to Sinclair Hill (who wrote the scenario, and is producing), and her name is "Vashti El-Habibeh."

The film, the Knife and the Big Sister, is produced by the Stoll company, and the film is to have a running time of about two hours. The story is based on "The Garden of Kama," a collection of eight-four poems arranged in a musical setting by the late Amy Woodford-Finden.

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Afar in the Desert.
Later on in the same week, the Sheik of Meha invited the company to an Arabic desert feast one evening. It was served in tents pitched some miles out beyond the Great Pyramids, and the guests travelled there on camels by moonlight. Only native dishes formed the menu, and those included a sheep, stuffed with dates, chestnuts and spices, and roasted whole, many varieties of pastries and sweetmeats, and native coffee, which is different from the European blend. After coffee came hookahs for everybody; whilst an Arab orchestra gave forth strange music from exceedingly strange instruments, and native girls danced. The fight scenes for the story were taken in the desert, and five hundred dervishes participated in them.

"Early Birds" on the Screen.
Adapted from the very successful music-hall sketch, a three-reel film called Early Birds has been made, with Fred Karno in his original rôle. Others will follow, including "The Mummy Birds," in which Chaplin first learned the art of miming.

Screen Fisticuffs.
James Knight puts a genuine punch into the final scenes of Hornet's Nest, which you will not see for some few months yet. Forbes Dawson, who received the full benefit of it, can testify that Jimmy was in condition, for his souvenirs of the occasion numbered, among other small things, a black eye and a badly cut lip. Hornet's Nest is remarkable for some pretty countryside settings, and, besides Florence Turner, and the other principals, an excellent study of a seaman on Captain Kettle lines by Fred Wright. James Knight is co-starring with Violet Hopson in Walter West's new production, Beautiful Kitty.

In a Dickens Play.
An interesting stage performance given at King's Hall, Covent Garden, last month was Clive Currie's eight-episode version of Nicholas Nickleby, the cast of which included many screen players. Ivan Samson was Nicholas, Sydney Fairbrother, "Smike"; Sidney Paxton, "Snavley"; A. B. Iveson, "Verisopht"; Marie Ault, "Mrs. Squeers"; and Gertrude McCoy, "Tilda Price." It is strange that Nicholas has never been screened; it possesses its full share of cinematic possibilities.

Two Moriartys.
In The Final Problem, the concluding episode of The Last Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, "Moriarty" makes his appearance. The casting of the terrible Professor worried the director, George Ridgwell, a good deal, and he finally decided to play the rôle himself.

"Squibs" in Splendid Attire.
The Welch Pearson film, Tip-toes, is completed now, and will probably be running at a West End theatre by the time these lines are in print. It cost £20,000, it is said, and is on a far more lavish scale than any of Betty Balfour's preceding photo-plays. Betty wears some stunning gowns, when she graduates from a slum maiden to a famous dancer, and her head-dress in the cabaret scene is almost as tall as herself. Betty Balfour is a delightful dancer, though she has had little opportunity till now to show her prowess; she usually dances in her films, but only a comical little pirouette or two, just to express extreme pleasure.
DOROTHY GISH

Discovered by D. W. Griffith, who introduced her to the screen in the old Biograph days. Dorothy and her sister Lillian are now with Inspiration Pictures. Dorothy has been playing opposite Bathelmes in "The Bright Shawl."
Judging by our letter-bag, Rudy is the one-and-only film star these days. Telegraphic address: Damsels Delight, New York. And the question of the hour is: "When IS he coming to London?"
CARLYLE BLACKWELL

Started his screen career with Vitagraph long years ago, and then played opposite Alice Joyce in many of the old Kalem Productions. His most recent pictures are "Bulldog Drummond" and "The Virgin Queen."
The charming Lady Marian of "Robin Hood" is an Australian by birth. She played opposite Charles Ray in his latest picture, "The Courtship of Miles Standish."
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Commenced her stage work at the age of three, whereby she has been enabled to encompass a very long and varied professional career. Some of her best known films are "Eyes of Youth," "Cheating Cheaters" and "Mid-Channel."
Above: Anna Q. Nilsson displays a velvet gown of novel design.
Right: Flora Le Breton's dance frock has a soft green ninon foundation with skirt of silver net.

Left: Myrtle Stedman's evening cape of ermine ornamented with ermine tails.
Above: Leatrice Joy's gown has a foundation of satin, with silk embroidery on the bodice and apron over-drape of georgette crépe.

This remarkable gown worn by beautiful Gloria Swanson is made entirely of ermine tails. Oh, to be a screen star!
"Si: como no!" he replied, which means in English that he was perfectly delighted to send greetings across the Big Pond.

Mr. Novarro is of medium height, slender and extremely good-looking. His manners are charming—the Latin of good family always shows it in his well-bred ways—and those eyes about which the girls in the States rave are as handsome off the screen as when seen in The Prisoner of Zenda or Trifling Women.

"About myself," he said. "I was born in Mexico, but from the time I was the merest youngster, I decided that some day I would go to America, and make my fortune. And so, six years ago, I came—without the consent of my parents and not well-equipped with money; but I had the firm resolve to succeed, and the intention to work as hard as I could towards that end. You know how natural it is for the people of my country to dance! Well, I had no difficulty in making a living during the dance craze, which reached New York about the same time that I did. I attracted the attention of the Marion Morgan Dancers, and joined their organisation.

"I left the Morgan Dancers because I decided that I did not wish to make a reputation solely as a dancer, and joined the Majestic Stock Company in Los Angeles, playing small roles, then bigger ones, and I was stage manager for a time. It was while I was at the Majestic that Mr. Ingram became interested in me, and offered me work at the Metro Studios. The parts were small—just bits at first—but I knew he believed in me, and would give me a chance when he considered that I was ready."

"How do you like the picture "fans"?" was asked (and his reply is a rebuke to some American lovers of film stars—probably English ones are more discreet!).

"Many of them are such liars," he replied. "Why, I have had letters from the Canary Islands and Honolulu telling me that I was their ideal actor, and asking for my photograph! And yet my films have not been booked in those places yet!"

"Of course," he continued; "this description does not fit them all, I quite enjoy many of the letters."

Mr. Novarro, of course, hopes to come to London some time, but until he does, you will have to make his acquaintance via the films. He is well worth meeting, and I only wish you all might have been with PICTUREGOER and me that delightful Saturday morning.
The Voice from the Minaret

by JOAN FLEMING

The Story of the First National Film. Based on the play by ROBERT HICHENS.

CHARACTERS:

Lord Leslie — Edwin Stevens
Lady Adrienne — Norma Talmadge
Andrew Fabian — Eugene O'Brien
The Countess — Claire Du Brey

The Countess was silent for some moments, absently staring into the smoke of her cigarette, keenly thinking of a way to use the Governor for the fulfilment of her scheme. It was the desire of her life to be "in" the best society of the city; but, despite her title and the fact that she was extremely popular with the young officers and others not over-particular in their acquaintances, the élite of the place—the "four hundred" of Bombay—were careful to look the other way when they found her in their presence. Now through Lord Leslie she imagined she had found a loophole.

"Introduce me into your set," she pleaded, "and then there will be no further need for these hole-and-corner meetings. I can meet you on the best ground, and nobody will suspect. I could meet your wife, and she would not suspect. . . ."

He laughed.

"I cannot very well ask my wife to meet anyone just now," he said. "The subject is under a cloud for the moment. As a matter of fact, I am playing truant myself in order to be here with you now, and there is the very deuce of a row boiling because of it."

"The Gilberts are giving a dinner-party in honour of the young priest, Andrew Fabian, who is staying over in Bombay on his way to join a pilgrimage in the Holy Land," he went on to explain, "and I was invited as Governor. A priest! And you! Well, I knew where to make my choice. I refused the invitation—rather curtly, perhaps—and my wife is awfully hit about it. Calls it an unpardonable affront! As if I could sit through the chit-chat of an apprentice parson when I'd got—you!"

"Your wife does not know you've got me," said the Countess. "What excuse did you give?"

"I'm afraid I gave none!" laughed Lord Leslie.

The Countess tossed away her cigarette and drew closer.

"Leslie," she said, "why do you not consent to a divorce and come away with me? We are—"

But he shook his head, and a hard frown settled on his face.

"No," he said.

"And why?"

"No. Carlyle has ever been divorced!" he said. "I have the family name to consider. There is the reputation of the Carlyles . . ."

"Honour," laughed the Countess, "is a funny thing. Well, well. Perhaps some day, if Lady Adrienne should get to know the town gossips, you know. Everybody sees. If someone should repeat—"
"Bah!" cried Lord Leslie. "She suspects nothing. She knows nothing! If she heard, she would refuse to believe. She—"

Across the room a door opened, and the moonlight in the night sky showed in silhouette a moment the frail form of Lady Adrienne Carlyle, as she stood look- ing down on the embrace of her husband and the lady who was not received in the best circles. She did not suffer the slightest tremor to betray her feel- ings at what she saw. She waited until they had drawn apart, and then she said, in a voice even and cold:

"I came to plead with you, Leslie, to reconsider your afront to Lady Gil- bert. I came to ask you not for this night to put politics before all else. I see—it is not politics."

The door closed and she was gone.

The boat that took Andrew Fabian from Bombay to Damascus took also Lady Adrienne Carlyle. There was no explanation for her departure, and she offered none, unless it were the dead stare of her eyes. Andrew Fabian looked into them once, and thought that he understood.

"You go back to England?" he asked.

"I go back to England," she said with a nod.

"Shall you be returning to India soon?"

"I don't think I shall ever return to India," she replied.

He pursued the matter no further for a moment, and she, too, was silent. But when he looked at her again he saw that the tears were coursing down her cheeks, and her head was bowed. Suddenly, at his glance, her grief overcame her and she sobbed bitterly; and at this Andrew's quick sympathy reached through the wall of her pride.

"What can I do?" he asked tenderly. "Can I do anything at all? You have only to ask me—"

"Who can help me?" she cried bitterly. "Nobody! Nobody!"

"Surely it is not so bad as that?" he asked.

"It is so bad," she replied, "that I am going back to England to get a divorce."

He led her to a seat far from the other passengers, and she sat and poured out the story of her tragedy.

"It has gone on for years," she said. "You must have heard something of it. How long have you been in Bombay? A month. But in that time you must have heard. Every-
They were sitting before the window of Adrienne’s little room in the Oriental hotel, and it was the evening hour.

"Adrienne!" whispered Andrew.

She turned and looked at him. He laid a hand on the arm of her chair; then, timidly, daringly, upon her hand. She did not withdraw it or look away. He cast about for words, suitable words, words that should hint and yet tell all, words . . .

Words!

Suddenly came the nonotonous intoning of the muezzin’s command! The Voice from the Minaret! The Call! The Call of Conscience!

Springing to his feet, Andrew ran to the window and viciously flung the curtains together, as if he could thus drown out the voice of menace. Then, turning, he seized Adrienne in his arms and pressed a long, lingering kiss on her burning lips.

"I love you!" he cried. "Adrienne! Adrienne! I love you and I will not let them drive us ever separate us!"

She looked a moment in his eyes. Her soft hand stroked his cheek. Then she hid her face from him on his shoulder and whispered:

"And I love you, Adrienne. That is all I care about."

And his muezzin’s cry from the tower across the town. Again the Voice from the Minaret!

"I can stand it no longer!" cried Andrew. "I will resign from the Church. We will leave Damascus at once. Out in the desert we can live happily, far away from everyone. Will you come?"

"Where you go, there will I go gladly," she replied.

And at that moment there was a knock at the door, and a visitor was announced. Bishop Ellsworth! Andrew’s spiritual mentor!

"Am I in time?" the old man asked. And then he sighed tiredly and laid his hand on the young man’s houlder and looked long into his eyes. Then he bade Andrew leave him a moment with the girl.

"It is only the kindly advice of an old clergyman that I can give you," he said when they were alone; "but I wish you to heed it. Do you not see that your contemplated step would do more to ruin this young man’s career? It would ruin the souls of both of you. Think. Do not be hasty. But it is not only of this that I wish to tell you. Your husband has been seized with a stroke since you left him. He may die. Is not your place by his side? You vowed before God——".

And as she wavered, thinking first his way, now that, again across the sun roofs of the old town came that ry of the muezzin on the tower. The Voice from the Minaret! She slowly added and turned from the aged priest.

"So you have come back because you love me?" he sneered.

"I come back because I took my vows before God," she replied. "I came back because I am your wife."

"You love me?"

Madly she threw caution to the winds.

"No! she cried. "I love another!"

Her husband’s usually loud voice fell to a menacing snarl.

"Who is he?"

"I shall not tell."

"You shall tell!"

"I refuse!"

"Very well. Yet I shall find out. And when I find out——"

He hired spies. He cultivated gossip. He left no stone unturned to learn the name of the man who had awakened love in the woman who was his wife. But all his efforts seemed unavailing, and the weeks passed into months, and the months into years that seemed like centuries to the woman, and still that name was an unknown name to Lord Leslie Carlyle.

Three years went by. Finally Lord Leslie was relieved of his post, and they departed from Bombay and returned to their great house in London.

They greyness of their lives seemed to take on an added greyness when robbed of the tropical sunshine. One day was like another. Their life was a mockery. They went here, they went there; but they went mechanically, and they had no joy in anything. But at length, one day, a Sunday in dull November, when surely there was least excuse for such a thing, Lord Leslie surprised a smile on his wife’s lips when she came in in the late afternoon. He said nothing of it. He did not hint that he had seen. Instead he asked casually:

"Where have you been?"

"To church," she replied coldly.

"Which church? Good Lord! Which church?"

"St. Matthew’s. Why?"

"Nothing. I only wondered why you should go to church at all."

St. Matthew’s! He learnt that there was a service there upon the following Wednesday, and to his own surprise he went to it. At first he could understand nothing. He searched the faces of all the congregation eagerly, but they told him not a thing of what he had come to know. And then his eyes alighted on the preacher, and he knew all. The man who had stayed in Bombay! The man he should have met at the Gilberts! Andrew Fabian! The man! Her man!

In a blind passion he walked home through the long streets, thinking, groping, evolving some plan. And at last he reached home his scheme was complete. Evilly laughing, he called for a telegram form and wrote out an invitation in his wife’s name, and addressed it to the Rev. Andrew Fabian at St. Matthew’s Church. It was for the following night.

Andrew came, wondering greatly but suspecting not at all. Why should she want to meet him thus, before her husband, he could not imagine, but plainly she did so wish, and he obeyed her summons. Adrienne, on her part, was vastly puzzled. Why had Andrew called? What good could come of it? Why—why—why . . .

Lord Leslie noted the uneasiness of his wife and their guest, but he

The Voice from the Minaret came to tell Adrienne of her marriage vows.
She soothed the hard words from his lips, and then he pleaded with her to forgive. Painfully he turned to where Andrew was kneeling, and took his hand.

"See me through the dark... shadows that are... approaching," he begged. "Forgive—".

The grip of his tired hand relaxed. His head sank forward on his heavy chest and the chest ceased to heave. A moment later Lord Leslie Carlyle had passed to the Great Beyond.

For Adrienne the world seemed suddenly to reel. She put out her hands towards the forms she could see dimly around her. "Andrew—my love," she called faintly, then

the eyes focussed upon Andrew, as his face pale, his keen blue eyes staring with a great fear, he laid the unconscious up on a couch.

Slowly, slowly, Adrienne lifted her heavy-lidded eyes. Andrew was holding her cold fingers; there was a sudden movement among the black-chad figures by the table. They seemed to her excited fancy, to be hiding something upon a couch.

"Andrew," she cried sharply, "what happened? My husband, Lord Leslie, where is he? Ah! I remember now. He—died, didn't he, and I—we—"

The group before her parted. They were hiding nothing. There was nobody else there. One figure detached itself and came towards her. The Bishop of Ellworth spoke, gently, soothingly.

"He died," he said slowly. "We have taken him upstairs. He died, compassing another's destruction and bringing about, instead, his own. Will you let me take you to him?"

"I will go to him, now. And later, perhaps... " she spoke to the bishops, but her gaze were upon Elhan. Andrew took her in his arms.

"And I must go, my beloved," he said. "For a little while. But, afterwards, I will come back for you, and we will go away together back to the East. To Damascus, the land of the Faithful. The land of the mezzin."

They left the room and left the house silently, as Lord Leslie's Physician as silently entered it.

"The call to the faithful... to keep their vows," murmured Adrienne, preceding him up the wide stairs.

For the Voice from the Minaret now brought only peace to their souls.

Cam the other spring to the crumbling town of old Damascus, with one word and one promise. Through the quaint dun streets a man and woman walked hand in hand, smiling, happy.

They turned their steps to a quiet old Oriental hotel, and went inside and upstairs to a strange room that once they had known together. They stood side by side of hope and watched the sun go down. As the last bright beam of the dying day shot up in defiance of the coming dark, a gaunt figure moved on a tower across the roofs and raised its hands and cried to the heavens above.

But the man and the woman looked only at each other's eyes, smiling, knowing no terror. For the Voice from the Minaret now brought only peace to their souls.
No better medium than the screen could possibly be desired for visualising that odd mixture of fantasy and freakishness imaged in the term macabre. For sheer horror, the stage Grand Guignol takes first place. But the macabre is compounded not so much of horror alone as of weirdness and strangeness; and Continental minds, far more than those of British and American producers, have grasped its significance and seized upon and sustained its atmosphere in their productions. Stray evidences of this have appeared in many movies for the past ten years. Griffith introduced touches of it at various times; notably in Dream Street. John Robertson and John Barrymore between them, in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, contrived a certain dark, chilling atmosphere, which dominated the major part of the film. John Barrymore's "Hyde" was an unearthly looking creature, with his long, pointed head and restless, clawing talons of fingers. Mere slits of eyes, thin lips drawn back in an eternal, sneering grin, he seemed to have stepped out of a nightmare. And the mysteriously evil-looking street down which this figure was seen hurrying and pattering helped not a little in suggesting creepiness. But the utilising of Cubist scenery and of strangely massed lights and shadows, of ugly and almost grotesque make-up, in connection with such bizarre stories, has been brought to perfection in The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari. Also, though in a less degree; in Dr. Mabuse and The Golem, all three made in German studios. Caligari, which is the story of a madman's crazy delusions, is like life viewed in a distorting mirror. Cubist art dominates the backgrounds, of streets or rooms, or even furniture, with startling, but, in a way, fascinating results. The actors, with their ghastly faces and strange, stiff movements, play their parts against oddly twisted, pointed and shadowed surroundings, exactly in keeping with the weird story. But, unlike Jekyll and Hyde, there is no theatricalism in Caligari. The Golem is a picturisation of a mediaval legend. Here, too, crookedly pointing roofs, narrow overhanging streets, and half-lit interiors suggest at once the dark age of fanaticism and terror to which the story, with its, to us, equally crooked and narrow outlook, belongs.
Generally speaking, family albums are depressing institutions, but one finds many items of interest in the albums of popular screen stars. The photographs on this page give you a privileged peep at some pictures that will interest every film fan.

Photographs of Mary Miles Minter and Constance Binney show that the child is mother to

The bonny babe above is Constance Binney at the age of nine months.
Top right: Constance Binney as she is to-day.

According to the law of Illinois, Juliet Shelley was legally too young to stage work when she made her first appearance on the boards, and so she adopted the name and birth certificate of her dead cousin, Mary Miles Minter. Constance Binney was very old seventeen in fact, when she accepted a small part in "Saturday to Monday, but once she started she didn't waste any time, and has climbed to stardom in the space of a few short years.

The woman; but who would recognise the beautiful, vampish Bebe Daniels of our screens in the solemn-faced little maiden of yesterday? Obviously Bebe has progressed on lines according to the gospel of Coué.

Bebe Daniels was only ten weeks old when she made her stage début as the baby in that famous farce, "Jane." With this promising start, it is not surprising to learn that Bebe was promoted to a speaking part at the age of three, and that she appeared in her first comedy with Harold Lloyd before she was fifteen.
hinaman, Italian, Highwayman, and wandering Jew—such has been the screen career of Matheson Lang.

"Your revolver, sir," said the dresser politely, as he laid a glinting weapon of formidable proportions on Matheson Lang's table. I glanced furtively in its direction, as I settled down in a chair as far away from the danger zone as the precincts of the New Theatre dressing-room permitted.

The "Bad Man" narrowed his particularly arresting and expressive grey eyes. "I was expecting you," he said blandly, as he casually lifted the revolver from his dressing-table and flapped it in his hand, with the air of an expert. Only the ludicrous spectacle that I should have presented

Signing his Swedish Biograph contract

holding a fountain pen and a note-book above my head prevented me from immediately thrusting my hands up.

"I wish to gather a few impressions of your screen experiences," I spluttered, consoling myself with the thought that a fountain pen works better if it is vibrated.

He nodded reflectively. And I fervently hoped that his impressions of Press representatives were not so drastic as those mirrored on the faces of the pit queue I had just seen writhing outside. Under the influence of the dirges of the street singers, the victims had gazed at the photographs of scenes from The Bad Man as if they desperately desired to pluck from them some of the numerous
mastered me to such an extent that it found it a difficult task to restrain my words within the bounds of the lines of Shakespeare.

"Screen work," I asked, "is that so exacting in its demands?"

"In many ways I find it more difficult than stage acting," came the confession. "Behind the footlights one has the human voice with which to create expression, with inflections of tone. Before the film cameras, this drastic loss must be compensated with greater attention to facial expression and gesture. And here one must always practise restraint. The 'close-up' is an excellent means of reflecting emotion. But the human face, when it is thrown on to the screen, often considerably larger than in real life, cannot suggest convincing and natural expressions if exaggeration is introduced by the actor. Even the flicker of an eyelid may ruin an effect that it is endeavoured to convey.

"Because I had played behind the footlights the part of 'Mr. Wu' on more occasions than I can remember, no doubt many people believed that it would be a comparatively simple task for me to reflect that characterisation on the screen. Yet this process of transference necessitated a considerable amount of additional study. It was then that I realised the big dissimilarity between stage and screen artistry. For I discovered that in many directions one has to restrain or accentuate certain subtleties of characterisation before the film cameras, because instinctively the stage actor so largely utilises his voice in creating effect. I am not suggesting that the stage 'Mr. Wu' is in any way different from the screen Oriental in the final phase. It is artistry which lies behind each separate presentation, which has to be varied.
"The final scene in Mr. Wu, when I am killed, had to be shot eight times, before the perfect result was obtained by the cameras, although, on the stage, I had acted in this same scene hundreds of occasions, with comparatively a small amount of effort."

As he talked, the Matheson Lang of real life slowly began to assume the bronzed and fierce Mexican, whose swaggering bravadoes and humour are the life and soul of his latest stage success, "The Bad Man."

It is said that a great deal of the convincing and gripping nature of the acting of this popular star of the footlights and the screen is due to his ability to sink completely his own personality in a part. And it seemed as, with deft fingers, he converted his clean-cut features into the illusion of a worthy Mexican, that already he was losing himself in his characterisation. The softness of his reflective grey eyes added to a shadowed suggestion of fierceness; his mouth twisted into supercilious contours, his chin appeared to drop into a new line of determination and strength. It was a passing suggestion of the instinctive artistry of this fine character actor. For, a moment later, his customary fascinating smile flashed from beneath the grease-paint.

"There are times when I envy the film actor who devotes all his energies to screen work," laughed Matheson Lang. "For he has the opportunity of travel and getting out into the open air amidst the beauties of nature, in the pursuit of his profession. Recently I spent a delightful time in Sweden, whilst I was playing in a series of pictures produced by Victor Seastrom. "We had exciting times on board a lugger in the North Sea, and fires and explosions. It was real hard work whilst we were in front of the cameras. For Victor Seastrom, whom I regard as one of the finest artists of the screen, is an arch-realist. He holds a mirror up to life in his creations for the screen, for he has found that true realism is only obtained by a pains-taking study of detail. With Seastrom I played the part of a rugged shipmaster, of the type which Jack London's novels have made familiar. On the screen I appear unshaven with tousled hair, and in seafaring clothes, and with bared arms, on which obvious traces of tar and engine oil are discernible. I spent many hours in perfecting that disguise. The relentlessness of the lens of the film camera requires judicious and carefully thought-out characterisations and make-up. For the screen analyses every detail even more drastically than the most critical theatre audience."

Matheson Lang declares himself a great admirer of the genius of Charles Chaplin. "Generally speaking, I believe that there are few so gifted that they can immediately achieve success on the screen, unless they have had stage training. The latter is the best preparation for film acting."

Matheson Lang told me that he was eagerly looking forward to playing the part of "Guy Fawkes" in the Stoll film of that name, which is to be produced after The Wandering Jew. "Guy Fawkes, I do not think, has altogether been fairly treated," he pointed out. "It is customary to always think of him as a common assassin. Yet I shall depict him on the screen as a rather likeable, good-natured, bad man, possessed of a well-developed sense of humour, and a sportsman to boot. Since I have been studying the history which revolved around the popular effigy of November the Fifth, I have discovered that such a characterisation..."
will be in reality a fair reflection of Guy Fawkes as he actually was.

There is one story which I hope to see in the film, which concerns
the episode when Guy Fawkes was
dragged before James of England,
before he was tortured
"Why did you endeavour to
destroy the Houses of Parliament?" asked the monarch from beyond the
Border.
"Guy Fawkes, with a grim on
his face, answered,"
"So that I could blow all you
darling Scotchmen back to Scotland."
That he was a sportsman is proved
by the story of his exclamation on
the rack to which he had been carried
after many hours of agonising con-
fine, in a cell especially designed
to cramp the limbs.
"At last I shall have a good
stretch," he chuckled, when the
Torquemadas commenced to carry out their
grim work."

When Matheson Lang becomes
reminiscent, one realises the amazing
versatility of his artistry. Not only
has he figured on the stage and screen
and in all manner of diverse charac-
terisations, but, in practically every
case, he has made such characters
famous in the history of the theatre
or studio.

It is a far cry from Shylock to
Dick Turpin, both of which famous
parts Matheson Lang has interpreted
on the screen, with his characteristic
genius for creative studies.

He has portrayed the typical
lovable sailor, the disinherited
"Christopher Sly"; the memorable
"Wandering Jew," a host of famous Shakes-
pearean characterisations; and, perhaps
his most celebrated screen rôle of all,
"Silvio," in "Carnival."

Matheson Lang is justly proud of
the success of "Carnival." His work
was a revelation to those who could
scarcely believe that a stage actor
could bring to the screen such a
masterful study, despite the vagaries
of film production, which in many
ways are so far apart from the craft
of the theatre.

He told me that with Seastrom he
received one of the largest salaries
ever paid to a British screen artiste.
He is certainly one of the highest-
paid actors on the films to-day, all
of which accentuates his theory that
varied stage work is the best basis
for successful film acting.

"Although I have appeared in
many stage plays which have been
adapted for the screen," Matheson
Lang told me, "I still retain the opinion
that plays specially written for
the films are likely to be the most suc-
cessful." The silent art of the screen,
and the speaking art of the stage,
are distinct branches of entertain-
ment. They will help each other, but
I do not believe that either will
encroach on the other's popularity."

It is by nature of being a triumph
for Matheson Lang that he stepped
straight from the stage to the screen,
and his earliest pictures were im-
mediate successes.

His first introduction to the
screen was when Broadwest filmed
his own production, "The Merchant
of Venice;" then came "The House
Opposite," "The Ware Case," Mr. Wu,
"A Romance of Old Baghdad," and,
latterly, "Dick Turpin's Ride to York.
"The Wandering Jew," in which he
is now playing, promises to be
another great success.

He spoke reminiscently of his
association with Ellen Terry, Mrs.
Langtry, and F. R. Benson, in his
early stage days, soon after he left
St. Andrews University and came
to the theatre, instead of following
the career of the Church, previ-
ously ordained for him.

Matheson Lang is never likely
to forsake his first love, the stage
for the screen. But, as he stood up
and bid me good-bye, a striking, picture-
que Mexican, he assured me that the
screen had a large place in his heart.
And as I contemplated that he was
about to face a strenuous night's work
behind the footlights, after many
weary hours in the studios, it was
possible to realise how sincere his
enthusiasm for the films is in reality.
Watch the ugly ragged cuticle instantly disappear

No dangerous cutting, yet nail rims smooth and even

Nowadays, it is no longer considered safe to cut the cuticle. For you cannot trim the dead cuticle around your nail rims without cutting through in places to the living skin which protects the delicate nail root.

Look through a magnifying glass at the cuticle you have been trimming. You will see the little cuts yourself that you have made.

In their effort to heal, these tiny cut parts grow more quickly than the rest. They become rough, dry and ragged. Soon you have a thick, uneven edge at the base of your nails. Your whole hand will look ugly and unattractive.

The safe modern way

There is a safe, pleasant, dainty way to care for the cuticle. In the Cutex packages you will find orange stick and cotton wool. Wrap a little cotton wool around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail. Rinse the fingers in clear water and at once the ragged, ugly cuticle will simply disappear, leaving a smooth, even and beautifully shaped nail rim that improves the appearance of your whole hand.

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There aren't many parts like 'Peg,'" said Laurette Taylor once in an interview, to which we would like to add, "And there aren't many actresses who could create a character like 'Peg,'" and then determinedly pass on to mother roles. Laurette Taylor may or may not make other films. She has confounded the critics by making a successful perpetuation of her stage success; though anyone who saw her "Peg" will agree that no one else, unless, perhaps, Mary Pickford, could have done it. Laurette Taylor has been on the stage since she was fifteen, in variety shows in small towns, and in stock at Seattle, where she played a different role every week and made her own stage dresses into the bargain. Via good plays and bad plays she eventually found fame as Luana in "The Bird of Paradise." Despite her American birth Laurette Taylor delights in impersonating racial types other than her own. She is married to Hartley Manners, the author of "Peg o' My Heart," and the producer of the stage version of *Humoresque*, in which his wife is playing now in New York.
With the changing seasons "EASTERN FOAM" more than ever justifies the confidence placed in it by the thousands of discriminating women who use it regularly. This delightful preparation keeps the skin free from all blemish, chafing, and redness, despite exposure to sun, wind, rain, or the enervating effects of crowded, overheated rooms.

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This is the story of one of the many Englishmen who have made good in pictures and on the stage. The list of "Born in England" (or in one of the Colonies) is a very long one, when applied to people of importance in the studio and theatre—and it is a pleasure to present Frederic Sullivan as one of those in whom England can justly take pride. He started life in London, appeared in many dramatic successes on both sides of the Atlantic, and as far back as 1913 made his debut as picture director.

He is one of those about whom I can write, "I knew him when"—because one of the first pictures I ever saw directed was made by Mr. Sullivan at the Thanhouser Studio, with Florence La Badie, of Million Dollar Mystery fame, as the star. Some of the old pictures were reissued recently, and were highly praised, for even then his direction was good. That was in the days of shorter stories, before pictures were crammed full of extra footage to make a short-reel story a five or six-reel feature, and directors had to work quickly and carefully. Mr. Sullivan did some fine pictures, with Miss La Badie featured in most of them. Only her sudden death broke up the combination, which would have been one of the most interesting director-star affiliations in the game.

Frederic Sullivan.


W. Ray Johnston and the late Flo La Badie in "The 6 Cent. Loaf."

Mr. Sullivan is a nephew of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and spent a number of years of his life with his distinguished uncle. His taste, however, has been on the dramatic rather than the musical side of the theatre; but undoubtedly he has real musical appreciation, though not gifted with expression. He is extremely artistic, as the magnificent production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Hollywood Bowl last summer will demonstrate. Many of the leading lights in filmdom took part in the presentation, and the London director was greatly filled because of his excellent directing of the production.

And so the announcement that he had been chosen by Charles Ray to direct his coming production of Miles Standish did not come as a surprise in film circles, because Mr. Ray had been frank in expressing his opinion of Mr. Sullivan's work.

The Courtship of Miles Standish is one of the most beloved stories of early American history, and Charles Ray should be an ideal "John Alden" whom "Miles Standish" (Fred Warren) sends to "Priscilla" (Enid Bennett) to ask for her hand.

Work is going on in earnest at the Charles Ray studio, and The Courtship of Miles Standish promises to be one of the big events of the year.

Mr. Sullivan is hard at work, and greatly enjoying his association with Mr. Ray. "A great student, a fine actor, and a loyal friend," is how he describes the favourite star, and those who know them both feel confident that the two men will work together well and produce a picture of which England and America alike will be proud.
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(Signed) ROBERT WORTLEY,
Consulting Chiropodist.

"Ooh! That CORN"
Miriam Battista has returned, temporarily, to her first love, the stage! Not for long, because her newly organized company will claim her attention very soon; but in between things she accepted an engagement with a stock company over in Brooklyn, and played two very sympathetic roles—the little daughter in "A Fool There Was," and the little sister in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," who gets locked in the safe, and causes Jimmy to reveal his identity and run the risk of a long term of imprisonment.

Miriam's dressing room was filled with visitors when I went behind the scenes. Her devoted mother was helping her remove her make up, while a group of admiring friends chatted with her. She is a charming little kidde, very well mannered—even English mothers would approve of her, and class her with their own well-brought-up little girls. Of course, she is pretty too, and one of her cutest points is a little freckle on the very tip of her nose, that has to be most carefully made up before scenes are "shot." I had met her before, so came in the rôle of an old friend.

When Miriam is in pictures she loves the studio better, and so I was not surprised to hear that she adores the stage. Just like a grown-up she remarked, "One misses the friendly audience in pictures; sometimes it is hard to get in the proper atmosphere. But I really love both sorts of acting, with the one I am playing in at the time as my very best. I adore acting, and I know my English friends will love my new company. There will be plenty of opportunity for me, but for the rest of my company as well, so that the plays will be really interesting."

The company, by the way, has just been organized, and work starts soon on a new story by Dana Burnet, which has a grown-up love interest, as well as much heart interest of the childish sort. Miriam, like all stage kiddies, is a busy little lady. The laws in the United States are very strict where children are concerned, and the utmost care is taken to provide every working child with an education. She has several tutors, and declares they work her harder than if she went to school with the rest of her friends.

Her devoted mother is most sensible in bringing up little Miriam. She is an old-fashioned child with good manners, yet decidedly human (good manners are often thought stupid things, you know!)

I must tell you of the crowds that wait at the stage door after every show men, women, and even children crowd about the entrance and follow her all the way to her car. She always has a word of greeting making everyone feel that he or she is the particular person in whom she is interested. No wonder more friends are being made all the time!

As she drove away, I heard one kiddie say: "Gee, it must be fine to be a movie actress, and not have to go to school!" and I thought of what Miriam had said about her lessons. So, you never can tell!
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A TOAST.
Oh, movie "fans," pray list to me,
I have a song to sing—
An ode to Buck, so here's good luck
To the daring cowboy king!
Come, here's a toast I'll just propose,
"Our cowboy of the West!"
The man with pluck, the gallant Buck,
The staunchest and the best.
Sing on, sing on! A hearty song!
Fill bowl and glass and cup.
If you feel blue, what you must do
Is—see Buck, then, "Juck up!"
E. W. (Blackpool).

THE BALLAD OF SCESS.
Who is the greatest film star of the day?
For ever convincing, soul thrilling—I say
It is Sessian!
My favourite paper I eagerly scan,
Looking for news of that wonderful man
Called Sessian.
All cinema posters I anxiously seek
To see whether he will come this week.
Who? Sessian.

His moments of anger with terror possess you,
His moments of anguish with sorrow distress you;
You gulp and you murmur a fervent
"God bless you,
Dear Sessian!"
C. N. (Balham).

KING OF MIRTH.
Now Charlie Chaplin's hard to beat;
He made his fortune with his feet,
His baggy "breeks" and little cane—
He makes you laugh and laugh again.

SWEET CONTENT.
Now the day is over,
Now the work is done,
Let's go to the pictures
And see the villain run.
I nearly had forgotten
'Tis PICTURGOER day;
I'm off to the newsagents'
To get it right away.
My favourite book beside me,
Enthralling films to see—
If, Reader, you'd be happy,
Be guided, then, by me.
T. B. (Coventry).

ALLA BE WITH US.
Xazinova's the star for me,
A ll are charmed when her they see;
Z eagerly I claim her best,
I n her art she beats the rest.
M any a beauty have I seen,
O nly to vote her my Queen
V ivid, loving, kind is she,
A nd the only star for me.
M. S. (Chingford).

PRISCILLA DEAN.
I love no other stars that shine
Upon the silver screen,
There's only one can hold my heart,
And that's Priscilla Dean.
D. F. (India).

MAE MURRAY.
Can you guess the name of a beautiful blonde,
Whose dances you've often seen,
Who's always alike, yet never the same,
When she's flitting across the screen?
Can you guess the name of a butterfly girl,
With eyes like the stars above?
A wonderful kid, who deserves her fame,
So good luck to Mae, and my love!
E. C. (Forest Hill).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.
[This is your department of Picturegoer. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the Picturegoer. Address: "Faults," Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

Flowers that Bloom in the Movies.
In Glenn O'Dawn, Barbara Bedford gives her father a basket of food to take to "O'Dawn" (John Gilbert), putting in a marquerite as an afterthought. When the basket has been delivered, "O'Dawn" picks up the flower to smell it, and it has miraculously changed to a carnation.—K.R. (Kingston).

The Villain Did His Best.
In the serial, Do or Die, featuring Eddie Polo, the heroine is kidnapped by the villain and taken off in a car. At the time, she is wearing an afternoon frock, but the next morning she is seen in the car, after a night in the open country, wearing a check skirt and dark jumper. Provided, no doubt, by the thoughtful villain.—W. B. (Montrose).

Safety First.
In The Merry Wives, during the whole of the big fight scene, the referee remains outside the ring. Is this usual?—V. D. (Towton).

Juggling with Probabilities.
In a film called Long Odds, "Tony Waters" takes a jug from the table and goes to fetch some beer. While he is absent on his errand a picture of the room he has just left is shown on the screen, with the same jug on the table.—E. M. (Hampstead).

Give It Up.
In Sunset Sprague, "Sunset" and "Denison" have a terrible fight in "The Skyline Hotel." "Sunset," the victor, leaves the hotel with a torn shirt and badly damaged face. There is no other place besides the hotel where he can have a wash and change, yet shortly after he is seen riding towards the "Loring Ranch," wearing a fresh shirt, and with his face washed and clean. How did he do it?—W. J. H. (Brighton).

A Night Out.
In The Fortunate Fugitive, "Oliver" escapes from an orphanage at night. He is seen crossing the ground in front of the house, and a few feet away, on the other side of the fence, a hen is walking. Rather late hours for a respectable hen to keep—L. G. H. (Dumfries).

Bullet-Proof Bad Man.
At Rio Grande, the Mexicans gather on a hilltop and ride down in a band to raid the village. Shots are fired into their midst from all directions, but not one Mexican falls. They must all have had charmed lives.—J. R. (Manchester).
MAVIS
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ONCE more "Beauty in excelsis" acclaims Mavis the ideal Toilet Preparations for those who know the priceless charm of beauty at its best. Miss Audrey Ridgwell, a daughter of the well-known him producer, and who is now playing with Mr. George Robey in "You'll Be Surprised," declares Mavis irresistible. Changed with the subtle fragrance of the flowers of southern France, there is nothing quite the same as Mavis preparations for those who demand beauty at its best.

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Have you five cinema friends—friends who perhaps adore the handsome stars whose portraits adorn the pages of "The Picturegoer"—friends who are interested in all the news of movieland? Then show them "The Picturegoer"—get them to give it a trial, and in return we will present you with a pair of Silk Stockings, which you will unhesitatingly endorse as 'the real thing.'

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A real old-time one-horse 'shay and a stage-coach appear in *Down to the Sea in Ships*, which was made in the ancient whaling town of New Bedford. It is a story of the long-ago and the Quakers; and as the descendants of the first maritime colony of whalers still live and work there, it was not difficult to persuade them to become actors pro tem. The old Friends' Meeting House still stands there, and a prayer meeting was screened: also the long-standing custom of holding a service on board a departing whaling ship was made into an interesting few feet of film. A Quaker wedding, carried out with all the observances of the Faith, was also reproduced, and the film is one of the finest of the year's sea stories.

Maurice Tourneur has chosen *The Brass Bottle* for one of his coming productions. As play and film this is well known in Great Britain. Holman Clark's "Djinn" was an excellent study. He was seen in the film version as well.

Richard Barthelmess has finished *The Bright Shawl*, and work has already started upon his new one, *The Fighting Blade*. Mary Astor is the leading lady, and Lee Baker and Philip Teed are others who support.

Edna Flugrath will probably stay in California for some time, since her husband, Harold Shaw, is to direct for an American organisation.

Harry Morey has become a screen villain—and likes it. He plays the South Sea trader in *Where the Pavement Ends*, and has hidden his familiar features, for the moment, beneath an unkempt mop of hair and a "beaver." Perhaps they will let him shave before the last reel, but more likely not, for South Sea traders, especially the villainous ones, are a notoriously unshaven brigade.

Mae Murray will probably go to Paris to film exteriors for *Mademoiselle Midnight*, her new picture. It is just possible that she may visit London too; her name was mentioned in connection with the rôle of the dancer in *Woman to Woman*, which is to be filmed in Europe; but she will not appear in it, nor film in London.

It is very likely that Joseph Schildkraut will be Mary Pickford's leading man in *Rosita*, the Spanish story she is commencing. He is scheduled to make two pictures in the autumn, and some rearranging of dates will have to be done if he goes West at once, for he is in a New York play. But little Mary usually gets what she wants, and "fans" will welcome an opportunity of seeing the handsome "Chevalier" of *Orphans of the Storm* in another costume rôle opposite the one and only Mary. She, by the way, plays a definitely "grown-up" part.

Milton Sills will support Priscilla Dean in that dynamic star's next Universal feature, *Fire and Ashes*. It is an original story.

Now that Corinne Griffith has left Vitagraph she will star in her own company, an independent concern called the Corinne Griffith Production Company. Her first picture is to be *Lilies of the Field*, adapted from the play by William Hurbut. It ran for many months in New York, with Marie Doro in the principal rôle, and should serve charming Corinne equally well.

New York lost two of its most faithful first-nighters when Norma and Constance Talmadge left for California. The girls invariably attended every new play, and as many new films as they possibly could, for both are devotees of the theatre. Norma's husband bought her a beautiful house at Los, and she has been altering and improving it for the past three months. She has had a swimming-pool built, and some beautifully laid-out gardens and grounds make it one of the show places of the film world.

Just by way of a change, Ruth Roland has been trying her hand at interviewing. She has just finished one of her famous stunt serials, and declared that jumping off a cliff or steering an aeroplane was tame sport to steering an interview through.
Sleeping Beauty

There is beauty, or its possibilities, in every woman's face—sometimes lying dormant, sometimes eclipsed by more or less obvious defects of contour or complexion.

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The Venetian canal setting for Pola Negri's picture "Bella Donna."

its proper channels. Anyway, she made a good start by waylaying Louise Fayenza for the benefit of an American movie journal. Ruth asked Louise all the questions she could think of, including every one with which interviewers of the past had favoured her, and duly recorded all the replies. All but one. "For to the query, "Who is your favourite movie star?" Louise Fayenza replied "Ruth Roland." "I couldn't put that in my interview, now, could I?" said Ruth. "But I'll say that reply gave me a real thrill; and I thought I was thoroughly thrilled."

Goldwyn's have obtained the film rights of "In the Palace of the King," an excellent F. Marion Crawford romance, which was filmed about eight years ago, with Francis Bushman and Beverley Bayne in the principal roles. It is a story of old Spain.

Mabel Normand is back home after several months' stay in Europe. She will commence screening again shortly, in a Mack Sennett story, "Mary Ann."

Betty Compson has been engaged by Graham Cutts to star in his forthcoming production, Woman to Woman, and in another film, the title of which has not yet been made public. Clive Brook plays the chief male role. Betty Blythe, too, will be in London some time this summer, for she is the "Zahrat" of the British production Chu Chin Chow, and is at Algiers now making the exteriors.

To the unsophisticated movie fan (if such a person exists) "Merton of the Movies," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, may be a bit of an "eye-opener." But this most amusing satire is something everybody will want to see for its "true-to-life" sidelights upon the ways of U.S.A. film-makers. The story from which it was adapted delighted none more than the film stars and directors themselves, who fully appreciated it cleverness. Tom Douglas, who plays the screen-struck hero, is a film actor from Los. Glenn Hunter, who played "Merton" in America, is to be filmed in this character very shortly.

Baby Helen Rowland and Joseph Depew, who won so many hearts in Timothy's Quest, have just finished a new film, Jacqueline, in which they appear together again. Both kiddies are screen players of experience, despite their tender years. Helen has played in Stair Mower, The Empty Cradle, What's Wrong with the Woman My Friend the Devil, Disposing of Mother, and The Night Before Christmas. Joseph Depew appeared in the last two, besides Dream Street, Clay Dollars, The Broken Silence, and Jive Head. But the last three have not been shown outside America as yet.

Another fine "father" role to Dore Davidson characterise None So Blind, a new Arrow production with a complicated story. Mauro Costello plays a character part in this and Edward Earle and Zena Keefe are seen as an attractive pair of lovers. Zena Keefe has a dual rôle.

Neil Shipman has been busy making The Grub Stake, at Priest Lake, Idaho. This is a story of her own writing, and she took her whole movie Zoo, which includes about two hundred animals, with her. Hunt enclosures, and kennels for the forty dogs were put up, for the company stayed some months, and now Neil announces that she will build a permanent village there and make Priest Lake her home for some time, producing all her films there. Th
The play, "Lawful Larceny," is to be made into a film, but not with Pauline Frederick in the rôle she created on the stage. Hope Hampton is the film exponent, and Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody will play hero and villain respectively. Nita Naldi has the vamp rôle.

Harold Lloyd's newest is a seven-reeler, and in it he introduces a few dozen stunts more in the vein of his earliest Pathé two-reelers. It is called Safety Last, and thoroughly lives up to its title.

Some very massive sets are seen in Lorna Doone, one of which, a reproduction of Whitehall Chapel, took a month to put up. It is a fine piece of work, and looks exactly as it should in the film. Then there is Westminster Abbey (Californian edition), and the Doones' bandit village, with its ancient portcullis. This was first attempted in the Incostudio; but Tourner, who directed, was dissatisfied, and it finally was transferred to the Southern Sierras, where a railroad company had abandoned its workings. An enormous wall of solid rock had been partially cut through, and here the studio carpenters and masons erected the ancient stronghold. Tourner visited Exmoor, and the other Devon spots wherein the scenes of Lorna Doone are laid, and took many photographs before he commenced filming.

William Duncan and Edith Johnson have made their last Vitagraph serial. They will take a few weeks' holiday, and then proceed with their good work at another studio—Universal, this time.
CONSTANCE TALMADGE has met with her first failure—a dismal, unedifying, hopeless performance, in which the opportunity of making a dazzling reputation behind the footlights was thrown away.

Imagine it! Who would ever think that Constance Talmadge would be attacked by stage fright and miss the chance of a lifetime?

Of course she isn’t a failure really—that’s only part and parcel of the plot of her newest laughter special, “POLLY OF THE FOLLIES.”

In it you’ll see her as a stage-struck country girl who really does get a chance with the famous Ziegfeld Follies, but who makes such a bad mess of the show that the curtain comes down for ever on a brief and inglorious career.

There’s an unexpected twist, however, and Constance finds that there are plenty of compensations left.

Whether you see her as the stage-struck shop girl, as a budding film star in her own home-made Movie Show, or as a captivating Cleopatra in the world’s biggest theatrical production, you will just love her piquant personality and amusing antics. “POLLY OF THE FOLLIES” is decidedly a show you should not miss.
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Was your arm and well molded?
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**Pictures and Picturegoer's Guide**

**Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome in "The White Hope."**

**Action (F.B.O.: May 21).**
Melodrama of the familiar hard-riding, quick-shooting, and speedy action type, as befitting a Hoot Gibson screen-play. Fine photography and cast, which includes Francis Ford, J. F. McDonald, Clara Horton, Bock Conners, W. R. Daly, Dorothea Wolpert, Byron Munson, and Jim Corey.

**A Daughter of the Law (F.B.O.: May 28).**
A well-produced crook story about a girl who, finding her brother in the midst of a gang of crooks, tries to reform him, fails, but meets with many thrilling adventures. Carmel Myers as the heroine, Good entertainment.

**A Front - Page Story (Vitagraph: May 28).**

**Alias Julius Caesar (Wardour: May 21).**
The adventures and misadventures of Charles Ray as a society youth who is the victim of a practical joke. Ray directed this. In the cast are Barbara Bedford, William Scott, Robert Fernandez, Eddie Gribbon, Tom Wilson, Harvey Clark, and Fred Miller. Very good farcical fare.

**An Amateur Devil (Paramount: May 7).**
How a "too good" youth tried to go to the personage named in the title, but only succeeded in becoming a popular hero. Bryant Washburn stars; and Ann May, Charles Wyngate, Christine Mayo, Sidney Bracey, Norris Johnson, and Anna Hernandez support. Good entertainment.

**The Angel Factory (Globe: May 10).**
A rich man's romantic adventures in Slumland, where he plays Cophetua to a runaway beggar-maid. A murder mystery adds action to pleasing drama. Antonio Moreno and Helen Chadwick star, and Armand Cortez and F. X. Collin head the supporting cast.

**A Sister to Assist 'Er (Gaumont: May 14).**
A British screen version of the most popular music-hall sketch extant, embodying the familiar Cockney characters and catch phrases, and certain of "Mrs. May's" affairs, taken from John Le Breton's popular stories. Played by Mary Brough, Pollie Emery, John MacAndrews, Cecil Morton York, Billie Baron, and Mrs. Fred Emney. Excellent coster comedy.

**At the Sign of the Jack o'Lantern (Wardour: May 28).**
Betty Ross Clark and Earle Schenck star in this amusing mixture of farce, comedy and mystery, which concerns a pair of newly-weds who inherit a deceased uncle's house and fortune, but also many peculiar relatives. Support includes Victor Potel, Wade Boteler, Mrs. Raymond Hatton, Monty Collins, Newton Hall, and Luella Ingraham.

**At the Stage Door (Jury: May 28).**
Rather a thin story of stage life, with some good back-stage settings and efficient acting by Billie Dove and Huntley Gordon.

**A Virgin's Sacrifice (Vitagraph: May 14).**
A "frozen north" story with an unusual plot. Humour, mystery, and a plucky heroine well played by Corinne Griffith, Curtis Cooksey, George Macquarie, David Torrence, Louise Prusling, and Nick Thompson support. (Continued on Page 58.)
RUTH ROLAND, the famous screen star whose work necessitates constant exposure to the elements, says:—

"Oatine Face Cream is an invaluable toilet preparation. I can thoroughly recommend its soothing and beneficial effects on the complexion."

Its extraordinary cleansing properties, in addition to its many other beneficial qualities, make OATINE indispensable to every woman who appreciates the niceties of the Toilet. Its nightly use removes the dirt that clogs the pores; nourishes and tones up the skin; safeguards it from exposure to heat and cold, and makes it as smooth as velvet. OATINE is a highly scientific and dainty preparation that convinces at the first application. Readers of the "PICTUREGOER" are invited to put it to the test free of charge. All you have to do is to fill in and post the coupon below (with 4d. for postage and packing), and we will send you a box of testing samples of five Oatine Toilet Specialties, including Oatine Cream, together with a descriptive booklet, containing valuable Toilet hints and instructions for Face Massage. Cut out the Coupon NOW!

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BY APPOINTMENT TO
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The Bride's Play (Paramount; May 21).

Sumptuous medieval pageantry enacted between scenes of a slight story of a modern Irish bride. Marion Davies and Wyndham Standing head a long cast which includes Jack O'Brien, Frank Shannon, Carlton Miller, Richard Cummings, Eleanor Middle- ton, Thea Talbot, and Julia Hurley. A pretty production.

The Bromley Case (U.K.; May 17).

Glen White in a melodramatic detective story about the shooting of a rich old man, the arrest of an innocent youth, and the elucidation of everything by "Tex, a great detective." Fair entertainment.

The Bronze Bell (Paramount; May 24).

Courtenay Foote in a dual rôle amid dæredevil adventures in India and New York. All-star cast includes Doris May, Claire Du Brey, and Noble Johnson. A thrilling movie.

Cameron of the Royal Mounted (Wardour; May 16).

A man-size production concerning a Scotch lad's dangerous days with the world-famous Canadian Police. Excellent exteriors made on the spot, and good work by Gaston Glass, Irving Cummings, Vivienne Osborne, George Larkin, Frank Lanning, and Joe Singleton.

Caught Bluffing (European; May 21).

A tense drama of character in a Western setting in which circumstance soon proves which is the better of two men. Frank Mayo stars, and Edna Murphy, Wallace MacDonald, Andrew Arbuckle, Jack Curtis, Ruth Royce, and Jack Walters support. Good entertainment.

Chasing the Moon (Fox; May 14).

Tom Mix chasing an elusive scientist through several countries. Foolish story, but Tom's stunts are numerous and all worth watching. Eva Novak, William Buckley, Sid Jordan, Elsie Danbrie, and Wynn Mace support. Mainly for Mix-ites.

Confidence (European; May 28).


The Cricket on the Hearth (W. and F.; Eclipse; May 14).

A French version of the favourite Dickens story, featuring Marcel Vibart and Sabine Landray, simply and effectively told. Excellent entertainment.

Dead Man's Love (Anchor; May 16).

Mystery melodrama very cleverly produced and well acted by Bertram Burleigh, Amy Verity, Georges Jac-quet, and Philip Mangin. Good entertainment.

Dr. Mabuse (Granger; May 3).

A master film about a master criminal, who uses hypnotism and a hundred-and-one different disguises to attain his ends; he finally causes his own undoing. Weird, thrilling, and wonderfully produced and acted. Rudolf Klein-Rogge stars, supported by Bernhard Goetzke, Oud Egede Misson, Gertrude Wecker, Alfred Abel and Paul Richter. A real "macabre" movie.

The Foolish Age (Jury; May 14).

Doris May, Bull Montana, and Otis Harlan in a high-speed farce about a wealthy maiden's efforts to reform the world in general, and a gang of roughs in particular. Very cheery entertainment.

The Galloping Kid (European; May 7).

A good Hoot Gibson feature in which a happy-go-lucky cowboy plays chaparron to a self-willed Western maid, with exciting results. Edna Murphy, Leon Barry, Lionel Belmore, Jack Walters, and Percy Challenger are in the cast.

(Continued on Page 60)

Ask your Local Cinema Manager when he is showing

The Film Sensation,

'DR. MABUSE,'

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

And make sure of seeing this unique and thrilling picture.

NOW RELEASED, in 2 Parts.
As an actress, naturally I am keen on making the most of every good means for improving appearance—and I consider Venida Hair Nets excellent."

So writes Miss Fay Compton, the talented actress who is starring in "Secrets."

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12, BRIDGE ST., MANCHESTER.

Grand Larceny (Goldwyn; May 28).
A variation of the eternal triangle drama, in which a suspicious husband takes an unworthy means of revenge, but is properly repentant afterwards. Claire Windsor, Elliott Dexter, Lowell Sherman, Tom Gallery, Richard Tucker, and John Cossar act well. Interesting society stuff.

Her Husband’s Wife (R.E.F.; May 31).
Fernanda Pouget in an Italian-made drama of a wife’s jealousy. Good acting, but poor entertainment.

Heritage (General; May 28).
The story of a stolen child, and how he was eventually restored to his actor parents, featuring Matty Robert. Herbert Standing, Augusta Perry, Joseph Burke, Philip Sanford, and Adeline Fitzallen also appear. Fair entertainment.

His Wife (Pathé-Selznick; May 28).
Elaine Hammerstein and William Davidson in a domestic drama about a society butterfly who becomes a boarding-house keeper for the sake of her sick husband. Well produced and acted.

His Sixteenth Wife (Vitagraph; May 7).
A re-issue of an amusing comedy-adventure story about a Kadir of many wives who becomes infatuated with an actress. Cast includes Peggy Hyland, Templar Saxe, Marc MacPearmott, and George Ford.

The House that Jazz Built (Gaumont-Realart; May 7).
Very clever husband and wife comedy, showing how too many luxuries nearly led to a divorce. Wanda Hawley stars, supported by Forrest Stanley, Helen Lynch, Gladys George, Helen Dunbar, Clarence Geldart, and Robert Bolder. Excellent comedy fare.

Homespun Folks (Jury; May 3).
Bears out its title exactly. A real drama with a simple, straightforward plot, and a well worked-up climax. Well acted by Lloyd Hughes, Gladys George, George Webb, Al Filson, Charles Mailes, Lydia Knott, Gordon Sackville, and Willis Marks.

The Idle Rich (Jury; May 21).
Bert Lytell in a mild comedy about a rich idler who suddenly becomes poor. Supported by Virginia Valli, John Davidson, Joseph Harrington, Victory Bateman, Leigh Wyman, and Max Davidson.

The Inferior Sex (Walker’s; May 21).
Society comedy-drama with Mildred Harris as a wily wife. All-star cast headed by Milton Sills, Mary Alden, John Stepping, Bertram Grassby, and James O. Barrows.

The Kentucky Derby (European, May 7).

The Law and the Woman (Paramount May 28).
Betty Compson in the rôle Pauline Frederick played in a former screen version called The Woman in the Case. Drama of a woman’s fight to save her husband from execution. William T. Carleton, Cleo Ridgely, Casson Ferguson, Helen Dunbar, and ClARENCE Burton support the star. Good dramatic fare.

(Continued on Page 9)
Why you should see this Film.

*Times* — "Gorgeous in the extreme."
*Daily News* — "Well worth seeing."
*Evening News* — "A wonderful example of artistic stagecraft."
*Daily Express* — "Effects of light and shade that might have been conceived by Rembrandt or Dore."
*The Star* — "Extraordinarily fine."
*Westminster Gazette* — "An effective piece of realism."
*Evening Standard* — "Stamped with sheer genius."
*Morning Post* — "Some beautiful Reinhardsch scenes which ought to be seen by all who think the film worth studying."

E. A. Baughan in the *Sunday Chronicle* — "A most impressive performance."

Lloyd's — "Quite the best film shown at the Scala since 'Orphans of the Storm."

*Daily Graphic* — "Very beautiful."

*Daily Telegraph* — "Very impressive."

**NOW SHOWING AT ALL THE LEADING CINEMAS**
A new picture of Pay Compton, who is to play the title-role in Denison Clive's production, "Mary, Queen of Scots."

Lorna Doone (Aus. First Nat.; May 14).

Love's Crucible (Gaumont; May 28).
A Victor Seastrom production, artistic, well acted, and beautiful. An eternal triangle story in a medieval setting, with Jennie Hasselqvist, Ivan Hedqvist, Gosta Ekman, Tore Svensberg, Knut Lindroth, and Waldemar Wheelstrom in the cast. A fine romantic spectacle; don't miss it.

The Man-Tamer (F.B.O.; May 14).
Gladys Walton in a thrilling circus story in which a girl tames a wealthy idler in much the same way as she does her lions in the ring. Support includes William Welch, Rex de Roselli, C. B. Murphy, Roscoe Karns, Norman Hammond, and Parker McConnell.

Moonlight and Honeysuckle (Gaumont; May 28).
How a girl with three strings to her bow decides which is the ideal husband. Mary Miles Minter stars; and Monte Blue, Willard Lewis, Grace Goodall, Mabel Van Buren, William Boyd, and Guy Oliver support. Light and very bright.

Mr. Barnes of New York (Goldwyn; May 28).

The Ninety and Nine (Pathé; May 3).
Colleen Moore and Warner Baxter in a somewhat sentimental drama containing some good fire and railway rescue scenes. Also Gertrude Astor, Ernest Butterworth jun., Lloyd Whitlock, Mary Young, Dorothy Wulbert, and Rex Hamel.

Perpetua (Paramount; May 7).

Peter Ibbetson (Paramount; May 14).
An effective and delightful adaptation of Du Maurier's fantastic romance, starring Wallace Reid and Elise Ferguson, supported by Elloht Dexterity, Montagu Love, George Fawcett, Dolores Cassinelli, Nell Roy Buck, and Charles Eaton. Sentimental entertainment.

The Ragged Heiress (Fox; May 7).

The Rose of Nice (Anchor; May 28).
Rather an old-fashioned type of film with elaborate settings and some beautiful Riviera scenery, acted by Ivan Hedqvist, Suzanne Delve, Paulette Ray, Renee Carr, Jean Max, and M. Riener. Poor entertainment.

Salome (Allied Artists; May 7).
Nazimova in an entirely out-of-the-ordinary production of an Oscar Wilde play. The star's only release this year. In the cast are Nigel de Brunner, Rosie Dione, and Mitchell Lewis. Unconventional but artistic.

The Sins of the Parents (Stoll (Mayflower); May 3).
Typical American melodrama with plenty of sentiment, artistic settings, and fine acting by Mary Thurman, Joseph J. Dowling, George Hackathorne, Frankie Lee, Niles Welch, Frank Campeau, and Eugene Besserer.

The Sporting Instinct (Granger; May 21).
A story of sport in general, enlivened with much incident and many topical scenes. Lilian Douglass and J. R. Tozer star; and Somers Bellamy, Micky Brantford, Howard Symons, Billy Vernon, Hetty Chapman, Tom Coventry, and Vivian Gosnell support. Good of its class.

The Suspect (Pathé; May 21).
A re-issue of a Russian spy story very well played by Anita Stewart, S. Rankin Drew, Julia Swaney Gordon, Anders Randolf, and George Cooper.

That Lass o' Lowrie's (European; May 21).
Priscilla Dean and Wallace Beery in a well-made and characterised story of a Lancashire mining village, with an explosive finale. Effective entertainment.
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without scraping razors or noxious chemicals

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Kinema stars know the value of having beautiful hair, as their personal charm is accentuated by spending a few minutes' care over their tresses. It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and colour, and makes their hair soft, fresh, and luxuriant. Many soaps and shampoo powders contain too much free alkali, which is very harmful to the hair—that is why the leading kinema stars take great care in the selection of their hair-wash Flora Le Breton, Betty Hailstone, Priscilla Dean, Pauline Frederick, Marion Davies, and other leading stars all use Mulsified Cocomoanut Oil Shampoo—hence their lovely hair. We have no hesitation whatever in recommending this invaluable preparation, as it is absolutely pure and harm- less to the hair. It is non-greasy, and, apart from the fact that it leaves a refreshing feeling to the head, it is truly beneficial to the scalp. This preparation can be bought at any chemist or toilet goods department, but we would warn our readers against the many imitations on the market, and it is advisable, therefore, to look for the name Watkins on the package.

An Income for You.

The fascination of drawing is accentuated in these days, when a hobby, with a small amount of training on the part of the individual, can be developed into a lucrative form of income. You have a rare opportunity of proving whether you possess latent talent in the direction of sketching by entering for the novel "Lady Elizabeth Scholarship Competition" organised by the well-known "P.P.C." School of Art Instruction. All you have to do is to draw the profile of the Prince's bride, either from a photograph or illustration. Write your name and address on the back, and post your entry to the "P.P.C." School, Ltd., 57, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.1. Not only do you stand to win a prize of five guineas, three guineas, or two guineas, but a generous offer of spare-time art courses is included in the awards. You may place your foot on the ladder leading to success in sale-able art work and ensure a comfortable income by entering for this simple competition, which closes on May 15.

Jenny Hasselquist and Gosta Ekman in "Love's Crucible."
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Be Careful What You Wash Your Hair With

Many soaps, prepared shampoos and shampoo powders contain too much free alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It is inexpensive and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get Mulsified from all chemists and leading toilet goods departments—and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup with a little tepid water is all that is required. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub the Mulsified in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh-looking, bright, fluffy, wavy, and easy to handle. Besides, it booses and takes out every particle of dust, dirt, and dandruff. Be sure you get Mulsified. Beware of imitations—look for the name Watkins on the package.

MULSIFIED COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO


The Two Inquisitives (Herne Hill).—What shy young things you all see nowadays! Here are two more who have "only just plucked up courage to write me." Take heart, my children, I never bite, and very seldom draw (unless you force me). I'll think it is pretty, and in answer to your letter about this piece of verse, it might have been much better, though it might have been much worse. But pray don't be downhearted at the failure of your rhyme; get another card ready, but lick next time! Tra-la-la! The spring is here! (1) Ethel Clayton's a widow, and her latest film is Can a Woman Love Twice? (2) Monte Blue isn't married now. His latest is Teats of Allah. (3) Cast of Orphans of the Storm: "Heuriette Girard," Lillian Gish; "Louise," Dorothy Gish; "Chevalier de Vaudeyr," Joseph Schildkraut; "Countess de Linières," Catherine Emmett; "Count de Linières," Frank Losee; "Marquis de Presle," Morgan Wallace; "Mother Frochard," Lucille La Verne; "Jacques Frochard," Sheldon Lewis; "Pierre Frochard," Frank Foglia; "Picard," Creighton Hale; "Jacques-Ferdinand," Milton Sills; "Dante," Virginia Warwick; "Rene Lacour," Derek Ghet; "Capt. Von Hartrott," Stuart Holmes; "Professor Von Hartrott," Jean Hersholt; "Heinrich Von Hartrott," Henry Klaus; "Lodge-keeper," Edward Connelly; "Lodge-keeper's Wife," Georgia Woodthorpe; "Georgette," Kathleen Key; "Lieut. Col. Von Richthoffen," Wallace Beery; "Capt. D'Aubrey," Jacques d'Aurey; "Major Blumhardt," Curt Reihfelt; "Lieut. Schnitz," Arthur Hoyt. I am the friend of all the world, Sleepyhead, so don't be shy about writing anything.

The Two Inquisitives (Herne Hill).—What shy young things you all seem nowadays! Here are two more who have "only just plucked up courage to write me." Take heart, my children, I never bite, and very seldom draw (unless you force me). I'll think it is pretty, and in answer to your letter about this piece of verse, it might have been much better, though it might have been much worse. But pray don't be downhearted at the failure of your rhyme; get another card ready, but lick next time! Tra-la-la! The spring is here! (1) Ethel Clayton's a widow, and her latest film is Can a Woman Love Twice? (2) Monte Blue isn't married now. His latest is Teats of Allah. (3) Cast of Orphans of the Storm: "Heuriette Girard," Lillian
QUOTH Longfellow some time ago, "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," etc., etc. Quoth I, when I picked up my pen to cope thoughtless with your cogitations, "Either the poet made a mistake, or you, O indolent readers of mine, must have left the days of your youth far behind in the dim distance." Nobody could possibly accuse you as a body, of possessing "long, long thoughts." Not this month, anyway, judging by the specimens lying before me. They are distressingly short and disastrously similar.

With the plenitude of films all around us, there should be no lack of topics upon which to air your sentiments.

Emulating Rise to the Mrs. Caudle's occasion, somebody, please, else I shall have to seriously consider offering a course of monkey-gland treatment all round. It's too early in the year for Parliament to dissolve, though I'll own our peculiar climate might make you think otherwise. Therefore, my parting injunction to you, before I bring my lecture to an end, and pass on to the month's meditations is, "Give your views a good airing." I am waiting to hear from you and this page is at your disposal.

In somewhat pessimistic vein is this thought from a Buckingham member of the R.A.F. "The development of the British Film Industry," writes "A Brickbat of W. D. (Halton), for Britain, "is now practically the topic of the hour amongst the multitude of playgoers, but yet I consider our producers have still a lot to learn. They don't seem to have the pep nor yet the talent that lies within their American brothers, and the stars they choose for the various parts are, in nine out of ten cases, mere headchees with either a stage, boxing or society name. The films they finish turn out a pretty fair production, whereas in the ordinary course of events, with a 'film star,' it might be a huge success. Turn to the American Press and read the various accounts of British films shown in that country.

I need not say more; I have read all, so I think you will understand. What we really want on this side is a few producers of the D. W. Griffith type, who will go out to seek the individual most suited for the required part, instead of depending on people who have earned their names in other professions, and who are more or less, as I have already said, mere figureheads in our productions. When this is done, we can hope to overtake our American brothers in the movie world, but not before."

While there's life, there's hope, "W. D.,” and the British Film Industry is still a very healthy youngster!

HERE is another dissentent voice. "I have seen most of Valentino's films, and I think, though he is certainly good-looking and is a good actor, he is not out of the ordinary in any way. In my opinion, the feminine adoration lavished upon him simply proves how melancholy, changeable, and shallow in their affections most women are. Only a short time ago their idol was Warren Kerrigan, then Thomas Meighan, then someone else, and now Valentino is their victim. If I were an actor I should determine to win out by my acting, never to gain popular favour by the mystery of my smile or the shape of my nose, or the wave in my hair." —Lance C. (Bournemouth).

ALL the way from Cairo comes this outburst from Poltira (Cairo). "What makes Nagel Fan think that Valentino is unpopular, when every magazine, including PICTUERGOER, rings with his praise? Besides, why attack one specially on the grounds of foreign appearance? Stars such as Pola Negri, Ivor Novello, Antonio Moreno, Nita Naldi, etc., are popular enough. Valentino's proud and dignified air (it is not conceit!), plus his good looks, comprise his special charm, and I wish Nagel Fan would change his or her ideas for Rodolph Valentino is one of the most charming stars I've ever known."

I THINK that the biggest disappointment in my young life is the fact that Norma Talmadge did not star in The Christian. Mae Busch should keep right on vamping, because a good vamp is hard to find. And I would have preferred Milton Sills as "Join." —Pep (London).

Even the calculated clamouring of my Balham bundle of discontent raised only a very few return bellies. Here's a characteristic one: "Replying to your call last month's PICTUERGOER," writes Mary and Doug Aderer (Ashby-de-la-Zouch), "Douglas Fairbanks is not to old to play parts like Robin Hood. He is well built and very athletic as well as being good-looking. And, like all good picturegoers, I think Mary's curls suit her beautifully, and that she is just the right person for childish roles. So long as the cinema exists there will never be two such favourites as Mary and Doug." —The Thinker.
YOU do not need exceptional gifts or years of drudgery to enable you to produce Fashion Drawings that sell. Provided you have the correct training you can soon learn in your spare time at home to turn out just the sort of thing that editors and advertisers want.

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JOAN MORGAN, the dainty British screen star, says—
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In summer your complexion will benefit immensely by the use of these two dainty creams—Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect its delicacy during the day, and Pond's Cold Cream to renew its youth at night. Employ them regularly, especially when at the sea, and thereby ensure the possession of a velvety skin, free from blemish and aglow with the soft radiance of health. Pond's creams are exquisitely pure and most delicately perfumed. They form an attractive base for powder.

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Pond's
Cold Cream and
Vanishing Cream
WHERE TO SEE BUTCHERS SELECTED PICTURES

“THE WHITE HOPE.”

Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

JUNE 4th.
Premier, Hammersley.
Garrick, Westminster Bridge Road.
Wakefield, Kirklees.
Albert Cinema, Silvertown.
Electric Theatre, Folkstone.
Empire, Chatham.
Pantile, Stratford.
Palace, Ilfracombe.
Calmore Green, Wallsall.
Palladium, Preston (6 days).
Empire, Oldham (6 days).

JUNE 7th.
Electric Theatre, Halifax.
Alhambra, Darlington.
Cinema, Budewell.
Montpelier, Walton Road.
Queen’s Road Cinema, Maywater.
Picture House, Beaconsfield.
Pavilion, Chisnall.
Central, Eastbourne.
Electric Theatre, Muswell Hill.
Park Cinema, Sheffield Bush.
Central, West-super-Mare.
Newbury Cinema, Newbury.
Picturehouse, Southport.

JUNE 11th.
Picture House, Chester.
Electric Theatre, Dorking.
Crown, Walthamstow.
Public Hall, Hastings.
Cinema, Dartford.
Scala, Streatham.
Gaiety, Teesbridge.
Seamaster, Maryhill (Glasgow).
Palace Theatre, Dacaster.
Grand, Douglas.
Ciné, Lemont.
Temperance, Yeovil.

JUNE 14th.
Grand, Nantorn.
Virtue, Leeds.
Magician, Paternoster.
Model, Birmingham.
Bolton Street, Luton.
King’s Cinema, Prentice.
Stanley Hall, Carlisle.
Picture House, Newton Green.
Coliseum, Hordwood.
Queen’s, Swindon.
Cinema, Ilfracombe.
Grand, Bromley.
Cinque, Sevenneys.
Kitley, southampton.
Laurie Cinema, Romford.
Star, Wandsworth.
Empire, Luton.

JUNE 18th.
River, Southend-on-Sea.
Boulogne, Victoria.
Super Cinema, West Ruislip.

Grand, Poplar.
Ladywood Cinema, Birmingham.
Lyric, Birmingham.
Kosy, Brynmawr.
Grand, Dublin (6 days).
New Royal, Oswestry.
Glyn, Wrexham.
Prince, Hamilton.
Oxford Picture House, Bradford.
Pavilion, Ashton-under-Lyne (20th).

JUNE 21st.
Griffith’s Picture House, St. Helen’s.
Cinema, Llandudno.
Domestic Street, Leeds.
Exceda Picture House, Lockwood.
Central, Northallerton.
Springfield, Skipton.
Empire, Longton.
Workman’s Hall, Mountain Ash.
Stanhope Cinema, Newcast.
Assembly, Grimsby.
Pavilion House, Leatherhead.
Palace, Chesham.
Electric Palace, Littlehampton.
King’s Hall, Sidcup.
Cinema, Broadstairs.
Duke of York, Brighton.
Exchange, Wilmslow.
Cosy Cinema, Aberdare.

“SON OF KISSING CUP.”

Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

JUNE 4th.
Picture House, Huddersfield.
Palace, Bedford.
Paragon, Southall.
Queen’s Hall, Enfield Town.
Gaiety, Poplar.
Empire, Finsbury Park.
Palace, Ilfracombe.
Castle, Hornsea.
Cinema Royal, Epsom.
Palace, West Bromwich (6 days).
Model Picture House, Burnham.
Workman’s Hall, Llandudno.
Lyric Theatre, Wallasey (6 days).
Empire, Newbiggen.
Hipkids, Glasgow.
Picture House, Truro.
Hilton, Bolton.
Palace, Saltley.
Pavilion, Rochdale.
Lyceum, Lowestoft.
Picture House, Stalybridge.
Electric Theatre, Halifax.
Waverley, Sheffield (6 days).

JUNE 7th.
Atlas, Bolton.
Town Hall, Middlesbrough.
Hippodrome, Huddersfield.
Palladium, Dudley.
Windsor, Penzance.
Sloy, Heaton.
Theatre, Hove.
Carnegie, Workington.
Picture House, Ilfracombe.
Playhouse, Hinckley.
Duke of York’s, Brighton.
Citation Cinema, Marple.
Atherley, Southport.
Laurel Cinema, Romford.
Alexandra, Swindon.
Palladium, Heston.
Playhouse, Northwood.

JUNE 11th.
Palace, Troon.
Columbia, Hackney.
Palace, Holloway.
Premier, Enfield Wash.
Cinema, Camberley.
Empire, Tring.
Albert Cinema, Silvertown.
Picture House, Devizes.
Glyndwr, Wrexham.
Kinsman, Wallingford.
New Palladium, Hoddesdon.
Queen’s Hall, Brentley Hill.
Kensal Hall, Harrow.
Rosalva Cinema, Glasgow.
De Luxe, Glasgow.
Picture House, Kirkstall.
Empress, Pendleton.
Palace, Ilfracombe.
Princess, Moss Side.
Oak Lodge Cinema, Bradford.
Lyceum, Bradford.

JUNE 14th.
Empire, Mexborough.
Empire, Mosley.
St. James’s Picturehouse, Liverpool.
Empire, Harlesden.
Picture House, Huddersfield.
Empire, Whitley.
Newtown Cinema, Palace, Burnham.
Camelot Luxe, Haverfordwest.
St. George’s Hall, Kendal.

Assembly, Grimsby.
Picture House, Portrush.
Cinema, St. Islees.
Picture House, Horley.
People’s Palace, Tottenham.
Tivoli, Brighton.
Electric Picture House, Andover.

JUNE 17th.
Picture House, Epping.
Palace, Chesham.
Coliseum, Waltham.
Cinema de Luxe, Newhaven.
Electric Theatre, Southampton.
Cinema, Marlow.
Coliseum, Newport.
Trinity, Borough.
Coliseum, Cwm.
Palace, Wigan.
Gaiety, Leigh.
Matte, Penrith.
Central, Milton.
Orchard, Sale.
Palace, Boote.
King’s Hall, Liverpool.
Picture House, Wards.
Lyceum, Bradford.

JUNE 21st.
Pavilion, Askham.
Assembly, Saltburn.
Central, Shrewsbury.
Calmore Green, Wallsall.
Queen’s Hall, Bridgnorth.
Alexandra, Washington.
Salem, Edinburgh.
B.B. Cumbernauld, Perth.
Barnsley, Barnsley.
Empire, Kirkstall.
Pavilion, Aspinall.
Assembly, Saltburn.
Central, Shrewsbury.
Calmore Green, Wallsall.
Queen’s Hall, Bridgnorth.
Alexandra, Washington.
Salem, Edinburgh.
B.B. Cumbernauld, Perth.

JUNE 25th.
Empire, St. Anne’s.
Empire, Ely.
Palace, Holloway.
Pavilion, Midland.
Skeat Theatre, Huddersfield.
Alexandra, Swindon.
Empire, Kent.
JUNE 28th.
Empire, Warrington.
Gem, Skipton.
Birchfield, Ferry Bar.
Coliseum, Wolverhampton.
King’s Theatre, B. Auckland.
Town Hall, Conway.
Castle, Horndean.
Empire, Eastbourne.
Playhouse, Hitchin.
High Street Cinema, Lowestoft.
Barnes, Bedlington.
Victory, Blackley.
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NANCYE KENYON

The beautiful "Dido" of "This Freedom" who has been selected to play the role of Mary Fleming in DeMille's big picture "Mary Queen of Scots"
ERTAIN Person asks Ed. "Picturegoer" if can have Author Movie Calendar’s job when he goes.

2. — Author Movie Calendar asks Ed. "Picturegoer" if Certain Person can have it now.

3. — Statue in Trafalgar Square to man who never wrote a Scenario.

4. — Author of hundred West End movie prologues shot. 7,000,000 signatures to shooter’s petition.

5. — Ten years since last feature with plot, 1924.

6. — Larry Semon sends unsolicited testimonial and photo to tooth-polish firm.

7. — Photo returned.

8. — Eminent director leaves $9,000. Arrested with other $1,000 on him.

9. — Pete Bludgeon gets certain millionaire to put two millions into slapstick.

10. — Letter to "Daily Yell" from Constant Reader pointing out that he has seen first cuckoo in London.

11. — Letter to "Daily Yell" from Pete Bludgeon pointing out Constant Reader’s error.

12. — Rex Ingram’s "Trifling Women" protest against happy-ending convention provokes avalanche of unhappy-ending films, 1923.

13. — Rex Ingram produces "Happy Endings" as protest against convention 1924.

14. — First instalment "Black Blood" serial. Producers offer £100 for solution of mystery.

15. — Amateur author has some scenarios without endings too. Sends them to producers "Black Blood."

16. — William Farnum writes to himself for signed photo, just to see what the attraction is. Fails.

17. — "Stricken Maud" (Ealing) writes Ed. "Picturegoer" how to get on movies.

18. — "Ten Years a Film Actor" (Hollywood) writes Ed. "Picturegoer" how to get to Ealing.


20. — Inventor Imperishable Films assassinated.


22. — Ed. sends on letter to author of two hundred successfully produced scenarios.

23. — Author two hundred successfully produced films says "I don’t know."

24. — "Story of Robert Bruce" photographed on original web.

25. — Nobody writes for signed photo Author Movie Calendar.

26. — Anniversary of the 26th of June, 1905.

27. — Custard comedies reach Solomon Isles.

28. — Solomon Islanders reach Australia. Latest reports: "Still going strong."

29. — City Financier says he is interested in interest films. Crowd gathers to look at him.

30. — Theda Bara goes back to vamping, 1926.
By}

DOROTHY OWSTON-BOOTH

Not by any means the least difficult task which confronts the movie director is the reconstruction of the family albums of his stars.

This is necessary for films wherein "flash-backs" or prologues show scenes from the childhood of the characters in the story.

One would imagine that to select the "starlets" to play these roles would be a perfectly simple matter when one considers the fact that there are child actors by the hundred from whom to choose.

The casting director, however, finds the task a much more complicated affair.

The success of the film depends on every rôle being filled to the best advantage, and the little "double" must be not only a good actor, but one capable of portraying a childish version of the characteristics which his or her grown-up counterpart exhibits for the purposes of the story.

In addition to this histrionic necessity, and, perhaps almost more important in the interests of realism, the small actor must resemble his prototype in feature. The child's appearance must bear likeness to the player for whom he is "doubling," and it must also bear out the impression of what that particular movie shining light probably looked like at the same age.

If the star in question boasts a parentage that placed considerable value on portraiture as a record of childhood's progress, the family album will give the director much valuable aid. He can borrow this portrait gallery and compare the features of the little screen children who fulfill the necessary histrionic conditions, with those of his star at tender age.

Should there be no available portraits, however, he will have to use his discretion, and conjecture from present knowledge what the past edition of his movie artist must have been.

Even the most uncritical picturegoer must recall instances of careless casting in the early days of the screen, wherein, perhaps, a thoroughly stub-nosed, round-faced, straight-haired small girl "doubled" for a slim-featured star with perfect Grecian nose and wonderfully wavy locks! Such a complete metamorphosis were hardly possible, even in the most perfectly equipped "Beauty Parlour" of America! The laws which govern the progress of
growth from childhood to maturity, indeed, are generally reliable, and one is safe in assuming that a pale and weedy boy will develop into a grown-up weed; while a round-faced, big-limbed girl will, in all probability, be a 'buxom wench' in her early twenties!

No, indeed, children are not chosen in haphazard fashion in these advanced days of the silver sheet; and the most captious critic would find it extremely difficult to see a flaw in the choices made, for instance, by William De Mille, in screening Conrad in Quest of His Youth—

"Conrad Warrener," the dreamy, romantic, adventure-loving boy of twelve, is cleverly played by Charles Walton, who bears such a remarkable resemblance to Thomas Meighan—"Captain Conrad Warrener at thirty, or thereabouts"—that "Tommy's" and "homefolks" would have to look twice to convince themselves that their famous star had not actually descended into the limbo of past years! Later in the story, Meighan required yet another "double," and Eddie Sutherland made an excellent "Conrad" at the age of seventeen.

You will remember that in the story "Captain Warrener" returns to England from his military career in India, fully convinced that he is an old man at thirty-seven. His lonely bachelor life, however, does not satisfy his longings, and, in imagination, he goes back to the delightful days of childhood when he and his three cousins played wonderful games of "make-believe" in the old manor house.

The business of choosing children to represent the cousins in their early teens was by no means an easy matter, for each of the adult cousins, on account of the requirements of the story, is of a different and particular type. Excellent "doubles" were, however, procured in the persons of Leota Winter, Virginia Rist, and Arlan Angle, whose individual characteristics of face and figure are easily younger editions of Mayn Kelso, Mabel Van Buren, and Theodore Boulbee respectively.

There are, surely, few children who possess such sad-sweet smiling eyes as Elsie Ferguson, nor such a sympathetic mouth as that charming star. And, when these essentials must be combined with ability to act, and an old-fashioned air, suggestive of those bygone days through which "Mimsy"—in Du Maurier's story, Peter Ibbetson—grew from a happy childhood to the sorrows of life as the "Duchess of Towers," it will be realised what a task confronted the director—

George Fitzmaurice, however, made an exceptionally fortunate choice in little Nell Buck, who, as those of you who have already seen "Peter Ibbetson" have discovered for yourselves, is absolutely a "pocket edition" of Elsie Ferguson, the wistful "Duchess" who lives in her dreams of "What-Might-Have-Been"!

Charles Eaton, as "Gogo Pasquier," who grows up to be "Peter Ibbetson," played by Wallace Reid, is also remarkably well cast, for he is just the kind of...
It is now five o’clock at the Pickford-Fairbanks studio; the echo of the whistle has hardly died down when Mr. Fairbanks ceases to be the actor he is on the screen, and in his stead we have a new Doug, a Doug, the gym teacher, a Doug, doing stunts that have made him famous the world over.

Every night, save Sunday, at the hour of five, Doug, and the other actors having finished their day’s work on the picture, the first thing that they do is to remove some of the grease-paint from their faces, and go over to the athletic field for a good hour’s work out under the tutelage of the peerless and very versatile Doug.

Some, in their anxiety to get to the field on time, do not stop to take off their make-up, but proceed to the field with their bearded faces and other odd types of make-up still on their faces. To Doug, it matters not who are his pupils, or how clumsy they may be. Extra boys, prop boys, carpenters, electricians, are all welcome to join the class and to become his protégés.

He always starts the class out by saying, “Here’s one for you, boys. It may look hard to you, but in reality it is very simple.” He then proceeds to go through with the stunt, and the other fellows follow suit. That is they try it, but it doesn’t mean that they do it properly, or do it gracefully, if at all. For Doug, you must remember, is king around his studio, or any other studio, for that matter, when it comes to doing stunts and tricks.

Not always does he excel his pupils (some of whom are specialists in different branches of athletics) at a stunt, but he does manage nearly always to beat them at something, be it jumping, vaulting, or something that is nothing more or less to him than a mental hazard. He may even decide on the spur of the moment to devise a stunt in order to beat them.

Due to the fact that Mr. Fairbanks is, perhaps, the most graceful of all athletes, and a champion at his stunts, the people often get the impression that he is unbeatable at any stunt, no matter who they may be or what the stunt. “It is true, though,” says Mr. Fairbanks, on being questioned, “that I can excel almost any person at any stunt that is truly and originally my own—stunts that I have worked on and given my best attention to since I was a small boy in my teens.”

Bob Simpson, Douglas Fairbanks, and Hamilton (the all-round champion of the world).
But but so, with the speech, done and "can't thought Ford I sup-
try," Dick was was a Had was 'we've you interrupted thin for your yo«
pose You but would 'your young? Yankees,' I make to him. I pardon,
to where I I interrupted you, and doing the kip from it. This took the ego out of the young man when he saw Mr. Fairbanks do it without an effort, so he decided he would retire.

"I can't do every stunt that I try," said Doug. Once, at the studio, when they were working on The Three Musketeers, his class included many members of the cast. One of them suggested that they should try diving head-first through a window into a "set," alighting on a mat. The window was about four or five feet from the ground, two feet high, and about eight feet long. The stunt was to get through without touching the sides of it. All tried several times, but to no avail. A boy wearing spectacles and all bundled up in a heavy overcoat stepped out of the crowd of onlookers, and getting back about twenty feet he took a few short fast steps, and then dived through the window, overcoat, spectacles, and all, without even touching the sides.

Doug's curiosity was aroused; so, going over to the young man, he asked his name, and was told by him: "My name is Dick Langdon. I am from Yale. I won the high jump event in the last Olympic Games in Belgium, don't you remember?" Doug nearly fainted.

his name he recalled that he was known internationally for his ability as an athlete.

"Sure. Come on and make yourself at home," remarked Doug. It so happened that Fred Thompson, Fred Kelly, and Alma Richards, all well-known athletes, were on hand, so they all started in to give a few exhibitions for the class.

The young man did every stunt that Doug and Company would do, and he began to feel rather cocky, and thought he was showing up Doug and Company. Sensing just how the fellow must have been feeling about it, Doug decided to do some of his own stunts — the kip, which is done by swinging for distance with the hands out in front of and from under an iron bar which is about three feet from the ground. (Doug, is the world's record-holder at this stunt), or diving head-first over the same bar, and catching the one opposite about six feet away,
O course you love music," said Ruth Roland, the serial star, in starting her interview with Louise Fazenda. 

"Yes," answered Louise. 

"I play the gramophone beautifully. I'm very fond of operatic music, but I don't like music when I'm working. Most comedies are done to a certain tempo anyway; all pantomime is done by counts, and if there is another tempo employed that is at variance with the recognized tempo, it simply causes confusion."

At this point Ruth showed her originality as an interviewer. She returned to her own set on a near-by lot, changed her costume, rode a rearing horse, jumped off a cliff or two, and made a trick aeroplane flight. Then, with these little things accomplished, she returned to the Fazenda lot.

"What is your chief ambition?" asked Ruth, in her best reportorial manner.

"To make the best comedies I can. Of course, I have another. I am the ten million two hundred and twenty-eighth person who wants to write a book."

"I think your figures are low," said Ruth. "But what sort of a novel?"

"Oh, a sort of an introspective novel—in fact, I know the very woman I'd write about. I'd just lay her on a platter and serve her up."

"Who are your favourites in pictures? Leave out Louise Fazenda and one other," suggested Ruth coyly.

"Charlie Chaplin, David Powell, and Lillian Gish."

"What do you think of when you work?" asked Ruth, peeping at a few notes.

"I think and feel just like a child—a simple little book, if you like—but that's just it. When I act, I don't feel grown up at all. There is no sex element in successful comedy. I guess I feel like a rag doll. Of all the parts I've played I like 'Bea Corenson' in Main Street best."

Here is something new in interviews, a question-and-answer contest between Ruth Roland, the Serial Queen, and Louise Fazenda, the Comedy Comet. Ruth has played many roles in the course of her screen career, but this is her first attempt at interviewing. We hope it won't be her last.

"They tell me you are something of a 'realtor.' Tell me something of your first investment in real estate."

"It was evident that Louise's first investment had some humorous reactions. Louise laughed, tried to be more serious, and then laughed again.

"Gee, Ruth, it was awfully funny! You see, I rented a house from a woman for a long time, until finally I got mad at her and bought it. I just had to, for she didn't like Airedales, and told me plainly that I couldn't keep my lovely 'Terry' on the premises any longer, so I bought the old house just so 'Terry' could stay."

"I remember it was a very rainy night when I went to close the deal. She was a lady to whom a cheque was a scrap of paper. She had dealt in cash all her life, but her husband finally prevailed upon her to take the cheque. I paid her very good money, but every time her suspicious eyes glanced at that mere piece of paper with not a cent of cash money in sight, it seemed as if she was just giving me the property, not selling it. I'm sure that if I had had half the money in cash, it would have looked bigger to her than the entire amount in a cheque. Honestly, I think that's the way to buy property from a private individual—draw out the cash in bills of small denomination, top the heap with a big one, and sit tight. Well, I can sell that house right now for a great deal more than I paid for it. It's results that count, not 

"Every star is supposed to have a hobby," said Interviewer Ruth. "Now, will you be radically original and tell me you haven't any?"

"My truthfulness won't allow it," answered Louise primly. "I love to cook. I mean that. I have never doted the extreme Paris creation to slip on a gingham apron for just photographic purposes. I really am crazy about cooking. I buy all the woman's magazines every month. And lots of their recipes work. I know. I eat some of the things..."
myself. Than which as proof nothing can be than whichever,” she added.

“Say it,” she added still further.

“What do I think of Coué? I know you have that question in your kit-

bag somewhere. Out with it.”

One more unusual question,” said Ruth, unperturbed. “What do you

think of Coué?”

“Now,” replied Louise, “I’m not going to put on that record of how I

had been thinking along this Coué line for years. At least not in those

words. But honest, Ruth, I have,” she added, womanishly. “I’ve always

thought that the good thoughts of others help us, and that our own

good thoughts help ourselves.”

Louise’s next two answers to ques-
tions were:

“No, I don’t like children. I

LOVE ‘em. Anyone who doesn’t is a

mighty poor specimen of humanity.

“Yes, I like dancing, but I like better to march to the music of a

band. I could follow a band all
day. If I had lived in the days of the

Pied Piper, I would have been

shut up in that mountain, sure.”

Now for the impressions one gets when interviewing Louise Fazenda.
It’s not rose petals on a silken shawl.
It’s not sensuous music from a muted
instrument beside a flashing stream.
It’s something that has been men-
tioned before, and will be again.
It’s something simply great. It’s WHOLE-

SOMENESS.

Here is the art wherein the smile
and the tear are blended.

Louise first made her appearance
in pictures when just a schoolgirl. She

managed to get a part as an extra;
but as the rôle was that of an Indian,
and she had no wig, she had to remain

pretty much in the background.

She didn’t want to play the

part of a scalped Indian.

Louise Fazenda is frank-

ness itself. She lays no

claim to beauty, on or off the screen. She will tell you

that people sympathise with her

Louise in “Quincy Adams Sawyer.”

Louise Fazenda has (not

exactly, perhaps, but what

approaches it) the inferiority

complex of the born comic-
dian, whose humour is based,
more times than not, on the

disasters which occur to him,

and make him a ridiculous

and sometimes a pitiable

figure.

For instance, when she says

“N’est-ce pas?” she adds: “That’s

French, isn’t it? ” mercilessly “ kid-

ding” herself and her accom-

plishments. As a matter of fact, her

intimates say that Louise has an

excellent working knowledge of

French, and a still deeper read-

ing knowledge of it. To listen

to her, however, one would believe

her to be in the “merci beau-
coup” class. In other words,

Louise represses, always represses,

and repression is, after all, one

of the greatest assets of the artistic

comedy star.
A Movie Friendship

Bryant Washburn and Ben Turpin have been good pals since the very earliest days of movie-making.

The friendship of Bryant and Ben and their families dates back seven or eight years, and takes them back to Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, in the state of Illinois, far back in the days when they worked side by side at the now defunct and dilapidated old Essanay studio in the windy city, as Chicago is called, on account of the strong winds coming in off the lakes.

Ben was a married man at that time, but Bryant, who was then a very young man, was still living the life that is referred to as "single-blessedness." That was before Bryant met Miss Mabel Forrest Chadester, who is now Mrs. Bryant Washburn. At that time Ben was the featured comedian in all the Essanay comedies that had much of either the slap or much of the stick, and very little of what may be called real acting.

As for Mabel, she was what we now call an extra girl playing in some of Ben's slap-sticks for two dollars a day, and when the scenario called for someone to get hit in the face with a pie, well, then she sometimes got as much as two-and-a-half dollars for the day.

That was very good for those days, considering that Ben and Bryant were not getting so very much more than that figure.

So much for the "slap-sticks." The light-comedy man was none other than Bryant. Should a scenario come in without its offering much of an opportunity for Ben to get knocked out, or made the target for a bakery edition of custard pies, the company would inject a little love story into the scenario, and would bring Bryant forth from the closet and mothballs, and turn on the cameramen and directors. The resulting picture, when released several days later, was known as a "classical comedy." The people of that day wondered not only where they got the idea of calling it "classical," but where the comedy came in.

But, anyway, time has gone along its weary road; Ben is still playing in slap-stick comedies in Los Angeles for the Mack Sennett Company; but there is a big difference between his pay-envelope of those days and the one that he gets now.

Now they are both back in Hollywood to live, and are just as good friends as they were in the old Essanay days, if not better, if such a thing is possible.

Ben is still wearing his little brown derby hat, and still possesses the long thin neck; while Bryant is still sporting the well-known dimple in his chin, and still is the same jolly and smiling young man that we have known since the days of Skinner's Dress Suit. This picture, it will be remembered, is the film that stamped Bryant as one of the best dispensers of light comedy on the American screen. If things turn out right in the near future, he will remake this picture on account of its making such a hit with the moviegoer in those days.
Here is the story of a movie within a movie—
Souls For Sale—a picture that takes you behind
the kinema screen. The story of the filming
of Souls For Sale is a romance in itself.

The Fates gazed down from the
celestial spaces on to the mighty
looms of filmdom.

"Earthly mortals," said one,
"are like moths who flutter
around the brilliant lights of
the studios. They are dazzled, and
do not see the disillusion and
sorrow which lurks in the shadows
beyond the glaring lamps."

"It is all very dull," yawned another. "Each day
we watch foolish humans vainly striving for a place in the
kinema sun. For too long the end of their endeavours has
been the same. We shall lose our reputation for versatility, if
always we direct the footsteps of the film aspirant along the paths
of disappointment and grief."

"Tis true," chorused the Fates. "Let us choose one from the
humble by-ways of life to whom the whirr of the film cameras will
spell stardom and the realisations of her dreams."

And so it was decreed that one June day Eleanor Boardman should
direct her footsteps along the broad highway that led to the glittering
glass roofs of the vast expanses of the Los Angeles film colony.

Many had trodden that road before, with hope beating high in
their hearts. And with envious eyes they had gazed upon the
luxuriously attired, bejewelled and manicured favourites of fortune
who sped along that busy thoroughfare towards the golden Mecca
of Movieland, out of which had come the costly limousines in which
they reclined.

Like those who had gone before, Eleanor Boardman had her
dreams. But they were shadowed with fears and anxiety. It was
a desperate necessity that she should make good on the screen.
For the stage, which in the past had brought her a meagre salary,
work which, even in the film studios, is akin to genius.

"Go through that door to the waiting-room," said the official curtly. "The casting director may be able to see you for a minute, and if you please him, you will have a film test."

Eleanor Boardman had seen the sweet of success snatched from one's grasp with tragic disappointment during her stage life.

She did not begin to dream of limousines, beautiful bungalows, and diamonds whilst she waited for the call of the casting director.

And she was wise enough to realize that that over-worked and distracted official was daily subjected to more wiles than Solomon.

She did not try to vamp him during the brief moments that she stood inwardly quaking in her room.

"Come in at nine to-morrow for a film

**Richard Dix, Eleanor Boardman, and Frank Mayo.**

was closed to her now. She had lost her singing voice, and only a few days previously she had been discharged from a Broadway show. A very tired and disillusioned butterfly, she had been driven from the footlights of the theatre, and now she was fluttering around the arc lamps of filmland, not because they dazzled her, but because stern necessity was a task-master who must be served.

She passed along the broad, tree-lined highways of the film colony, and the first big studio to which she came was the pretentious buildings of Goldwyn's.

The official who gazed at her through the metal bars that covered the window through which he daily stared with calculating eye at the human stream of beauty, seeking the path to screen fame, saw the prettiness and charm of Eleanor Boardman.

But it did not inspire the slightest acceleration of his heart-beats, and his pulses failed to flutter beyond the normal tenour of their way. For the girl who was pleading with big, appealing grey eyes for a film test was no prettier or charming than hundreds of others who had failed even to become insignificant grist for the mills of filmland. Yet there was some indefinable thing which prevented him from giving the customary shake of his head, which for so many fair seekers for film fame had shattered their hopes with tragic celerity.

Then suddenly he realised that subconsciously this shy young girl, with the mass of brown hair and grey, serious eyes, was impressing him with her will to succeed. Her mouth was very straight and determined, and the tilt of her well-modelled chin told of a self-reliance which reflected personality and that capacity for hard

**Eleanor Boardman, the new movie star.**

test," he told her abruptly. And if her voice shook a little as she thanked him, it was because she was thinking of the few shillings which remained in her purse, and the weary round of agents' offices that lay ahead if the film had not given her a chance.

Her test in the studios the next morning was a failure. But she was so very enthusiastic, so determined to try and please, that a kind-hearted director sent her back to the dressing-rooms to be "made up" differently. The cameras were kinder to her after that. From a crowd of beautiful

**Frank Mayo, Richard Dix, Eleanor Boardman and Lew Cody.**
The days that followed, she was taught to make up, instructed in the fundamentals of pantomime, as the cameras demanded this new art of Grimaldi. She studied her first small part during every spare moment, and suggested a little more action for herself to the director.

Her first "bit" was in Rupert Hughes’ "Gimme." She pleased everyone by her unceasing effort to give of the best she had. She was given a larger part in The Stranger’s Banquet. Hugo Ballin then selected her to play Amelia Sedley in his Vanity Fair. Then the crown of stardom came within her grasp. And the Fates became uneasy.

"Eleanor Boardman has sped along the path to film fame too swiftly," they whispered in their celestial council chambers. "She will encourage many foolish humans to believe that the fame and fortune of the screen is simple to grasp."

So the Fates found a way out by inspiring Rupert Hughes to star Eleanor Boardman in Souls For Sale. For here was a remarkable story, which, with vivid realism, reflected the life of the film colony, with its disappointments, its tragedies, and its grudging successes for the fortunate few. It showed just such desolate "shores" of attics and starvation. As a parable on the price which has to be paid for the realization of human hopes, Souls For Sale is a photoplay that will live in the memory. It is a human document of the screen.

The spectator is carried behind the screen, into the vast studios, the homes of the stars, the restaurants where those who are world-famous on the silver sheet eat surprisingly sparse and modest meals, with the grease-paint and costumes of the studios still decorating them with bizarre effect. One sees the vast network of many million candle-power arc lamps, which spread above the artistes and the cameras; the giant moving-picture sets, built with a surprising solidity and painstaking effort. There are innumerable sidelights on the great and costly organisation which lies behind modern picture production. But it is not that which leaves the greater impression.

Souls For Sale strips the artificiality and mystery from the lives of those who go down to the studios to make pictures. The souls of the players are laid bare; their ambitions, jealousies, follies, and sacrifices are reflected on the screen. In this photoplay the lens of the film camera is like the powerful microscope of some genii who can analyse the subtleties of character or the innermost thoughts of the mind.

There are poignant pictures of film aspirants sobbing with their pretty heads buried in their arms, as they have seen the tragedy of failure on the screen; the relentless dissection of their faults and limitations, which the majority of film tests for the inexperienced produce.

And beneath the human aspect of such bitter reflections of failure, there are interesting lessons in screen technique disclosed.

"You must feel emotion; it is the thoughts of your mind which the cameras reflect," the harassed director points out as the novice in the studio continues to make faces into the lens, in the belief that this is acting. One learns that the lens records what a
player thinks, and here is the secret of the screen success which attends those of outstanding personality.

The cruelty of the "close-up" is revealed when it is carried out with a player who has not learned the secret of restraint in facial expression, or the subtle shades of "make-up" which defeat the relentless eye of the camera in its eternal quest for faults or blemishes.

Throughout the pictures there are moviess within movies, the wheels of filmdom which grind so many ambitions "exceeding small" working within wheels.

There are entertaining glimpses of Charlie Chaplin producing in his studios. At such times the little jester of the screen is a dynamic personality, never still, jumping up from his seat one moment, and sprawling back into it the next minute. Continually he snatches cigarettes from his case, holds them in his mouth for a few seconds, often unlighted, and then, in a moment of excitable gesticulation, he tosses them amongst the growing collection scattered over the floor.

One sees Eric Von Stroheim, a smiling, comparatively pleasant-mannered and attractive-faced young man, looking like a schoolboy on the set between scenes.

There is the amusing rush for the luncheon-room when the gong rings, which, for the moment, snaps the thread of illusion as one sees armoured knights inelegantly tumble from gaily festooned chargers; gosamer-clad dancers, princesses garbed of regal splendour, join with short-sleeved directors in the good-natured scramble for internal requirements.

There is a dazzling galaxy of famous stars gathered together in the scenes which represent filmdom, unconven-
itionally feeding at the luncheon counters of the screen colony.

Souls For Sale does not aim at reflecting the tinsel and glitter of filmdom. It does more than that. There is one tragic scene when a great arc lamp breaks from its fastenings and falls with grim mutilating force on to the limbs of a pretty star who is sitting on the couch beneath. She is carried from the studio a crumpled butterfly, a cripple for life. And, later, we see the fallen star hobbling around the set on crutches, her beautiful eyes bedewed with tears as she gazes on the scene of her past triumphs, now things of hollowness and mockery.

There is a human picture of a famous film star, who, to the eyes of the world, would seem to have everything that makes for happiness, sobbing quietly in a corner of the studio over the memory of "Tim," who was burned to death stunting for the films in an aeroplane.

One realises during these intimate glimpses of filmdom that often screen artistes rise earlier and work later than factory hands.

The final memory of this remarkable picture is that of the rain-soaked, bleeding, dishevelled star, who has escaped from a burning tent, pitifully shrieking for a mirror that she may know the truth of the disfiguring scar that falling debris has torn on her fair cheek.

Making a picture within a picture. The real cameramen are seen on the right; the actors impersonating movie-makers, on the left.
The Romance of Harold Lloyd

T

re is little room for romance in the daily grind of turning out motion pictures to amuse a nation. Yet this is a story of romance and adventure that would put any volume of Ethel M. Dell to shame—the career of Harold Lloyd, the spectacled comedian with the winning smile.

Eight years ago Harold Lloyd was striving to make both ends meet, playing "extra" parts and character bits on the "lot" at Universal City. He had begun to think that his stage training meant nothing. He couldn't seem to get anywhere. But, all the time, an idea lurked in the back of his head that he wanted to become a comedian—a different comedian.

On the same "lot" he came in contact with a good-looking young man with an equally winning smile. The two became "buddies," and dreamed their dreams together. And then Harold's pal, Hal Roach, inherited some money. It was not much, it is true, but enough to give him a feeling of prosperity— for at twenty-two it takes but little for a man to build castles in the air.

"Will you work for me if I give you forty dollars a week?" Hal Roach asked his friend. "I am thinking of producing a comedy, and I believe you've got the stuff in you to be the comedian."

"Will I?" exclaimed Harold. "When do we start?"

And that was the beginning. The beginning of a friendly association that resulted in hundreds of one-reel laugh-provokers, then two-reel ones, three-reels, four reels, and then comedy features, such as Grandma's Boy, Dr. Jack, and finally the first seven-reel comedy ever produced—Safety Last.

Harold Lloyd is now one of the most successful comedians on the screen. He has made history, but it has been an uphill fight. The spirit of youth is still in him, and he is not ashamed to tell how when he was a kid in Nebraska he used to sell popcorn to passengers on trains that passed through his town, how he sold newspapers in Denver, and how he got his first chance to act on the stage by begging a stock actor to let him do something—"any old thing, just so it's acting."

But even as a youngster Harold seemed to be bothered by what is known as "the histrionic urge." He used to make a stage of his bed and would line up all the hats—male and female—which he could find in the house, and then act before the mirror with much ado. He also began to show signs of slight of hand work—something which even now is a great hobby of his.

It might be said that the toss of a coin brought Harold Lloyd to the movies, for a coin was flipped—it meant San Diego, California, or New York; and San Diego won. When Harold arrived on the Pacific Coast, he ran into an old friend and secured a job in a stock company. But things didn't go so good, and the company failed. The only future...
Weddings will occur, even in the best-regulated movies, which is a good thing for everybody, especially the studio hands, who usually appropriate the "eats," when they are edible. Any book of etiquette will put you wise as to what should and should not be done at an honest-to-goodness affair of this sort. But there isn't a limit to the funny things they do at a movie wedding. These are not screened, though. More's the pity.

Despite its youth, the art of moviemaking has already laid down some hard-and-fast rules for movie brides and bridegrooms, which are never transgressed. There may be sufficient for a book some day. One of the first ones is that the happy pair should be, if possible, strangers in real life. They are introduced on the "set," married the same morning, and, after the bride has said "I will," she does not see her life-partner again that week, at least.

Then, towards the end of the five or six weeks' work that goes to making a "human drama," the wooing will be seriously gone through. This is all for the good of the production judging by the excellent results.

The loveliest gowns, the filmiest of hats and laces, are always called into being for movie weddings, and very lovely the brides always look. When the ceremony takes place in a church, although this edifice may not be all it seems to the camera, all the true-to-life adjuncts of flowers and guests, bridesmaids and pages, are very much in evidence. They have an organ (when they can get one), or else a harmonium, and what passes for a register. Usually the actual words of the marriage service are spoken. The only thing they do not have is a real clergyman. The director sometimes has his own ideas of what constitutes a perfect whole, and introduces a little fresh action here
Marriage under compulsion: Herbert Rawlinson in "Don't Shoot."

and there; but often, to him, the wedding is just a necessary evil, and he gets it over as early and as speedily as can be. Usually Mrs. Star's husband and Mr. Leading Man's wife turn up to see the fun, if they can, and the first time a movie star is "wedded" thus under the stern or mischievous eyes of his or her real spouse is always an event. But they soon get used to it, and never turn a hair after their sixth attempt.

To the movie plot there's nothing more necessary than the wedding, for upon it and around it are centred most of the screen's best material. The old-fashioned movies ended with a wedding; the new ones begin with one, and some of them have one in every other reel.

A Norwegian wedding. Vernon Steeles and Jane Novak in "Thelma."

Above: In spite of such temptations, Bull Montana has never said "I will" on the screen.

Left: Johnny Walker and Ella Hall.

Below: Bibi Daniels marries in style in "Glimpses of the Moon."

One of the most memorable weddings in celluloid was that of the crinolined heroine of Smilin' Through, where the quaint charm of the fanciful dresses of both men and maids formed a most attractive picture. Here the celebrations ended tragically, just before the ceremony, and the consequences thereof formed the basis of the story. The star, Norma Talmadge, is certainly the most-married personage in filmland, with Gloria Swanson a close runner-up. Off the screen, Norma contented herself with one husband, but in celluloid she can count them by dozens. But poor Bull Montana has never said (Continued on Page 22.)

Left: A gypsy wedding: Georges Carpentier and Flora Le Breton.

Below: Pat O'Malley wishes he hadn't said "I will" in "Brothers Under the Skin."
Mrs. Gaskell's *The Manchester Marriage*. Only it has been modernised and re-titled *Heart-strings*. The studios at Walthamstow have become part of a little northern village for the time being, and we're only waiting for one rather important member of the cast before we commence." Gertrude McCoy plays the nurse-friend of a crippled baby girl, and various homes and orphanages were requisitioned to find a suitable kiddie. Included in the fine cast are Victor McLaglen, Edith Bishop, Russell Thorndike, and Sidney Fairbrother; and Gertrude McCoy.

On the Job Again!

"Old Bill" and his inseparable companions, "Alf" and "Bert," are to make their appearance once again in celluloid. In great state this time, for "Bill," who stands for the British fighting man of all time, commences operations back in the medieval ages. Battle scenes of the past will be reconstructed, long before guns, shells, and trench warfare came into being, and many hundreds of men are learning the use of the bow, the halberd, and other types of ancient weapons. There is great scope for comedy in the soldier, always. Thomas Bentley is producing the picture, for Ideal Films, and Captain Bairnsfather will appear in the film as well as being responsible for the story. For the hero, Sid Walker has been cast, and Arthur Cleave is "Bert," and Jack Denton "Alf." The only two ladies in the cast are Gladys Holliett and Barbara Sorel.

A Favourite Authorress Filmed.

I met Gertrude McCoy busily choosing gowns the other afternoon, "For my new film," she told me, when a simple, girlish looking frock had eventually secured her approval. "I play 'Norah,' the heroine of

![Aima Taylor in "The Pipes of Pan"](image)

British Studio Gossip

*Valia, who is to appear in a Sidney Morgan production.*

declared that, as usual, she expected to weep a good deal, once the story was well started. The *N.C.O.* eventually found a little cripple child of four, who is overjoyed at the prospect of working in a film.

A Star Works Overtime.

Victor McLaglen is playing in two films at once, and having a pretty active time. In neither is he camp and solely a fighting man; for *Heart-strings* is by way of being a very emotional story, and the other film is a George Clarke production, directed by Martin Thornton. It is founded on fact, and as yet has not been titled. Florence Turner plays in it, and Madge Stuart is again opposite McLaglen. Walter Tennyson and Sir Simeon Stuart also appear, and they are hard at it down at the new Beconsfield Studios. Thus far, Victor McLaglen has managed to keep up with his rôles; but what will happen when he is wanted in both places at the same time remains to be seen.

The Titles Are Similar.

In *Woman to Woman*, which Graham Cutts is producing, Betty Compson is the star, and many of the theatre scenes were made one afternoon at the Aldwych Theatre. A large crowd applauded, or disapproved, obedient to the producer's commands, and Clive Brook, as the man two women loved, looked on from his box. Another film, with the title *Man to Woman*, has also a melodramatic story. This is being made at St. Margaret's, and has a very strong cast. Hilda Bayley, back in England once more, and Mlle. Valia share the leading rôles, with Stewart Rome and Gerald Ames opposite. Ivo Dawson is another favourite player in the cast.

One Visitor's Plans.

Betty Compson expects to stay ten weeks in Europe, and will make two films. The second, *The Prude's Fall*, is adapted from the successful play that ran at Wyndham's Theatre, London, and is light fare compared with *Woman to Woman*. Betty Compson is fully equal to the demands of both rôles: her early film work was done, you remember, in Lyons and Moran comedies, whilst her dancing and emotional capacities have been tested, tried, and not found wanting in the many films she has made for Paramount, and other companies, not forgetting the immortal *Miracle Man*. Betty is receiving a tremendous salary for her work this side.

*Valia, who is to appear in a Sidney Morgan production.*

*A new picture of Stewart Rome.*
Billows to Order.
They staged a terrific hurricane and a shipwreck in a field at Elstree, a few days ago, for the purpose of half-a-dozen "close-ups" for The Typhoon. Many shipwreck scenes had already been taken in Cornwall, where Charles Hutchison and his company made the exteriors, and a part of their schooner was reproduced on land and mounted on rockers. When these were set in motion, realistic tossing and rocking ensued. A boom from the mainmast was being tested when I arrived—for the gentle purpose of falling upon Malcolm Tod's head and knocking him overboard.

Everything There but the Ocean.
Powerful searchlights were focussed on the vessel as soon as it was dark enough, greatly to the delight of crowds of onlookers in the adjoining fields; and fire-hose rain, blown this way and that by a motor-driven "gale," drenched the crew on the deck. Charles Hutchison, the complete nautical man, sea-boots, jersey, and everything was everywhere at once, and made a spectacular entrance from the hatchway just as Malcolm Tod was knocked overboard by the obedient boom. This pleased the spectators immensely, and they demanded an encore with cheers. The next item on the programme was more gale, and the tearing-away of the mainmast. After this, a few "shots" were taken of the wreckage abandoned by the crew; and after Charles Hutchison had informed all and sundry that the events happened somewhere between England and New Zealand in the story, everybody went home. "Hutch" wrote this photoplay, which, like most of his own efforts, abounds in adventure, fast-moving action, and thrills.

Betty Balfour at home.

One of the "Marys."
Dark-eyed Nancye Kenyon scored a marked success in her first important film rôle—that of "Doda Occleve" in This Freedom. She has now turned her attention from modern tragedy to old-time romance, for Denison Clift has cast her for "Mary Fleming" in his forthcoming production, Mary Queen of Scots. Nancye Kenyon has several very beautiful period gowns specially designed for the film by Seymour Lucas, and she finds their weight and width very different from the scanty skirts of to-day.

Queenie Thomas Screening Again.
After an absence of several years, Queenie Thomas is back in screenland again. Wearing a white wig and a rather fantastic costume, I found her waiting to be called upon for a comedy scene. "We are doing a series of Syncopated Comedies," she informed me, "which my husband, Bertram Phillips, directs. Some of them are comedy versions of well-known films—like One Exiled Orphan and Oliver T. Wist. Juliet and Her Romeo was one I particularly liked. We are specialising in black-and-white effects; hence my white wig, of which I'm rather fond. Then, after I've been across to Paris for a rest and some frocks, I'm going to play 'Lady Teazle.' This will be a full-length feature film, and everybody is busy searching for period furniture and costumes.'
LILA LEE

Was a popular juvenile player in vaudeville before she came to the screen. Some of her best known pictures are "The Admirable Crichton," "Midsummer Madness," "The Prince Chap," and "The Charm School."
WARNER BAXTER

A recruit from the legitimate stage who has won screen popularity as Ethel Clayton's leading man. Recent releases in which he has appeared are "The Cradle" and "Her Own Money."
JOHN BOWERS

Who plays the title rôle in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" has supported Pauline Frederick, Viola Dana, Alice Lake, Madge Kennedy and many other popular screen stars. He is 6 ft. in height and has dark hair and eyes.
QUEENIE THOMAS

The popular British star who has returned to the screen after an absence of several years. She will be seen first in a series of comedies, after which she is to play "Lady Teazle" in "The School for Scandal."
MARIE MOSQUINI
Well known for her work in comedies opposite Harold Lloyd and Harry Pollard, was born at Los Angeles in 1899. She is a vivacious little lady with brown hair and hazel eyes.
Dorothy Dalton enjoys a stylish marriage once in a while on the screen. She is here seen as a Society bride.
From the hero of *The Million Dollar Mystery* to the director of a million-dollar movie is quite an accomplishment. And James Cruze, who put on *The Covered Wagon* for Paramount, made the step in a little less than ten years.

The fame of this wonderful new picture, which has been placed beside *The Birth of a Nation* in the opinion of those who have been fortunate enough to see it, created a sensation in New York that even overshadowed the history of the famous picture with which it has been compared. For weeks the Criterion Theatre was sold out in advance, and the only bookings to be had were from theatre speculators who reaped a harvest from those who were determined to see *The Covered Wagon* in spite of crowded houses and advanced prices.

This story, based upon the novel of Emerson Hough, will have a universal appeal. The history of the settlement of new lands is much the same as the incidents it vividly depicts. Canada, Australia, South Africa all have similar experiences that old settlers remember well, and new settlers treasure in their hearts as actual happenings to their grandfathers, or to those who ventured into new countries long before the present day.

An impressive scene from James Cruze's production, "The Covered Wagon."


Mr. Cruze admitted to me that the adventurous spirit was a personal characteristic. I had asked about his early days in the theatre, when he toured the country playing a different city each night. One of his managers was Hal Reid, Wallace Reid's father, and Jim and Wallie were friends for many years—an association that was broken only by the sad death of the beloved film star.

"I had a big adventure long before that," Mr. Cruze said. "When I was fourteen I decided to run away and go to sea—an ambition which many a small boy cherishes. I got away and shipped as cabin-boy on a sailing-vessel bound for South America. The cargo was supposed to be hides, and many days were spent loading the villainous-smelling ship in the Southern Pacific. When we reached San Francisco, the police swarmed aboard and arrested the entire crew, who were all sent for long terms to St. Quentin prison. The decks were filled with stores of opium, carefully concealed among the ostensible cargo; it was the biggest sensation in years. I was the only one set free."

His first picture work, after considerable stage experience, was in the old Thanhouser Pictures. He was appearing there when the studio burnt on January 13, 1913, at 13 a.m. (It was one o'clock really, but all the thirteens made it particularly weird!), and was one of the unfortunate who were burned out. Mr. Cruze had all his wardrobe in the studio dressing-room, as he was moving at the time, and lost watch, money, wardrobe, and costumes galore. He saved himself and the costume he was playing in. The latter was a weird Indian make-up from a two-reel "Sherlock Holmes" picture. Not much luck for him, he thought at the time, but it turned out to be most fortunate in the end. The company was sent to California during the re-building of the studio, and while there he joined the Paramount forces, and a long-cherished ambition to direct was granted. For nine years he has put on Paramount pictures, and in point of service is the oldest director on the "Lot." Some of his best-known pictures are *The Valley of the Giants, Terror Island, Always Audacious, The Dictator, The Lottery Man,* and *The Old Homestead.*
When Edward Simpson was dying, leaving his mighty fortune behind, he expressed a wish that his heiress, Genevieve, should know more of the world than was possible in the out-of-the-way community of Kokomo, Indiana. That the old place would be different for his children on his death, he well knew, and it was at his suggestion that a three-years stay in Europe was decided on, to give the girl that final tone which should fit her for the place in society that was to be hers. One other thing he did before he died. He made David Pike her guardian, for David was his best and most trusted friend.

"You will take sufficient money for your stay," said David to the girl and her brother Horace, as they stood upon the platform of the little station of Kokomo. "I have made arrangements with the bank over there. If an emergency should arise, and you should require more, cable me, and I will see that it is made all right. Enjoy yourselves. Have a good time, and come back safely when the three years are up." Half a mile along the line, the train was puffing up. The little crowds pressed forward. For a moment the man and the girl were alone. Horace was seeing to the luggage a dozen yards away.

"Genevieve—" said David Pike. She looked up.

"You'll come back safely?"

"Of course!"

"I—Genevieve—"

He hesitated, looked away and back again. The train was in, and Horace calling.

"I—I love you!" said David in desperation.

She put a foot to the step of the train, halted and looked back. Suddenly she smiled.

"And I—I love you, David," she said.

"There was no time for more, but he was glad for so little. She loved him! Throughout the next three years he had that to work and fight for! She loved him!

The whistle blew. There were hasty farewells and last warnings to be called and promises made. He looked a last time into her eyes and smiled, and she returned his smile. He waved a hand and she waved hers. Horace called good-bye. The whistle blew again, and the train pulled out of the station. In less than a minute

Genevieve Simpson was gone from Kokomo, Indiana, for three long years. And David Pike was left to fight and build for the day of her return.

Sorrento is a small enough place upon the map—not much bigger than the county of Kokomo is the capital. But there are kings and come together. And an even more vital reason was the fact that the reigning house of Sorrento was not only ancient, but, like so many ancient things, very near to bankruptcy.

It would be an excellent thing if you were to marry the American heiress," suggested the old Prince Giovanni. "Our affairs are in none too healthy a state. The fortune would bolster up our resources and make us to dance again as once we danced. Money is what we want."

"An excellent thing indeed, father dear," said the flippant Leone. "And the very thing that has been my head all day. To-night I shall go and try my luck. I can but ask; and from what I hear of the scarcity of princes in that part of the world from which she comes, I do not think that my luck will fail me. Besides—"

He broke off and glanced meaningly in the mirror before him, looking back with a laugh to his father.

"You know, I have heard the old man. I was as handsome myself in my young days. Our house is a great one. We have always been lucky, even in looks. May our luck be with us to-night."

The Simpsons were staying at the Royal Hotel about half a mile away. At dusk, the gallant Leone passed out of the gilded gates of the palace, and made his way towards the American quarter of the town. As he walked, he sang.

But he came soon to a shaded lane, half-way to the hotel, where the song died away on his lips and his walk slowed down to the tiniest tread, and then stopped. A woman came out of the shadows, and stood in front of him, a fisherwoman from the harbours, Faustina Ribiere. She was not the only woman the Prince had loved, but she was the nearest. She stood close to him and laughed in his face.

"I hear that you are seen about too often with the American beauty," she flashed.

"Indeed?" said Leone.

"You love her?"

"A State matter!" said the Prince with a shrug of the shoulders. "You know very well—"

"See that you do not, that is all!"

And with this the woman was gone into the shadows.

The Prince walked on with a frown on his brow, as if he was not until he was on the very steps of the hotel that the frown vanished. He found the American girl upon the terrace and went to her side.
"Miss Simpson," he said. "Genevieve—may I call you Genevieve?"

She turned and looked at him with well-simulated surprise.

The better part of the three years had gone by, and she was wondering what news she would have to take back to New York. That it would be New York she had fully decided. Kokomo had almost faded from the Simpsons' memories. Its simple ways and its simple people were forgotten. There was news of a kind in the letters from David Pike (David himself had been elected State Senator, and was forging ahead, he told them), but news that had no interest, and was therefore not half read. Kokomo was behind in the past, dead and forgotten. When they returned it would be to New York, Fifth Avenue, and the "set" there. She wondered what she would have to take back to Fifth Avenue. Would she go back merely as the wealthy heiress of Edward Simpson, of Kokomo, Indiana, sophisticated and world-travelled, yet still only that? Or could she return to set the ears of the city tingling as a Princess? Such things had happened before. Rarely, but certainly...

"May I call you Genevieve?" the Prince repeated, taking her hand. "My Genevieve? I love you! I love you!"

He held her to him and kissed her, and she did not resist. Thus was the royal house of Sorrento in sight of its repairing fortune, and the sophisticated and travelled American girl in sight of the sensation that should set the ears of Fifth Avenue tingling with envy. Thus does the world go round. Or partly round, sometimes.

Faustina was idolised by her husband, Ribiere, but she had no thoughts for her humble mate.

It was the opinion of the royal father, Giovanni, that it was too early to discuss a marriage settlement. The official announcement of the engagement would not be made until the autumn. For the present, let love's young dream take its course. The other matter later. But the climax of the previous evening had brought the two families near enough for confidences, and there were things that could now be discussed that could not be discussed before. The royal house needed money, and needed it quickly and very badly, but the direct approach was out of the question. Giovanni, however, made up in ideas what he lacked in wealth. He approached the Princess Sabina, his daughter, the sister of Prince Leone.

"You will be much about with Genevieve now," he said. "Suggest to her that you are pressed for money in a way that you dare not make known to me. Ask the loan of a considerable sum, but be careful to—"—he smiled and twirled his moustache and looked at her meaningfully—"be careful to insist that she take the royal pearls as security. Insist upon that. We cannot have a feeling of suspicion arising. You may be short of money. Do not let her think that you are short of securities. Insist!"

"I will insist, father," said the Princess Sabina.

And so some thousands of dollars changed hands, and the royal pearls too, and the days went by, and the autumn came, and the time for the official announcement of the wedding. And on the day before the announcement, the Prime Minister of the little State of Sorrento made an official call upon the American, Miss Simpson, at the Royal Hotel above the bay.

"It is, of course, usual," he said. "in cases such as this, to come to some agreement with regard to the terms of settlement before an announcement is made to the people. If Mr. Simpson—"

Horace and the Prime Minister talked it over at great length, and in the end the sum of 750,000 dollars was agreed upon. The Prime Minister departed highly satisfied with Horace's assurance that the girl's guardian in Kokomo should be cabled for the amount that very evening, and in the royal house there was much rejoicing and self-congratulation. When a cable in reply arrived the following day to say that Genevieve's guardian was on his way, the rejoicing was increased, and the whole matter regarded as good as settled.

But in a shabby house beside the harbour, darkly, a woman sat and stared through a shabby window across the sands to where her despised fisherman husband was returning. As she sat and watched, she rocked wearily to and fro, and bit her lips, and thought and thought and thought. Faustina was idolised by her husband, Ribiere, but she had no thoughts for her humble mate.

For many nights at sunset she sat thus, and then at last she made her move. A little note, hastily scrawled, slipped through the gate to the Prime Minister's room at sunset one night, and the shadow of a woman moved stealthily to the cave along the rocks beside the beach.

The note amused the Prince.

"I have heard the news of your engagement to the American," it read. "I suppose this means the end, and I am too wise a woman not to recognise it. But, for the sake of old times, come once again to the cave. Let me feel your arms about me for the last time.—FAUSTINA."

"Why not?" laughed the Prince. "A last fling. To-morrow I must put this kind of thing aside. But to-night . . ."

He went.

The cave was dark, but he well knew the corner where always she waited for him. He went to it, and as he reached the spot, she sprang suddenly, and a knife flashed in the rays of the rising moon, far across the wet sand.

With a cry of rage he raised his arm and warded off the blow. But she came again, and with fiercer intensity.

"If I may not, then no other woman shall have you!" she cried.

They struggled, and he told her not to be a fool. The knife flashed again and descended, and he had to aim a sharp blow to deflect it from its course. He knocked her hand aside, and the knife fell sharply to her breast. She gave a loud scream and crumpled to the sand.
In terror the Prince dashed from the cave. To be seen here at such a time would ruin all his plans. He ran up the beach in the shadow of the town, and as he ran he saw the hulking figure of the woman's husband running across the sands to the cave. The last screams of the dying woman were still heard.

He came upon an officer of the guard.

"There is foul play afoot at the cave," he said calmly. "Ribiere, the fisherman, went there not five minutes ago. I saw him with my own eyes. I should take your men and make a search."

The officer saluted and called the guard.

As Prince Leone walked away, he stroked his hand shakily across his damp brow, and offered a prayer to the god of luck that seemed always to watch over the reigning house of Sorrento.

David Pike, impatient of the antiquated means of locomotion in the little town, walked up from the station to the hotel, and it was while he walked and turned a corner in the dark street that he was interrupted in his progress by the flying figure of a shabby fisherman.

"Save me! Save me!" cried the fisherman, clinging to his coat.

"What is the matter?" demanded David.

The native had some incoherent tale to tell of an unfaithful wife and her lover. The intrigue had been long, and come to a fatal termination. She had been killed by her lover; but her husband, coming upon the scene as she breathed her last, the lover gone, had been surprised by the guards and was even now fleeing from what men called justice! There was no justice! The lover of his dead wife was a Prince, the Prince Leone, and would go free. He, who was innocent, and had suffered so much, must suffer all now, because he was no prince. What justice was in that?

David took the man by the shoulder, and swung him round.

"The Prince Leone, you say?"

"Why, yes!"

"Come with me."

"The good stranger will save me from this injustice?"

"I will save you."

And that night Ribiere the fisherman was hidden in David's room at the hotel, and told to make no sound lest his presence be discovered.

But there were prying eyes in Sorrento, and news of the hiding was brought to Giovanni.

"For the moment leave him with the American," said the Prince. "Make no arrest. I understand the American is not too friendly to the suit of my son. Ribiere may be more useful to us there than on the scaffold."

"The man has told me his story," said David, "and I believe him. There has been an error of justice. He is innocent."

"That is for the law to decide. But when you fight the law of this country, you run the risk of arrest and imprisonment. It would not be a short imprisonment. To harbour a murderer is a very serious thing."

"You threaten me?"

"No, no. Listen. It has come to our notice that you refuse your consent to your ward's betrothal to our Prince. Sanction it, and you go free. Continue to refuse, and withhold the 750,000 dollars, and you will be immediately arrested."

"For withholding my consent?"

"For sheltering a murderer!"

David considered a moment and then turned to the messenger.

"To-morrow," he said, "bring your lawyers and the necessary documents for signature. I will do as you ask. Have the Prince here, and his father."

The messenger bowed, and was gone.

The Prince and his father and sister, with their officials, sat on one side of the room. On the other were Genevieve and Horace. At a table in the centre stood David Pike.

"Then we are all agreed," said the Prince.

"But for one little thing," said David. "As proof of your sincerity, Miss Simpson pointed out to me that on the occasion of a small loan from her to you, you insisted that she retain this rope of pearls as a security until the pledge was redeemed? That is so."

"We owed her no less," said Giovanni.

"I am told that the pearls are part
of the crown jewels of this State, and that this fact makes doubly certain your sincerity in the matter?"

"That is so."

David took a step forward.

"I have taken the liberty of consulting an expert, and he advises me that the pearls are entirely worthless. In other words, a cheap imitation. This must have been known to you when you proposed to my ward in this manner. Have you anything to say?"

The old Prince bit his lip and the young Prince frowned. The royal family drew aside and conversed in whispers. They then returned to the table.

"If you doubt my sincerity longer, let us say," said Giovanni, "that we are willing to take a lesser sum as a marriage settlement. I would suggest—"

"Stop!" cried Genevieve, springing to her feet. "This affair seems to be degenerating into an auction mart. I refuse to be marked down like this."

Prince Leone, I must confess that I seem to have been mistaken. It is a lady's privilege to change her mind, even when a prince is concerned. I beg leave to change mine. Goodday!"

They had no time for quiet talk until the train was in the station, and they were about to set out on the first stage of their return to Indana. But then it suddenly burst forth, with a power of scorn turned against herself by Genevieve, that surprised David as he never had been surprised before.

"I have been a fool! I am a fool still! I said I was a woman, and only a girl three years ago. Nay! I grow the other way. I am becoming more of a child day by day—a foolish child. I have deserved every bit of it. I have let stupid ambition blind me—"

He took her arm, less gently than anyone had taken her arm before.

"Don't," he interrupted sharply. "I can't bear to hear you talk that way."

"But it's true, true," persisted Genevieve. "I threw away a love that was sincere in order to pursue the phantom of vanity. Like a mere school-girl, I allowed myself to be dazzled by the lustre of a title."

"But if you love me now," said David quietly, "nothing else matters. This foolish interlude cannot alter our lives. Let us forget it, and start afresh. Three years ago you told me that you loved me, Genevieve. I want you to tell me now that you were sincere. Say that you still care for me."

Genevieve bowed her head.

"I am not worthy of unselfish love," she murmured brokenly. "I have been so selfish myself. You must despise me as I have come to despise myself."

Suddenly she found herself in David's arms.

"You do not answer," he said. "I keep asking and asking, and you keep talking and talking and refusing to answer. Do you love me?"

The storm passed, and suddenly she smiled.

"I answered your question three years ago," she said.
Doris May

Time was when Douglas Maclean and Doris May were the most popular pair of screen light-comedy exponents extant. And the huge army of movie fans all over the universe agitated their minds for months and months and months over the question whether the two who played husband and wife so convincingly were really married. Pretty Doris May grew tired of answering the question; Douglas Maclean produced a life-sized wife all his own; but still the rumour persisted until at last the screen partnership was dissolved. Doris May became a star by herself, and at the same time acquired a wedding ring and a husband, called Wallace MacDonald, to go with it. As Wallace was leading man in several of her next films, the same old question took a new lease of life, and Uncle Sam's inland revenue benefited considerably. Doris is a maid of Seattle, Washington, and both her parents were writers. She entered screenland proper by the door of Ince's studio, though she had already had one rather exciting experience.

When Cecil De Mille was screening The Little American, with Mary Pickford, he wanted a "double" for the shipwreck scenes. So he persuaded Doris' mother, a friend of his, to lend him her fourteen-year-old daughter. Which doubtless accounted for the future star's confidence when, a few years later, she assured Thomas Ince that, though she hadn't had much screen experience, she could do anything. Via stunts and small parts she graduated to playing lead in Charles Ray's films, and later, with Douglas Maclean, found fame in Twenty-Three-and-a-Half-Hours' Leave and many other light comedies. Her first star film was The Foolish Age; and future releases include The Understudy and a William Farnum film, The Gun Fighter. Doris May is the sole claimant to "real nut-brown hair" in filmland, and she has eyes of the same uncommon tint.

A scene from "Eden and Return."
A little classical music on the gramophone - de-luxe.

Gloria's home at Beverley Hills is as gorgeous as the star herself. Above: The imposing entrance.

Above: Gloria and her Russian wolf-hound Ivan.

Right: Decorating a room with flowers from her garden.
At Home

Swanson

Left: On the terrace overlooking the beautiful grounds.
Above: A corner of the entrance hall.

It seems that Gloria has a dress to match every room in her house.

The ornate mantels which are feature of Gloria's home were designed by the star herself.
With Clemenceau in China

When East Comes West.

At Epinay, in the Department of Seine et Oise, I asked the local gendarme for the Eclair Kinema Studios, and was directed to an old manor standing in handsome grounds at the edge of a miniature forest. I had been invited to witness the filming of some scenes for La Voile du Bonheur, but I was not prepared for the sight that met my eyes when I entered the studio. I was no longer in France, but in a delightful little Chinese town bustling with polite natives!

On the carpeted steps of a beautiful pagoda I was introduced to M. E. E. Violet, the famous French producer, his assistant, Felix Ford, and the chief cameraman, M. G. Asselin. From them I gleaned some particulars of the production.

The story, La Voile du Bonheur, is by M. Georges Clemenceau, and the scenes are all laid in China, with nothing but Chinese characters. For this it was necessary to reconstruct them in the studio, and find Chinese-born cast. The producer, who had tried the experiment of French actors and actresses, made up to Liao ("Ton Fou") and his wife (Sussie Water). Pretty sets for "La Voile du Bonheur," constructed at the Eclair studios. The centre picture shows the commencement of the construction.

resemble Chinese, saw the futility of continuing such an experiment, and that is why the whole cast comes from China, and in their own sphere of activity are well known as cinema "stars."

At the far end of the studio was erected an immense pagoda, a faithful reconstruction of the real thing, mostly in wood. It is a wonder of artistic workmanship and delicate carving, and each "brick" on the roof had to be made separately. On the steps leading up to it are genuine Chinese hangings in the shape of messages on panels valued at many thousands of francs; while grass, real plants, all grown to order! A stream of rushing, whirling waters splashing merrily the mossy banks, and a beautiful Chinese girl of not more than sixteen reclining in charming abandon on the grass.

Then, passing under a magnificent archway, one leaves the property pagoda and grounds of the poet Tchang I.

Straight in front is the main street of the town: La Rue des Bambous, so-called because outside each shop or house there hangs a bamboo sign. Up and down this small street, Chinese men, women, and children promenade.

One of the days I was at the studio a scene to be filmed was that of a prisoner in the care of five policemen passing over the bridge and into the pagoda, and one of the effects in this was that the little flowers of the apple-trees fell on the party as they proceeded on their way into the house. This, of course, was supposed caused by the wind.

One of the workmen settled himself comfortably in the branches of one of the trees out of range of the camera, and at a given signal was to release the oxygen contained in a cylinder, and by means of a long rubber tube direct the breeze on the flowers.

Also, on the moving gangway centred directly above the bridge, Felix Ford, with a paper bag of these flowers, was to drop them at the moment the oxygen escaped. In the preliminary test the first supply of oxygen gave out, and in the second attempt the flowers blew the wrong way. The third attempt was spoilt because there was no oxygen left, and then finally, a conference was held as to how the flowers were to be made to fall and blow across the bridge.

It was Felix Ford who was struck with the bright idea of the "Four Winds"—namely, two workmen, Mr. Ford and myself. We each took a piece of cardboard, and created four vigorous winds (which made us fearfully hot!) The pretty little pink flowers were soon blowing all over the place, and so the scene was taken.

Oscar M. Sheridan.
The soft note of a distant church bell floated across the still air of the Californian garden, as I made my way up the tree-lined drive leading to Dorothy Phillips' Hollywood home. And when first I saw the fair object of my quest, walking slowly beneath the shade of distant trees whose branches dissected with picturesque light and shadow the sun-rays that caressed her long white dress, I paused on the smooth gravel path.

For here was a scene which irresistibly sent the familiar chanting strains of "In a Monastery Garden" fleeting through one's mind. The diminutive figure in white, had she resembled a devotional monk, would have heightened the illusion which the restful cadence of the distant bell and the peaceful charm of the garden created.

The diminutive figure in white, had she resembled a devotional monk, would have heightened the illusion which the restful cadence of the distant bell and the peaceful charm of the garden created.

Dorothy Phillips' expressive grey eyes invite one's confidences, I told her of my imaginings when she crossed a lawn of emerald green and greeted me with that fascinating smile which has beautified the screens of the world.

"I was once in a convent," she told me in her rich, resounding voice. "They were days which have left many happy memories, and, who knows, perhaps, in designing my garden here, I subconsciously surrounded myself with the verdant peacefulness which brightens the grey walls within which the sisters live in seclusion."

She laughed at the surprise that my face revealed when she told me this secret of her early life. And certainly it was difficult to visualise Dorothy Phillips with a nun's veil sweeping over her dark wavy hair; or her grey eyes, which mirror her love of life and freedom, averted from the world and shadowed by the dim light of the cloisters.

"But for the influence of my friends, I should have taken the veil in my younger days," she admitted, when we had settled down in a picturesque revolving summer house, over which roses were interlaced in the green-and-white trellis work.

"You have no regrets?" I asked, for the garden was very fair and...
peaceful, and at
that moment it
seemed infinitely
preferable to the
noise and heat of
the glass-roofed
studios, where
nerves become
ragged things and
physical exhaustion
figures in the
price demanded by
the relentless
cameras.

Dorothy Phillips
has the gift of
woman’s intuition
to an exceptional
degree, as is so
often the case with
those of strong
personality.

She divined that
I realised the price
that those who go
down to the studios
to star in pictures
have to pay for
screen fame.

"Film-making has become a far
more serious business for artists
than it was at one time," she
admitted. "The rose-strewn paths
to stardom do not exist. It is hard
work all the time, and one’s efforts
must continually be inspired by a
tremendous enthusiasm for one’s
calling. Otherwise, unconvincing
acting is bound to creep into one’s
work."

There is a human quality about
Dorothy Phillips, and one instinct-
ively knows, as she talks, that it
is the real things of life which
hold her.

She admitted that in a little
confession that escaped from her as
we sat in the cooling shade of the old-
world summer house.

"Marriage has had a big influence
on my film career," she said happily.

"The comradeship and understand-
ing of my husband, who has been with
me almost entirely during my screen
work, has helped me to make sacri-
fices and face disappointments which
otherwise I might not have withstood.

"You see," she explained with a
quiet smile, "I met Allan when I was
playing in Everywoman—my first big
picture.

"I was enacting the role of
'Modesty,' and he was 'King Love.'
Allan fell in love with 'Modesty,' and
I certainly fell in love with 'Love,'" she
concluded, with a demure sweep
of shadowed lashes over her lovely
eyes.

"I was very grateful for the help
and protection of a husband in the
year that followed that picture," she
admitted. "For we experienced many
disappointments and some hardships
in our quest for work.

We danced round our little apart-
ment in New York like happy children
when at last a letter came from
Essanay in New York offering us film
work together. After that we left
misfortune behind. I worked terribly
hard in those days to rise to stardom;
and Allan, after making good as a
screen actor, eventually got his chance
at directing, which had always been
his ambition."

"Some of the brides of to-day", I
suggested with a smile, "insist on
the word 'obey' being left out of
the marriage service. How would they
fear, it, like yourself and Mr. Allan
Holubar, the wife had to carry out
implicitly the smallest command of
her husband on the studio floor?"

"In really happy marriage, there
should be no clashing of person-
alities," said Dorothy Phillips,
with her pretty mouth very
straight and determined. "And
it is the same with actresses,
and director-husbands in the studios.

"Allan and I work for
hours together beneath
the studio arc-lamps.
And because we are in
entire sympathy with
one another, we are
both able to put our
best efforts into our
creative work before
the cameras. I am
sure that the alliance
of husbands and wives
who work together in
the studios brings a
new spirit of comrade-
ship into professional
life behind the screen."

"Strange philosophy,
this," I contemplated,
remembering how the
confessions of my fair
hostess discredited
Dame Rumour's gossip.
on the strange and lux mésalliance of marriage which so many believed existed in the film colonies of California.

Fame has not spoilt Dorothy Phillips. There is an attractive, almost girlish shyness about her when she talks of her remarkably varied screen career—as if she is timid that her pride in her accomplishments might be misconstrued as boastfulness.

Yet this diminutive star, with much of the outward fragility of a Dresden china figure, can exhibit the resourcefulness and courage of a Diana.

She told me that the greatest ordeal of her screen career was in the big Amazonian battle-scene in Man—Woman—Marriage.

She had to ride on a barebacked horse in a mighty charge at the head of an army of twenty thousand riders.

"I knew that death was at my heels, for the slightest slip or stumble on the part of my mount would have inevitably resulted in my being crushed by the hoofs of the horses thundering behind me. The worst thought of all in the throes of unforgettable moments was the realisation that Allan, my husband, who was directing the scene, was watching me with his heart in his mouth, lest I should fall."

Although Man—Woman—Marriage, with its story of love through the ages, proved to be one of Dorothy Phillips' greatest successes, it provided many strenuous moments for her.

"During the scene in which Rome was shown on the screen at the height of its splendour," reminisced Dorothy, "I played the part of a slave girl who was brutally lashed. The giant Roman centurion who enacted the rôle of the court servitor was intended to use a whip of pliant imitation leather. He accidentally picked up a whip composed of tough raw hide, and with this punishing weapon he flogged my back for several minutes before the mistake was discovered."

Dorothy Phillips shrugged her slim, shapely shoulders at the memory of this painful experience. "I had ugly red wounds on my back and arms for days," she told me; "and because I was unable to appear in low-cut dresses for some weeks, the progress of the film was delayed."

My fair hostess confessed that often her screen dresses cost over fifteen thousand pounds a year.

"But that is an extravagance which has grown during recent years," she said. "For I am quite a screen veteran, you know," she laughed gaily with a suggestion of youth in her smiling eyes that belied her claim to being one of the pioneers of the moving pictures.

"For ten years ago, when I first came to the films, and for a long period after that, I was invariably cast in rôle which necessitated modest clothes and tear-stained cheeks. It was probably the natural wistful expression of my eyes and the sad twist of my mouth which resulted in producers selecting me for parts which necessitated tear-laden lashes and quivering lips.

"It was only when I went to the Universal Company, after my earliest days with Essanay, that I left my tearful parts behind."

"In The Springtime of Youth, The House with the Drawn Shades, Rene Hagard, The Gentleman Volunteer, Ladder of Fortune, Don't Wake the Baby, His Own Trap, and Storms of Sunshine, I portrayed a variety of emotional parts ranging from a short-skirted flapper to a Society hostess."

"Your favourite picture?" I asked with a painful lack of originality. But the fascinating personality of Dorothy Phillips, and her attractive but somewhat disconcerting habit of seeming to read your innermost thoughts with those big grey expressive eyes, to which the cameras are so kind, are somewhat disturbing to the susceptible mind.

"You will never guess," she laughed. "When I was quite a
child in the nursery, one of my most treasured possessions was a magic lantern. Mother had a slide made from my photograph, and I always remember how I loved to see that picture on the sheet. That was, in reality, my first screen appearance.

Memories of her own childhood recalled the thought of Gwendoline, the fair-haired little daughter whose grave grey eyes gazed enquiringly at me, when her mother had called her from the Japanese garden that spreads its picturesque expanses beyond the emerald lawn.

"Gwendoline is going to be a film star one day," said Dorothy. And the child, who has one of the most beautiful mothers in the film colony of California, nodded her curly head gravely, as though she had thoroughly made up her mind on that point.

"She's already been screened," explained Dorothy.

"Every year she is filmed, and I thus keep a record of her childhood days, so that when she grows up the pictures will be like an animated family album for herself and our future descendants."

Gwendoline was an interested listener when her mother told us about her adventures whilst on location for the filming of Slander the Woman, her latest production.

She had only just returned from the snow-clad precincts of the Truckee River, a part of California which reflects the amazing vagaries of that quarter of the globe, which is as generous with snow and ice as it is with its sunshine.

"Often we had to travel from our hotel through the snow on sledges," she explained. "and to reach one location, we had to ride up the slopes on a narrow gauge railroad and cross the Truckee River on a cable pulley device.

"Oh, one occasion we got stuck over the black icy waters. I saw my husband waving frantically from the distant bank. I learned afterwards that his concern was as much due to the fact that I had imperilled his precious script as to his fears for my safety.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, with a kindly smile that radiated friendship from his bronzed features, shadowed the entrance to the picturesque summer house. It was simple to see the admiration in Allan Holubar's eyes as, after we had been introduced, he talked to me of his wife's successes.

"We really found our first big chance together," he said, "and that was when I had the opportunity of directing The Heart of Humanity, with my wife."

I left them in that peaceful garden arm in arm—the honeymoon couple, as they are nicknamed by the understanding residents of the Western film colony. And even the brilliance of the Californian sunshine seemed to fade a little as I turned and waved my hand in farewell. For the radiance of perfect happiness was the brightest thing of all in that restful garden.

M. F.
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A Romance of the South

All-star cast in *One Clear Call*, released this month.

Amongst the many picturesquely spectacular moments in *One Clear Call*, the most impressive is the night raid of the famous Ku Klux Klansmen. This organisation, founded by the men of the South at the moment of their country's greatest need, flourishes to-day and is a most powerful influence in America. *One Clear Call* is a story of the South, and of a dissolute inhabitant of a peaceful old town in Alabama. Henry Walthall, himself a native of Southern America, plays this rôle, and shares star honours with Milton Sills, as an impulsive young doctor, and Claire Windsor, as "Faith," a mysterious patient of his, who, later, proves to be the wife of his lawless friend. Repentance comes to this man, who has been running a notorious inn, and he does his best to set right some of the many wrongs he has committed. And his doctor friend falls into bad ways until a sudden crisis sobers him up, when he, too, sets out upon the road to reformation.

John M. Stahl, who directed, is a man who commenced as an extra at five dollars a day. He has put it on record that he took over two hundred thousand feet of film for *One Clear Call*, afterwards cutting out all unnecessary footage, and reducing it to the usual six thousand feet.
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**THE CREAM OF FASCINATION**
Henry Victor (left) in "The Prodigal Son."

"Can you ever imagine me as a business man?" queried Henry Victor, as I lounged into a comfortable club chair opposite him.

"Um—" I pondered.

Then, not waiting for my reply, he continued: "Well, I'd never make a good one, anyway, because I tried very hard to interest myself in things commercial when I was young. Candidly, I did not know what I wanted to do, but everything I tried to do I didn't like, until I visited a picture theatre for the first time. Then I knew I had found what I had sought for so long—something which interested me tremendously, something to which I felt I wanted to devote my whole attention."

And how did you find your way into a film studio?" I queried.

"It took a long time," Victor confessed; "because I had to do it surreptitiously. My friends laughed at me when I told them I wanted to be a film actor. They little knew that I was at that time actually experiencing the first real thrill I had ever had in my life—the thrill of feeling that I had started on the only career which would ever hold me."

Despite the fact that his father endeavoured to crush all Victor's hopes and ambitions, he did not succeed in keeping his son away from filmland. Soon after his début he was selected to play a leading part—because of his exceptional type of features.

Undoubtedly Victor's sincerity of purpose has carried him a long way. He is one of the few who realise that no one achieves a victory unless one suffers loss.

"No matter to what career you turn," says Victor, "in order to achieve your purpose, there comes a time when you have to risk everything if you want to succeed. Despite all that my friends said, I was convinced that the film was my medium of expression—it just came to me in a flash. But I had the courage of that conviction, and sacrificed a great deal to follow this career.

"Frequently in life," he continued, "one finds that numbers of people are opposed to one's ideas—it is then that one can hope for success, because it must be something worth while troubling about. It is then that the most difficult test of one's career takes place. How easy it is to go along the way to success if the majority is with you—but how difficult if one is more or less fighting on one's own. How much greater is the victory if one does succeed!"

And so he mused—this great big boyish film actor. To meet him casually one would not credit him with such depth of sincerity. Then I asked him to apply his statements to the average man or woman.

"Well!" he queried, "was not I one of the average kind of men? I had no one to assist me—I knew no one even remotely connected with films when I started out, but I have progressed a little way!"

"One thing," he said later, "I would like to impress on those who feel their medium is the screen is the fact that leading parts do not come along easily."

That he has made his mark in the parts he has already essayed there can be little doubt, but he confesses that he is tired of leading other men's wives astray for films. He thinks it is about time he was given a film wife of his own.

The Old Wives' Tale, Diana of the Crossways, and A Bill of Divorcement are three other films in which Victor's work will be well remembered.

"There you are, you see," he said, "Wives and divorce seem to haunt my film life!"

b.n.

With Fay Compton in "A Bill of Divorcement."
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All the ladies everywhere,
Plump and slender, dark and fair,
Ladies young, and some I've seen
Not so young as they have been—
Clever girl and simple maid,
Pretty, saucy, prim and staid—
Each one's heart in secret sighs,
Wounded by two wondrous eyes!

Really, it's an awful shame
Rudy should bear all the blame.
For those eyes' mysterious flame—
Cupid's fault it is, whose arts
Fashioned those dear, deadly darts,
Just to pierce poor maidens' hearts!
LUCIA (Leyton).

FIXED STARS.
In truth a "movie" fan am I,
Fair goddesses of Shadowland
In every pose gaze down at me,
And beauty smiles on either hand.
My walls are filling day by day—
I hesitate to alter it—
I cannot take them down because
I love them all a little bit.

Bobbed-haired brunettes and blue-eyed blondes,
For every one I've found a place.
To me each has that special charm
That goes to make a "movie" face.
'Tis true I like one photo best,
And often do I gaze at it.
But not—The others too must stay—
I love them all a little bit.

A little later on, perhaps,
When other stars begin to shine.
Upon my walls I'll make a change,
For other faces as divine.
A* present in my heart, I know,
And daily grow more sure of it.
I cannot, will not, take them down—
I love them all a little bit.

P. R. J. (Crawley).

MONTH BLUE.
I know an actor dark and tall,
Who is my favourite star of all.
His eyes are brown and kind and true,
I do admire you, Monte Blue!

N. H. (Glasgow).

AGNES AYRES.
You ask who is my "movie" queen?
Whom do I love the best?
Without a doubt sweet Agnes Ayres
By far outshines the rest.

She's winsome and she's beautiful;
Her acting is divine.
I think you'll find it hard to beat
This fav'rite star of mine.
LOVER OF AGNES (Cheshire).

RIDDLE-ME-REE.
My first is in William but not in Quinn,
My second's in Mary but not in Glyne.
My third is in Lewis but not in Dayton,
My fourth is in Ethel and also in Clayton.
My fifth is in Edna but not in Best,
My sixth is in Clare but not in West.
My seventh is in Marjorie but not in Daw,
My eighth is in Brinsley but not in Shaw.
My ninth is in Haidee but not in Wright.
My tenth is in Pearl but not in White.
My eleventh is in Barbara as well as La Marr,
My twelfth is in Mary but not in Carr.
And my whole is an ugly but competent star.
(Answer: Wallace Beery.)
R. O. R. (Catford).

FAME AT LAST.
Oh to be an "extra"!
If only to be seen:
To weep, to sweep,
To dust—I must
Be something on the screen.

Oh to be a film star!
It makes my heart beat fast.
And yet I bet I'll be that yet.
For in a Pathé "News Gazette,"
I'm on the screen at last!
C. R. (Manor Park).

TO RODOLPH VALENTINO.
The Sheik of Araby
Has fascinated me.
Film heroines are slow,
They never seem to know;
And when for love he'll cry,
They grow afraid and shy.
I wish he'd just ask me,
That Sheik of Araby!

M. L. (Barnes).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.
[This is your department of PICTU-
REROY. In it we deal each month with
ridiculous incidents in current film-
releases. Entries must be made on post-
cards, and each reader must have his
or her attempt witnessed by two other
readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the
winner of each "Fault" published in
the PICTU:REROY. Address: "Faults,"
PICTU'REGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2."

Coming the Old Acid.
In "Bulldog Drummond" "Drum-
mond" throws "Dr. Lakington" into
the acid bath prepared for himself.
"Lakington" jumps out of the bath
and rushes downstairs, his clothes
burnt and saturated with acid. He is,
however, struck and killed by an iron
bar swinging from the wall.
Presently "Drummond" and another
man are seen carrying the corpse
upstairs. As the Doctor's clothes are
still wet with acid, how is it that
"Drummond" and his friend, who
wear no gloves or other special equip-
ment, escape being burnt?—J. C.
(Streatham Hill).

Screen Mirrors are Unique.
When Maj. Marsh, in "Paddy in
Paddy the Next Best Thing," returns
from "Lawrence Blake's" ball, she is
seen surveying herself in a long
mirror. As she walks towards her
reflection, her feet protrude beneath
the frame from the other side. It
is quite clear that the "mirror" is
simply an empty frame behind which
she stands to represent her reflection.—
K. G. (Elstree).

Obviously!
In "Hurricane Hutch," Episode XII,
Miss Kellogg is seen inside the hut,
wrapping a necktie. Immediately after
she appears outside the hut without it.
Did she change as she went through
the door?—T. H. (Bolton).

Heatproof Harry.
"Mary Carr, as the mother in Silver
Wings, makes "Harry," the eldest
son, a cake. Upon his return from
school she takes it out of the oven
with a cloth and gives it to him
"Harry" takes in his bare hands
and eats it immediately. Were his
hands and mouth heatproof?—D. T.
(Sheffield).

The Car that Took the Wrong Turning.
Whilst "Barnes," the hero in
Breathless Barnes, is motoring, his
car is brought to a standstill by lack
of petrol. He accepts the offer of a
lift in a passing car, and leaves his
motor by the roadside. The car he is
in disappears round a corner, and his
own car is lost to sight. "Barnes"
is then knocked on the head by two
men, and at the same time, back along
the road, a glimpse is caught of the
motor he has just left—How is it that
it can still be seen after they had
turned the corner?—W. E. I. (Putney
Heath).
The Picturegoer in Paris

by OSCAR M. SAERIDAN.

Acquired by Stoll for release in England, "La Maison du Mystère," is undoubtedly the best episode-film that has been produced in France, or edited by a French firm for very many years. The acting of each and every artiste in a distinguished cast, the lighting, settings, and photography are excellent throughout the six parts.

In a powerful plot with thrills galore, Ivan Mosjoukine, a Russian artiste, has leapt into fame in a manner that is as remarkable as it is worthy of praise. Even French producers, who have not time to waste on compliments, have showered bouquets on Mosjoukine, whom they have dubbed what would mean in English, "King in the Art of Vibrating the Heart-Strings."

Some splendid effects are got into his new film, and one particularly worth mentioning is an innovation in kinema photography, called "shadow-pictures." In this manner a whole marriage ceremony and the embellishments that follow are projected on the screen in a clever display of living shadows, or rather, lack silhouettes. The effect is most mysterious, but very original; it has yet with much success in Paris.

Mosjoukine is the chief star in an all-star cast, including Charles Vanel, the part of "Corradin," the villain; Léone Darly as "Mme. Villandrine;" Nicholas Colline as "Rudeberg;" and little Simone, "Génévoua." The recent discovery of The House of Mystery, however, is the splendid acting of Francine Mussey, who although only eighteen years of age, in her portrayal of "Christiane Villandrit," the daughter of "Julien Villandrit" (Mosjoukine), deserves to be placed side by side with the Gish Sisters and Mary Pickford as one of the best screen actresses of to-day.

While at Montreuil, near Paris, the other day, I dropped in at the big studios where Mosjoukine is now hard at work on another production in which he takes the leading part, and the title of which is Kean. Mosjoukine is extremely modest and rather shy. He was anxious to know what English kinemagoers would think of his latest film, and told me that he hoped to visit England shortly. His latest picture, by the way, is Le...
P.S.

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In making this offer to our readers, "The Picturegoer" realises that only Silk Stockings of really fine quality will suffice. Sample after sample was first submitted to us only to be rejected, until we found what we were looking for—Stockings with quality woven into every silken strand—just the Stockings for your new frock or for that next dance! The coupon opposite has enabled so many "Picturegoer" readers to realise their heart's desire. Sign and post it now.

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WHEN you see a charming artist like Gloria Swanson flit across the screen arrayed in the lovely silks and satins for which she is famous, doesn't it make you a little envious? You may, with a sigh, tell yourself that such a wealth of clothes is not for you; but there is one item—perhaps the most fascinating of all—which you may easily possess, and that is Silk Stockings, a pair of which "The Picturegoer" wishes to present to you now!

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Use f.d. stamp. Do not seal envelope. P.R.June.

‘OUT HERE.’
Colleen Moore has completed her work in "April Showers," with Kenneth Harlan and Ruth Clifford. She is not going to film any more for awhile. Preparations for her marriage to John McCormick are well forward, and the affair will take place very shortly.

André Lafayette, who went from Paris to Hollywood to play "Trilby," is exactly six-foot tall—and the character she is playing in appearance, is the ideal "Trilby," and is certainly the tallest star seen around Los Angeles. But the newer the star, the taller she is, the more struggling little heroes of the past were all petite. Creighton Hale is the cast of Trilby.

With reference to a "Pulling Pictures to Pieces" award in last month's issue, Messrs. Welsh-Pearson pointed out that fights at the National Sporting Club, where the "Mord-Emity" fight was supposed to have taken place, are refereed from outside the ring. As a matter of fact, the fight in "Mord-Emity" was authentic in every detail, as it was supervised by National Sporting Club officials. George Pearson, the man who is making of producers, is very jealous that no mistakes should creep into his pictures.

When Pola Negri was making "Bella Donna," a double was used for most of the long-distance shots. The director George Fitzmaceur, had no little difficulty in finding her, though. The nearest thing in Pola Negri's was eventually found in Winnie Brown, a daring cow-girl, and stunt artist. Winnie has "doubled" for many famous stars in all kinds of slaughter scenes, but never before has she essayed a Society stunt.

The exact cost of making "Robin Hood" has now come to light. Without counting Doug's salary, the amount is one or two months' screening, the figures are nine hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars. By the time the film was taken to New York, the prints made, advertising costs, etc., added, the total was over a million dollars. So that it will certainly be a little while before Douglas gets his money back. But, well say, having seen the film, that it was worth it.

Dudolph Valentino is very anxious to get busy before the "Kleigs" again. He has a vaudeville contract to fulfil, but it is rumoured that he is offering Famous-Lasky a large sum of money if they will release him from his contract without legal formality. Because the star moves very, very slowly, and Rudolph doesn't want to wait until the flame of enthusiasm about him shows any signs of dying. He has a couple of films still to be released over here, but they have not particularly good stories.

Mary Carr, who is working in a film with Mildred Harris, was playing in pictures back in 1908. Her husband, William Carr, had become a director, and Mary (she was known as Mary Kenevan, leading lady of a Philadelphia stock company) was compelled to play tiny parts to oblige him. Out at Kellyville, some five miles' journey from Philadelphia, Mary Carr was in several Wild West pictures. Since those days she has found fame as a screen "mother," and has seven children of her own.

An interesting return to screenland is that of beautiful Alice Joyce, who seemed to have definitely retired. She will play the leading role in "The Green Goddess," a very popular George Arliss play, to be filmed by Distinctive Pictures.

Norma Talmadge is studying the ways of crinolines again. She is going to be "Mary" in the picturisation of "Secrets." This play has had a good vogue in both England and America, and the part is a finely dramatic one, in which our own Fay Compton has made a tremendous personal success.

Film heroes are good and plentiful around Hollywood these days, but good villains are rarer, and it seems that there are barely enough to go round. Some of them are working in two films at once, like Stuart Holmes, who is Universal's pet bad man. Besides working his wicked wiles there, he is in the bad man of Gasnier's Daughters of the Rich.

It's a wonder he doesn't get his roles mixed. Walter Long, too, is committing crimes in two films per day, and Ernest Torrence is meditating fresh atrocities.

The Eskimo "Nanook," around whose daily life and adventures the film, "Nanook of the North," was made, died quite recently.

Some of the very good crowd work seen in "The Loves of Pharaoh" was directed and filmed from captive balloons. Different views of the same scene were thus obtained, and the great rush down of the attacking armies, in which a thousand thousand actors are said to have taken part, thus seems to the best advantage. Beautiful Duguy Stenval, who played this role of this, will be seen again in November as "Catherine," the camp-follower who afterwards became Empress of Russia.

Rex Ingram's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is still showing in America, though London seems to have finished it for the time. The film broke all records in an Ohio house last month.

They hold a grand initiation ceremony in United Studios the day Ernest Torrence appeared on the lot for the first time. Ernest is working there for Maurice Tourneur in "The Brass Bottle," and producer and players were all ready for him when he came out of his dressing-room. After being "put through it" by Harry Myers, Tully Marshall, and Bert Lytell, the ladies imposed several funny commands upon him, and he finally had to ride the trick nule, "Jazzy," which feat isn't as easy as you might imagine. Ernest met his match, but managed to survive without damage, and is now acclaimed a fully fledged member of the United Forces.
ANDRÉ LAFAYETTE, who plays the title-role in "Trilby," inspects a model of the studio set. Richard Walton Tully, the producer, is seen in the centre.

Louis Wilson's little sister, Constance, has been on the screen for some months. She has just been promoted to leading roles, and will play in Fair Week opposite Walter Hiers. We say "opposite" advisedly, for Constance is very small, and Walter Hiers—isn't. So they have to be careful and warn Walter not to hide his film sweetheart altogether by getting in front of her.

The list of prominent players in Hollywood beats that in Cecil De Mille's Affairs of Anatol easily. Anatol set a hitherto unapproachable standard with its dazzling array of names, but Hollywood goes one better still. In it you will see Tom Meighan, Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Betty Compson, Leatrice Joy, Lila Lee, Walter Hiers, Jacqueline Logan, George Fawcett, Nita Naldi, J. Warren Kerrigan, Elliott Dexter, Charles Ogle, Lois Wilson, Mary Antoinette, Hampton, Will Rogers, and Ben Turpin; and directors James Cruze, Cecil De Mille, and Alfred Green. The last-named produced all Tom Meighan's recent films. In addition, there are four or five stage players in prominent roles, but these are unfamiliar names to movie fans.

Many and many a time has Charles Murray suffered at the hands of his fellow players when timing a comic fight or fall. He has just been martyred once more. In a Burr comedy Charles's film enemy was detailed to land him a hard kick on the shins. Forewarned is forearmed, and so the comedian put a football shin-guard carefully round him and told the man to do his worst. He did—but on the wrong leg, and 'twas said neither he nor Murray has been seen on the lot since.

Bert Lytell has become a crook again, scenically, for he has signed with Cosmopolitan to play the title-role in a series of "Lone Wolf" serials.

A very staunch believer in Houdini was the late Sarah Bernhardt, who was a close friend of the famous "magician." At one time Sarah must have credited him with supernatural powers, for she sent him a request to restore one of her limbs, which had been amputated. Before she left America after her last tour, Bernhardt gave Houdini a small statue of herself as a remembrance. This little bronze had been presented to her by John Drew, but some time afterwards the widow of the sculptor who made it came along with the bill for it. This Houdini paid, but made his friend keep the statuette, which she afterwards gave him again, and it now reposes in Houdini's U.S.A. home.

BABY BEN ALEXANDER, whose appealing "close ups" in several Griffith films gave him such a world-wide reputation, has grown from a yellow-headed mite into a sturdy schoolboy. He is playing "Penrod" in First National's Penrod and Sam. Ben has grown a bit darker as to hair, but his features haven't altered much. So successful was the Leather Pushers series of fighting two-reelers that Universal are making a similar series, but with horse-racing instead of boxing as their theme, titled The Information Kid. There will be eight stories in the series.
Tod Browning has directed his last Priscilla Dean picture for the present. He is now with Goldwyn's, for whom his first production will be *The Day of Faith.* This Arthur Somers Roche story ran in "Collier's Weekly" as a serial, and was very popular.

As soon as it returns from Canada, where the exteriors of *Snowbound* have been made, Gustav von Seyffertitz will take up his "heavy" rôle in *Under the Red Robe.* Gustav plays "Clon," who is not at all villainous, except in looks, but a sterling good fellow.

Nearly everybody has heard Bransby Williams or others recite "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," the well-known Service poem, which is having its second filming now. The story is based upon an actual happening, and was told to Service by a certain "Doc" Sugden, an eyewitness of the affair. It took place in an Alaskan saloon, and "Dan's" real name was "Wyoming Bill." He was not, however, a Westerter, but came from Boston, though he became a notorious gambler afterwards, and ran a gaming table. A place called "Nuggets" was the actual scene of the poem, and events happened exactly as described, except that "the lady that's known as Lou," afterwards went to Dawson City and married a wealthy miner there. Her family are still in Boston, but, according to "Doc" Sugden, they do not know their daughter was the "Lou" of the poem.

Cosmopolitan films are working upon another twelve-reel costume production. The principal male rôle, that of "King Henry of Navarre," will be played by Lionel Barrymore.

Clarence Badger directing *Alice Lake and Nurse Primrose* in "Red Lights."

*Pictures and Picturepoer*

Charles Ray celebrated his birthday day with amongst other things, a 70-lb. birthday cake for all his studio workers. Everybody came in for a slice, from the villain to the humblest extra putting in one day's work on *The Countship of Miles Standish.* Charles Ray remarked, in an interval between munches, that his natal day coincided with the day on which he first became an independent producer. The year nineteen-twenty-three is the third year of his enterprise.

Los Angeles will be more crowded than ever this month, when the American Historical Review and Motion Picture Exposition opens. Los will be in gain array, for the Exposition will entertain the President and some distinguished Washington guests. Pageants, movie and otherwise, will be staged; there is to be an electrical parade, and some big ball on the opening night, when a Queen of the Review and many other similar dignitaries will assist in the opening ceremonies. Very beautiful buildings, of the Spanish-American pattern, are going up rapidly, and will cover about a hundred square feet of Exposition Park.

Mary Carr is still "mothering" the movies. She has just completed *You are Guilty,* in which James Kirkwood, Doris Kenyon, Robert Eadeson and a most appealing baby, Russell Griffin, are also seen.

Johnny Hines seems to have covered himself with glory in *Luck,* described as "the peppiest American comedy melodrama of to-day." He has stunts & la Fairbanks; riding feats not unworthy of Tom Mix; and fights Tom Meighan would not disdain, so doubtless he deserves his laurels.

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Pictures and Picturegoer

JUNE 1923

Close upon the heels of the announcement that 'Down to the Sea in Ships' was released comes the tidings that Marguerite Courtot and Raymond McKee, who played in it, are engaged. The pair have two friends since childhood, and both are popular players, though appearing only intermittently of late.

Corinne Griffith has left Vitagraph and will be next seen in Six Days (do you need telling this is an Elnor Glyn story?), made in Goldwyn studios. Part of the action of this film takes place in Paris. These will be reconstructed from scenes photographed on the spot under Mrs. Glyn's supervision six weeks ago.

When a new mystery story was being filmed at the Ince studios, an experienced diamond-cutter was busy for days making replicas of some of the most famous gems in history. A diamond robbery is one of the chief factors in the plot, and for this stones worth half-a-million were manufactured. When the set was ready, the "Koh-i-Noor," "Orloff," "Pasha," "Polar Star," "Regent," "Great Mogul," "Indian Table Stone," "Tea," and "Sancy," and "diamonds" all famous, and some infamous because of the bloodshed they caused, were there. The film, A Man of Action, is finished now, but the artificial diamonds are being kept in vault pending their use in another production.

Tiny Dolores Costello, who used to be one of Vitagraph's child stars, has come back to the screen a slender maiden of seventeen. She will be seen in Glimpses of the Moon, in which Maurice Costello, also not entirely unknown in filmland, has a prominent part.

So that he could be on the spot as long as he liked, Rex Ingram has had a bungalow erected on the "lot" in the Metro studios, where Seaviewer is being filmed. He designed it himself, and it has five rooms, and is a very special dressing-room for the star, Alice Terry, who is also Mrs. Rex Ingram.

British films are proving very popular in Toronto, Canada, where Famous Players have already released Me and My Gal (Squibs), and Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep. Others to be shown under the same auspices are Dick Turpin's Ride to York, A Royal Divorce, and some more Balfour pictures.

So popular has "Buddy" Messenger become through his "kid brother" roles in The Flirt and other plays that he is to be starred in six Century Comedies. Buddy has been a film player for several years, and his full cognomen is Melvin Joseph Messenger. He used to be one of the Fox Kiddies, and was in most of their pantomime films. Buddy was in The Ragamuffin also, with Mary Pickford, and his ambition is to be a "heavy" actor. He's surprisingly good at it: remember his frightful frown in Fox's Babes in the Wood?

Barbara La Mar will play "Roma" in the coming Goldwyn picturisation of The Eternal City. She is in Rome now making exteriors.

Hall Caine's "The Master of Man" is being filmed at Goldwyn's, with Victor Seastrom directing, and Elmer Busch as "Molhe." And another production being made in the Metro studios is titled The Master of Women. Earle Williams, no longer a Vitagraph star, plays the title-role.

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London — Bombay — Damascus — the fogbound streets of Bayswater and the sun-kissed minarets of the romantic East — these are the colourful backgrounds upon which the drama of an unwanted wife awakened to desert-born love is played. NORMA TALMADGE is magnificent in the rôle of "Lady Adrienne Carlyle," whilst supporting her are such favourites as her old screen lover, Eugene O'Brien, as "Andrew Fabian," and Edwin Stevens as "Sir Leslie Carlyle."

Across the desert came the call of the Muezzin, summoning the faithful that flagged by day.

A First National Picture
Aladdin from Broadway (Vitagraph; June 23).

A reprise of an Edith Storey feature romance. The story of a washer, and how a young American impersonates an Arab to carry out its terms, finds both adventure and romance in the East. Cast includes Antonio Moreno, William Duncan, Laura Winston, Otto Lederer, and George Holt.

Good entertainment.

A Night of Romance (Journal; June 25).

Viola Dana and Gaston Glass in an amusing comedy-drama in which a pretty girl deliberately makes herself into a clown one, reforms a bad lad, and marries him, with the full approval of his rich aunt. After which she discards her disguise and the fun begins. Light and bright.

Another Man's Boots (V.K.; June 23).

Western romance with good horsemanship, fights, races, and a hard-working cast. Rather an obvious plot based upon one man's assumption of a false identity to please a dying pal who doesn't die. Well played by Frances Ford, Harry Smith, Elvira Weil, Frank Lanning, and Robert Kourtman.


A social butterfly is compelled to choose between the Wall Street financier and a young mining engineer. Very beautiful out-of-doors effects photographed in North California; also Anna Stewart, Edward Hearn, Arthur Stuart Hall, Adele Farrington, Mary Land, Ed Brady, Bert Sprote, and Frank Beal. Fair entertainment.

Arabian Love (Fox; June 4).

John Gilbert and Barbara Bedford in a powerful romance of the desert, in which a white man becomes a nomad and love conquers vengeance. Adolph Menjou, Barbara La Marr, and Hershell Mayall also appear. Good entertainment.

A Page from Life (Anchor; June 25).

An Italian-made film version of Tolstoi's "The Kreutzer Sonata," grim and depressing like the story, which shows the circumstances that led a man to murder his wife. Somber melodramatic fare.

Big Town Ideas (Fox; June 25).

Pleasant tom-foolery with melodramatic turnings in which Eileen Percy does her best work to date as a country waitress with a desire to shine on Broadway. Adventures come to her thick and fast in her own village, but she spends her honeymoon in New York. The clever supporting cast includes Kenneth Wilson, Jimmie Parrot, Lon Poff, Laura La Plante, Leo Sulky, and Wilson Humphel.

Billy Jim (Journal; June 28).


Blindfolded (Hayward; June 18).

Somewhat impossible crook melodrama in which the criminal classes are very much idealised and shown in most heroic circumstances. Bessie Barriscale and Joseph Dowling play the chief rôles. Fair entertainment.

Blind Hearts (Gaumont; June 18).

A story of primitive people and passions, with Hobart Bosworth as a revengeful hero of the Alaskan gold rush of '98. Strong drama capable of stimulation; one of the best films of the season.
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played by the star, and Wade Boteler, Irene Blackwell, Collette Forbes, Madge Bellamy, Raymond Mckee, William Conklin, Henry Hebert, and Lyle Warrenton.

Boomerang Bill (Paramount; June 21).

An excellent crook story about a pathetic peddler who tried to mix good and bad, and found it would not do. Lionel Barrymore stars, supported by Margaret Marsh, Miriam Battista, Helen Kim, Margaret Seddon, Charlie Fong, and Matthew Betts.

Boy Crazy (Jury; June 7).

Because a man decides to open a dress-making salon, a girl launches out in a man's hosiery shop exactly opposite. She gets even with the offender, and finally annexes him for life. Pleasing farce, with Doris May and Harry Myers as leads, supported by Gertrude Short, Fred Gamble, Jean Hathaway, Frank Kingsley, Otto Hoffman, and Eugenia Tuttle.

The Cradle (Paramount; June 18).

A story of married folks, a vamp who breaks up a happy home, and a child who puts it together again. Ethel Clayton leads the cast, which includes Charles Meredith, Anna Lehr, Mary Jane Irving, Walter McGrail, and Adele Farrington. Good entertainment.

The Crimson Circle (Granger; June 4).

The first Kinema Club production. An Edgar Wallace detective story with the largest number of British stars ever appearing together in one play. These include Fred Groves, Clifton Boyne, Robert English, Rex Davis, Sydney Paxton, Lawford Davison, Harry Worth, Eva Moore, Norma Whaleby, Madge Stuart, Bertram Burleigh, Mary Odette, Joan Morgan, Victor McGllegen, Henry Victor, Jack Hobbs, Kathleen Vaughan, Flora Le Breton, Sir Simeon Stuart, Polly Emery, Malcolm Todd, and Eille Norwood. Don't miss this one.

Don't Doubt Your Wife (Phillips; June 11).

Leah Baird stars in this story she wrote for herself, as a wife who rouses her husband's jealousy and becomes involved in an unintentional elopement and a much-delayed reconciliation. Lavishly staged, and well played by the star, Edward Peil, Emyr Johnson, Matthew Branding, and Katherine Lewis.

Driven (European; June 4).

Another mountain story reminiscent of Doctor Doolittle. An unusual and dramatic theme, with picturesque settings, but an unpleasant atmosphere. Good photography and acting by Charles Mack, Burr McIntosh, Elmor Fair, George Bancroft, and Emily Fitzoy.

The Dumb Genius (General; June 4).

A circus and detective drama full of thrills and surprises featuring "Jacko," an exceedingly clever simian star. The chimpanzee steals some valuable pearls, and leads his pursuers a fine dance before he is captured.

Eden and Return (Jury; June 18).

Doris May in a delightful comedy-satire with an excellent story, good continuity and sub-titles, and lavish Society settings. Emmett King, Margaret Livingstone, Earle Metcalfe, Margaret Campbell, Buddy Post, Gerald Pring and Frank Kingsley appear in the supporting cast.

False Play (European; June 7).

What happened to a cow-puncher when he took a well-earned vacation and wanted a quiet time. Plenty of crooks, a plan to defraud a pretty girl and her dad of their mine, and a good cast, including Hoot Gibson, Marjorie Davis, Helen Holmes, Hayden Stevenson, Jack Pratt, William Welch, and Bob Kortman. A good Westerner.

Fighting Mad (Jury; June 11).

Bud McCall didn't want to fight, but when the ranchmen teased him, he sailed in with both fists and couldn't stop. After which the film becomes a species of Western Three Musketeers with a rattling good story and plenty of suspense and excitement. William Desmond stars, with Virginia Brown Faire, Doris Pawn, Rosemary Theby, Joseph J. Dowling, William Lawrence, Emmett C. King, George Stanley and Vernon Smively.

Free Air (Abb'ardour; June 25).


The Girl Who Ran Wild (European; June 15).

A picturesque of Bret Harte's "Miss"; the story of a very wild little mountain child, and how a handsome schoolmaster tamed her and made her his own. Well played by Gladys Walton, Marc B. Robbins, Vernon Steele, Joseph Dowling, Al Hart, Lucile Ricksen, Nelson Mowdell and Lloyd Whitlock.


Dorothy Phillips as a pirate chief-taunness who falls in love with a stowaway and tries unscrupulous means when disposing of a threatening rival in his affections. Very good sea, air, and radio thrills, and night photography. Other players are Wallace Beery, Jack Donovan, Robert Elles, Gertrude Astor, James O. Barrows, William Fong and Francis Raymond. Excellent melodramatic fare.

The Kiss (F.B.O.; June 11).

Carmel Myers in an entertaining romance with a Mexican setting and plenty of action and thrills. George Periolat, Wm. E. Lawrence, P. J. Lockney, J. J. Lanois, Jean Acher, Harvey Clarke, and Ed Brady support the star.

Continued on Page 60.
You are going to love this wonderful picturisation of R. D. Blackmore’s immortal romance of glorious Devon. Maurice Tourneur—now a giant amongst movie directors—made it, and has retained all the thrills and throbs of the classic work. Even if you’ve not read the book you’ll love Lorna Doone.

Come back to the days and dreams of “LORNA DOONE”; thrill with her in the ecstasy of awakening love; shudder with her at the terrors of the “Bloody Doones”; win with her to Royal Favour; triumph in her escape and final happiness. In “LORNA DOONE,” MAURICE TOURNEUR has made a picture you will never forget.

A classic masterpiece of English fiction has been brought thrillingly to the screen. MADGE BELLAMY, as “LORNA DOONE,” has never had a finer rôle; JOHN BOWERS is the strong, manly hero; whilst FRANK KEENAN brings again all his accomplished art as “SIR ENSOR DOONE.”

A shot rang out, and Lorna fell at the alter steps.
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FREE--The booklet, "Nature's Warnings," should be read by every girl and woman sent free to all who write to R. H., Dept. 36, 18, Piccadilly Arcade, London, S.W.1.

The Long Chance (European, June 23).

Adventures and misadventures in the desert and the Western mining district, with a hero who is for once an old instead of a young man. Henry Walthall plays him, and Loyd Irwin, Marjorie Daw, and Ralph Graves head the long cast. Good dramatic fare.

Love Never Dies (Gaumont; June 25).

A simple sentimental story woven around the favourite "Love's Old Sweet Song" melody, with some good thrills at the end, including a train smash and a fight for life in a boat crossing dangerous rivers. Very good work by Lloyd Hughes, Madge Bellamy, Claire McDowell, Wilfrid Greenwood, Joe Bennett, Fred Gamble, and Julia Brown. Good entertainment.

Luring Lips (F.B.O.; June 4).

Domestic drama with a slight crook interest, sumptuous in setting, but original in treatment. A woman's wish helps to regain her husband's honour. The cast includes Edith Roberts, Darrell Foss, Ramsey Wallace, William Welsh, Carleton King, and M. E. Stimson.

The Man From Home (Paramount; June 11).


Man to Man (F.B.O.; June 18).

Otherwise a persecuted hero who comes into an inheritance, and a most vicious villain determined upon making things hot for him. Many fights, good characterisation and climax, and Harry Carey, Lilian Rich, Charles Le Moyne, Harold Goodwin, Willis Robards, in support.

The Man with Two Mothers (Goldwyn; June 11).

Cullen Landis, Mary Alden, Sylvia Brehmer, Hallam Cook, Fred Huntley, Laura La Varnie, Monti Collins, and William Elephant in a good comedy drama with mother-love as its key-note.

Moonshine Valley (Fox; June 25).

The story of a hard-working gold prospector whose wrongs cause him to take to drink, and who takes four reels to work out his reformation. William Farnum is the star, with Sadie Mullen, Holmes E. Herbert, Dawn O'Day, and Jean Hronet supporting him. Representative Farnum film.

Oh, Boy! (Author; June 28).

A tale of two lovers, one kindly to strong waters, a boy and a girl marriage, a police raid, and a good climax acted in a broad comedy vein by Creighton Hale, June Caprice, W. H. Thomson, Zena Keefe, and Flora Finch. Quite good fun without subtlety of any kind.

One Clear Call (Ass. First Nat. ; June 25).


On Probation (Pathé; June 25).

Another reforming crook story with all the old familiar earmarks, efficiently acted by Eugene O'Brien, Mary Astor, Vivia Ogden, George Fawcett, J. Barney Sherry, Frankie Mann, and W. J. Ferguson. Good, if conventional entertainment.

Other Women's Clothes (Wardour; June 11).

Mabel Balin, Crawford Kent, and Raymond Bloomer in an interesting and well produced feature concerning an experiment, which gives a poor girl sudden affluence, but eventually proves that money is not everything. Beautiful settings, photography, and frocks. Excellent entertainment, especially for the fair sex.

Playing with Fire (F.B.O.; June 25).

A typically American story of a shop assistant and a society girl, and their love affairs and adventures. Contains good fire scenes and delightful acting, with Gladys Walton in the featured rôle.

The Primitive Lover (Ass. First Nat.; June 11).

A light but pleasant modern version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Constance Talmadge as a girl who wanted a strong primitive lover, but finally discovered her ideal in her own erstwhile prosaic husband. Harrison Ford, Kenneth Harlan, Clare Big Tree, Matilda Brundage, George Pierce, and Clyde Benson appear in the cast.

Pages of Life (Butchers; June 4).

A novel British photoplay showing glimpses of life amongst London's "Bohemian" set, and some very quaint and lovable characters. Louis Hidalgo, Evelyn Brent, Sunday Wilshin, Richard Turner, Gertrude Sterrol, Jack Roberts, and Dardo da Marte are all good in their rôles. Unusual and interesting entertainment.

Room and Board (Realart-Gaumont; June 21).

Very much like the Peck o' My Heart pattern, with Constance Binney as an attractive Irish heroine who masquerades as a servant in her own ancestral halls, which she has let to an American in order to pay off her debts. In support are Tom Corrigan, Arthur Housman, Ellen Cassidy, Ben Hendricks jun., Arthur Harry, and Jeli Prouty. Very good comedy-drama.

Shadows (Walturday; June 4).

An artistically told story of an old Chinese laundryman-philosopher who is cast up by the sea on the shores of a narrow-minded little village, and how he unravels a complicated collection of events. All-star cast comprises Lon Chaney, Marguerite de la Motte, Harrison Ford, John Sampolis, Walter Long, Buddy Messinger, and Priscilla Jones.
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DRAUGHTSMAN CO. (Dept. P.S.), WALTER HOUSE, BEDFORD ST., STRAND, W.C.2
One Stolen Night (Vitagraph; June 25).
Delightful Alice Callhoun forced into a forward flirtation by this story of a girl's love affair with a Sheik who is not all her romantic imagination pictures him to be. Otto Hoffman, Adele Farrington, and Russ Powell support. Good entertainment.

The Scientist (Gaumont; June 11).
Marjorie Hume and David Hawthorne in a husband-and-wife story about an inventor who puts his work before everything else. A novel "wireless vision" machine helps to work up a thrilling climax. Supporting roles are filled by Frank Dane, Cecil de Gue, and Winifred Nelson. Good entertainment.

Sky High (Fox; June 18).

Travellin' On (Paramount; June 25).
William S. Hart in a photoplay written by himself, in which he plays a stranger who is converted by a travelling evangelist and his wife.

Corns, aches, swellings, tenderness and other foot misery easily to get rid of now
At last! Take corns out, not merely off, without plasters, liquids, says C. S. Turner, the R.A.M.C.
Perhaps you have invited blood poison by hacking the top of that corn with a razor, or burnt it off with caustic paste, liquids or plasters, soaked it in hot water, picked dubiously at it with your fingernails and sprinkled it with various powders to stop the aching. After doing all this and waiting patiently for results, you either find that nothing of the corn has stayed right on duty through it all, or else a brand new top has sprouted up to replace the old one and the ache is still doing business at the old stand, worse than ever, and best of all, a considerable extra soreness of raw skin around the corn. This is because you have only worried and tortured the top of the corn without at all affecting the little pointed part of corn which is the real business end that causes all the pain by pressing on sensitive nerves. It would be as logical to cut the top off an aching tooth to stop the pain. It is only after all these time-wasting experiments with a corn, unpleasant as they are, that you are really ready to appreciate the marvellous way in which salinated water acts and how totally different it is from anything else. It soon dissolves out the oil from dead, hardened, calloused corns, leaving soft and "mushy" as fresh-picked, so that corns can easily be picked right out, root and all, whereas callouses turn white, curl up at the edges, and come entirely off at one scrape with the dull edge of a knife. Sound, healthy skin is not so infested in any way by the water, excepting that it is wonderfully refreshing to sore, tired, tender, aching feet. To prepare the medicated water, which is also oxygenated, invest a few pence in a supply of the Reudel Bath Saltrates compound, which is obtainable from any chemist, this being the registered name by which physicians and chiropodists prescribe it. Use about a tablespoonful to a gallon of rather hot water, and rest the feet in this, but first bid all your foot misery a final farewell, for such tortures will soon be only unpleasant memories of the past.

35 of the most famous figures of the screen are in Rupert Hughes' Goldwyn production of his novel of Hollywood life

SOULS for SALE
and over 20 appear unidentifed in scenes showing the intimate side of "movie" life.
During the film's special season at the Pavilion, Marble Arch, Goldwyn Ltd. offers three prizes of £25, £15 & £10 for the most accurate lists of the celebrities. Forms at the theatre.

The Named Stars in this extraordinarily vivid and intimate picture of the actual processes of film production include

ELEANOR BOARDMAN a new star interpreting the romance of a screen novice who becomes a star
FRANK MAYO RICHARD DIX MAE BUSCH LEW CODY and BARBARA LA MARR

Don't miss the Exclusive London Presentation, May 28—June 10 at the

PAVILION MARBLE ARCH
after which the film will not be again presented in London during the present season
Nestlé waved, of course, but could you tell?

In the glorious softness of the waves, in the delicious waywardness of the side curls, in the dazzling beauty of the whole head, there is no difference between naturally wavy and Nestlé waved hair—because they are both formed in the same way.

One Nestlé treatment of 2 hours ensures naturally wavy hair for six months, and your hair will benefit in the process.

Full particulars of the Nestlé hair wave on request.
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DI LUXE ENLARGEMENTS of yourself, your friends, or any scene of interest, can be supplied for Half a guinea each, post free; size of picture, 4x5 inches. Order to be handed in, as enlargement will be mounted on board. Any order for 20 or more will be done in batches and post free for 10s. 6d. Equal to any Two Guineas enlargement.—PICTUREGOER Salon 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

P.D. (Wandsworth).—Elmo K. Lincoln swears me to secrecy about his middle name, and as he's a large man I feel I must respect his wishes.

BEAVER (Cheshire).—(1) Agnes Ayres was married, but isn't now. (2) I never give opinions—it's fatal. (3) That's my one dark secret. (4) W. S. Hart married Wimifred Westover. "Ladies First" is one of my mottoes in life. What about sending your photo along?

A BATTING REID-ITE (London).—The year of Wally Reid's birth was always given as 1892; but as he was thirty-two when he died, he must have been born in 1870. Sorry to contradict a lady, but there it is. You're some cartoonist. Was the man, who broke the "Blossoms" (Battling Burrows) a relative of yours, perchance?

HELEN of TROY (Edinburgh).—So you're here again, minus the family claymore. Many thanks for your flattering remarks. Annet my favourite beauty as portrayed in the February PICTUREGOER. If this sort of thing goes on, I shall have to put a Marcel wave in my hair to counteract my "Ethen M. Dell chum.' No longer does the office ring with my plaintive protest that 'I ain't nobody's darling.' (1) Heckmondwike (by the way, is this a film query?) is a town in Yorkshire where woollens are manufactured. My favourite aunt lives there. (2) Milton Sills was born in 1882 at Chicago, Ill. He's married to Gladys Wynn, and has a little daughter, Dorothy. Bless you, my little vann, how's the wooden horse?

IVOR (Hull).—(1) Ivor Novello, born 1894 at Cardiff, and educated at Magdalen College. Some of his films are: The Bohemian Girl, The Call of the Blood, Miarka, Carnival, and The Man without Desire. (2) Theda Bara is now making a film entitled The Easiest Way, adapted from the play in which Sarah Brooke starred over here some years ago. (3) William Farnum was born at Boston, 1876. He's married and has one daughter. Some of his films are: Tale of Two Cities, Les Misérables, The Bondman, Gold Nuggets, Heart Strings, The Orphan, Riders of the Purple Sage, and The Adventurer. (4) That rumour's true. Are you always polite in capitals?


JOLINE (Seven Kings).—(1) Bert and Wilfred Lyttel are cousins, and Lyttel is the correct name of both. Bert is married to Evelyn Vaughan. (2) Nazimova is Mrs. Charles Bryant in private life. Have another shot, Joline. You'll be able to carol with the best in time.

D. W. (Bristol).—Letters duly forwarded. Yes; it's sad, but true. That was me inside the February PICTUREGOER. Your sentence was light compared with what the Editor remarked on the subject.

QWIRNLVE COCOA

"QUALITY AND FLAVOUR"

SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE
Tilly (Battersoe) (Not Bloomsbury) - (1) Yes, try Jury's. (2) Pauline Frederick was born in 1896, in Boston. (3) Send your scenario to any film company for whose needs it seems suitable. (4) War Brides is an old film with Nazimova and Dicky Barthelmess. It has never been shown in England. (4) There's no definite rule. Sometimes films are released in America and England simultaneously. Sometimes several years elapse before we see them over here. Now, don't write me a long tirade about the American films that never seem to be shown at your local picture palace, will you?

N. E. M. A. (Eastbourne).-Sorry to have dulled your bright eyes for ever. Continues my wish! Time will heal the wound. (1) Malvina Long-fellow doesn't give her age. (2) Suppose you see one of Lady Diana's films and decide for yourself? (3) Leslie Henson has appeared in two films—Alf's Button and Broken Bottles (a film on Griffith's Broken Blossoms).

(4) You had one in February Picturegoer. Let that content you. Don't want my mail to rival that of our friend Sheik Rodolfo Ben Valen
tino. Peace be with him — and you also.


B. D. (Chelsea).— (1) This is not the "Tattler's Gazette." (2) Rodolpho Valen
tino's coming to England with his wife shortly, but no date has been fixed. (3) Beyond the Rocks will be released August 7th. (4) Release date not fixed. (5) Apply direct to the Publishing Department for back numbers. Have your own brick
drats; but, beware— he's a strong man, and not silent either.

E. M. P. (Burnley).— If you write Garn Hamby very nicely, he'll probably send you a signed photograph of himself.


Rudy's Admirer (Norwich).— Let 'em all come! (1) Rodolpho Valentino may be filming again shortly. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse will probably reach you in time. Can't say when, exactly.

THE ROMANCE OF HAROLD LLOYD. (Continued from page 19)

the comedian could see was the movies. Harold's first role was as a Yaqui Indian. "All of a sudden," Harold declares, "I got the movie bug for fair. I tried day after day for work extra at every lot around Hollywood and Los Angeles. It dawned on me one day that if I got into make-up I'd have a better chance, so I went back of the restaurant outside of the studio and put on a make-up. I waited for the whistle to blow and went into the centre of extras I mingled and when it came time for them all to wander back to the gate I marched in with them as if I owned the place. But once inside I still found I had no work. " Are you working, son?' a stern voice asked.

No, but I will if you've got a job, 'I answered.

And, breathing a deep sigh of contentment, our own Harold Lloyd went to work at three dollars a day as an extra, and remained there until his meeting with Hal Roach. Harold Lloyd has risen in these last three years to the position of being considered a foremost screen comedian, one who is not only a laugh-maker, but a wholesome laugh-maker; one who never stoops to dirt, but who can always be depended upon to give each situation into which he enters a humorous turn and keep it clean. To-day Harold Lloyd and his blonde bride—you used to know her as Mildred Davis, his charming leading lady—live in one of the most comfortable and luxuriously appointed homes on the west coast. But it is not gaudy. There is a swimming-pool with all the trappings, and the grounds contain everything that the comedian desires.

But many people ask, "Where did Harold Lloyd get the idea of wearing those horn-rimmed glasses?"

List! Harold once went to the theatre and saw a sour old Professor wearing horn-rimmed glasses, and, although the Professor was supposed to be enormously serious, he struck Harold as being tremendously funny. So the comedian decided to try those glasses in his next picture. They were successful, and since have been christened "The Lamps of Laughter".

JUNE 1923

Betty Compson

Star of "The Little Minister"

How She Keeps Her Hair Lustrous

Cocoanut Oil Makes A Splendid Shampoo.

"If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with. Many soaps, prepared shampoo and shampoo powders, contain too much free alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harm-
ful. Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless) is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this cannot possibly injure the hair.

Simply put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup with a little tepid water. Then moisten the hair with water and rub the Mulsified in. It will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rums out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo from chemists and leading toilet goods depart
ments. It is inexpensive, and a few ounces are enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure you get Mulsified. Beware of imitations — look for the name Watkins on the package.

Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

The Romance of Harold Lloyd.
CAME a movie producer into the den wherein my brightest thoughts are thunck the other day. In despairful mood he slumped down in my second best easy chair, and delivered himself of a dismal recital all about the harm that is being done to the industry by letting outsiders see too much of the game. "Gone for evermore," said he, "is the romance and mystery of film-making. The fan-in-the-street knows almost as much about every detail appertaining to films as we do ourselves. First it was the players, whose lives, loves, and ambitions became as an open book. Now it is the films themselves. They're using the studios as movie backgrounds and, what with movie-making in the movies, and Merton the Merciless, there isn't a rag of illusion left."

AFTER which I comforted the pessimistic one by assuring him that every day and in every way movies were, etc. You know they are; you tell Merton All. me so yourselves by every other post. About the disillusioning process, though, I should like to have your views. With some interest in a subject fosters the desire to know every little thing about it and connected with it. The more inside information they get, the more they want, and the better they like it. Others, like a child with a new toy, want to find out how it works, and as soon as they know, cast aside their plaything, and want something new. But then, the movie is now something more than a plaything. And, in their heart of hearts, all real workers in Movieland really are out to give us (to quote one of Merton's best) "something better and finer."

If this were not so, how could the cinema have survived all the sneers and opposition levelled at its head when it was a tiny struggling baby? What Do You Think? To-day, it is the fifth largest industry in America, and, despite the gloomy forebodings of a few ultra-pessimists, has become part and parcel of the regular life of the community there. Over here we've got the picture-habit, too, though not quite so thoroughly. And the same instinct that impels a crowd to gather nightly around stage doors to watch this or that popular idol leave their magic portals, animates the movie-fans also. Every star, and many directors, have their own personal following, and films like Rhapsody: It's May now! and Nero, my dog, stretched out on the hearthrug—I think, think, think. And wondering whether I shall ever meet A Fireside always finds one of hearts who

RE-ISSUES are still high in popular favour, although there are so many new films that now the two-feature programme is almost universal. Watching some of these is a lesson in comparative values. When, as in the case of the Vignograph features, they have been re-edited and re-titled, only the clothes, and the presence of favourite players, now retired or dead, betrays the age of the film. The story remains, only the methods of telling it have altered; the old films have less subtlety and more action. Like great plays, great films do not die, and one can safely predict that The Four Horsemen, The Kid, Intolerance, Robin Hood, etc., etc., will be "Now Showing" ten or even twenty years hence.

"Are all the stars required to paint their faces, even if they are white, and do cinema couples each kiss other really?" enquires a Bombay thinker. "I believe that when people are white, that they have no need to paint their faces for the screen." You believe, wrong, then, regarding the make-up. This is always necessary, because the camera's vision is different from ours. Also, every artist has his or her own particular coloured make-up powder. As to your other question, it depends on individual taste. I know what I should do were I a film hero.

"Permit me to introduce to you the greatest little star on the motion-picture screen—Mae Murray. That bright little breaker of hearts who..."

Dorothy Davencot
"The Mute Who SPOKE!"

A SEARCH for sunken treasure—a deaf mute who spoke and heard—a fight with a devil-fish in the depths of a lagoon—these are the features of "The Mute Who Spoke" in the July "PAN," now on sale.

This is the first of a series of thrilling South Sea stories which will appear in "PAN." If you are fond of stories of adventure, don't miss the first one.

Tell your newsagent to deliver "PAN" regularly—and get your copy of the July issue to-day.

Post the Coupon TO-DAY before this offer closes, and receive a

2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE!

Send No Money!

Don't wish when it is too late that you had accepted this bargain Pen offer. Send no money. Just post the coupon, and you will receive the Pen with the free Pencil on 3 days' trial. Make sure of this world's record bargain now!
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Now Being Shown at all Leading Cinemas

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“WAS SHE JUSTIFIED?”
A dramatic rendering of the well-known Play by Maud Williamson and Andrew Soutar.
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FLORENCE TURNER and LEWIS GILBERT.
An unusual story of many surprises and a great climax.
A Walter West Production.

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Its joys and pathos wonderfully interpreted.
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EVELYN BRENT and LUIS HIDALGO.
The popular artist Evelyn Brent plays a dual rôle in this picture.
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SYNCOPATED PICTURE PLAYS
A joyous series of burlesque comedies full of clean fun and original humour.
The works of famous authors and producers shown in a new and highly amusing manner.
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Do you love Horses? then see—
“PILLARS OF THE TURF”
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JACK HOXIE

Is a real cowboy turned screen actor, not a screen actor turned cowboy. His pictures include "Thunderbolt Jack," "The Man from Nowhere," "Cyclone Bliss," and "Dead or Alive." He has won several riding championships.
Our July Movie Calendar


2. Author Movie Calendar asked to mention Nazimova so that Editor "Picturegoer" can use photo, 1923.

3. Author Movie Calendar wants to know if that will do.

4. Independence Day in U.S.A. Nothing much said about British actors and authors.

5. Electric chandeliers in order to see picture-house torches first introduced, 1945.

6. Authors of subtitles prohibited from taking part in speaking pictures, 1934.

7. Picture-house music adopted as minimum sentence for picture-house musicians, 1927.


10. Ben Turpin voted most popular star by Ben Turpin, 1926.

11. Adults not allowed in cinemas unless accompanied by children, 1930.


13. Cups of tea first given with picture-house shows, 1911.

14. Picture-houses first given with half pounds of tea, 1924.

15. Chaplin produces another, 1927.


18. Anniversary of something Author Movie Calendar has forgotten.


20. Gardening Week opens. Plots in Los Angeles dug over and thinned out.


22. Boer War pictures reach seaside kinemas, 1940.

23. Moving pictures perfected. 1897. Author Movie Calendar is thankful that it took

24. more than

25. a day or two.


27. Capital made compulsory in case of film-producing companies, '27.

28. Famous Judge first asks "Is picture house music?" 1924.


30. Douglas Fairbanks jumps three times off three-storey building, 1926.

31. Author Movie Calendar jumps off Selfridge's roof, 1923. Only once.
even a British "Bobby" would find his world-famed powers severely taxed were he suddenly called upon to regulate the vehicular traffic of Movieland. Imagine him, standing on the familiar island.

whilst, in addition to the usual bus, tram, cab, motor, and bike of every day, a procession of all the strange conveyances you meet on the screen and in the studio suddenly invaded a busy street. A drosky and a sedan-chair, Rolls-Royces and rickshaws, with, perhaps, a few palanquins, a brougham, and an ambulance thrown in as make-weight! Quite a wonderful pageant it would be, for almost every kind of equipage would be represented there. The movie makers spare neither trouble nor time when out after "local colour," and there is scarcely any period of history that has not been more or less faithfully represented in celluloid. No longer are we told that "So-and-so went to Japan," in a sub-title, and shown the character departing. If the heroine has to go to a foreign clime, we are shown all the interesting stages of her journey. Sometimes, as in A Voice from the Minaret, the Eastern locations may be only a few miles from the studios; but when the proper atmosphere in the shape of derelicts, beggars, muezins, and the weird, two-wheeled and four-wheeled carts pass on their way, everything looks perfect on the screen. Some of the old-world coaches which rumble their way through the old-time films are far from comfortable to ride in. They have no tyres in some cases, for many real ones have been borrowed for such occasions, and the stars have to seat themselves in state on their faded velvet cushions, and look as though they were enjoying themselves. From the chariots of Biblical times to the very latest in aeroplanes and airships, every means of travel finds its way to the screen. Thrilling races between trains and autos, couples jogging jaunts in the Irish jaunting-cars, are all familiar sights to the kinemagoer. The filming of these is rather more strenuous for the cameraman than for the actors. When you see other people comfortably seated behind a horse, or in the front seat of a motor, you may be quite sure that just ahead, on a platform
fixed upon the back of another vehicle, the director and a couple of cameramen are more busy than cosy. For a "close-up" of anyone driving a car, the camera is sometimes fixed on the bonnet of it, and when the car is going fast, the man turning does not have the easiest of times. When characters are shown walking, the little one-eyed machine that registers their movements so faithfully is usually focused on them from ahead, and they walk up to it. But occasionally it is mounted on a kind of wheeled platform, as the accompanying illustration shows, so that it can be quickly moved to the most convenient angle without having to be put into position for "sighting" afresh. Of course, motor-cars of all kinds have been a boon and a blessing to comedies always. There was a weird motor in the first Keystone, team or a railway engine with equal ease. Nearly every star agrees, though, that for discomfort camel-back as a method of progression is the most uncomfortable, and when re-takes have to be made, it is not only the camel that gets peevied. Even taking the air on foot for screen purposes, is a bit of an ordeal, when scenes must be taken in daylight, and in full view of an interested crowd. But, fortunately for laughter-lovers, Will Rogers and Charlie Chaplin have shown how a "walk-over" in every sense of the word, should be done. Their peregrinations—Will's slow, characteristic amble, and Charlie's shuffle—have caused many cameramen to chuckle. One of the strangest vehicles ever seen in the movies was the famous Death cart in Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness. The horse drawing it was painted in such a manner that his bones seemed starting from his skin; the harness looked as if it might drop to pieces any moment, and trick photography made the whole thing appear transparent. This contraption, however, did not venture outside the studios.

and there will be one in the last. Charlie Chaplin's A Day's Pleasure owed much of its uproarious mirth to the peculiar-looking automobile he affected, and its still more peculiar behaviour.

Movie stars can be great travellers without going far from their native heath. They need not be able, in the case of male stars, to ride a horse or even drive a car, so skillful has the art of "doubling" become. Yet most of them can ride and drive almost anything. All the different kinds of vehicles a serial star like Ruth Roland has ridden in her time are quite interesting. Ruth Roland is such a fearless little lady, and can drive a dog
Walter Tennyson was being tried for murder, on the day of my visit to the George Clark studios at Beaconsfield, and I felt sorry for him, because I was not feeling in the least like a murder "trial." I had lunched well, and having arrived at the "Court" in blazing sunshine, I was very disappointed to find everyone connected with the "trial" in the proper frame of mind.

Supers who had formed, only a few minutes before, an inquisitive public, following with interest every word of the trial, now sat on rolls of carpets, tables, and carpenters' trestles, whilst Martin Thornton told Madge Stuart that "Jimmy" was being accused of wilful murder. A flood of tears followed—the scene was filmed a second time with still more tears—and then one of the supers whispered, "If she cries much more, I shall cry too!" Fortunately the "close up" business was finished, and Madge dabbed her eyes carefully to avoid ruining her make-up.

Then Martin Thornton turned and saw me gazing wide-eyed at the "set"—"What d'you think of it?" he queried. "It's one of the biggest Court scenes I've ever done, because all the leads are connected with the murder."

I glanced at the benches and saw Victor McLaglen sitting on Madge Stuart's right and M. A. Wetherell on her left—she had recovered from her crying outburst, and was trying to find out how many times her weight would be required to move the bulky form of Victor McLaglen from the bench.

In the front seat, directly beneath the judge's desk, sat Walter Tennyson, between a ferocious-looking policeman and a sergeant who was obviously drowsy, for from time to time his head fell forward on his chest.

Tennyson could not look guilty of murder, no matter how much he

There are plenty of both in the new George Clark production, Conscripts of Misfortune. The story deals largely with South African diamond mines, and the picture is enacted by an all-star cast.

Exterior view of the new George Clark studios at Beaconsfield, which are fully equipped for the purpose of movie-making...
Neither did Madge Stuart, presumably, because, by this time, she was being led from her seat, weeping again, and crying, "He didn't do it! He didn't do it!"

I felt I had to console her, so, when she reached my hiding-place behind the Bank of Mercury Vapour Lights, I touched her on the arm and said, "No, of course he didn't." Then, to my astonishment, she laughed and said, "Now, what on earth do you know about it? Have you got a powder-puff?"

I assured her I hadn't, as I wasn't acting in the scene—she understood—and then we perched ourselves on a convenient table, and she told me that she was a typist and Jimmy's sweetheart.

"I've become quite an expert at typing," she told me. "I wrote you a letter the other day, and then tore it up because—" And she left me to guess the reason, as there was a signal that tea had arrived, and I lost her in the seething mass of humanity that gathered around the table where the ever-acceptable beverage was being served.

Still Martin Thornton worked; above the rattle of tea-cups, the hammering of the carpenters at work on the next "set," and the quiet-loud whispers of the tea-drinking artistes, his spoken instructions "got across to where a veiled woman sat, immobile. So closely shrouded in the long, flowing veil was she that even my experienced eye did not recognise her, and I was curious. "Here is the mystery of mysteries," I thought. "She must be the real murderess."

Presently a uniformed man went across to her and gave her a blue paper. "Most inconsiderate," I thought, "to serve a writ on a lady when she is at work before the camera. It might ruin the whole film! And fancy not being able to dodge them!"

Then I realised that it was an essential part of the film—she must be one of the Conscripts of Misfortune.

She raised her veil, and I beheld Norma Whalley. Last time I saw her she was attired in the beautiful satins of the Countess of Lennox in The Virgin Queen.

She was evidently surprised at what she read, for she walked out of the Court Room, straight across to where I stood, with the paper open in her hand.

"Read!" she commanded me, and I glanced at it, and was surprised.

But I didn't murder him," she declared.

"I'm the most unfortunate of all the Conscripts," she explained. "I did not know until I played in this film that Sir Simeon Stuart could be so brutal—he actually turned me out of the house for one scene! But I have loved playing in it because it has a lot to do with South Africa, and Mr. Thornton has captured the atmosphere so realistically that frequently when we were working on scenes I expected to find I was really in South Africa."

Diamonds, a vamp, a murder, the wrongly accused hero, a charming typist, a villain who runs away with someone else's wife, the good-bad man—Conscripts of Misfortune contains all the essentials of what should be a very thrilling drama.

As I left the Studio I was haunted by Martin Thornton's deep voice saying, "He is accused of wilful murder," and so realistic did the accusation sound that I could swear the iron struts of the studio trembled with fear.

B.B.
On the Trail with Martin Johnson

Because film pictures did not exist during the time of Boadicea or Joan of Arc, history has had to wait until the nineteenth century for an inspiring pictorial record of woman’s bravery which posterity may know. For, in valiantly following the trail through Africa blazed by Stanley and Livingstone, Mrs. Martin Johnson is a modern heroine in her own right. Not only did this pretty blonde adventurer with the bobbed hair and Ziegfeld Folly smile face the dangers of being severed from the comforts of a boudoir for two years, but she blazed away at lions, elephants, leopards, and rhinos with remarkable coolness.

To the truly feminine mind, Mrs. Martin Johnson’s moral courage when she performed her morning toilet on the edge of jungle swamps, and sacrificed her complexion to the ravages of African suns, is, perhaps, more a thing of wonder than her exploits with a gun.

JULY 1923

Mrs. Martin Johnson with her first rhinoceros.

Johnston coloured his courtship days in his youth in Independence, Kansas, by firing the imagination of the girl of his dreams with wondrous adventure stories.

And so Mrs. Johnston not only determined to embark on the sea of matrimony with this intrepid young explorer, but she dreamed of drifting with the Trade winds to isolated parts of the globe, where she could share her husband’s adventures and dangers.

So this devoted couple have on many occasions set off on adventurous trails together with cameras and guns, but their last expedition into Central Africa proved to be more thrilling than even their memorable visit to the cannibals of the South Seas.

"Trailing African Wild Animals" which is the title of the film pictures that Mr. and Mrs. Johnson collected, contains...
more thrills than a sensational screen serial.

There is one remarkable picture which makes a manufactured film thrill appear to be as tame as a close-up of a Sunday School treat in comparison.

Mr. Johnson unexpectedly stumbled on the trail of an elephant, and he was taken by surprise when the lumbering beast suddenly charged

own on him with fierce trumpetings. The explorer fired four shots point-blank at the animal, but this did not check his headlong pace.

"Had Mrs. Johnson not come to our rescue, our expedition would have come to a grim finish," relates the adventurer.

"Seeing my peril, she knelt in the undergrowth and, taking careful aim, flushed the career of the five-ton beast with a bullet clean through his heart. He missed trampling over her by a matter of inches."

The tusks of the slain giant weighed over three-hundred-and-fifty pounds, and his ears measured fifteen feet across his forehead from tip to tip—formidable adversary for a little lady who stands little over five feet tall.

But, as she laughingly explains, her male victim was not the only male to have lost his head over a lady! But even amidst the privations and dangers of the Dark Continent, the chivalrous feminine occasionally flashed her shoes.

One of the best close-up pictures of a fierce leopard ever obtained, the scene was secured by the adventurine of Mrs. Johnson keeping her weapon, a powerful rifle, whilst her husband whisked the camera handle.

"I found myself admiring his beautifully marked and sleek coat, "confessed the film Diana; " and I was thinking what a dandy evening wrap it would make, when a sudden snarl brought my wandering thoughts back to the seriousness of the occasion."

when she planted a bullet at the base of his horns, this being one of the few vital spots where lead can penetrate the thick hide of the ugliest of jungle animals.

And even in this perilous situation, the amazing young adventureress saw the funny side of shooting when, after relating her experience, she remarked: "Rhinos, according to the natural history books, are vegetarians, but I wasn't taking any chances, and pulled the trigger before he could discover whether I was something new in fruit."

The gallant might suggest here, that, in all probability, Mr. Rhino thought that he had found a police. In the jungle necessity is the super-mother of invention. When Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson found themselves in the African wilds on Christmas Day, they nobly rose to the occasion. A thirty-five pound bustard, the shooting of which the film camera thrillingly depicts, was substituted for the more familiar turkey, and an impromptu dance was held to the wailing music of native drums.

P. R. M.

The elephant that nearly 'got' her. Mrs. Johnson.

A bath in an elephant hole.

Amongst Mrs. Johnson's bag was a monstrous rhinoceros, whose wild charge came to an abrupt ending.

A thirty-five pound bustard.
The world's largest kinema owes much of its success to the genius of its manager, Samuel L. Rothafel. His theatre resembles a small town on its own, for his staff numbers hundreds and consists of men and women skilled in numbers of different trades and professions. There are artists, musicians, projectionists, electricians, property-men, carpenters, painters, wardrobe-women, dress-designers, engineers, managers, attendants, ushers, pages, cashiers, clerks, porters, cleaners, and watchmen—but, despite the size of his staff, Rothafel keeps in personal touch with them all. He says that "Teamwork is the keystone upon which the strength of the Capitol organisation is built."

Rothafel was the first man to conceive the idea of blending the best music with films. He also presents to his audience, in conjunction with his films, scenes from Shakespeare's plays, and tabloid forms of such famous ballets as Schumann's "Papillons," "Prince Igor," and "Scheherazade."

A view of the interior from the stage.
Within recent years the venerable Clerk of the Weather has been flaunted by film producers in a flagrant manner, which must have proved a bitter blow to his dignity. But any sympathy which might be extended to the celestial guardian of the elements, in kinema circles, is firmly discouraged. For the Old School producers who look back along the paths of kinema history can recollect many costly and irritating encounters with the Weather Clerk. The creation of "potted" weather for the studios is largely the outcome of the vagaries and vexations of that erratic gentleman who, in the early days of film pictures, "irised out" the sun with cloud banks at vital moments, turned the worst efforts of Phoebus in the middle of important exteriors, for days thwarted the lenses with fogs and mists which obscured picturesque landscapes or poisoned the clarity of the audio air.

Those were the days when the inexperienced producer utilised a revolving platform in the open air for his audio. The sun provided the only means of illumination, and if rain, wind, storms or snow were required for the purposes of the scenario, the director had to wait patiently for the elements to roll up with the necessary effects.

To-day the film producer laughs at St. Swithin. Science and ingenuity have secured him his own weather bureau, and the turning of a switch, or the operation of simple machinery, now gives him a remarkable power to produce elements which very largely infringe the realism of those copyrighted in the Garden of Eden.

One of the most effective moods of Nature, which has been very successfully reflected on the screen by mechanical means, is the hurricane, typhoon, or storm. Similar methods are utilised in all three of these disturbances when, for the purpose of drama, they are brought to the silver sheet.

Considering the impressive nature of such upheavals in real life, it is a trifle disillusioning to learn that the mundane gas pipe plays a large part in their reconstruction for the film cameras. Many miles of piping, punched every few inches with holes, spread like a network over the landscape which comes within the range of the lenses. Power machines force thousands of gallons through these pipes, with such pressure that they hurl masses of hissing water in every direction into the air.

Some distance away, wind machines play their part in the general tumult. Great six-foot propellers, similar to those used on aero-planes, create a mighty artificial wind, which sweeps over the locality. The water played from the rain-making pipes, is...
the hoarse shouts from the producer's megaphone. Drenched and dishevelled artistes, with their make-up swept from their faces by the stinging spray, register emotions before the cameras with grim intensity. It is all an inferno that Dante might have created, during those vital minute when the climax of a storm picture is being recorded by cameramen enveloped in waterproofs and protective thigh-boots.

A realistic upheaval of nature constructed for the lenses costs many hundreds of pounds, but the strain on the nerves of the producer, and the discomforts that the artistes have to face, represent as great a price to be paid for strenuoushuman endeavour such as that which figured in *The Typhoon, One Exciting Night, The Blue Lagoon, The Storm, Island Wives, The Lotus Eater,* and other memorable photoplays which double crossed the elements.

Rain, in its less turbulent moods, is reflected for the cameras with an ingenious circula device of water-pipes, which are welded into what resembles the familiar Catherine Wheel of

firework fame. Erected over a "property house," or a real one, if the necessity arises, it revolves into position in order to sprinkle artificial raindrops over porches, awnings, or on the streets in the front or back of the dwelling or at the side. This effective contrivance provides the rain in Elmer Hammerstein screen romance *Whispers,* in which the hero and heroine were unconventionally introduced beneath a fruit shop awning, under which they had both taken shelter from a storm.

The majesty of a thunderstorm can be brought to the screen in these days of scientific film production with remarkable realism. Lightning is comparatively simple effect to create. The sad truth must be told that the forked rays which split the sky are introduced into the picture by the subterfuge of inserting the into the finished negative. A ligh
fingered artist with a delicate steel instrument carefully doctors the small amount of sky in each separate segment of film. He produces lightning by the yard with deft touches, and the final illusion is very realistic. Thunder does not come within the scope of the film producer or the staff of the dark rooms, for the picture-theatre orchestra are responsible for this contribution to the "weather-while-you-wait" conspiracy.

Lightning is also reproduced for the film cameras with the aid of magnesium ribbon or powder. An example of how this specialised form of weather-making can be very effectively exploited is seen in *Souls for Sale*. A circus tent is struck by lightning. A vivid flash speeds down the metal supports of a pole, and causes an explosion. If the light does not travel along the magnesium sufficiently fast to suggest a flash of lightning, this is simply overcome by slowing down the speed of the cameras.

Great depth of scene, with rays which possess an extraordinary versatility where the creation of atmosphere is concerned. The "Sunlight" arcs can suggest the cold light of dawn, the blazing noonday sun of the tropics, the chill December twilight, or the soft glow of a country sunset. And so close to real sunshine is this artificially created light that the operators who work continually in its rays become as sun-bronzed as if they had been basking on some seaside sands.
For on dark nights, the rays of the arc-lamps make it extremely difficult for the eyes of the players to adjust themselves to the subsequent darkness when the artificial moonbeams are switched off. And they stumble about in the gloom like sightless people. Also arc-lamps at night prove to be an irresistible lure for hundreds of moths, who dash against the lenses in hordes and obscure the full effects of the lights. Special traps have had to be designed to waylay these intruders before they reach the lamps.

Salt snow. Katherine MacDonald in "The Woman Conquers."

Potted sunlight has been responsible for many of the beautiful atmospheric effects which have raised the artistry of the screen of recent years. It has produced beautiful sunshine in picturesque gardens, terraces, the palaces of kings, and in simple rose-tinted cottages. And in the majority of cases, the producer has not had to take his company outside the studio itself. Peggy Hyland tells a story of how, in California, she was being filmed in a diaphanous summer frock in a studio spayed with artificial sunlight from the arc-lamps, whilst the snow beat against the windows and swept through the doorway outside.

It is clever trickery which has paroled much of the beautifying effects of real sunlight, where the delicate modelling of an attractive face, the accentuation of the charm of the hair, or the moulding of the lines of a shapely figure are involved.

Sunlight arcs have also infringed the copyright of the man in the moon, for at night the powerful rays of these lamps convincingly suggest the lunar light. This form of camera-craft has displaced the old-time method of tinting films with a bluish light that not very realistically gave the impression of darkness. The new style of "shooting the moon" has its difficulties.

Sunlight and shadow in "Why Men Go Wrong."

There is an amusing story of one harassed producer, who was driven to forsake the filming of artificial snow scenes in his studio owing to the interruptions occasioned by the supers, who periodically disappeared to allay the thirsts occasioned by the salt scattered over the set. For salt is the basis of studio snow, and a mixture of this commodity and confetti creates the flakes which have been a necessity of melodrama through the centuries.

Tropical sunshine. Hans Peters in "Lost and Found."

Forty tons of salt was utilised in a recent picture in California, when snow scenes were created with blazing sunshine flooding the countryside outside the walls of the studio. Snow flakes of confetti are shaken through slits in an overhead canopy which hangs above the artistes' heads.

If it is possible to film pictures beneath the genuine sun of the tropics, under the cloudless skies of Italy, or amidst the snows of the frozen North, the director seldom hesitates between the real beauty of Nature and the studio reconstruction of her moods. But long and costly journeys to distant parts of the globe are not always convenient or justified, and it is then that the craft of the weather-maker comes into its own.
Movie Mysteries

On this page you will find Ruth Roland at the age of seven; Claire Windsor and her sister May; Eric Stroheim with a moustache, and Lew Cody without one; a little of Betty Blythe, and a lot of Harold Lloyd. Can you puzzle out "Who's Who?"
Four-Footed Film Stars

Matheson Lang and "Black Bess."

They were wooden in both disposition and composition, those much-beloved animals we used to delight in when we were youngsters. Wooden, too, were the human occupants of the Noah's Ark, who, we presumed, were in charge of the menagerie. But the inhabitants of the cinema Noah's Ark are very far from being wooden; maybe that is why their appeal is so potent. And the directors who specialise in animal films need all the patience of Job, and then some. "Temperament," declared one director not so very long ago, when his favourite lion suddenly turned and attacked him: "Some of them are full of it, and have to be humoured more than the most beautiful woman in pictures. Others, again, take to acting naturally, and rise to the occasion like veterans the first time they face the lights." You'll find them all in to-day, the whole Noah's Ark collection, from the dove to the hippopotamus, though the hippo doesn't appear in anything but travel pictures. As for the dove, she is often to be seen, likewise Miss Pigeon. But monkeys, dogs, and horses, seem the favourites in the cinema world. There are quite half a dozen monkey stars in films from "Snoopy," the Hammett, down to "Apocalypse," who made a brief but pleasing appearance in "The Four Horsemen."

Joe Martin, too, is a familiar "hero," and all children and many adults delight in this intelligent creature's performances.

Amongst screen horses the earliest favourite belonged to Van Zandt and was featured in many delightful films. But this quadruped had a close rival in the attractions of Linnigoe and "Jean," a wonderfully intelligent colt, working in the same studios, who belonged to Florence..
Pictures and Picturegoer

The North will look forward to seeing the beautiful animal in *White Fang*, now being made in Canada. Although "Strongheart" is a natural actor, the dramatic scenes in which this dog takes part have to be most carefully arranged and handled. On the comedy side Mack Sennett's "Teddy" is acknowledged king. "Teddy" understands comedy-making from A to Z. Mack Sennett talks to him as though he were another human being, and "Teddy" obeys instantly. "Get hold of that rope and pull it," said Mack once when visitors were watching him at work. He did not point, nor even raise his voice, but "Teddy," who had been watching the former proceedings, at once did as he was bid. "Teddy" has been borrowed by many famous film stars in his time; he was in *Stella Maris*, with Mary Pickford. Hepworth's "Sturdee," though he wasn't a star, was a prime favourite with British "fans"; so is "Mac", a beautiful collie who plays with his master, Henry Edwards. And Guy Newall's "Betty" is an essentially lovable little creature. Gaumont studios own several four-legged players, who make fleeting appearances in their films. There is "Billy Gaumont," who was seen in *Soul's Awakening*, and who developed a distinct liking for the taste of grease-paint, which he still indulges. "Minnie," the cat who was David Hawthorne's pal in *Silent Evidence*, was first discovered in the casting director's office. She refused to take dismissal, or even forcible ejection, and played her first part in the inn scenes of *The Gypsy Cavalier*. According to Bernard Bronhead, the studio manager, she's an aloof young woman, and—alas that we should give the game away!—much of her plainly expressed adoration for David Hawthorne in *Silent Evidence* was due to the never-failing supply of fishy tit-bits he kept in his pockets. "Minnie" has a private feud with "Tweedle," who came back from Scotland with the *Rob Roy* company, and has joined the family as a permanent member. Tom Mix's "Tony" is too well known to need description. "Tony" owns a private Pullman and carries a heavy insurance policy, for he's a celebrity indeed. But even the smaller fry amongst animal actors are very valuable, and earn substantial sums for their owners. For most of them, especially dogs and horses, seem proud of their accomplishments, and love to "show off" between scenes.

A four footed player in an animated cartoon.

"Teddy," the famous comedy dog, appears with Bubby Brown and Mildred June in "Oh, Daddy!"

Bill Hart and his famous Pinto pony.

Big game "shooting" in California has a different meaning from the African variety, though when fierce tigers, crocodiles, or elephants are to be "shot," there is a certain element of danger about it. When the stars are of the usual variety the director may be reasonably sure that they will not turn on him and bite him, but with four-footed ones there's no knowing. Still, the screen is responsible for appealing to the love of animals that is inherent in most people, and the Noah's Ark of to-day is animated.

J.L.
A Popular Pair.

Nigel Barrie told me he very much enjoyed making the Boat Race scenes for Gaumont's Lights of London. The classic race was rowed, for film purposes only, one fine day last month, and Barrie, as befitting a movie hero, triumphantly helped his crew to win. Wanda Hawley is again opposite him; the two played so well together in The Fires of Faith. In this new version of G. K. Sims's poem and melodrama, the action has been placed in the present day, which will allow of more spectacular settings and dresses than could be used if the story were filmed exactly to period.

London by Night.

As to the actual "lights," which hired the country-bred girl and boy to the city, Captain Calvert, who is producing the drama, declared that photographing them was not so simple as one might suppose. According to him, it is a case of "the higher you go, the fewer," because most of the effective designs in electric lamps which illuminate the West End after dark are advertisements, and are obscured by buildings in a panoramic view. But a select party with cameras spent three hours in the shot tower one might studying London from all different angles, and obtained some excellent studies. The street lighting in the most frequented streets illuminated prominent buildings so that fine bird's eye views were photographed, which are unmistakably London.

A Correction.

In a paragraph referring to Queenie Thomas in last month's "British Studio Gossip," the writer, by a slip of the pen, stated that Miss Thomas was the wife of her director, Bertram Phillips. As is well known, the popular British star is married to Mr. George Newman, and we apologize to all parties concerned for any annoyance the paragraph may have caused them.

Why Change Your Locks?

"Because my part demanded it," replied Hilda Bayley, whose new film, The Scandal, proved once again that she is one of the six best British stars. Certainly, the fair hair she adopts is very becoming, and as the erring wife in this somewhat Continental drama she looks lovely throughout, and acts with fire and intensity. Her dresses, too, are charming. And Henry Victor appears once more as a temperamental musician. He has an interesting, though discreditable character to portray, and he makes it all very convincing, especially in the trial scenes. Henry Victor has probably had more experiences of foreign studios and producers than most British stars. He has played lead in Spanish, Dutch, and French films, but patriotically declares he likes our own studios the best.

Love, Life and Laughter.

There is a trite less laughter in this latest Welsh-Pearson production than in their former Betty Balfour pictures. But as the other two ingredients of the title are there in full measure, picturegoers will have nothing to grumble about. "Tiptoes," the chorus girl heroine, Betty Balfour at first makes one of those typically irresponsible, light-hearted figures one has grown to associate with her. But later the story takes a deeper turn, and as a famous-dancer Betty shines in a splendid cameo or two of tragedy, and some gorgeous and glittering costumes.

Some London Cameos.

As the heroine remarks to the author-hero when he reads his manuscript to her, "There's lots of love in it." And the girl's two would-be lovers are well played by Harry Jonas (The Boy) and Gordon Hopkirk as a rich admirer. "The Boy's" magnum opus is to bear the cheerful title of "The Tears of the World," and this serious-minded youth is very properly
converted to a brighter outlook on life by "Tiptoes," though the process takes a long while. But it is not the story, but the way in which it is told, which counts. Glimpses of life, high life and low life, characters of whom one sees all too little, and settings and lighting with a beauty all their own, have much to do with the charm of this film.

Life's Kaleidoscope.

It holds more of impressionism than detail, though incident is abundant and ever changing. The hen-pecked maker of balloons; the tenement dwellers; an open-air jazz-palace (this, by the way, was staged at the Welsh-Pearson studios, though it has a most convincing "out-of-doors" atmosphere); London streets in the rain; a crowd of "down-and-outs" in an underground refuge near the Thames, are shown by way of effective contrast to a gorgeous suite of rooms appertaining to "Tiptoes," and excellent theatre and restaurant scenes reminiscent of a Mae Murray feature. The clever way in which it is suggested that royalty is present at one of "Tiptoes" performances delighted everybody at the trade show, and there are a thousand and one similarly original and effective little touches which are the hall-mark of George Pearson's work.

In Old-Time Array.

As befitting an actor with a name like John Stuart's, John will be found in the cast of Denison Clift's Mary Queen of Scots. He doesn't play a Stuart, since Mary of that ilk is the only prominent one, but "George Douglas." Since he started costume work in The Mistletoe Bough, John seems to have developed a liking for

Catherine Calvert and Owen Nares in "Indian Love Lyrics.

it, for he next played "Charles Surface," the juvenile lead in The School for Scandal. "Charles" is an ingratiating young rascal, and an excellent acting part, which this favourite player is sure to make the most of. The costumes in The School for Scandal are unique, for they have been specially designed so as to photograph a definite black or white, giving the figures a startlingly clear, silhouette-like effect.

So This is India.

I was at Stoll's studios when the final big scenes of The Indian Love Lyrics were staged. At first glance it looked as though an Eastern Mid-night Follies Show was in full swing; for dainty forms were flitting about in scanty draperies, and hundreds of extras, as far as the eye could reach, were stretched at ease in groups of three and four, with choice repasts of fruit and wine within easy reach. On a high dais, Owen Nares, looking exceedingly soulful, was enduring the blandishments of Catherine Calvert, who was vamping him in approved Eastern fashion. A gentleman with two faces very kindly informed me that a tragedy was due in about five minutes, after which he covered up face No. 1, which was an exceedingly good-looking one, with face No. 2, which had been gazing ceilingwards and was exceedingly hideous, and boat a retreat.

One Exciting Night.

After that, things began to happen. All the pretty maidens, led by six yelling hillmen, made a bold dash to the very steps of the dais. Apparently they found favour in the Royal eyes, for he bade them dance. Dance they did—a sort of go-as-you-please on the part of the maidens, and catch-as-catch-can on the part of the feasters. I noticed my two-faced friend creeping closer and closer to Catherine Calvert, who had eyes for no one but Owen Nares. Seizing a favourable opportunity, and a knife, he suddenly and stealthily slew the lady, who fell gracefully at the feet of the Prince, and expired to the strains of "Pale Hands I Loved." The murderer swept over his victim until the lights went out, then assisted her to rise, and they went off to tea together. Such is life in the "Love Lyrics"!

Aida Ford, who appears in "God's Prodigal."
JOAN MORGAN

The dainty British film favourite is only sixteen, but she has been a movie actress for ten years. Her pictures include "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "Dicky Monteith," "The Truants," and "The Road to London."
RICHARD BARTHELMES
Is here seen in his role of "Charles Abbott" in "The Bright Shawl," a film version of the novel by Joseph Hergesheimer. Dicky is going ahead by leaps and bounds —witness "Tol'able David" and other recent successes.
GEORGE K. ARTHUR

The young British actor who leapt into fame in a day when "Kipps" was shown on the screen is now picture-making in America. Since his work in "Hollywood" he has been engaged to star in Robertson-Cole productions.
Followed her sister Jane to the screen and has enjoyed a parallel success. Some of her best known pictures are "Up in May's Attic," "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives," and "O'Malley of the Mounted."
CLIVE BROOK

The popular British screen star who is now appearing with Betty Compson in "Woman to Woman." His screen successes include "Through Fire and Water," "Kissing Cup's Race," and "This Freedom."
Marguerite De La Motte displays a charming frock of rose taffeta with scalloped skirt and sleeves. The tight bodice is finished with lace.

Above: Alta Allen wears a smart school suit.
Right: Virginia Brown Faire in a charming black marocain evening frock.

Above: Lucille Ricksen as a flapperette who "rolls her own." The tout ensemble is decidedly chic.

Above: Gladys Walton's black-and-white frock is of simple but effective design.
Right: Doris May.
The Vamp Who Isn't

With Gregory Scott in "The Green Caravan."

Now do come and sit on this cushion," Valia persuaded me, as she led me into her cosily furnished sitting-room. "Whoever sits on that cushion is supposed to have wonderfully good luck. It was given to me by a dark-eyed little village girl in Tripoli when I was out there making scenes for the film called Shifting Sands. She kind of adopted me as soon as we met. Each day she brought fruit and flowers to the hotel for me, and although neither of us could speak the other's language, we used to spend lots of time together."

I seated myself on the cushion. It was composed of the most wonderfully coloured silks, deftly woven into one of the fascinating patterns which are so distinctly Eastern in appearance.

Then we talked of the latest novels. Valia reads a great deal, but her literary taste does not confine itself to the "just published" novel. Essays by famous authors, bulky volumes treating of such subjects as astrology, and scientific experiments of all kinds find place on her book-shelves. A prominent piece of furniture in her lounge is a small revolving book-case, the four shelves of which are filled entirely by books dealing with the lives and works of famous musicians. "You know," she told me, "I am really a fatalist at heart—I live for

With Peggy Hyland in "Shifting Sands."

to-day. To-morrow can look after itself. That is one of the things, I think, for which I have to thank Russia. For instance, my début in film-land—I was not keen on acting for films. In fact, I never had film fever until I obtained my first big part. But I was longing to do something, because I hate being idle, and my fate decided for me. I was introduced by a friend to a film producer quite casually—and I got a small part soon afterwards."

Valia Venitskaya is her real name; but as Valia she is known to her film-going friends, because she declares her surname is much too difficult for people to pronounce.

Recently Valia visited Italy to play in scenes for the George Clark film The Starlit Garden, and, as she described her disappointment at the dull weather, that the company

Her full name is Valia Venitskaya, but all picturegoers know her as "Valia." Experienced, I realised that Valia is deeply affected by weather conditions. She admitted it when I mentioned the fact. "I always long for the sun," she said; "it can never be too hot for me. After all, the sun gives life, doesn't it?"

Somehow, as this charming woman wandered quickly in conversation from one subject to another, I realised how different she was from all the other film actresses I have ever met. She is what one might describe as a "jolly good fellow." Of course, Valia has not an atom in her composition; of jealousy she has little, and when she shows it, the reason is her ambition to succeed. It is not a personal feeling at all, for she is perfectly ready to admit that many of her fellow-artists deserve all the success which is theirs. Her candour is disarming, but this makes her all the more lovable. As I studied her, my greatest wish was that all her kinemagoing friends who watch her wrecking homes for film purposes could meet her, and know how absolutely contrary to her screen characters she is in real life. Never yet have I heard any other screen actress, whether successful or otherwise, speak in anything but glowing terms of Valia—which is the surest sign of her charm.

She is devoted to her home, and few knew the reason why she looked tired and ill not long ago. Her friends chaffed her about dancing late and poker parties—and she did not deny their accusations; but Valia had been watching night and day at the bedside of her sister, who was so seriously ill that at one time the doctors gave up hope. But Valia refused to give in. She fought and won. It was with a much lighter heart that Valia smiled into the camera when the crisis was over.

"We're going to the South of France for a holiday together just as soon as I can spare the time from film work," she told me, "and it's going to be the most wonderful holiday we've ever spent."

Valia is different—very different—because she is just Valia.

B. B.

As "Delilah" in "Tense Moments from Great Operas."
Skin Deep

by

JOHN FLEMING

The things he'd do to you and me you can't imagine. He'd kill the man, and perhaps he'd kill me too. He's told me a hundred times. I know Bud Doyle. When he says a thing —

"You mean," said Culver, "that if Bud was powerless—if he couldn't kick—you'd do it?"

"Don't you know?" said Sadie. Culver's brows were puckered a moment. Then a sly smile spread over his features.

"The cops never let a man out of their sight, you know, once he's wobbled."

"Well?"

"They'll believe the worst of Bud, all right. This pious reform stunt'll pull no wool with them."

"Yes—well?"

"Take this," said Culver, passing her a diamond pin furtively, "Take it home with you and watch Bud's pocket. Tonight the cops 'll call on him. I'll square McQuarge. He's the crookedest politician in New York City, and I know him like a brother. I'll tip him the nod. With Bud put away for three years, we'll be safe, eh?"

She considered, but before she had opportunity to reply, the curtains of their alcove parted and Bud stood before them. Culver flushed, but speedily regained the composure for which he was famous.

This moment in the "Twinkle Eye," with Joe Culver, who was one of the old gang who had not come to the conclusion that a new leaf was a good thing to turn. In Joe's case the proverbs indeed applied.

"Pack up and go with me," he urged, taking her hand across the table. "What do you want hangin' on with that pot-faced old freak of an elephant that you call your husband? I'm a handsomer man than Bud could be in a thousand years, an' I got more cash. I don't see why you hesitate."

"If you was married to Bud you'd see," she retorted. "Oh, I'd come along if it was safe, Joe. But it ain't.

Characters:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bud Doyle</th>
<th>Milton Sills</th>
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<tr>
<td>Ethel Carlson</td>
<td>Florence Vidor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sadie Doyle</td>
<td>Marcia Manon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dr. Langdon</td>
<td>Winter Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>Culver</td>
<td>Joe Singleton</td>
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<tr>
<td>McQuarge</td>
<td>Frank Campeau</td>
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Narrated by permission, from the First National film of the same title.
"I was tellin' Sadie about MacQuarge," he went on. "Mac is furious you ain't paid him no hush money since you got back. He'll get dangerous, Bud. You ought to watch out."

"I don't pay MacQuarge no hush money because I don't have to," said Bud. "It's crooks have to pay up to MacQuarge to dodge a police inspection. Ain't a crook no more. That's how it is."

"That's a dangerous game, Bud," said Culver, after reflection.

"Comin' along, Sadie?" said Bud.

Sadie rose and followed her un-beautiful lord and master from the cabaret, first givin' a gentle nod to Joe Culver. And when they were gone from the place, Joe crossed the room to the telephone-box, and got into communication with MacQuarge, "the crookedest politician in all New York City."

Bud was reading the newspaper when the knock came at the door. He glanced up at Sadie, and Sadie returned his glance.

"Who can it be?" she asked.

"At this time of night? No. I'll go."

She opened the door and found herself gazing into the official-looking eyes of two policemen.

"Bud home?" one of them asked. And then they saw that Bud was home, and they strode in. "We want you for the diamond-pin job up at Yonkers, two nights ago," said the policeman.

"Me?" said Bud. "Don't know nuthin' about it. I'm goin' straight, Captain."

"Keep your hands out of your pocket, anyway," said the officer.

"Search him," he went on, turning to the other. They searched him. And they found, tucked away neatly in his pocket, the diamond pin. In a moment the handcuffs were upon his wrists, and he was hauled to the door.

"A frame-up, eh?" he sneered. "All right. I'll find out some day."

Sadie clung to him with her arms round his neck as if she could never let him go.

"I'll find out for you, Bud," she cried. "I'll watch the gang every minute. I'll get 'em."

"Good girl!" said Bud, kissing her. "Without you, I don't know that it would all be worth it."

JAMES CARLSON, the new District Attorney, was in charge the day Bud was brought up. He said more than many present thought was necessary, but he certainly said it as if he meant it.

"It is not just the crooks we want to get here," he cried, pointing a finger at the dock. "There's the politicians, too. There are crooked politicians in the seats of power over every bit deserving of as much punishment as this wretch here to-day. And I will see to it that they take their turn here. I will leave no stone unturned until I have cleaned up this city and made it safe."

Bud got three years, as Joe Culver had said, but it was not about the three years that the gang were talking can spare Bud best.

They put their heads together and discussed details, and the outcome of it was that next day Sadie obtained a permit to visit her husband in Sing Sing.

"The waiting will be dreadful," she sobbed through the bars. "It's hard, very hard, but they are making it harder. It is that District Attorney—Carlson. I'm wondering if it was him framed the pin against you. He knows I can get no honest work, and he's—oh! you know. He wants me to—"

"By God!" cried Bud, beating furiously upon the steel of the door. "If only I were free."

They talked for ten minutes, but at the end of it there was nothing to be done, and Sadie went away with her eyes full of tears, leaving Bud to hope in the corner of his cell for the end of the line. The court was scurrying for the distant day, three long years away...

While Sadie at the end of the corridor was wiping the tears away...

In a week there was another inter view, and this time Sadie brought better news. The Attorney was still...
attentive—more attentive than ever.
He was putting the screw on, now—moving to make life impossible for
her unless she did as he wished. She
could not hold out much longer.
"My heaven!" cried Bud. "If I
were free I would kill him! But you
spoke of good news?"
"You can be free!" she whispered.
"Yes!"
"Next Thursday when you exer-
cise in the prison yard. What time
will that be?"
"Eleven o'clock."
"Eleven o'clock, then. Be at the
last side. There will be a rope. It
will cover the thing before the
New York train comes by. Get to
the wall and leap for the train. There
will be an aeroplane. Keep your
yes on it—"
"Time's up," said the guard, coming
long the corridor at that moment.
And Sadie went away once more,
leaving him to think and think and
think."

Thursday came.
On the east side of the exercise
yard Bud Doyle waited. He waited,
the truth be told, rather hopelessly.
he walls were fifteen feet high, and
when he looked down into the yard, were two men of the
ward, fully armed, their guns resting
this moment dangerously across
their arms. How could there be a
hope?
And then, suddenly, high in the
sky, a loud report. "Every convict
looked up. Even the guard upon the
all looked up. And there,
falling, falling, falling, was
aeroplane, leaving behin
as it fell a long trail of
and smoke. One of
the guards cried aloud:
"The plane's on fire!
Falling here!"
Even Bud forgot the
purpose of the moment,
at the whiz of a rope
a called him, and, turning,
gripped the thing,
he began his climb.
He guard and every
her convict were still
atching the falling,
ing thing up in the
He gained the

ew York
aining below,
spang. And then
guard saw. But they
were too late.
A rain of bullets pattered
out, but none was near
ough. As the train turned
and the bend and out of
ght, it was seen that Bud
is still unhurt.
For a few moments
lay still, but at
ght, glancing upward,
observed that the
plane had righted
elf, and that now
there was no sign of

DR. LANGDON had seen service
in France, and he made it his
duty on returning to civil life to
devote all his skill and energies
to work on behalf of his late comrades.
Plastic surgery—that latest and most
wonderful of all the sciences—gave an
outlet for both his passion and his
bravado; and many a man who passed
into his surgery broken and deformed
passed out again whole once more.
It was Dr. Langdon, riding in his
car through the country lanes, that
found Bud Doyle. Bud was uncon-
scious, bleeding from a bruise on the
head, and there was nothing to tell
the doctor whom he might be. But
at least there was something to tell
what he had been. Upon his right
wrist was the tattoo mark of his regi-
ment, and that regiment had been
the doctor's own. This was sufficient.
Dr. Langdon lifted the insensible man
into his car and drove him to his sur-
gery, that was more than a surgery—
that was, indeed, an old grange con-
verted, and that now sheltered up-
wards of five hundred broken soldiers.
And arrived here, he saw to it that
he was given immediate attention,
and put under the care of the most
skilled of his nurses, Miss Ethel
Carlson.
The days went by, and nothing
came to be known of the latest patient.
At first it proved impossible, of course,
to question him; and later he refused
all answers. The escape of the convict

District Attorney Carlson looked up into the muzzle of the revolver.
was duly noted in the papers, but no one in the hospital thought of associating the event with the arrival of Patient 788. The days went by, and the topic of the escape from Sing Sing was given up, except by a little group of very puzzled people who frequented the "Twinkle Eye" in New York City.

But the days went by very dully for Bud. When consciousness returned, he found himself with his head entirely enveloped in bandages, with the exception of a tiny space for food and breathing purposes. His eyes were strapped over. He could not see. But with difficulty he could hear the stories that his nurse would read to him. He could hear her voice, and often he would lie back on his pillows and try to imagine what she would look like when, if ever, he came to see her.

Meantime, at the "Twinkle Eye," the baffled little group would meet nightly and try to solve their mystery.

"The man who flew the machine said it would have been dangerous to return and pick him up," said Culver one night. "He swears he fell a hundred feet into the road. He'd be killed."

"A dead man won't stay in a public road for six weeks," snapped Sadie. "He's no more dead than we are. He's at large somewhere. We've got to watch out. If he'd been recaptured by Sing-Sing, we'd have heard."

"It's a hopeless mess, if you ask me," groaned MacQuarge.

"We sure have got to watch out. Sadie's right there."

One day Dr. Langdon reported that it would be safe for Bud to have his bandages removed. The room was shaded. Slowly, one by one, the wrappings were taken from him, and he was able at long last to see the face of the girl who had read aloud to him in his dark hours. At the sight of her own face lit up in a smile.

"I knew you'd look like that!" he exclaimed.

"Bring a mirror," said the doctor.

A mirror was brought, and Bud looked at his reflection. He looked again. Three times he looked. And as he looked the colour went entirely from his ruby cheeks.

"I must be mad!" he cried.

"That's not me!"

Gone was the ugliness of old—the bulging nose, the broken ears, the scars of the past life. Bud Doyle was as good looking a man as any that ever dived through Central Park in his own car.

At last he was persuaded, but even then he could not surmount the surprise of it all. "Nobody'd know me," he gasped. "Not even my own mother would have the faintest idea."

In a week he was able to get about as well as ever. And then, on the day when he was no longer a patient, Nurse Carlson brought a message from the doctor.

"The doctor likes you," she said. "He wants you to stop on and help with the good work. He needs as many assistants as he can get, and he wants you to be one of them. Will you?"

"There's nothing I'd like better—" Bud began. And then suddenly he stopped, and remembered. Remem-

bered what it was he had escaped from prison for. His wife! His beloved wife, Sadie, and the venous snake who was the District Attorney. The man was too— the...

After this, after this fresh start—he was to go back to it all—and—kill—and drift back to the old life and—everything.

"There's nothing I'd like better," he said again, "but—but it's impossible. There's things for me to do down there." Nothing towards New York.

And so he said good-bye, and returned to the city and made inquiries and found out where it was that the District Attorney lived.

The gang had never relaxed their watch. When Bud came back, as they were sure he would, precautions had been taken that he should never escape the consequences of the killing of the District Attorney. Night and day watchers mounted guard over the house, unknown to the Attorney himself. Near by was a telephone, where Casey, the hired official of MacQuarge's could be brought in a moment.

And one night the watchers saw a grey figure slip over the wall of the Attorney's garden and creep across to the house, and at once the telephone was put into use. "Bud's in," the message ran. "Bring up the police."

"And the police and the detectives were brought up by the dozen. Bud was not to escape.

District Attorney Carlson looked up into the muzzle of the revolver quite calmly.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want," said Bud, "to kill you."

"And why?"

"You know why. My name's Doyle. It's about my wife—"

"Indeed? But I do not know your wife. I do not know you. Not even your name."

"No? What about the 'Twinkle Eye'?"

"I have heard of the saloon. I assure you that I never was within its doors. Tell me, you must be one of MacQuarge's men."

"He's no more dead than we are. He's at large somewhere. We've got to watch out. If he'd been recaptured by Sing-Sing, we'd have heard."

"This true?" he asked. "You don't know my wife."

He glanced away a moment and then looked at Carlson again.

"I reckon I'll give you another hour or two, while I sort out if your story's right. If it ain't—"

He went out and crossed the garden quickly. In another moment he was over the wall and into the arms of the waiting detectives.

"Got you!" cried one.

They marched him back, up to the front door, and in, and then they hauled him before the District Attorney himself.

But when they got him in the light, they hesitated. This was not Bud Doyle. But it was now too late to turn back.

"What are you doing with my watchman?" the Attorney asked.

I set this man to guard my house—"

"Sorry, Sir," said Casey. "but we'd inform you that an attack was to be made on your life; and so—"

"And so you caught him as he came out. Be very careful, Casey. Or I will see that you are suspended. It is your duty to catch assassins as they go in!"

(Continued on page 40)
She came into the movies via *The Eternal City*, when she was at the zenith of a notable stage career. She took her place at once as the leading emotional screen-actress of that time, and kept it until a constant succession of poor stories proved somewhat disastrous. As the heroine of *Sappho, La Tosca, Resurrection, Fedora, Zaza, Bella Donna, The Spider*, and many another drama and melodrama, Pauline won admirers all over the world, and her personal popularity has never waned. A beautiful woman, with dark hair, and large, won-

Right: With Milton Sills in "The Fear Woman."

derfully haunting, grey-blue eyes, she yet achieved her greatest artistic portrayal in *Madame X*. Here was a story in which neither beauty nor striking costumes stood for anything at all. Still, so intense and individual was her study of the ill-fated and self-sacrificing woman that the film has ever since been quoted as a screen classic of its own particular class. Since then she has made a number of diverse screenplays, the last of which is *Clementina Wing*. 

Pauline Frederick in "The Glory of Clementina."
Max is irresistible; he gets the laughs every time.

The Avenue Emile Deschanel, Paris, is one of the most charming and stately avenues in the fashionable quarter of the Champ de Mars. In more ways than one it is famous. But the chief reason why it is famous is not to be found in ancient, natural, or any other history for that matter. One has only to ask the smiling agent at the corner. It is simply and solely because Max Linder lives there.

Max Linder, that extremely chic, immaculate Frenchman, Charles Chaplin's acknowledged tutor, and himself one of the most remarkable of screen comedians.

Max Linder is one of the most sought for men in France. He lives, as he told me, in constant terror of telephone bells, door-bells, and last, but not least, blue-bells!

"It happened in Paris," said the celebrated artiste to me.

A pretty little maid-motte of not more than nineteen rang the bell at the door of his flat at six o'clock one cold and frosty morning not so very long ago. "I would like your photograph, please an autographed!" she said. With teeth chattering and shivering from head to foot, Max, for fear of losing his reputation as an amiable film star, smiling a sickly smile, complied. In return, the sweet young thing produced from behind her back ("I thought she had only one arm," said Max Linder), a bunch, or, to put it a little more elegantly, a bouquet of fragrant blue-bells. "Thank you," said Max, showing all his teeth and rolling his eyes to an effort to smile, and held the door open till his young admirer passed slowly, very slowly, through.

The thermometer dropped, dropped, DROPPED!

"Never, never again will I answer door-bells personally and at such an unearthly hour," remarked Max to me afterwards, grinning ruefully at the recollection.

As I mounted the stairs of the palatial residence where Max Linder has his flat, I remembered the delightful story he told me on the last occasion I saw him. The memory filled me with misgivings, for although I was not paying him a visit at six o'clock in the morning, it was in the middle of a torrid afternoon, and as no appointment had been fixed, perhaps he would not receive me.

Anyhow, I pressed the bell button. No sound. Nor could I hear the bell ring. I pressed again and again, and finally bent my elbow against the button. The door suddenly opened, and I was confronted with the little, stooping figure of Marie, Max Linder's eighty-year-old housekeeper.

"It is but you are in a hurry." A smile illumined her wrinkled countenance, and her still watchful eyes twinkled merrily. I was too astonished to see the door open to think of removing my elbow from the bell which I could now hear ringing within the apartment, and was gently reminded of my absence of mind. I was profus
"Hello, Picturegoer!"

"I have only just returned from a hurried walk, and I am hot, very hot," he went on. "But, to turn the conversation into less pleasant channels, do you know that you are the sixteenth journalist who has called on me since nine o'clock this morning? You do not let me sleep, you prevent me from taking my meals, and, what is worse, you spoil my potatoes!"

I listened meekly to this fiery tirade, which was accompanied by a wealth of expressive gestures and facial contortions which, had I seen them on the screen, would have very nearly split my sides with healthy laughter. As it was, the outburst being directed at me, I would have liked to cry.

"I come on behalf of your English admirers," I said, with a choking feeling in my throat. "And they want to know all about you through the medium of the PICTUREGOER."

"Thank you!" said Max simply. "I am deeply indebted for your visit." He saw to it that the Aubusson carpet did not get the next potato, and carefully transferred another generous chunk from the steaming dish on to his plate.

"Do you know," asked Max, "that I started lunch over three hours ago. An hour for hors-d'oeuvres is, believe me, excessive, another hour for fish unbelievable; and although I have taken ninety minutes in eating some steak and a dish of potatoes (minus one), you may, if you wish, drop in at midnight and join me at coffee!"

Max Linder then relapsed into silence. I thought how funny would be a film of this famous star's private life. Immaculately dressed in a morning coat, his silk hat lying on the beautiful antique sideboard, and his cream waistcoat a big white spot in the darkened room (darkened because of the fierce rays of the sun), Max Linder presented a most amusing spectacle as, every few minutes, he drew his heavy overcoat closer about his shoulders and draped the rug more securely around his knees.

Max Linder is one of the most delightful personalities of the world's screen, and to interview him is to be acquainted with lots of amusing anecdotes, told as only Max Linder can tell them. He speaks with an accent that at once leads one to think that he is an Englishman whose conversation in French is so perfect that one would take him for such, if you know what I mean. To put it more concisely, he speaks French with an English accent. Curious, isn't it?

Max in "The Three Must-Get-Theres."
John Robertson, who has directed some of the best of American pictures, is a great enthusiast where England is concerned. "Not only because my people came from there" (he was born in London, Ontario), he told me, as we chatted one day between scenes at the studio, "but because I spent over a year at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio in London, where I made pictures and came in contact with English people from many walks of life, and I liked them all! To really understand a country, you must be a part of it, and I greatly enjoyed my brief association with my English cousins. When my wife and I left London, we promised—on our honour—to come back soon; if all goes well, I hope to direct another picture over there before the year is out."

Mrs. Robertson, we must explain, is known to "fans" as Josephine Lovett—that is, to those cinemati enthu siasts who always notice the author's name upon the screen. She has written a great many good pictures both for Mr. Robertson and other directors, and was on the stage, in which profession the director and his scenario editor wife met and were married.

Since he returned to the States, Mr. Robertson has been tremendously busy directing one success after another. First, Mary Pickford in "This of the Storm Country," which proved to be one of the biggest financial successes of the year, after which he joined forces with Inspiration Films, and directed Richard Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl." Scenes were taken on exact locations in Cuba, and these exact locations were faithfully reproduced in the Inspiration Studio. The atmosphere was so perfect that it was difficult to tell which was Cuba.

Rehearsing a scene for "The Bright Shawl," which stars Richard Barthelmess.

A number of directors have expressed the opinion that England has a great future as a picture centre. This is what John Robertson says: "That England will soon take a leading place among the foremost countries of the world in the picture making industry, I have no doubt. It is inevitable. There are numerous clever actors with splendid training, and I found expert helpers in every other branch of the profession during my stay at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio. Although the climate has its drawbacks in the way of fog, there are some wonderful inventions in machinery for clarifying the atmosphere for studio work, and keeping the fog outside its walls, but it will get in, in spite of precautions, you know! However, there are many clear days in between fog. The natural scenery of England is unsurpassed, and two other great assets that the country possesses are the tremendous enthusiasm and the encouraging support from the public. Geographically speaking, England is necessarily important. With London as headquarters, it is easy to 'run over' to France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, etc., for any foreign bits that are needed; not only easy, but, as compared with expenses on this side of the Atlantic, very inexpensive.

"I think there is nothing more that I can add, except to reiterate that to my wife and myself, England is a very satisfying place to return to. Speaking for myself, a country of Ten Commandments, but NO AMENDMENTS has decided charm, character, and allurement!"

Other world-famous motion pictures directed by Mr. Robertson are "Come Out of the Kitchen," "The Misleading Widow," "Away Goes Prudence," "The Magic Cup," "So, Last Sentimental Tommy," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He takes a keen interest in developing character on the screen, and the story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde gave full play to his genius.

John Barrymore, Mary Pickford, Marjorie Clark, Hulie Burke, and Elsie Ferguson are amongst the movie stars whom he has directed.
Betty Compson is not the first seductive bathing belle to take a plunge into the movie sea of success; but no transition from gay to grave has been more marked than the metamorphosis of Betty. Ever since "The Miracle Man" she has been hailed as one of the greatest dramatic stars of the silver screen.

"I never want to remember any of the parts I played in the early days—bathing comedies and serials. I hated them so. The first screen part that really mattered to me was 'Rose' in The Miracle Man. I learned—"

"Everyone on the set, please," roared the wireless megaphone unpleasantly close to my ear.

"—a great deal from the late George Loane Tucker in that picture. He taught me that it is what you are thinking in your mind which the cameras portray on the screen, not exaggerated facial expressions.

"Do you know that my most uncomfortable moments before the cameras are when I remember that I am Betty Compson. I have to lose myself in my characters, to get into their thoughts and moods, and live and act as I imagine that they would do. When I am being photographed just as Betty Compson, I feel like an awkward schoolgirl—all self-conscious and nervous. It is a much greater ordeal for me to pose for personal portraits than enact a sternly emotional scene before the film cameras."

"Silence on the set, please!" thundered the irresistible loud speaker.

"They wanted me in the days of The Miracle Man to act to music in the studio," went on Betty with true woman's indifference to the commands of mere man. "But it doesn't inspire me in that way. I can find all the self-expression I require from exercising my own will-power."

Betty's dark eyes became a little wistful.

"Perhaps it is the memories of the difficult days in my early girlhood which make me shy of music in my work," she confessed.

"When I was fifteen years old I played in a theatre orchestra in Salt Lake City."

Betty Compson

It may have been Betty Compson's luxurious white wig which accentuated the fragility of her features, and accentuated the purple shadows of her expressive eyes, that impressed me with her frailness. For when she extended a slim white hand to greet me in the Lasky Studios at Islington, she seemed to be surprisingly small and dainty—rather like a child still on the borders of girlhood.

Or perhaps it was some inherent spirit of a modern Sir Galahad which inspired in me a respect for her suggestion of delicate femininity. For booming within a few inches of her pretty head was a roaring voice which filled the brilliantly lit studios with most strident sound.

"A shame," thought I; "that one so fair and fragile should be bared at so indecorously."

But I had rattled my symbolical sword in defence of beauty without avail.

"Your producers, they are very modern," said Betty. "You see, Mr. Graham Cutts is using a wireless loud speaker in place of a megaphone. It saves his voice, and everyone in the biggest crowd scene can hear what he is saying."

We sat in two ornate chairs on an extension of the spacious platform which supported the cameras, shooting a resplendent ballroom scene. It was a strange Betty Compson who gracefully reclined before me. Her white wig, with luminous black-tinted eyes and a rosebud mouth beneath, suggested some Court beauty of Old Versailles. Yet the illusion was snapped as one's gaze travelled below her shapely throat to a very modern kimono which covered the silk and spangles of her dancing dress.

"I love your country, and the people and your studios," she told me with that naive frankness which is Betty Compson. "She bent forward confidentially. "And I'll tell you a secret. I have always wanted to come to England to play in a part which would give me great emotional possibilities, such as I have as the French dancer in the photoplay version of Woman to Woman."

She gave a little shudder.

It was little have love tell the imagination feel centuated eyes, strenuous rose-bud I. The your great never roaring her a de- played in she The 39 beauty have remained in my ant ton, gestation inspired booming in 1923 may of a ant. Perhaps it is the memories of the difficult days in my early girlhood which make me shy of music in my work," she confessed. "When I was fifteen years old I played in a theatre orchestra in Salt Lake City."

Betty Compson is not the first seductive bathing belle to take a plunge into the movie sea of success; but no transition from gay to grave has been more marked than the metamorphosis of Betty. Ever since "The Miracle Man" she has been hailed as one of the greatest dramatic stars of the silver screen.

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Betty's dark eyes became a little wistful. "Perhaps it is the memories of the difficult days in my early girlhood which make me shy of music in my work," she confessed. "When I was fifteen years old I played in a theatre orchestra in Salt Lake City."
"A little difficult to respond to a mechanical voice like that on the set," I suggested sympathetically.

"G-rr-rr," echoed the loud speaker, rudely.

"Ingenious idea, don't you think," brooked in the bland voice of Major Bell, the Lasky manager. "We use a three-valve amplifier behind the cameras, and it carries Mr. Cutts' voice to the sound horn with such power that it penetrates everywhere throughout the studio."

"I've noticed it," I said in icy tones.

"—You were saying, Miss Compson."

"Oh, yes, those early days with my violin," continued Betty. "I eventually left the theatre orchestra to play on the other side of the footlights when one night a turn failed to arrive, and the manager, in desperation, asked me to deputise. I toured in that act, and fate led my footsteps to Los Angeles. In the theatre in that town, I used to gaze with envious eyes over the footlights at the beautiful stars from the film colony who used to visit the shows. My stage costume in those days consisted of a skirt and blouse slit into rags, and my hair drifted loosely over my shoulders, and I went barefooted on the boards; so that I was very drab in contrast to the beautifully gowned beauties who sat in the stalls. Then Christie offered me a chance on the screen, and I went with him in comedies, but I was never really happy."

"You broke into the movies in reality with The Miracle Man," I suggested.

Betty nodded her pretty head.

"I could talk to you for hours about my first real screen part of Rose, in that picture, and—"

"Miss Compson wanted in ten minutes, please," boomed the unmitigated nuisance with the metal throat.

"—Now I shall have to postpone those reminiscences till another time," she concluded, tactfully ignoring the fretful glare I directed towards the mechanical enemy in the camp. While the orchestra behind the ball-room set tuned up for the great
dance scene that was about to be "shot," we talked of the days not long ago when Betty ran her own producing company, and made two pictures of her own—Prisoners of Love and For Those We Love.

"I found starring and the responsibilities of production too great a strain," she admitted, "so that I went back to acting entirely in At the End of the World, The Rustle of Silk, The Law and the Woman, The Green Temptation, The Little Minister, To Have and To Hold, and The Bonded Woman."

There is something indefinably fascinating about Betty Compson, when she talks with that far-away look in her deep blue eyes. It is something more than feminine charm. She holds your sympathy and interest with a womanly charm—which betrays you into watching the intriguing sweep of her thick dark lashes over her expressive eyes, the flash of her white teeth beneath perfectly modelled lips—with a fascination that is irresistible.

And because this feminine appeal is so marked a characteristic of Betty Compson on the screen, I asked her why film stars from the opposite side of the Atlantic were invariably gifted with this especially attractive trait.

Betty has brains beneath her pretty fine-spun hair of russet brown, and she tackled this problem with the seriousness of a platform debater.

"It is largely a national trait, which makes American actresses more expressive in their gestures and more subtle facial mannerisms than the artistes of other countries," she claimed.

"From our earliest youth, we are not restricted by the self-repression which is part of the everyday conventions which most girls have to observe. I do not mean that we are irresponsible or headstrong to a foolish degree; but we spontaneously react to things that we like in life. If a young man at a dance asks us for a fox-trot, we say yes with real enthusiasm, and show that we are real happy to have his company. We don't hide our real feelings behind a mask and conceal our pleasure behind a laconic smile, because it is considered the conventional thing to do. We find self-expression in the joys of life, and throw ourselves into work and pleasure with a zest that has no
time for artificiality. And so, when we are grown up, we have naturally become expressive and natural, and thus represent the very traits which the cameras demand for realistic human characterisations on the screen.

"If I didn’t find an outlet for my feelings in my work and hobbies," she confessed, "I should blow up"—and her small shapely hands fluttered in mock horror.

In Woman to Woman, to star in which picture Betty Compson has journeyed from California, she has a difficult characterisation in the emotional dancer who gives up her son to her lover, that he may live in the home of his real wife, and gain a name in the eyes of the relentless world.

"It is building, building, building," she told me—"slowly bringing to the screen the evolution of a strong, self-sacrificing woman from the former light-hearted butterfly who lived solely for the empty plaudits and gifts of a fickle public."

It was difficult to realise that this clever little woman, who analyses her acting art with the keen mentality of a Vanbrugh or a Bernhardt, not so very long ago was a be-frilled and fur-bowed bathing beauty flickering through shallow comedies on the golden sands of California. For today she is a recognised star who is respected by producers as much for her remarkably quick and assiduous mind as for her good looks.

"She is a real delight to work with," as Clive Brook, her leading man in Woman to Woman, told me.

She is to appear in yet another British picture before she returns to America, but at present the title is being kept a secret.

In these days Betty Compson flickers across the screen in beautiful dresses amidst backgrounds of Society drawing-rooms and picturesque gardens. Yet she is not the pretty doll-type of girl that some of her characterisations might suggest.

Betty Compson at the age of seven, with her cousin Thelma Warth. Betty is the serious child.

"It was not so very long ago," she laughingly reminded me, "that I was a serial heroine, who had to possess physical fitness rather than charm, and strong muscles were of more value than manicured finger nails. In The Terror of the Law, I played with George Larkin, whose risks before the cameras kept the remainder of the company in a state of nerves. I have never met a man more reckless of danger. I used to dig my finger nails into my hands with nervousness when I watched him swinging over lofty precipices on slender ropes. I fired so many revolvers in the fifteen episodes of that picture that I was threatened with gun deafness."

I discovered that Betty Compson regards seeing herself on the screen for the first time in a new picture, as one of the greatest onleals of her film work.

"When I sit in the audience and watch myself on the screen, I am continually picking my acting to pieces," she confessed. "For it is tragically true that always there is something which one realises too late that is wrong. But I face such bitter truths, for that is the only way that one can hope to improve. But the climb to greater success is, for me, often through the valley of tears and regrets.

"And I would like to stay for months in your charming country," Betty confessed, with her rosebud lips pucked in coy allurement. "And I would like to stay here talking to you for—"

"Miss Compson, please." I reached for my hat with the reflection that perhaps it was just as well that the irrepressible loud-speaker had had the last word.
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Marion Davies.

It always seems to me that the girl to whom Nature has given a fair complexion and fair hair should choose the soft, delicate, flower-like shades in which to dress.

She wants colours which will serve as a background to her own natural colouring; shades which will bring out this colouring rather than dim it. For this reason, I think blondes should avoid loud, glaring colours. Leave the flaming scarlets, the gorgeous yellows, the deep purples to your dashing brunette sister. Depend upon soft cream colour rather than dead white, and pin your allegiance to lovely pinks and blues.

Harding blue—that soft shade which is not so dark as navy, nor yet so intense as turquoise—is a favourite of mine, and I usually have a touch of it on most of my costumes. When I was in Paris recently, I got a lovely little dress which I like very much because the waist is of Harding blue embroidered in little flowers, while the skirt is of dark blue. The material is of silk serge. The hat I wear with this dress is of blue silk taffeta, trimmed with white chiffon. Perhaps the readers of THE PICTURGOER would like to hear about some of these new dresses I bought in Paris, as much as they are nearly all of the colours which I think blondes should wear.

An evening dress which is a favourite of mine is of cream-coloured charmeuse trimmed with mother of pearl. It reminds me of moonlight, and the popular draped effect ripples down the side like a waterfall. With this gold was not too deep a shade, as this would be a mistake for one with my hair and complexion. Deep yellow is not for blondes, though the dark-haired brunette may wear it with striking effect. If you are a blonde and are fond of yellow, you must content yourself with cream, lemon, champagne colour, or pale gold. One of the frocks I picked up in Paris is of champagne-coloured georgette, very simply made, and has a broad-brimmed hat to match. Another which carries out my favourite blue in combination with white is of crépe-de-Chine with an accordeon-pleated skirt, and very wide flowing sleeves. The sleeves are of white georgette banded round with strips of blue silk. An autumn suit is of blue silk serge with just a tiny touch of red chiffon. Black is always good for blondes, and here they have the advantage over brunettes. But black is rather a sombre colour, so blues and pinks should be our main stand-by.

Even in my screen clothes—the ones I wear in my pictures—I like to have them of my favourite colours, even if the camera cannot record them so.

Nearly every one of my fifteen costumes as Princess Mary Tudor in When Knighthood was in Flower is worked out in blue, pink or grey, with touches of silver or pale gold. The wedding gown is made of silver cloth trimmed with ermine and pearls. Pearls and sapphires are my favourite stones, and I think that, along with diamonds, they are best suited to blondes. Of course, the liquid sparkle of a diamond looks equally well on women with fair or dark complexion.
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The House of Granger is therefore to be congratulated on an arrangement they have made with the well-known French producers and renters, Les Films Le Grand, of Paris, whereby certain of the best British productions will be shown in France, and certain of the best French productions in this country.

This reciprocal policy is already in operation, and the first three Granger films that will be shown in France are The Call of the Road, starring Victor McLaglen and Phyllis Shannan; Unmarried, starring Gerald du Maurier and Malvina Longfellow; and Weavers of Fortune, starring Henry Vibart, Myrtle Vibart, Derek Glynne, and Dacia. The two first-mentioned were big popular successes in the United Kingdom; whilst the third has not yet been shown in this country. The Call of the Road will be showing throughout France in the course of the next few weeks.

The first three French productions to be issued by Grangers under this agreement are an interesting trio. The first is entitled, Within the Maze, and is an adapta-

Jean Angelo and Constance Worth in "Within the Maze."
Every woman knows the fascination and charm exercised by a beautiful complexion; how men admire a skin soft and free from blemishes; how even the plainest features are forgotten when the possessor has cheeks like the damask rose and neck white as ivory.

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NIGGUR (Weston-super-Mare).

TO BETTY COMPSON.
Betty, if your eyes, perchance,
On these lines of mine should glance,
Deem it not too small a thing—
This, my humble offering.
If you knew, my blue-eyed fairy,
How, with rhyming dictionary,
Half the night, the cold defying,
I have spent in versifying.
You could hardly be disheartened,
Of a Muse that proves so painful:
Betty, Goddess of Perfection,
Do not blight my young affection!

LADDIE (Kensington).

IF.
If I had the Lamp of Aladdin,
I’d travel as fast as I could;
And I’d stay till I’d seen all the stars
on the screen,
In that wonderful town, Hollywood.
I’d be sure to meet curly-haired Mary,
And dare-devil Doug, the screen
scamp;
I should kiss dear Eugene
(If he’d let me, I mean),
If I had that Wonderful Lamp.

If I had the Lamp of Aladdin,
Gee! wouldn’t it be just divine!
I’d feel full of glee, and have Norma to
tea,
And Ivor Novello to dine
I’d follow the latest screen fashions;
I’d get myself up as a “vamp”;
In a year I’d be seen,
As the great Movie Queen,
If I had that Wonderful Lamp.

S. S. (Calcutta).

TO MARIE DORO.
Though, Marie, ‘tis a frequent task,
We know no answer if we ask
You in what fairy lore may be
The secret of your witchery
The art that, in your slender hands,
Holds every heart with viewless bands;
The strange, elusive spell which seems
The fabric of our sweetest dreams
One greater of the poet tribe
Might fail your beauties to describe
Anew, though, similarly, one
At least could do no ill for none
Could make the wonders that comprise
Your face and form and hair and eyes
And damny feet and slim white arms,
Aught but a catalogue of charms!

Eto (Bristol).

A FAY FROM LEIGH.
I who write you would not dare
To even say I’m “passing fair”;
But though I look com I am so poor,
I love thee from afar, Tom Moore.

Ciao (Lough-on Sea).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.
(This is your department of Pictures to Pieces. If we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2 shillings will be awarded to the sender of each “Fault” published in Pictures to Pieces. Address: "Faults," Pictures to Pieces, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2.)

Unbroken Bottles.
"El Salvador," the outlaw in The Gunfighter, featuring W. S. Hart, takes a whisky bottle from the table and throws it at one of his Mexican followers. The bottle misses its object and butts against the wall, whence it falls to the stone floor without breaking. I wonder what whisky bottles are made of on the screen.

M. G. (Johannesburg).

A Quick Shave.
In Uncharted Seas, "Ralph" and "Lauretta" lose their ship, and are ice-bound on a lonely shore. After days of travel across frozen wastes, they come to the sea once more. "Ralph," who has a week's growth of beard upon his face, bids "Lauretta" good-bye, and they prepare for death. Suddenly he sights a boat near the shore, and he tries to rouse "Lauretta." It is noticed that he has shaved in the meantime.

T. M. (Sheffield).

The Note that Walked by Itself.
When Pauline Frederick, in Two Kinds of Women, receives a decry note, calling her to the bedside of her father's friend, who has been injured, she drops it on the floor and leaves it there. Yet when the hero (Tom Santschi) comes in later, he finds the note amongst some papers on her dressing-table. As nobody had been in to move it, how did it get there?

G. M. H (Paignton).

Perhaps Both Spoke Esperanto.
In Chasing the Moon, "Twilight Locke," the American hero, meets a Russian Princess, and as she cannot speak English, and he knows no Russian, they are unable to speak to one another. But when he visits her castle, a day or two later, they are seen conversing quite fluently. Had the Princess learnt English in the meantime, or had "Locke" taken a correspondence course in conversational Russian?

V. P. (West Endling).

Welcome, Old Friend!
When acting as a charlady, "Polly," in Polly of the Folies, wraps a cloth round her head. Before entering the room for rehearsal, the cloth is quite plain, but when she gets inside it is checked.

M. S. (Aldershot).
SKIN DEEP (CONTINUED FROM P. 22)

"Very sorry, sir!" said Casey. When they were gone, Bud turned to the attorney.

"Why didn't you charge me?"

"Why didn't you shoot me?"

"Because I couldn't."

"And I couldn't give you in charge. I don't want to make crooks. I want to save them. These men knew of your intentions."

"A frame-up? I'm wondering..."

If you'll give me an hour, I reckon I'll find out, sir."

Bud went first to the "Twinkle Eye," was unrecognised, and learnt that the gang were "sitting" in conference at McQuarrie's. There he went, under the name of Frisco Jake, with a message. He found, on admission, his wife Sadie in the arms of Joe Culver.

"Bud told me to tell you," she said, "that he's been kep' up all these weeks by the thought of how faith-ful you were for him."

Sadie laughed a sneering laugh.

"Where is he now?" she asked.

"Why doesn't he come and get the District Attorney?"

"He crashed in an aeroplane, and his nerve's gone," replied "Frisco Jake," laughing inwardly at the thought that he was unrecognised, even by his unfaithful wife. "I don't think you'll ever find him in New York no more. He wants you to go West to him."

"I should say so!" Sadie laughed. At last Bud took his departure, but not until he had stood in silence at the door with his ear to the keyhole, listening. And what he heard..."

Back at the Attorney's, he made his apologies, and explained that he was on the side of the law. And then he mentioned some of the things he had overheard through the keyhole.

"Dr. Langdon, out at Manor Park Hospital, is collecting funds for the ex-service boys?" he asked.

"He has collected many thousands," replied the Attorney. "He hands the money over to me, as president of the association, to-morrow at the great public meeting at..."

"If he has it!" snapped Bud.

"But I heard what the gang said. At midnight to night they drive up in an ambulance and gain an entrance to the house, and what I know of 'em, they won't leave without every cent. I heard all their plans."

"Good God!" cried the Attorney. Together, the District Attorney and the ex-crook drove to Manor Park. The butler told them of an emergency case that had been brought in half-an-hour ago, and just removed in the ambulance.

"If we are too late!" cried Bud.

For the money they were. But the doctor was not seriously injured, and Nurse Carlson was only bound and gagged. They released her, and she flew into the District Attorney's arms.

"Father!" she cried.

The doctor rose and rubbed his head where the surprise blow had fallen. "There's every cent of the boys' money gone!" he cried. "Every cent! But Bud strode forward."

"Not so sure about that," he said. "If the Attorney here will be good enough to have me supplied with jennies and nice little things with which to pick locks... you see, I used to have a bit of a reputation..."

And so, not half-an-hour later, while fifty of the city's best police stood guard, Bud Doyle worked his last job. It took him but ten minutes to pick his way through the three heavily-bolted doors of the gang's headquarters, and so swift was the inrush, every member was handcuffed before he knew what had happened.

"Give me," said Bud, pointing to Sadie, "five minutes alone with her."

"I suppose," she smiled, "you've taken a fancy to me? Men do. And now Culver's put away, I think we ought to get along well together. You've kept me back to let me escape, of course?"

"I have," said Bud.

"Then..."

He lowered his voice and came closer. "Don't you know me?" And he bored his wrist and showed a certain tattoo mark.

"The word was a scream. She shrunk back and would have fallen, but that his arm was round her. But at last she recovered her composure and was laughing again."

"I think," she said, "I'll go to Mexico."

"I think," said Bud, "you'd better go to Nemo. There's easy divorce laws there."

He turned and left her and went downstairs. And there was Nurse Carlson waiting for him.

I've been hearing all about you," she said. "This time I don't think you'll refuse to come back and help us with the good work?"

"How can you ask, if you've been hearing all about me?" said Bud.

"I used to be a crook, you know."

"But," she smiled, "father says that crookedness is just like beauty. Only skin deep, you know."

---

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SHADOWLAND

MOVIE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

Betty Compson and Theodore Kosloff in "The Green Temptation." Baby Virginia Lee Corbin, who used to play lead in all Fox's Kiddie films, has just come back to the screen after several years' absence. She has been abroad most of the time; and is now in Hollywood with Fisher Productions, playing the role of "Patsy," as a younger sister, in "Youth Triumphant." Anna Q. Nilsson "carries on" when "Patsy" grows up.

A 15,000-acre ranch, about fifty miles from Los, was the scene of the battle of Jarnac, when Frank Lloyd staged it for Norma Talmadge's "Ashes of Vengeance" film. The whole company went into camp there for awhile, and a caravan-like procession, led by the star in her auto-dressing-room, left Los early one morning to go "on location." Sixteenth-century French buildings were erected, ready for the filming, from prints of the period. As usual, there is an all-star cast, with Conway Tearle, Winter Hall, Wallace Beery, Courtney Foote, Josephine Crowell, Clare McDowell, and Earle Schenck, amongst others.

Virginia Pearson is playing a movie mother with Dinky Dean (the new Chaplin find) as her screen offspring, in "John of the Woods," a costume story.

Tom Mix has made more pictures during the last twelve months than any other star. He has been so busy, except for the time he has had to spend recovering from the couple of injuries he received whilst "stunting," that he declares he hasn't had time to try out his new automobiles. Tom has a nice taste in cars and motor boats, but what's the use, as he sadly says, when you don't get home from the studio before you're called up again! Tom's latest is "Stepping Fast."

Movies are a growing mélée of melodrama these days. After Only A Shopgirl and others of that ilk, we are promised No Mother To Guide Her, from the popular melodrama, in the near future.

Didn't we predict it? Mary Pickford's new Spanish picture has necessitated the famous curls being neatly coiled up on her head! Likewise, the great Spanish mélée is growing again! The adoption of a gorgeous Spanish comb and big dangling ear-rings. Yet "Rosita" is a very blonde Spaniard, after all. George Walsh is her leading man, and according to Lubitsch, who directed, Mary grows up completely, part of this process including a thorough "vamping" of a Spanish king (Holbrook Blinn) on her part. The screenplay will probably be titled The Street Singer, and the cast is composed of almost entirely newcomers to the Pickford studios.

Enid Bennett has a delightful role in Captain Applejack, which is simply another name for "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," now that this successful play is being screened. It was produced this side by Charles Hawtrey, you'll remember, and his role of "The Captain" is being played by Matt Moore in the movie version.

Ever since J. Stuart Blackton returned to produce for Vitagraph, the players who used to work with him have been in constant communication with him. Blackton announces that he will probably cast as many old Vitagraph favourites as possible in the first features he will make.

Baby Buster Keaton is making his first bow as a movie actor in Constance Talmadge's new film, Dulcy. It was bound to come.

Production of The Master of Man is well started at Goldwyn's. This first Victor Seastrom production over there has an interesting cast, for
Fred Niblo visits the Metro studios, where his wife, Enid Bennett, is playing in "Your Friend and Mine." Left to right: Rosemary Theby, Fred Niblo, Clarence Badger, Willard Mack, Arthur Sayer, Huntley Gordon, J. Herbert Frank, and Enid Bennett.

Joseph Schildkraut plays the lead; Mac Busch, "Bessie"; Creighton Hale, "Alick"; De Witt Jennings, "Dan Collister"; and Winter Hall, "Sir John Stanley."

The next Kipling story to be filmed is The Light That Failed, and George Melford will produce it for Paramount.

Johnny Hines has been kicking his heels in idleness and bemoaning his ill-luck. He had such a nice star role in Little Johnny Jones, but whilst out on location, a piece of very thick glass fell on him and Johnny's hand was severely cut. This happened near San Pedro Harbour, and the victim was attended by a surgeon on board a British tramp steamer lying in the harbour. They wouldn't let him work for over a week. Little Johnny Jones is a racing story written round the Derby. Director Rosson is particularly proud of the fog scenes, which were shot in the studios, and of the fact that he provided his own fog. But he is not telling the world how he did it.

Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath are playing sisters in a new Metro film. For the first time too, for both have been stars since they commenced screen work, so that they had no chance of screening together.

The second screening of The Virginian is to be directed by Tom Forman, and Kenneth Harlan will have the title role, with Florence Vidor as the schoolmistress, and Russell SImpson and Pat O'Malley in other important parts. Dustin Farnum was the original "Virginian," on both stage and screen. When he left the stage play, William S. Hart took up the part, and Frank Campeau was "Trampas." W. S. Hart was extremely popular in the part, and he declares it laid the foundations of his stage success. Douglas Fairbanks bought the screen rights and held them for some time, but he finally judged it was out of his line and decided upon an Oriental story for his next production.

Harold Lloyd's Safety Last is the most ingenious compound of laughs and thrills imaginable. It is like Harold's High and Dizzy, only infinitely more so. A seven-reel comedy that keeps everybody alternately laughing and gasping throughout is an achievement, and though there is all the old cliche here stuff in this one, there is also much that is new and good. Harold is the poor boy who goes to the city to seek his fortune and pretends to have found it waiting for him. Then when the girl arrives he has to keep up the deception, and the way he does this is delightful.

The thrills come along at the end, when our hero nonchalantly loses his balance not once, but scores of times, at various points up the side and over the top of a skyscraper. These dangerous antics looked too real to be true, and sure enough there is a catch somewhere. Harold actually took enough risks to make him promise Mildred his next would not be a "thrill" comedy, but so cleverly is the feature made that he appears to take perfectly hair-raising feats as part of his usual job. You will have to wait until September to watch him, but the comedy is quite his best to date.

When Cecil B. De Mille films The Ten Commandments, Theodore Roberts will play "Moses."
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everybody knows the Patriarch did not smoke, so Theodore and his trained cigar will part company again. Whilst playing in Grumpy, they wouldn’t let Theodore smoke before the camera, but his relations with his pet cheroo were most affecting.

Jimmy Aubrey has left Vitagraph, and is busily organising his own comedy company. He has been five years with Vitagraph, and was second only to Larry Semon in popularity amongst their comedy stars. Jimmy will continue making two-reelers, and most of the staff associated with him during this time will keep their positions in his new studio.

Elmo Lincoln will be seen in Marshall Neilan’s new picture, The Eternal Three, and not as “Tarzan.”

Marion Davies hopes to be in London and make personal appearances whilst Little Old New York has its special showing in London. This is the story for which she sacrificed her pretty golden hair, for she plays a boy’s rôle, and wears his locks à la Jackie Coogan. After her London appearances, Marion Davies will go to Italy and France in search of atmosphere for Yolanda, a romantic story by Charles Major.

John Gilbert follows H. B. Walthall in the rôle of St. Elmo, which Fox’s are making. Augusta J. Evans’ famous best-seller was filmed some years ago, with Warda Howard opposite Walthall. The new version has Barbara La Marr as “Agnes Hunt,” Bessie Love as “Edna Earle,” and Warner Baxter as the villain. Since Monte Cristo, John Gilbert (whose wife, Leatrice Joy, is a Paramount star) has become a great favourite, and his releases this year will be many.

A modernised version of Scott’s “Lady of the Lake” is about to be filmed. It is an Independent production, and it is said that Rod La Roque, Estelle Taylor, and Kathryn McGuire will be the stars. It seems a pity that this should be made in America, but there is quite a good romantic story in the poem, and plenty of chance for beautiful backgrounds. There is a fairly fresh field for the photoplay in the works of Sir Walter Scott, for very few have been filmed.

Carlyle Blackwell has been to France making scenes for his own production of W. J. Locke’s Beloved Pagabond. Carlyle will enact the beloved one, and Madge Stuart “Blanquette”; whilst “Countess Joanna” of the tiny feet will be played by Phyllis Titmus. Albert Chase, a sixteen-year-old boy, is the “Asticott.” It is his first film rôle.

Many of the interesting remarks of Frank Vernon in his book, Modern Stage Production” (which is just published), apply to the screen also. He gives full praise to the producer, describes at full length settings, lighting, the value of personality, and the mysteries of casting. Although films and stage plays are arts apart, they have many things in common, and we recommend this two-page volume to critical picturegoers. It costs $3.60. from “The Stage” Office, 16, York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

Pauline Frederick is positively coming over to London at last. She will star in at least one film for Ideal, and may possibly be seen on the stage as well.

One of the big thrills in Harold Lloyd’s greatest comedy, “Safety Last.”

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DOCTORS & ANALYSTS RECOMMEND IT!

Pictures and Picturegoer July 1923
Bull Montana, who stars nowadays in Metro productions, has had a varied career. He once made his bread-and-butter by acting as thrower-out in a New York theatre in the Bowery. This district is the haunt beloved of all the New York hooligans and toughs, and Bull earned his money. Later on, he was a gardener in a very well-known New York park. But he doesn’t tell anyone how he acquired his famous cauliflower ear.

Douglas MacLean’s new mystery comedy, A Man of Action, is all about a million dollars’ worth of diamonds, crooks, chases, and robberies. Douglas has been working extra part in a theatricality it got on his mind. For on the one day off he had, which he spent in bed, his wife declares that every time she passed his door he was uttering fearful threats and talking in his sleep not twenty, but forty to the dozen.

Some unusually interesting “sets” are to be seen around Movieland these days. There is Universal’s Notre Dame and the streets and buildings surrounding it. This studio model of the famous building is as large as life, and though it is not plaster, it is correct to the last gargoyle. Then Jackie Coogan’s Long Live the King boasts of some marvellous exterior constructions. One set, which is an exact replica of Castle Neuschwanstein in Bavaria, occupies 240,000 square feet of ground and is ninety feet high. The battlements are twenty feet tall. There is also a huge viaduct and a square which contains many enormous buildings.

Admirers of Reginald Denny will be glad to hear that he has made another twelve two-reelers called the Fighting Blood series. These are by the same author as The Leather Pushers, and concern the struggles of a young clerk and his eventual success in the prize ring.

Lillian Gish is home again after seven months spent in Italy around Rome, Sorrento, and Florence. Her next picture, Romola, will probably be made there, and Dorothy Gish will co-star with her.

True to form, Eric Von Stroheim has retitled McTeague, which will make its film bow as Greedy Wives.

Mary Hay Barthelless is five months old to-day, July 1.

Little Dinky Dean, who appeared with Chaplin in The Pilgrim, is going to America to shoot a series of five-reel films. The first of these is a costume picture. Looks as if someone thinks they have found another Jackie Coogan. Anyway, it seems to be a good thing for any player to have Charles Chaplin give them a part, for it invariably leads to other excellent engagements.

An interesting little party of Paramount players are in Florida, filming exteriors for The Heart Raider. Headed by Agnes Ayres and Mahlon Hamilton, they are making good use of their spare time by spending most of it in the water. Scenes will be taken near Palm Beach, also at Miami (which has figured in so many picture-plays already), and a few in Savannah, Georgia.

Cosmopolitan is filming Under the Red Robe, a favourite Stanley Weyman romance; and a very well-known American singer, John Charles Thomas, makes his picture début in it, opposite either Alma Rubens or Marion Davies.

Many diverse rumours have been in circulation about Sessue Hayakawa and his wife since their return to America. Sessue has been appearing in a stage play, but this was not a success, though the star got a royal reception, especially on tour. Now he, and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, have accepted a French film engagement, and will be in Paris for some time. The film is called La Bataille.

The big thrill of The Broken Wing, where the aviator crashes through the roof of a building, was staged last week, and Tom Forman and Kenneth Harlan came through the ordeal none the worse. Engineers evolved a specially weighted and balanced ‘plane, and Kenneth, as the aviator, and his dog, who insisted on being a passenger, successfully smashed in the roof of the Mexican dwelling and landed sideways on the log-covered patio. After which there was a pause whilst the damages the actor hadn’t given himself were skillfully simulated. They told Harlan afterwards that, though there was no idea of his being killed in this stunt, a broken arm or leg would have surprised nobody! What Kenneth replies is not public property.

Very little has been heard of Maciste,” the giant player whose prodigious feats attracted so much attention in Cabiria. He has not been idle, though, and several of his pictures are now due for release in America. These are Maciste and the Japanese Girl, Maciste and the Daughter of the Silver King, Maciste and the Prisoner of No. 51, and Maciste and the Chinese Trunk.
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**A Dangerous Game** (European: July 30).

A good comedy drama about an orphan wail, fairies, spiritualism, and a lonely old bachelor who for once does not marry his ward. Gladys Walton stars, supported by Spottswood Aitken, Robert Aime, Kate Price, Annie Shafer, Edward Jobson, Otto Hoffman, and William Robert Daly.

**Another Man's Boots** (U.K.: July 2).

Western romance in which a stranger, by assuming the rôle of a man supposedly murdered, won a wife and a fortune. Stars Francis Ford, also Joseph Snee, Harry Smith, Flvra Weil, Frank Lanning, and Robert Courtenay. Good entertainment.

**A Parisian Scandal** (F.B.O.: July 30).

Marie Prevost in an amusing social skit about a confirmed flirt's conquest of an unsophisticated American student. Bertram Grassby, Tom Gallon, and Mae Busch are in the supporting cast. Pleasing comedy fare.

**A Private Scandal** (Realart-Gaumont; July 30).

A very charming star in a very ordinary story about a self-sacrificing heroine. May McAvoy and a fine cast headed by Bruce Gordon, Ralph Lewis, Kathryn Williams, Lloyd Whitlock, and Gladys Fox. Fair entertainment.

**The Arizona Cat-Claw** (Walker; July 2).

Rather coarse and rough-and-ready Western melodrama, with Edythe Sterling, a fearless stunt horsewoman, in the leading rôle, supported by Pauline Becher and Steve Clementi. Excellent riding and exteriors, but not very much human interest.

**The Beautiful Liar** (Ass. First Nat.; July 9).

Katherine MacDonald in a dual rôle and a pleasing light comedy drama. A pretty typist impersonates a leading actress, and captivates a young millionaire. Charles Meredith, Joseph J. Dowling, Kate Lester, and Wilfred Lucas play the principal supporting rôles. Light but quite bright.

**Beauty's Worth** (Paramount; July 19).

Or Clothes Make the Woman. A lavish Marion Davies production showing how fine feathers turned a Quakeress into a Society belle. In the cast are Forrest Stanley, June Elvidge, Hallam Conley, Truly Shattuck, Antrum Short, and Thomas Jefferson. Good entertainment.

**Beyond the Rainbow** (Jury; July 19).

Mystery melodrama with a good surprise climax, much humour, good direction, and a fine cast which includes Harry Morey, Billie Dove, Virginia Lee, Diana Allen, Macey Harlam, Helen Ware, George Fawcett, Margaret Courtot, Clara Bow, and Huntley Gordon.

**The Call of Home** (Jury; July 2).

Well produced and well balanced "eternal triangle" drama, with some beautiful outdoor settings, and spectacular flood scenes at the end. Well acted by Irene Rich, Leon Barry, Jobyna Ralston, Ramsey Wallace, Carl Stockdale, Emmett King, Genevieve Blynn, and Norma Nichols. Good dramatic fare.

**The Crimson Challenge** (Paramount; July 24).

Another Western drama with a girl hero. Also murders, fights, cattle rustling and chases. Dorothy Dalton stars, supported by Jack Mower, Frank and (Continued on page 55.)
Take it on your Summer Holidays.

Here are T-W-E-N-T-Y long, lovely stories to shorten the longest train journey; twenty stories to chain you to your chair on the beach and make you forget the passage of time. Here is quality and quantity in heaping measure—the biggest budget of fiction on the bookstalls. No pictures—just solid reading, and no serials to ruffle the calm of a summer's morning by putting you out of temper through the trick they have of stopping abruptly in the most exciting place. The July number is being snapped up quickly—get your copy to-day; and at the same time order your copy of the August issue, on sale Tuesday, July 10th.

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Campeau, Irene Hunt, Howard Ralston, Clarence Burton, Will R. Walling, George Field, Mrs. Dark Cloud, and Fred Huntly. Fair entertainment.

The Death Leap (Astoria ; July 2).
Five reels of hair-raising and well-worked stunts, with Lucien Albertini (Samsonia) at his sensational best as a workman who rescues two heroines every few minutes alternately. A stunt show containing much unconscious humour.

Desperate Trails (F.B.O.; July 9).
Harry Carey in an unconvincing Western crook story, in which the hero goes to prison for sixteen years for a crime someone else committed. Good acting and photography, but very slow entertainment.

The Devil's Trail (Walkers ; July 30).
Canadian - North - West - Mounted melodrama, and a hectic specimen at best, which will appeal to lovers of Wild-Western stuff most. Betty Compson, George Larkin, and Frel Malatesta play leading roles. Keep away if you're critical.

Dr. Jim (F.B.O.; July 23).
An excellent Frank Mayo feature with a good dramatic story about a husband and wife's estrangement and gradual reunion. Contains good storm scenes at sea, and the inevitable Frank Mayo fight. Cast includes Claire Windsor, Robert Anderson, Herbert Hayes, and Stanhope Wheatcroft.

The Dust Flower (Goldwyn; July 30).
"Cinderella" in a modern setting, with a millionnaire as the Prince and a tenement-girl heroine. Well played by Helen Chadwick, James Rennie, Claude Gillingwater, Mona Kingsley.

Edward Peil, and George Periolat. Sentimental entertainment.

Evidence (Selznick Pathé; July 23).
Elaine Hammerstein in a cleverly handled social drama about an actress's marriage with a rich man and its consequences. Niles Welch, Holmes E. Herbert, Marie Burke, Constance Bennett, Matilda Meteyer, and Ernest Hilliard support. Good entertainment.

Forest Rivals (Feature; July 16).
Rather stereotyped as to story, but wonderfully pretty out-of-doors settings and some convincing fights and stunts. Two men loved the same girl, but she eventually married neither. Dorothy Green and Arthur Ashley are featured, supported by Clay Clement, John Davidson, Jack Drumier, Evelyn Axzel, Madge Lee, Jack Drumier, and Kempton Green.

For Big Stakes (Fox; July 23).
Tom Mix and "Tony" in a typical Mix feature with a thrilling climax showing the hero riding through flames to rescue the girl. All Tom's stunts are well staged and performed. Patsy Ruth Miller opposite, also Bert Sprotte, Sid Jordan, Al Fremont, and Joseph Harris. Good Western fare.

Forsaking All Others (European; July 9).
The story of a girl who remembered a boy she once loved. Somewhat mechanical, but contains an unexpected twist at the end, and a good cast, including Colleen Moore, Cullen Landis, David Torrence, Sam de Grasse, June Elvedge, Lucille Ricksen, May Wallace, and Melbourne McDowell. A fairly good comedy drama.

Herbert Rawlinson in "One Wonderful Night."
The Fourteenth Lover (Jury; July 5). Viola Dana in a pleasing comedy drama about a fickle flapper who met her match. Jack Mulhall, Theodore von Eltz, Kate Lister, Alberta Lee, Frederick Vroom, and Fonzie Gumm complete the cast.

Gay and Devilish (Jury; July 26). Light entertainment, with Doris May in the rôle of a lively girl who schemes to rid herself of an unwanted fiancé. In the cast are Cullen Landis, Otis Harlan, Jacqueline Logan, Bull Montana, Lila Leslie, Ashley Cooper, George Periolat, Kingsley Benedict, Arthur Millett, and Milton Ross.

The Gift Supreme (Walker; July 16). Seena Owen, Bernard Durning, and Lon Chaney in a strong drama of the slums, in which criminals are shown to be decidedly saintly, and some grimly realistic scenes and fights give a good though sordid atmosphere.

The Glory of Clementina (Jury; July 23). Adapted from W. J. Locke's well-known story, this is Pauline Frederick's last release. It tells how an eccentric genius became dowdy and temperamental, but eventually regains her lost womanly charm and wins a husband. Edward Martindell, George Cowl, Jean Calhoun, Edward Hearn, Louise Dresser, Helen Stone, and Truly Shatuck support the star. Good, despite many omissions from the novel.


The Half Breed (Ass. First Nat.; July 2). A mixture of drama and melodrama concerning an educated half-breed who loves a white woman. Contains some interesting round-up scenes, thrills and fights, and Wheeler Oakman, Ann May, Mary Anderson, Hugh Thompson, Joseph Dowling, N. F. De Ruiz, Carl Stockdale and King Evers.

Hate (Jury; July 30). Alice Lake in a powerful mystery romance, in which a show girl is instrumental in saving an innocent man from execution. The star is well supported by Conrad Nagel, Harriett Northrup, Charles Clary, and John Ince. Good entertainment.

Head Over Heels (Goldwyn; July 2). Mabel Normand in a pleasing little comedy-drama about an Italian girl Wyndham Standing in his garden, where he is seen entertaining his little daughter, who wishes to become famous, and compromises by marrying her agent. A one-woman show, but quite good entertainment. In the cast appear Hugh Thompson, Russ Powell, Raymond Hatton, Adolphe Jean Menjou, Lilian Tashman, and Lionel Belmore.


Her Game (Feature; July 30). Florence Reed as a courageous young Southern girl who goes to New York to get even with the man who ruined her father. Conway Tearle plays two roles, and Jed Prouty, Florence Billings, and Mathilda Brundage complete the cast. Very good acting, but only fair entertainment.

Hickville to Broadway (Fox; July 23). An amusing story of mistaken identity, in which Eileen Percy stars in a rôle exceedingly well suited to her. William Scott, Rosemary Theby, Edward Burns, and John Lockney also appear. Excellent entertainment.

His Own People (Vitagraph; July 2). A reissue of a charming Irish story, starring Harry Morey and Gladys Leslie, supported by Jessie Stevens, Arthur Donaldson, Betty Blythe, William Dunn, Bert Tracey and Jane Jennings. Good entertainment.

The Hypocrites (Granger Binger; July 16). A British adaptation of a Henry Arthur Jones play, made in Holland, with an American director and star. The title explains the story, which is acted by Wyndham Standing, Mary Odette, Harold French, Roy Travers, Lillian Douglas, William Hunter, Bertie White, and Vera Hargrave.


The Light in the Dark (Ass. First Nat.; July 30). Hope Hampton, E. K. Lincoln, and Lon Chaney in a drama of society and the underworld. A silver cup, believed to be the Holy Grail, has much to do with the story, and an ingenious idea is used in connection with it. Dore Davidson, Theresa Maxwell Conover, Dorothy Walters, and Edgar Norton support.

Lily of the Alley (Hepworth; July 2). The first long British film without any sub-titles. Written and produced by Henry Edwards, who also plays the chief character, supported by Chrissie White, Frank Stannmore, Campbell Gullan, Lionel D'Aragon, and Mary Brough. A slum story, intense and harrowing in places, then finally proving only a bad dream of the heroine's. Fine acting and photography, and an interesting novelty.

Money to Burn (Fox; July 16). A very good William Russell feature, with an entertaining romance of business life for its theme. The star plays a wizard of finance, and is supported by Sylvia Breamer, Hallam Cooley, Harvey Clark, and Wade Boteler. Excellent entertainment.

The Moor (Goldwyn; July 16). A German picturisation of Shakespeare's "Othello," featuring Emil Jannings, who gives a fine interpretation of the name-part. Characterisation somewhat different from the ordinary idea of Shakespeare's characters, especially in regarding "Iago." Tragic entertainment.

North of the Rio Grande (Paramount; July 16). Jack Holt and Bébé Daniels in one of the best Westerns of the month.
**JULY JOTTINGS.**

Films You Should See This Month.

Amongst the numerous pictures which will take their place on the silver sheet during the present month we notice some particularly attractive releases.

Hurricane’s Gal.

This is a stirring story of the Southern Seas in which destroyers, hydroplanes, and pirate schooners mingle in thrilling adventure. Dorothy Phillips, who will be remembered for her stirring performance as the wife in *Man-Woman-Marriage*, plays the leading rôle, the picture being directed by her brilliant husband, Allan Holubar. Closely following on the heels of this release comes Oliver Morosco’s initial First National production, *The Half Breed*.

Morosco is one of the greatest stage producers in America, and is transferring many of his footlight successes to the screen. *The Half Breed* (the name part is played by Wheeler Oakman, with Ann May in support) tells of a social pariah who smashed through the blood barrier. The climax, in which thousands of stampeding cattle were used after a fugitive pair, is probably one of the best ever recorded by the watchful camera.

By way of light entertainment there is *The Beautiful Liar*, a delightful comedy romance played with the usual — or rather, unusual — charm of Katherine MacDonald. Dealing with a tycoon who by a stroke of fortune is mistaken for a well-known movie actress, it has many quaint turns and an absorbing love theme. For those who love crook melodrama.

Skin Deep.

offers a wealth of sensational thrill in New York’s underworld. Handsome Milton Sills for once mars his good looks in the rôle of the evil-faced “tough,” but even he does not hurt much when the scene changes to a daring aero plane escapade, some thrilling gun play, and many equally momentous happenings, love in the form of Florence Vidor changes his face and his heart, to prove that beauty, whether of face or soul, only lies Skin Deep.

Richard Barthelmess, Lon Chaney, E. K. Lincoln, Louise Huff, and Hope Hampton are also amongst the favourites starred in First National pictures this month. The boyish manliness of Barthelmess will be seen to advantage in *The Seventh Day*.

The Seventh Day, described as the love-log of a young skinner and a society lorette, with Louise Huff in the leading feminine rôle; while the sinister form of Lon Chaney will be seen, together with the other players mentioned, in a Clarence Brown production entitled *The Light in the Dark*.

An equally ambitious programme is being prepared for the coming months, and picturegoers, whether their taste be for drama, comedy, romance, tragedy, or even farce, would do well to watch at their favourite cinemas for each and all of the pictures listed above.

Beautiful scenery, splendid riding and a well-told story. In the cast are also Charles Ogle, Alec B. Francis, Will R. Walling, Fred Huntley, Shannon Day, Edythe Chapman, George Field and W. B. Clarke.

No Trespassing (*Wardour; July 9*).


One Wonderful Night (*European; July 23*).


The Referee (*Pathé; July 9*).

Conway Tearle in an unusual kind of boxing story, with a referee as its central figure. Convincing fights and excellent acting by the star. Gladys Hulette, Anders Randolf, Chas. Slattery, Gus Platts, and Frankie Ryan. Very good ringside romance.

The Right that Failed (*Metro; July 9*).

Commencing as a boxing romance, this Bert Lytell feature develops into a farce comedy all about a picturesque pugilist and the daughter of a millionaire. Read the story in the July "Twenty Story Magazine." Supporting cast includes Virginia Valli, De Witt Jennings, Max Davidson, Phil McCullough, and Otis Harlan. Good entertainment.

The Rowdy (*F.B.O.; July 16*).

Gladys Walton in an entirely charming little story about the fortunes of a tomboy, the adopted daughter of fisher-folk, whose lives are convincingly shown. Rex Roselli, Anna Hernandez, C. B. Murphy, Jack Mower, Frances Hatton, Bert Roach, Ailda B. Jones, and Countess De Cella also appear. Romantic entertainment.

The Seventh Day (*Inspiration-Ass. First Nat.; July 23*).

Richard Barthelmess in a weakish story, the action of which is placed on a yacht and in a small New England village. Beautiful scenery and good characterisation and production. Other players are Frank Losee, Leslie Stowe, Tammany Young, George Stewart, Grace Barton, Teddy Gerrard, Louise Huff, Anne Cornwall, Patterson Dial and Alfred Schmid.

The Shark Master (*F.B.O.; July 2*).

Strong melodrama with a well-told story in beautiful South Sea island settings. Try to figure out the connection between the title and the story. Frank Mayo is starred, and May Collins, Doris Deane, Herbert Fortier, Oliver A. Cross, "Smoke" Turner, Nick Derutz, and Carl Silvera support. Good entertainment.

Sheltered Daughters (*Realart-Gaumont; July 16*).

Or, "Ignorance is not always bliss." Justine Johnson as an unsophisticated girl whose life is nearly wrecked because her father tried to keep her ignorant of the world and its wiles.
Beautifully staged and dressed. Warner Baxter opposite the star, also Charles Gerard, Riley Hatch, Helen Kay, Edna Holland, James Lafley, Jimmie Lapsley and Dan E. Charles. Feminine fans will enjoy this one.

Should a Wife Confess? (Unity; July 12).
Quite an ordinary story about business crooks upon which the title has no bearing whatever. Stars David Powell and Edna Goodrich, and shows evidences of age. Fair entertainment.

Skin Deep (Ass. First Nat.; July 16).

Social Ambition (U.K.; July 12).
Features Howard Hickman in the romance of a disappointed man and two women, one caring only for social success, and the other entirely unworthily. In the cast are Kathleen Kirkham, Noah Beery, Joseph J. Dowling, and Rhea Mitchell. Fair entertainment.

The Song of the Soul (Goldwyn; July 16).

The Soul of Youth (Gaumont; July 2).
Lewis Sargent (of Huckleberry Finn fame) as an orphan who eventually found a home. The long cast includes Ella Lee, Ernest Butterworth, Clyde Fillmore, Grace Morse, William Collier, jun., Fred Huntley, Sylvia Ashton, Judge Ben Lindsey, and Jane Keckley. Fare for the unsophisticated.

Sumurun (Goldwyn; July 2).
Pola Negri, Jennie Hasselqvist, Paul Wegener and Ernst Lubitsch, in a film adaptation of Reinhardt's wordless play. An "Arabian Nights" story magnificently produced and well acted, though marred by some jerkiness and unnecessary and crude comedy relief. A wild and far-fetched tale, screened, from a typically Teutonic point of view. Spectacular fare.

Through the Toils (Feature; July 2).
A novel romance in which an unscrupulous and eccentric author deliberately breaks up a love affair to get "copy" for his new book. Montagu Love in a dual rôle, supported by Ellen Cassity, Gertrude Le Brandt, John Davidson, Thomas Carr, Laura West, Joseph Burke, Lincoln Stedman, Winifred Leighton, and Dorothy Walters.

Through the Wall (Vitagraph; July 16).
A reprise of a thrilling crook story, with the usual dual of wits between a master crook and a clever detective. George Holt, William Duncan, Webster Campbell, Nell Shipman, Corinne Griffith, Annie Schafer, Otto Lederer, George Kunkel, and Jack Mower are all efficient in their roles.

The Truant Husband (Warourd; July 23).
A quiet tale, with a pleasant atmosphere and a moral not too heavily stressed. A man tries to re-live old memories with a former sweetheart, but returns to his wife thoroughly penitent. Excellent settings, detail work, and acting by Mahlon Hamilton, Francelia Billington, Betty Blythe, and Richard Ryan.

The Unfortunate Sex (Regent; July 23).
George Larkin, Francis Edmorde, Catherine Lewis, Frank Black, and Harry Von Meter in an underworld story concerning a child crook who proves to be a rich man's long-lost daughter. Not a very convincing movie.

Up and Going (Fox; July 9).
Tom Mix up to his usual adventures, amid very beautiful North-West Canadian settings. Good characterisation, and satisfactory support from Eva Novak, Cecil Van Anker, Carol Holloway, William Conklin, Sid Jordan, and Thomas O'Brien. Good entertainment.

Very Truly Yours (Fox; July 2).
Shirley Mason in a good light drama with a pleasing if improbable love story which has unexpected developments. In the cast are also Allan Forrest, Charles Clary, Otto Hoffman, and Harold Miller. Pleasent screen fare.

Vengeance of the Deep (Warourd; July 2).
Ralph Lewis, Virginia Browne Faire, Harmon MacGregor, and Van Matismore in a melodramatic story of the South Seas in which diving and pearl-fishing are well to the fore. Interesting underwater scenes and plenty of good incident.

Why Men Go Wrong (W. and F.; July 3).
The late Severin Mars in a melodrama in which a good man goes to the bad, because the girl he loves is not all he believes her to be, and is afterwards redeemed by a good woman's faith. Very good acting by the star, Frances Dhelia, Tania Deleyne, Georges Maxudian, and Charles Granval.

Wife Against Wife (Moss Empires; July 7).

The Yellow Streak (Fox; July 30).
John Gilbert and Claire Anderson in a gripping romance of a small town in which a young lawyer successfully battles against corruption and evil influences, and a bully meets with his well-deserved downfall.

Pictures and Picturegoer
K. W. (Penge).—Lillian Gish hasn’t decided about her London visit yet. Write in again later.

MAE MURRAY’S CHAMPION (Barrow-in-Furness).—(1) Your thanks duly earned. Gloria Swanson isn’t married now. Born 1899. (2) It’s more than my life’s worth to answer that question, and, after all, it’s only a matter of opinion, isn’t it? Address Mildred Hariss, c/o PICTURESQUE.

M.I.P. (S.E.22).—(1) Juanita Hansen born Des Moines in 1897, and educated California. Height, 5 ft.; fair hair and blue eyes. Screen career with Famous-Lasky. (2) Tom Moore, born County Meath, Ireland; educated there, and at Toledo, Ohio. Seven years’ stage experience. Screen career with Kalem, Lubin, Lasky, Select, Selig and Goldwyn. (3) Mae Marsh, born Madrid, New Mexico, 1897; educated at a San Francisco convent. Screen career with Biograph, Reliance, Majestic, Fine Arts and Goldwyn. (4) Some of Louise Lovely’s films are: The Lone Star Ranger, The Last of the Dames, Wolves of the Night, Wings of the Morning, The Butterfly Man, The Third Woman, The Orphan, Twins of Suffern Cross, The Skywayman, Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur’s Court, Partners of Fate, While the Devil Laughs, and The Little Grey Mouse. No more for you now, or all those readers whose answers have been crowded out will be howling at my door for vengeance.

H. W. B. (Birmingham), and a Few Hundred Others.—That Smithin’ Through “fault” is the champion beaver in fault circles. Sudden death will be the portion of the next one who sends it in.

Jose (Ipswich).—Ora Carow was “Paula Forrest” in The Little Lady of the Big House.

Murray-Tie (Merton).—Broadway Rose, Fascination, and Jazzmania, are Mae Murray’s latest. Other films of hers are: To Have and to Hold, The Dream Girl, Out with the Dance, A Delicious Little Devil, Sweet Kitty Belleairs, The Primrose Ring, The Right to Love, Idols of Clay, The Gilded Lily, and Peacock Alley.

L. G. (South Africa).—Letters forwarded on their arrival. My temper rivals Lyde’s choice in sweetness.

ENTHUSIAST (Southport).—Ethel Clayton’s latest are: Beyond, Exit the Vamp, Her Own Money, The Cradle, The Remittance Woman, If I Were Queen, and Can a Woman Love Twice?

THE SIX MIXTES (Folkestone).—I apologise, fully and unreservedly, for my unworthy suspicions, expressed to S. A. (Springbock). My Mixtes, I should have known you better! I hereby inform the world that your ardour has in no way abated, that Tom Mix has been, is, and always will be, your Cowboy King, and that not even the charms and blandishments of Rodolph can eject him from the first place in your loyal hearts.

HELENSBURGH (Scotland).—(1) Eugene O’Brien was born in 1884 at Denver, Colorado. Despite his American birthplace, he is more Irish than American, since both his parents hail from Erin’s Isle. He’s a bachelor, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes. (2) Some of his best-known films are: Poor Little Peppina, The Scarlet Woman, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Come Out of the Kitchen, Poppies, Ghosts of Yesterday, The Figurehead, His Wife’s Money, De Luxe Annie, and The Perfect Lover. His latest are Prophet’s Paradise and The Voice from the Minaret. (3) A nice illustrated interview appeared in PICTURESQUE for November 1921. You can get a copy of this number from the Publishing Department, price, 10c., post free.

LUCA (Leighton).—Doesn’t “Lucia” want her Carol prize? The “Carol” Editor hasn’t her address.

RODOLPH’S ADMIRER (Whitkirk).—I have forwarded your letter to Rodolph. How could I do otherwise, after reading your kind remarks anent myself? Rudy hasn’t any children.

DEXTERNITY (Regent’s Park).—Sorry to have damped your youthful ardour. Let’s shake hands and get acquainted again, shall we? My “severely businesslike” manner is generally reserved for my severely businesslike readers, so there must have been some mistake. (1) Elliott Dexter was born at Houston, Texas, and is about forty years old. He’s married to a New York society woman. Some of his films are: We Can’t Have Everything, The Squaw Man, Don’t Change Your Husband, For Better For Worse, Behold My Wife, The Witching Hour, Something to Think About, Don’t Tell Everything, The Affairs of Anatol, and Peter Ibbetson. At present he is working on a film entitled Only 38, directed by William De Mille. His limp is the result of a stroke he had some time ago. For this reason, parts that take account of his infirmity are sometimes written for him. No interview with him yet, but I’ll see what can be done about it.


M. S. (Eastbourne).—Comedies don’t count.

MOIRA (Chiswick).—Your letter to Rodolph was forwarded on its arrival. His birthday is May 6. No, I’m not “dead sick” of the poor chap. It’s not his fault that you flappers all love him.

MERTON (London).—Tom Douglas, who recently appeared with great success in the stage play, “Merton of the Movies,” is in the very early twenties. He hails from Los Angeles, and, until his engagement for the part of “Merton,” was known only for his film work. Has worked with Griffith, with whom he played opposite Dorothy Gish. After playing in Seneca Flat, he contracted with Fox to work with Shirley Mason; he also appeared in Foolfalls. Later, he joined Hodkinson, with whom he made Free Air (recently re-issued). He hasn’t left London yet, and says he badly wants to make one British film before he goes back home. Rumour hath it that Sir James Barrie is writing a stage play for him.

H. AND M. (Aberdeen).—Casson Ferguson is married, but not to a professional. He has one little daughter. (2) Chrissie White and Henry Edwards are married to each other. (3) Agnes Ayres isn’t married now. (4) Dick Barthelmess was born in New York City, 1895. He’s 5 ft. 7 in. in height.
COLLECTOR (Tunbridge Wells).—(1) Cecil Humphreys was born July 21, about forty years ago. Started his stage career when he was very young, and attained prominence in 1911, when he appeared with Evelyn Millard at the Palace in "Madame Butterfly." He has played in America and the provinces. Most of his films were made at a time when he was active on the stage as well, and it was during the run of "Romance," with Doris Keane, at the Lyric Theatre, London, in which he played "Van Tuyl," that he commenced screen work. (2) His best known films are: The Sorrows of Satan, The Lafayette, The Veiled Woman, The Eulogist. Pimpernel, The Amateur Gentleman, The Profligate, The Tavern Knight, False Evidence, The Romance of Lady Hamilton, Greatheart, The Four Just Men, and Dick Turpin's Ride to York. (3) Gladys Maccoll has retired. She was born at Eastbourne, April 11, 1886. Shirley Mason. (4) Cecil is very fond of golf and cricket, and goes in for motoring. All nice folk love animals, and he's no exception.

A. A. (Athens).—Your letter was Greek to me, as I've no doubt you intended. I was gathering that you want to know something. Everybody does who writes to me. (1) Norma Talmadge's address is, United Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) Nazimova's address is United Artists Corporation, 729, Seventh Avenue, New York City. (3) Nazimova is married to Charles Bryant. She was born at Yalta, Crimea, Russia, in 1879, and first appeared on the New York stage in 1906. Most of her film work has been done with Metro. Her latest film is Salome; but Motherhood, in which Dick Barthelmess has the supporting role, will be released next November. (4) Charles Bryant was born at Hertford, England, Jan. 8, 1887. Before he started screen work, he had twenty-one years' stage experience, ten of which were spent in America. He has appeared with Nazimova in most of her films. Some of these are: Revelation, Toys of Fate, Eye for Eye, Out of the Fog, The Brat, Stronger than Death, Heart of a Child, and Billions.

R. M. (Eastbourne).—Do you for one moment imagine I should let anybody else sign my name for me? Of course that beautiful signature was my own. Art-plate of Lloyd Hughes appeared in "Pictures" for Feb. 26, 1921.

WALLY'S TRUE ADMIRER (Palmer's Green).—Dorothy Davenport (Mrs. Wally Reid) is making a film called Hoonan Wreckage. (2) Rodolph Van bino was born May 6, 1895. (3) Winifred Hudnut doesn't give her age. (4) No release date has been fixed for The Young Rajah. (5) All back numbers of Picturegoer can be obtained from the Publishing Department 93, Long Acre, W.C.2; price is 3d., post free. Glad you like the Picturegoer.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW (or one of many, shall we say?)—(1) Pearl White is an American, and was born in Missouri. (2) At present she is in Monte Carlo, and her address is unknown. (3) She was born March 4, 1889. (4) Bill Hart was born Dec. 6, 1876. (5) Pearl isn't married. I hope this has relieved your anxiety in some measure.

BOBBIE (Fulham).—(1) Your Carol will be printed as soon as space permits. (2) No, a scenario is not the same as a story, although very often the same author is guilty of both story and scenario of a film play. The scenario is the story translated into terms of screen technique, and should contain every detail of action, also descriptions of characters, dresses, lighting and backgrounds; and even sizes and details of "sets." Now would you like to be a scenarist? Glad you appreciate Picturegoer.

BIRDIE (Finsbury Park).—(1) No art plate of your— if I know it. (2) Crawford Kent was born and educated in London, but his film work was done in America. (3) Allan Sears played opposite Rosemary Theby in Rio Grande. (4) Chrissie White's married to Henry Edwards. She was born May 23, 1896, in London. (5) Viola Dana's late husband was John Collins, a director in America. (6) Jack Holt's married, but not to Agnes Ayres. Yes, that's the way I do it, Birdie. Keep right on like that, and you'll be able to fill my place when I leave this mortal sphere. You'll be relieved to hear I have no intention of "telling you off," and you may write again when the spirit moves you. Only don't let it move you every day, as it does some people.

F. D. (Northampton).—Your letter was forwarded on arrival. I remember the play you mention, and agree with you that it would film well. But to my mind the principal part is better suited to Bill Farnum than to Rudolph.

NEW READER (Orente de Cuba).—"Film Fiction" ceased publication after the second number.

V. C. Y. (Dulwich).—The "old bean" forwarded your letters on arrival, young fruit. Good Heart was released last April.

JASMINE (East Dulwich).—Letter to Bill Russell forwarded on arrival.

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EDITH (Burnley). — So you, too, belong to the great sisterhood of the "Rave-Over-Rudys." Well, your letter has been forwarded, so you may sleep more easily to-night.

BUTTY (Stoke-on-Trent). — Harassed I may be, but I emphatically deny that I have any likeness to the "fairy-looking bearded gentleman of your illustration. Whate'er my faults, I'm no Bluebeard. (1) Sessue Hayakawa is 5 ft. 7½ in. in height, and has black hair and eyes. He was born at Tokyo, Japan, in 1880, and is married to the Japanese film star, Tsuru Aoki. His taste in clothes, like mine, runs to soft, subdued colours. His hobby is painting and curio-collecting. Both he and Eugene are fond of sweets, and so am I. (2) Gene O'Brien was born in Colorado, 1884. He is 6 ft. in height, has blue eyes and light-brown hair, and is a bachelor. The hues of his ties are as varied as those of the rainbow. His pet hobby is reading.

AUSSI (Brighton). — Some, but not all of the artists who played in the French serial, The Three Musketeers, will appear in the cast of Twenty Years After.

AUSSEI (Sydney). — Several of Wallace Reid's latest pictures have not yet been released. Among these are Clarence, The Dictator, The Prodigal Knight, and Thirty Days. The World's Champion is his last release. (2) I'm ashamed of you, Aussie. You ought to know better. Of course Stewart Rome is British. He was born at Newbury, Berkshire, Jan. 30, 1886. Studied civil engineering, but gave it up for the stage. Started film work with Hepworth in 1912, and played in Coming Thro' the Rye, Iris, The Touch of the Witches, Trelawney of the Wells, The White Hope, Annie Laurie, and Molly Bawn. Joined Broadway Company in 1919, and played in A Daughter of Eve, A Gentleman Rider, Her Son, Snow in the Desert, A Great Corp, The Great Gay Road. His latest is the Stoll version of Gals. Looked like Segal. (3) Pearl White recently entered a convent for a short period to "rest and meditate," but she is now reported to be in Monte Carlo.

FUTURIST (Bradford-on-Avon). — (1) Same to you, and many of 'em. Do you want the first or second series of Nich Carter? Tell me that, and I'll let you know the episodes. (2) Eric von Stroheim possesses other names of great length. "Eric Strumpe," one of those abbreviations so dear to the heart of the film fan.

R. F. T. (Uberston). — It hadn't occurred to me before, but since you say so it must be true. So "Let George Do It," is the translation of a famous French proverb! And I thought I was being original! Joseph Striker seems to have disappeared from the film world lately. One of his pictures, The Bromley Case, was released last May. His latest, The Unseen Witness, won't be released for some time. Write him, c/o Arrow Film Corporation, Candle Building, 220, West 42nd Street, New York City. He may give you some information about his coming films. From your last remark I gather that you are not one of the "fair sex."

SCOTCH (Middlesex), MOVIE MAD (Dulwich), G. D., and OTHERS.

Letters all forwarded on the arrival of the same.

The World's quota of "written-to-film-stars" craze. Has it anything to do with the weather?

FAIR AND DARK (Blundellsands).

If you read your PICTUERGOER, you ought to know by now what a kind-hearted, sweet-tempered chap I am. (1) Winter Hall was "Judge Prentice" in The Witching Hour. (2) Later, perhaps, but not just now. (3) Betty Faire is a stage, as well as a film, artiste, and played for two consecutive years in "Paddy the Next Best Thing," at the Savoy Theatre, London. (4) The films you mention are hers; she is playing in Mary Queen of Scots at present. (5) Address Katherine Macdonald, c/o Macdonald Film Corporation, 904, Girard Street, Los Angeles, California.

PAMELA (Gloucester). — Don't apologize—that's what I'm here for! Anyway, I've been inoculated against questions, so they can't hurt me.

(1) Owen Ramsey Nares is that gentleman's real and authentic name. (2) A page plate appeared in PICTUERGOER for Feb. 22, 1919, and an interview in the same paper for March 15, 1919. (3) Some of Owen Nares' screen successes are: Just a Girl, Time's Arrow, The Man Who Won, Edge o' Beyond, Gamblers All and The Faithful Heart. He has just finished making a screen version of The Indian Love Lyrics with the Stoll Company. (4) Owen has been married for some years now to Marie Polini, and has two little sons.

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JULY 1923
but true. Here in his own words is the story of his life:

"I was born in Bordeaux—at St.-Loupès, to be exact—on Dec. 16, 1885. When I had grown up into a young man of about seventeen, my parents, who owned vast vineyards around Bordeaux, decided that I had better go into their wine-growing business. Can you, I asked, picture me all through my life pulling down bunches of grapes, smells them to see if they’re ripe, and, if they are, throwing them into big metallic bins, or, if not, getting a needle and cotton and stitching them back on to the vines?"

"I made a tremendous decision," continued Max, still cutting steak and devouring roasted potatoes," and came to the conclusion that I was meant to be an artist. Without telling my parents, I took up painting, and, with what I thought was my greatest masterpiece, where he was a well-known painter. "Yes, indeed," said the man, gazing critically at my piece of work, "it certainly looks promising. But you will never become a second Raphael!"

"I gave up painting and graduated at Bordeaux Conservatory, where, after five years, I left with a first prize in dramatic acting. From then onwards it was more or less a struggle for me to make ends meet, for I left home and set to work to earn my own living, much to my parents’ annoyance. Not that I was without engagements, but the pay was extremely small. For example, I received my first salary at a theatre where I was playing in ‘Le Barbier de Seville,’ ‘Les Précieuses Ridicules,’ ‘Les Fourberies de Scapin,’ and other famous works, was 150 francs per month."

"In 1905 I made my début at Pathé’s. During my career in comedies and dramas, I got forty francs a day. It was rather hard work, for, you see, in the contract I was to produce one film every day. However, at the end of the month—which was then composed of an average of thirty-one days, and I believe still is—I found that my output was between forty and fifty films per month."

Max Linder pointed to a large trunk made of stout iron in the next room. The "safe" contained over 300 of these famous films, not one of them longer than 600 feet.

The first really important film with Max Linder was produced towards the end of 1914, and was called La Sortie du Collège, which was followed by a film of intense dramatic interest, The Smugglers, in which Max Linder played in various other film dramas; among them, still fresh in one’s memory, are The Smugglers, Poisson, and famous little comedies such as Learning to Skate. A Peep at Tank Floor, A Schoolboy’s First Cigar, Marriage: Before and After, etc. In 1910, however, the public were more able to judge his remarkable talents. Max Linder is an artiste to his fingertips, as well as being a most finished actor and a director with a brain and—what is, perhaps, more—an imagination.

At the outbreak of war Max met with a serious accident while completing a film, but on recovery immediately joined the colours. He was gassed in the early part of the war, and later sent on a diplomatic mission to Italy, and played an extremely important part in the declaration of war against Austria by Italy. Shortly afterwards he returned home, and left for Switzerland, where he produced two amusing films—Max and the Clutching Hand, a delightful parody on the "Mysteries of New York"; and also Max Between Two Fires. 1916 saw Max in Los Angeles, where he stayed for six months, completing Max Comes Over and Max and His Taxi.

Max Linder has only produced three films since 1919—Seven Years’ Bad Luck, The Three Must-Get-Theres, and Be My Wife, showing some very clever acting on the part of Max Linder.

He has just signed a contract with an important firm in Vienna to produce his next film, A Clown for Love. In this photograph Max plays the part of a French Count who falls in love with a circus girl. His attentions receive little encouragement from the Countess, but the happy idea of joining the circus. Max believes that it will be the best film he has produced so far.

"Come with me," said Max, finishing his lunch at a quarter past five; "I will show you my study." The first thing that struck me was a large and most lifelike portrait of Charlie Chaplin with the following words written across the bottom—"To the one and Only Max, The Professor," from his disciple, Charles Chaplin.

And on this and other photographs of Max’s friends and neighbours in Hollywood and Los Angeles perceptibly brighten the staid and respectable atmosphere that always seems to pervade a study. There are beautiful framed portraits of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, the late Wallace Reid, and other celebrities of the cinema world.

For weeks past a rumour has been circulating about the French capital to the effect that Max Linder is about to get married to—whom? I ventured to approach him on the matter.

"I beg your pardon," said Max, and a drawer in his secretary came sliding open, and a second later a heavy but serviceable revolver made its appearance on the blotting pad. Pshaw! The heat was oppressive. I went over to the window and pulled it just a little more open. Max’s uncomfortably penetrating eyes watched me. He gazed meditatively out of the window, turning his pistol over and over in his hands, his fingers softly caressing the butt, or playing with the trigger. Suddenly a light dawned on me. The revolver was unloaded! Of course, I ought to have thought of it before. I leant back in my comfortable armchair and smiled across at Max Linder. Max, his eyes still clouded, still looking out of the window into vacancy, turned the weapon over in his hand and, one, two, three bullets dropped into his palm; and as gently and as quickly as he had removed them he replaced them.

I rose silently, tiptoed across the carpeted floor, and left him.

Two minutes later I rang Max up and said "Good-bye."
AFTER all, readers mine, you are not so black as I've painted you. And I have cancelled my order for monkey-glands. Letters of praise, protest, and persuasion have been coming in from all sides, and I could fill my page twice with your thoughts, which is as it should be. It's just as well, for it's hard to be a Thinker amidst the holiday atmosphere pervading this office. The Editor is off to Paris, but refuses to give anybody his address. "George" looks as though butter would positively not melt between his lips, and was heard murmuring "Skenness is so bracing," whilst correcting proofs. My long anticipated holiday doesn't take place till next month, but your noble efforts have given me the Kruschen feeling. So now to business.

FROM amongst a few dozen agitated epistles regarding the vote against Valentino in the May issue, this one deserves a place in the sun. "Lance Breaking a C. annoys me by saying we girls are changeable and fickle," rages Picturegoerette (Weston-super-Mare). "And that when we euphise a new film star we immediately forget the old favourites. I'm most awfully fond of nearly a dozen star, and yet I've tons of room in my heart for Rodolph.

Please tell the world that we girls have elastic hearts and can cram no end of loves inside for anybody but Lance C. after his cutting and quite inexcusable remarks. No one with a nice name like that ought to say nasty things about girls. Don't you think I'm quite right?"

"About the elastic hearts, most certainly I do. About the rest, I'd rather not join in the fray. I'm for a quiet life.

A NENT Swedish films, a pensive person from Penstowe, calling herself Lover of Art, holds forth at some length. "I have seen Love's Crucible, and I was Where Honour delighted with it, is Due. especially its lighting. So mellow and warm, and yet so splendidly clear, it gave an added life and beauty to the film. I feel convinced that the Swedish producers have some secret unknown to any other country regarding lighting. The grouping, too, was wonderfully fine, and it was evident that careful attention had been given to every detail. Controversies are always raging regarding the merits of British versus American films, but producers in both countries had better look to their laurels. In Sweden they have a formidable rival—one who considers the screen as an artistic medium, rather than as a means of making movie editions of penny dreadfuls."

HERE'S one who has the courage of his convictions. "We have far too many 'Supers' nowadays. To my mind, over-elaboration and spectacle in film-plays is unnecessary. Ex be Scraped? Spectacles, I think."

Should The Four Horsemen, and perhaps Monte Cristo and L'Atlantide, most of them would be more effective if treated in the ordinary five-reel fashion." Thus Interested Reader (Blackburn). "Give me the humble programme feature—a play that is a play, and not a series of spectacular scenes. Good acting, good story, and a good orchestra is all I ask. Technical perfection leaves me cold. The Experiment, The Wonderful Story, The Recoil, Without Benefit of Clergy, Timothy's Quest, and, above all, The Forbidden Thing are the finest recent releases. I expect I am alone in my views. I wonder how many of your readers also say: 'Give me the programme picture'? [Take it, with my blessing. There's a lot to be said in, favour of your views.]

"THE PICTUREGOER has certainly a great many friends in France; we wonder if we Parisian readers are also allowed to think. Anyway, here we are, eight "Vive l'Entente!"

French fans who could not resist chiming in to tell you that the greatest emotional actor in the world is Sessue Hayakawa, the incomparable. He heads any list, and easily beats all the others. We see many American stars over here, but we eight are agreed that Hayakawa is the finest of all."—One of Them (Paris.)

"I THINK," remarks Decided (Harrogate), "that Rodolph Valentino is the finest actor the screen has known—but not the handsome. In fact, I don't like his looks. Thomas Meighan is, in my opinion, the 'best-looker.' " [N.B. —That competition is nowclosed, decided, but I'll probably be shown the error of your ways as soon as the Valentino brigade read these lines.]
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“THE LADY OWNER”
Producer: Walter West.
Leading Players: Violet Hopson and James Knight.

“LITTLE MISS NOBODY”
Producer: Wilfred Noy.
Leading Player: Flora Le Breton and Star Cast.

“BEAUTIFUL KITTY”
Producer: Walter West.
Leading Players: Violet Hopson and James Knight.

“ROGUES OF THE TURF”
Producer: Wilfred Noy.
Leading Players: Mavis Clare and Bobby Andrews.

“THE WHITE HOPE”
Producer: Walter West.
Leading Players: Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome.

“SON OF KISSING CUP”
Producer: Walter West.
Leading Players: Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome.

Ask the Manager of your favourite Cinema now, the name of his British Pictures for the Great British Film Week.

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pictures and picturegoer

Agnes Ayres.
MR. and MRS. RODOLPH VALENTINO.

Valentine fans resident in London are promised a surprise when they visit this month for Rodolph and his wife will spend some days in London during their visit to Europe.
Pictures and Picturegoer

Our August Movie Calendar

1. Customary holiday exodus. Twelve hundred 1903 films set off for coast.
2. Christmas subjects reach Hunstanton on the Wash.
3. New moon.
4. Half a dozen new stars.
5. Shooting stars. Too many.
6. Bank Holiday. Author Movie Calendar can't be expected to think one out to-day.
7. Owen Nares declared just as handsome with mustache.
8. Ben Turpin declared just as handsome without.
9. Mid-day pictures made at midnight in Los Angeles.
10. Midnight pictures made at midday in London.
14. Well-known inventor discovers secret colour photography for twelfth time, 1945.
15. Pictures first shown in daylight in London, 1913.
17. One hundred new ideas sent to America on "Umptainia," 1923.
19. Author Movie Calendar gets diver's job. He needs it.
20. Author Movie Calendar dives. Gets nothing.
21. Louise Fazenla wonders why hundred people want her photo every day.
22. Backwash Brown, eminent director, claims spent fifty thousand pounds on dresses in new film. Other fourpence went to author scenario.
23. Daily Blight adopts slogan "Every Reader a Film Star."
26. Mr. James Blobb closes Palidrome, Upton-on-the-Slosh.
27. "Constant Reader" cannot find anything funny in work of Author Movie Calendar.
28. Neither can Author Movie Calendar.
29. Millionth "Million Dollar Film," 1930.
30. Following success of Squibs, M.P., Betty Balfour enters Parliament as first movie star M.P.
31. Entertainment Tax repealed.

VOL. 6. No. 32. AUGUST, 1923.
The Glad "Glad Eye"

This being the Glad-Eye Season, an analysis of goo-goo eyes of filmdom has a topical interest. The following article should prove amusing and instructive to Miss 1923.

The language of the eyes is an international code, independent of influences of country or native tongue. And the coming of the cinema has brought still greater allurement to the subtleties of the "glad eye." From the coquettish lady on the sidewalk to the bewitched and silk enveloped adventures of the tiger skin couch, the glad eyes of the silver screen create havoc with the susceptible up and down the social scale.

There is also a more materialistic reason for the sinister shattering of good resolutions for which the eye play of the stars of filmdom is responsible. The fair artistes of the studios, with few exceptions, possess features to which the lenses are ever-vigilant. Hence they have big expressive eyes. This is an essential to the successful film star. Eyes largely compensate for the loss of the spoken word. And so the art of the film itself converges towards the conspiracy of manufacturing the eloquent glad eye which makes more susceptible male hearts a better their vibrations than those who represent its screen victims.

Constance Talmadge has a brand of glad eye, which has little use for trillings. It conveys the intelligible messages with the clarity of a twenty-foot electric sign. It is garnished with a wink and served with unadulterated sauce. Its fascination lies largely in the truism that it represents the real Constance, for the irressistible spirit of youthful fun lurks in her ocular messages, which flash out with disconcerting unexpectedness.

As "Ming Toy," the Chinese Slave girl in East is West, she produced on the slave junk, where she was to be sold to the highest bidder, a memorable glad eye, that was calculated to make the Chinese ancestors of the suave yellow man who was recklessly bidding, to revolve in their venerable graves. For as her pretty features appeared above a big fan, she indulged in an impudent squat, and then with a lift of a shadowed lid she flashed the "once over" towards her European protector, who sprang to her rescue with the celerity of a gentleman drawing the dole.

Gloria Swanson's fringed lashes, which shadow her eloquent eyes with a suggestion of mystery is a fair exponent of the exotic glad eye. It has the languorous appeal of the East, and it is so bold as to endeavour to analyse the subtlety of femme charm, it is scarcely a thing of muscular movement, but a fleeting expression, which has the power of a thousand tongues. A close-up of Gloria Swanson is an occasion almost uncanny with its suggestion of unspoken messages which lurk in her shadowed eyes, which make rude speech a clumsy thing.

Bebe Daniels has embalmed in celluloid a glad eye as destructive as any which has broadcasted its message from beneath alluring lashes. Bebe in her early comedy days learned the cruder art of the "once over" but to-day she has a more intriguing lift of the delicate lid.

Earle Williams gives an Oriental glad eye in "The Jade Elephant."
which radiates its call to myriad listeners in, whose heart strings are attuned to its wave-length with remarkable consistency.

Bebe has studied history well, and she has learned the irresistible power of the call of beauty in distress to gallant mankind. In the days of Charles, her wistful glad eye would have set a score of rapiers rattling in the scabbards of the gallants. In these more materialistic days, her champions spring to her assistance in the carefully tailored broadcloth of society drawing rooms.

Viola Dana sends the spirit of fun radiating from her familiar "glad eyes"—the call of sparkling youth that is looking for the sunny side of life rather than the disquietudes of serious romance.

She will resort to the tolerant license that is a privilege of pretty girlhood, and utilise her smiling eyes for no less serious prizes than a be-ribboned box of chocolates or new hat. She brings a new simplicity to the varied uses of the glad eye. With it she secures the smaller things of life which bring contentment to the happy mind of a girl who with a Peter Pan versatility refuses to pass into the realm of womanhood.

The glad eye which Mae Murray so liberally dispenses, is the crowning effect of her carefully studied feminine allurements. Hers is an expressive eye which radiates its ravages amidst settings of intriguing frills and furbelows. She is so essentially feminine that she knows the power of haughty aloofness, until her victim is at her mercy and then the flicker of an eyelid, sends home the final shaft which reduces man-kind to obedient obeisance.

There is little that is subtle in Mae Murray's methods of subduing the susceptible. There is no great depth in the smiling glint that flashes in her eyes of babyish blue. It is the shallow glitter of tinsel, yet, during its fleeting existence it pleases, just as many are intrigued with a pretty flower, although it may lack fragrance.

Nazimova has a glad eye which she has distilled for her many moods with

Sessue Hayakawa exhibits the Japanese "glad."

Circle: A glad eye "under arms"—Elaine Hammerstein springs a surprise.

Below: The Spanish glad eye—George Walsh and Miriam Cooper.

Below: Rustic oglers
—Donald Searle and Olive Sloane.

Gareth Hughes between two fires.

a clever al hemistry of romance.

The screen should raise the art of the "glad eye" to a new dignity, which shames its former associations with the flappers of the seaside promenade. It is a branch of cinema artistry which has developed to the extent of reflecting character with the flicker of an eyelid.

Rodolph Valentino is used to this sort of thing.
Pictures and Picturo\r

Romeo Deserts Juliet

By Oscar M. Sheridan

A studio interview with Ivan Mosjoukine, star of "Kean," an ambitious French film dealing with the life of the great English actor. Many Cosmopolitan film favourites are included in the cast of this film.

Ivan Mosjoukine as "Romeo."

"EXCUSE me, please, I am just going to die!" said Juliet, with a bright smile as if she was really looking forward to it.

"I am afraid I have to accompany her!" Romeo excused himself, and lightly whistling an air from a Parisian operetta, was gone.

The scene was the Drury Lane Theatre at the beginning of last century. From my seat in a box in the third gallery I had a full view of the whole house. Beneath me in the stalls were at least five hundred beautiful women and handsome men, elegantly dressed in costumes of the period and in front, above and below, were the boxes filled with fashionable parties, the whole a scintillating display of jewels, gorgeous dresses and waving fans. All eyes were eagerly watching the death scene in "Romeo and Juliet," and hardly a sound could be heard in the whole theatre but the cranking of the handles of three cameras and the actors moving about the stage.

The galleries themselves were filled to the utmost capacity, and the whole scene was brilliantly impressive. The Prince of Wales and the Countess of Knipper were prominent in the Royal Box opposite mine, and on all sides one saw people whose names made 19th century history.

The gaze of all in the house is focussed on the stage and after repeated encores the curtain slowly rises and discloses Romeo walking majestically across the footlights to bow to his enthusiastic audience for the tenth time. Edmund Kean, the famous Drury Lane actor, as Romeo has scored his usual success, but Ivan Mosjoukine in the part of Edmund Kean has reached the zenith of his career as a screen artiste.

Ivan Mosjoukine as an artiste is an unfathomable personality; as a man he is an excellent companion and altogether delightful. He is extremely shy but perhaps that is because he speaks no English and little French. Of middle height he is well built and possessed of a Fairbanks vitality. He has a most engaging personality, a particularly attractive smile, and infectious laugh (lost on the screen, alas!) is very handsome.

Mary Odette and Kenelm Foss in "Kean."

and in France occupies that coveted position held by Rodolph Valentino in America. Ivan Mosjoukine has smiling blue-brown eyes, and fair hair, although this latter always photographs very dark brown or black.

I believe that he receives the largest post of any French screen artiste and letters from his feminine admirers run into four figures per week. He finds time, however, to answer them all and generally sends a photograph to those who ask for one. I may be forgiven for mentioning this last fact!

His latest picture Le Fresier Ardent, to be released in England under the name of The Man of her Dreams is one of the most interesting French productions I have ever seen. The story is a very original one, so original in fact that few can grasp its real meaning. Scenario by Ivan Mosjoukine, directed by Ivan Mosjoukine, and the leading role played by Ivan Mosjoukine are facts that show that he is by no means an enemy of hard work.

The story is one of delicate philosophy, a mixture of remarkable cleverness and subtle irony, with here and there a touch of cubism that lends an aspect to the film quite different from Callaguari, Dr. Mabuse and other Futurist productions. Mosjoukine never makes an abuse of a good thing, and his delicate touch of the man of her dreams in this production proves it. As regards photography, settings and acting The Man of her Dreams...
ought to be a guiding star for the majority of French producers and quite a large number of English and American. Mosjoukine in the part of "Detective Z" reveals a wonderful aptitude for transforming his features and diguising his general appearance.

After the scene of the curtain calls at Drury Lane Theatre, Romeo deserting Juliet came back, and, sitting down beside me told me something of his career as a screen artiste.

It is an interesting story.

When one takes into consideration the fact that the Albatros Film Studios at Montreuil-sous-Bois, near Paris are ridiculously small, it is not difficult to realise the work that had to be done to produce a film like Le Brasier Ardent. A famous American screen actress and producer once visited these studios, but could not be convinced that the interiors of Le Brasier Ardent had been taken there. The truth is that for many scenes the cameras were transported in the courtyard and the scenes were filmed from a distance. The studios then presented a very curious appearance with one of their walls missing and half the roof gone!

The first difficulty to be overcome was the question of lighting which was ludicrously inadequate. For this purpose special white arcs and mercury violet-ray lamps were got and the whole lighting arrangement at Montreuil is so ingenuous and modern that none of the artistes suffer from Kleig eyes even after staring straight at the lamps.

The lamps are all covered with glass painted white with the result that the glaring rays are diffused and lose most of their harmful effects. The make up also is totally different. No yellow or ochre paint or powder is used, but a very clear white make-up which is obligatory to each and every artiste.

By this means the artistes are seen on the screen with the same facial colouring, and also, not as in some films, present the laughable impression that some are tired and some are not, others pale and others suffering from apop-
Verily the film colony at Los Angeles is a melting pot of nationalities. As I passed through the door of Malcolm McGregor's dressing room at the Metro studios, it was to find an artiste with a name suggestive of his ancestors having fought at Flodden Field, yet he greeted me with an American accent, which indicated that he was a great deal more interested in highballs than buggies.

"I have a line of Scottish ancestors," Malcolm admitted, "but my birthplace was Newark, New Jersey. I'm willing to admit that probably it was some of the door determination that I inherited from my forerunners which enabled me to grasp one of the elusive success that grudgingly come the way of film actors.

It was something of a revelation that a face, conformation by the struggle for fame was which, the "wake of hardship in the southland acre" voice bestowed. It would have stilled the silk tongues which point of the influence of money and society position as golden pass keys to a screen stardom. For Malcolm McGregor, although the son of a millionaire cloth draper of Newark, had to risk starvation in casting directors' offices. His next profession dressing was an idea that he had formed a two-room apartment in Newark.

Had I known three years ago how hard it would be to cross a walkway in the studio, I should never have tried any clowder in the same up to now.

And now that people have been 

Malcolm of the Movies

His other name is McGregor, but he was born at Newark, New Jersey, and not North of the Tweed as you might suppose.

of life and full of the buoyancy of youth to allow his mind for long to dwell on the shadowy side of existence.

"It was great fun at times," he added with an infectious chuckle, and I began to understand why the likeable personality of this dark-skinned youth had gained him in a remarkable short space of time, the admiration of so many picturegoers. He is very like a happy healthy boy when he smiles, and somehow he reminds you of a pleasant young man who lives next door who you would not hesitate to ask over the garden fence to come over and give you a hand at hammering up the summer house.

"I came up against realities with a bump," said Malcolm, "for I drifted to Los Angeles after a yachting cruise through the Panama Canal and a tour through China. That was three years ago."

He paused significantly and I realised then that he wished to convey the fact that Malcolm McGregor to whom the fickle public were now exceeding kind, had been an unknown cipher in the movies for some time before fate had apportioned to him his molecule of fame.

"I drifted from studio to studio playing in crowds for a few dollars. That went on for over two years, but it was wonderful training."

I contemplated how many people had expressed surprise at Malcolm McGregor's rapid rise of recent months, after his success in The Prisoner of Zenda, and how little they realised that two years of wearying apprenticeship had paved the way to his long delayed recognition as an artiste of big promise. Here is a lesson to the screen aspirant who imagines that it is a simple matter

A film star is always in training.
the rehearsals wrestling holds and boxers' clinches.

"But in the excitement of the moment when we got before the cameras, and there was that ominous silence which comes just before a big scene is to be shot, we somehow get primitive and fought like savages. I just envied Boone's part in the scenario when after the fight he staggered on a bridge and fell into the swirling river below. I was drenched with perspiration and bruised from head to foot and I would have welcomed a cool plunge to pull my dazed senses together."

Malcolm McGregor's career reveals him as a fighter; else he would have chosen the easy path of luxury as a millionaire's son and not for two years rubbed shoulders with the democracy who woo the favours of fickle fortune in the lower strata of the film industry.

Malcolm is very human, as people one instinctively like from the first invariably are. And here lies the secret of Malcolm McGregor's success. He does not overburden his characterisations with exaggerated technique or machine-made tricks of acting. He gives his real personality full play, and if he offends some of canons of film miming, he always suggests on the screen that he is a fellow of flesh and blood, and for this much can be forgiven in these days of pedantic portrayals.

to pluck the fruit of film success without first fostering the tree of knowledge which has to be cultivated before it yields its blossom.

"There are two outstanding memories in my screen career," grinned my cheerful host as reflectively he filled a big briar with shapely artistic fingers. "One is the joy that I experienced when my old classmate from Yale, Rex Ingram, offered me my first important screen part in The Prisoner of Zenda, and secondly the thrill of the great fight in Broken Chains. You remember the story which symbolised the coward who snapped the bonds of heritage and found his manhood. It was the Two Thousand Pound prize story produced by Goldwyn with Colleen Moore, Claire Windsor and myself in the cast."

"Gee that was some scrap," he said with the light of enthusiasm in his expressive brown eyes. I fought a Scotchman, and when "Greek meets Greek," has nothing on the bother that we demonstrated when Scot met Scot. When I saw the episode on the screen I marvelled how we escaped without breaking every bone in our bodies. We practised for days on padded mats on a gymnasium floor, and we optimistically introduced into the rehearsals wrestling holds and boxers' clinches.

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For some weeks past a rumour to the effect that a well-known film magnate was considering plans for the construction of vast kinema studios on the Riviera, thus turning Nice into a Continental Hollywood, has aroused a great deal of interest. But whereas the plans of this American producer are rather vague, there is some other information of a more interesting and definite nature.

This is to the effect that Mary Pickford intends opening well-equipped studios in the suburbs of Paris, and a large number of kinemas in Paris and all over France for the showing of her films, and incidentally those of her husband, Douglas Fairbanks. It appears that Mary Pickford intends coming to Paris very shortly with this object the main reason of her European visit.

In the meantime, Paris seems to be the meeting place of all the famous stars. Yesterday I saw Lionel Barrymore on the porch of the Crillon. He was accompanied by his charming young wife, Irene Fenwick, whom he recently married. Barbara La Marr, too, is married alas! and she was in Paris for a few days on her way to Italy to star in a new picture.

At the Grand Prix Ball at the Paris Opera, I met Pearl White, who, I am able to state, contemplates appearing in a French production, thus breaking her long absence from the shadow-stage. I also saw there Irene Castle, the famous dancer and beautiful film star.

Stewart Rome is in Paris as I write these words, and so are Eugene O'Neil, Mary Odette, Bert Lytell, Kenelm Foss, and quite a number of others. At present we are waiting anxiously, for charming Alice Terry and her husband, Rex Ingram, who, accompanied by Ramon Navarro, and other well-known artistes will stay here for a few days prior to making a picture in England.

From the 1st of August onwards, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, will be hard at work on La Bataille, at the Film D'Art Studios.
Kinema Conventions

Grass has its feelings, I suppose, the same as you or I. But these movie people have no hearts. They walk and walk and walk along the same old paths, until there isn't a blade has the spirit to keep on living. Grass just simply can't live where a movie man is about. Show him the way to go and he'll keep on going it, backwards and forwards, until the good earth beneath his feet is trodden to the toughness of granite. About the only place in the movie business you'll find grass growing is inside the kinemas.

There is one thing that is even making my own grass fall out through sheer rage. You'll know it when I tell you. Imagine a room. Imagine man and woman in it. Quarrel. She loves him, but she loves him like most people hate. "All is forever over between us" kind of thing, when all the time she's wanting to look into his eyes and say that she loves him. He goes to the door. Stops and looks back at her. She looks away. He puts on his hat for twenty feet, She keeps on looking away for twenty more. Suddenly he dashes out into the night and the door closes. At once she springs forward and stretches out her hands to him and does a "For god's sake come back" look. She stands like that for forty or fifty feet. Hands out to the door, appealing.

"The Song that reached their hearts" is still reaching 'em where- ever movies are shown.

Some movie makers are the World's Champion Followers of the Beaten Track. Wherefore the cynical author of this article begs them to "give the grass a chance."
The villain gets "his" once again.

one. "Ah! mama and papa," he seems to say, "you cannot get divorced like this. Think of your responsibility to me. Come, let me take your hands and clasp them together, so. Don't deny me, mama and papa. It is the same as if I couldn't have you. It worked all last year in the thirty we made then. It always will work. Don't you see the scheming of fate in all this, mama and papa? Fate won't let you part.

round his neck; the man with the gun at the starting gate fires the shot; the roughnecks on the other end of the rope begin to pull; and then—And then, always, a boy on a motor bike dashes up with documentary proof that it wasn't the hero did the foul deed but Sefton Darkly all the time, and he's just died and left a confession. And then somebody takes the rope off the hero's neck and somebody else cheers and the hero climbs out of a barrel and a parson comes out of a bush and the hero says "Will you marry me," and the heroine replies "You know I will. The public expect it" and so they are married.

It's beginning to prey on my mind. Can't the hero possibly be lynched? Is there some secret charm in the business? What would happen if the boy who brings the confession on a motor bike suddenly sprang a puncture fifty miles away? What would happen? Would the author lose his job? And what would happen if the nasty Sefton Darkly died before he left that always burns in the blood of foremen on Western ranches? It seems to be a fact deep down in the fundamentals of human nature that you can't be a Western foreman and go straight. Once you're a foreman Satan has you. You can't help it. You must get up in the night and chew the boss's cattle over the hills and brand 'em in the distant bushes. Once you're a foreman you must brand other people's cattle, and
run a coining plant on the forsaken ranch over the hills. It's simply sickening. You never get a spare minute.

And, I say—what about the girl who dresses in boy's clothes and nobody ever spots it except the two thousand people in the audience? Can't something be done about her? Can't somebody in the cast be made to see he's a girl? I should think the way he/she walks like Dick Whittington would make it obvious to the meanest intellect. You can't expect the hero to have the meanest intellect, I know, but isn't there somebody in the affair with eyes to see? What about the sophisticated young blighter I've already mentioned, who always

When the hero sees a kiss of this description he always misconstrues.

reconciles mama and papa just at the moment when the judge is pronouncing the decree? Can't somebody write him into the story of the girl in boy's clothes? He'd rumble it in a moment.

"Why you aren't Jack Smithers at all!" he'd say. "You're Alice Dimple!" You couldn't keep anything back from that kid. Why doesn't someone bring them together in one story?

The underworld dancing hall is a stock movie scene.

And then—trains. I don't know whether it's because it has slipped everybody's attention or not—it's only a detail, I know, and apt to be overlooked—but there's always somebody getting on or getting off a train. And there's always a muggle boy to let down the steps for them and take their suit case. Always there's millions and millions and millions of feet been given to the throbbing drama of Somebody Stepping Off a Train. Let me give you a hint, reader. I know you're dying to write scenarios for the fillums, every one of the thousands of you. Be careful always, if you want to sell your stories, to include the absorbing incident of Somebody Stepping Off a Train. It doesn't so much matter if you're after the English market (market is such an inappropriate word for the film business, don't you think?) but if you hope to sell in America you simply must include the absorbing incident of Somebody Stepping Off a Train. The outrage and fantastic you must avoid. The kind of film that gets right there at the first kick and makes the noise of itself heard in the farthest corners of the earth is the one that is founded on the fundamental simplicities and sweetnesses of human nature. Human interest! That is the slogan. And what is so packed with human interest, what is so packed with fundamental simplicity and sweetness as the spectacle of Somebody Stepping Off a Train? It strikes a chord at once. "Ah!" says the audience, "look!" Somebody Stepping Off a Train. Now isn't that just too simply sweet for anything. Somebody Stepping Off a Train!!! I don't know how they think of these things, dear, do you?"

Just one more wrinkle. If you are writing heart-to-heart, pulsating human stories, you can leave it as it stands and just let the Somebody Step naturally Off the Train. If however your bent is for slapstick you must make sure that the train has not stopped. This is always good for a tremendous laugh. The man who writes the advertisements says so, and he ought to know; he used to be a plumber.

But to return to my grumbles. Will somebody be kind enough to tell me who put the razor on the desert island? You'll know what I mean. I don't think I need say any more.

But one thing has got to be settled right away. The girl who kisses her brother who has just come back from Japan and hastily sees them at it and goes away and never speaks to her again until the end of the last reel. That! Something has got to be
A Western "gambling hell," a scene we all know.

done about that right away. It would have to be disposed of sooner or later. It isn't the sort of thing that you could allow to go on forever. The scenario writer seems to think it is, but, I ask you, what do scenario writers know about scenario writing? Why doesn't it occur to somebody to save the life happiness of a score or so of people by the simple dodge of hanging a card round the brother's neck with "Unbind that man!" commands the hero.

"I am HER BROTHER. I have just come back from Japan," written across it. It is so simple. If you were the girl's husband, what would you think? If you came home from the office one day and parted the curtains and looked through and saw the only face kissing another face. Would you think it was her brother just home from Japan? Not if you valued your hand wouldn't you think "Almighty lover! How blind I have been!" Would you leap through the curtains and grab him by the throat and pitch him into the gutter where the movie authors come from? You know you wouldn't. You'd pick up and go to Alaska to hunt for the last drool of your parental life, commingling with nature and chasing a dog from.

Why do villains always turn round at the door and sneer before they go out? Why does it always take the bruised and beaten one five minutes to pass into the night? Why is there always always bulldoggy man in the hall of a hotel opening his jacket to show a silver star? Why do American Englishmen always wear monocles? Why can't the cow in the rural pictures have a rest sometimes? Why is the police chief at his desk, always just reaching out his hand to take the receiver of the phone? Why is the little lady in the rocking chair always knitting a No. 4 size woolly vest and pair of diminutive socks when hubby comes in? Is she dumb? Why are last cuddles always silhouetted against the sunset? Why do card-sharps, discovered to be such, always throw the table into the corner of the room? Why is the man who always runs the "Broken Back Saloon" out West always just taking a cigar from between his teeth? Why doesn't somebody take away that roof so that the crooks can't have any more gun fights on it?

Some people will tell you that the movies are going to bits, that they've worked the old stories to death and that they haven't the intelligence to think out new ones.

This is wrong. When you've got to get, all in one film, the woman who stretches out her hand to the door as soon as he has gone out, the hero who dodges lynching by half an inch, his fight with the half-dozen rough-necks, the sinister foreman who brands the lifted beef, Somebody Stepping Off A Train, the girl who makes good in the first few minutes on the old ranch. Somebody-else Stepping Off Another Train, the mystery, the riddle, something about the brother from Japan, the story of the policeman on the corner, the hand that takes the revolver from the drawer, everybody going up and down those five flights, twice each, the chase between the taxi and the train, somebody getting into a motor car, somebody getting out of a motor car, a couple of letters to read, a bulldoggy man to show his silver star, a police chief to take the receiver off, a flash of the old home cow for local colour, the dumb little lady knitting the little vest, the light on the roof and the boys to the rescue. Well, just think. These things have got to appear in every film that's made. It's a sort of law. No movie is complete without them. Well, I ask you, what room is there for the story, after that?

I'd like to he me to some pleasant glade and drop me down upon the grass and rest from it all. But there isn't any grass left now.

s.w.

"I move heaven and earth for my father, to pastime of smiting his enemies."
Stewart Rome was in a terribly bad temper when I was ushered on to the Studio floor—it was a new experience for me, because I had never seen a screen star in a bad temper before. There was no mistake about Rome's mood, however, for he tore up a sheet of paper, putting such force behind it that it gave me the impression that it might have been calico—but I examined the pieces afterwards and found just paper! Then he snapped in half the pen with which he had been writing, and I thought he might then throw the ink away, but he didn't.

Having vented his spite on the blotting pad and the desk, he then walked off the "set" and the producer shouted "Cut!"

Fearing for the safety of the Studio I watched Rome—he chatted to one of the electricians and laughed heartily. Such is the wonderful control an actor has to have over his feelings.

In reply to my query as to why he had become so enraged, he said, "Oh! because my wife is having a love affair with a painter—but that's only the beginning of my temper. If you can wait a few hours you will see how I treat her when she comes into that room!"

Since he completed his last film in England, Rome has become very bronzed—and the tan even peeps through his make-up occasionally. In all the years he has been playing for British films, it was not until last year that he made his first trip abroad for film purposes. He went to Italy, and that seemed to start him on a regular Cook's tour, for he has since visited Iceland, Germany, France and Egypt. And he has loved every moment of his wanderings in foreign lands.

Despite the discomforts of Iceland, Rome enthused about it. "The scenery in some parts is perfectly marvellous," he told me, "and the complexions of the ladies—well! some of our English girls would give anything to possess them!"

Rome is still a bachelor, but it struck me then that he is not immune from the effects of a pretty face and charming manner. He looked into space as if living over again some of the hours he spent in Iceland—and I wondered!

Suddenly he came back to earth—"The Twins have been giving us quite a lot of trouble this morning," he said.

"Whose twins are they?" I asked.

"They belong to the Studio!" came the reply. "Part of the wonderful new lighting equipment which has been installed recently," he added.

After a quarter of an hour devoted to the manipulation of lights, and the tiresome cinema Twins had learned to behave, a bell echoed through the Studio. Then Hilda Bayley made her entrance. Rome stormed and raved—Miss Bayley remained very calm considering what he called her. Then she got a little scared and moved

Letting his angry passions rise in "Snow in the Desert."
T
he vociferous gentleman with the persuasive flow of eloquence, who, as he loudly announces, has "stood in this market place for forty years" selling the one infallible remedy for every ill under the sun, is outclassed on all points by the modern movie director. The charlatan talks long and loudly until he infects himself and his listeners with fervent belief in the potency of the contents of his coloured phials. The cinema director does more, he first inflicts maladies of all kinds, merely by means of a few softly-spoken instructions, and then, cures them at will with a "That will do very nicely. Cut now." The click which announces the shutting off of the powerful glare of the arc lamps is nothing short of magical in its effect. Ghastly faced unfortunates at the last gasp, forget their ills and make their way out of bed in double-quick time.

The wise makers of motion pictures know full well how easily the sympathies of film fans are stirred by the pathos of the sick room and very few movies are extant that do not contain at least one sick-a-bed scene. It sounds a little trying for the artists sometimes, to thus simulate the woes of the invalid, but, surrounded as they are with bottles, screens and all the well-known paraphernalia of illness, and with an extremely professional looking "Doctor" in attendance, but few rehearsals are needed. Also these movie-maladies have their compensations. When charming stars like Phyllis Haver or Bebe Daniels don the severely-simple garb of professional nurses and armed with stethoscope and temperature chart prepare to do their worst, voluntary victims would surely not be hard to find. There is not one star who can truthfully state that he or she has never been "invalided into the movies." From Mary Pickford downwards, Mary's best known efforts in that line are her "Stella Maris" in Stella Maris, in the first few reels of which she played an "incurable," and her "Pollyanna," one of the best of her child-characterisations. In this movie, the much loved little sunshine maker is spinaly injured in an accident, and it is thought that the rest of her life must be spent lying and that she will never walk again. But, being just a movie, a clever doctor works a miracle and the child recovers the use of her feet. One of the most moving episodes in the film was the scene in which "Pollyanna" takes her first few tottering steps, and the impersonation on the part of the actress was perfect and brought a lump into many a throat. Emotional stars welcome interludes of illness,
because of the effective "close-ups" of eager anticipation, suspense, tender solicitations and despair, they provide. The delirious ravings, too, of "patients" in photoplays sometimes form the basis of clever double exposure effects, such as the one in The Virgin Queen, wherein the plot against the life of her Majesty is disclosed.

The lighter side of the sick room has been thoroughly exploited by Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and a host of smaller fry. In The Cure, Chaplin let his broadly humorous mind loose in a sanatorium and the results were mirthful if none too respectful. Harold Lloyd in Doctor's Orders went through the whole bag of tricks of an ordinary visiting M.D. with additions of his own, until he fell in love with his prettiest patient and gave up his other practice to coax her back to normality. The other Doctor already in attendance was Eric Mayne and many reels of fun, as well as a burlesque upon One Exciting Night ensued before his nose was put out of joint. Matt Moore has played many an "invalid" in his time, and usually very pathetic specimens of humanity. In Back Pay he is a blinded soldier, and comes to a peaceful end in the arms of his erstwhile sweetheart, whose salvation begins only after his death. Hope Hampton lies ill in a poorly furnished lodging house through the greater part of The Light in the Clearing. In her case, Lon Chaney, aided by a concealed stick of radium works a perfect cure. Opinions are divided as to the ideal movie doctor. About ten silver-haired actors specialise in these roles; one of these, Hubert Willis will go down to posterity for ever as "My dear Watson" in the Sherlock Holmes series. Which instinctively and shudderingly calls into mind the horrible effect Eille Norwood managed to create, when he was supposed to be suffering from tampanule fever, in The Dying Detective episode. Movie stars lead such strenuous lives, one way and

"Doctor's Orders." Harold Lloyd's methods are original.

Above: William S. Hart in "White Oak" ministers to a screen sufferer Circle: Matt Moore & Seena Owen in "Back Pay."

A pathetic little movie invalid was Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna," another, that their first necessity is an absolutely clean bill of health. Barring unavoidable accident, few indeed are the players guilty of occasional "sick leave" in the middle of a production. The usual movie maladies are assumed with the movie make-up and left on the "set" at the end of the day. The directorial announcement that the scene is finished acts as a more perfect and instantaneous cure than all the mysterious potions paid for by the unwary who succumb to the silver-tongued orator when he mounts an old wooden box and plies his trade wherever crowds do congregate.

Left: Constance Talmadge is true to type even when sickness lays her low. Right: "The Invisible Fear," Anita Stewart.
British Studio Gossip

A Continental Artist.

Dainty little Marquisette Bosky, who plays the role of "Amie Me" in "The Scandal," has had a good deal of film experience abroad. She looks like a tiny French Marquise, but is actually of Italian-Swiss extraction. My early days," she says, "were spent at Geneva and Paris where I have been dancing since I was ten." She was one of the Gaby Deslys dancers, when that artiste had her own company and was afterwards asked to appear in a film written round the life and adventures of Gaby, Marquisette, as she styles herself in some of her star films, has played in celluloid films since 1911, when her first film was directed by Michael Carré in France. She has since started in various productions made in different parts of the Continent.

In a Baroness Orczy Story.

Before with masses of lovely blonde hair, Marquisette, an

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Dainty little Marquisette Bosky, who plays the role of "Amie Me" in "The Scandal," has had a good deal of film experience abroad. She looks like a tiny French Marquise, but is actually of Italian-Swiss extraction. My early days," she says, "were spent at Geneva and Paris where I have been dancing since I was ten." She was one of the Gaby Deslys dancers, when that artiste had her own company and was afterwards asked to appear in a film written round the life and adventures of Gaby, Marquisette, as she styles herself in some of her star films, has played in celluloid films since 1911, when her first film was directed by Michael Carré in France. She has since started in various productions made in different parts of the Continent.

In a Baroness Orczy Story.

Before with masses of lovely blonde hair, Marquisette, an

The Audacious One.

Jack Buchanan has become better known in the world of musical comedy and revue than in screenland. But he makes his official entry in the ranks of the silent stars in "The Audacious One." He found the part of "Raffles" very much to his taste. Buchanan slipped easily into some of the roles, and as he is an expert golfer, he found the part of "Raffles" very much to his taste. Among the roles, he was one of Marquisette's biggest hits. In the "Audacious One," he is an appealing, childlike little figure, though he plays the part thoroughly. As soon as she lost grown thoroughly used to it, a half of two or three days was called, but now the last exterior scenes are finished and well-meaning people no longer come and speak to "that sweet little cripple child," and profer sympathy.

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They burned him in *The Wandering Jew*, and the film was hardly finished before Matheson Lang was cheerfully considering being hanged as "Guy Fawkes," with a little torture on the rack thrown in. Jerrold Robertshaw, who perseveringly persecuted Lang in the final phase of *The Wandering Jew*, also superintended the torturing of "Guy Fawkes." Robertshaw plays "James I." in this the few lucky people who realise their daydreams quickly. His was to be a film actor, and though the nearest he got to it was staging pantomime performances at home with his friends as audience, he used to spend hours practising what "Merton of the Movies" calls "transitions," or in plain English, rehearsing different expressions and gestures which he had seen film stars use on the screen. He was a boy scout when fortune tapped him on the shoulder.

"The Vagabond's" Choice.

Carlyle Blackwell, who produced and starred in *The Beloved Vagabond* found the task of casting "Asticot" rather difficult. This boy, who accompanies the hero on his journeys and is his son by adoption needed a definite type and a rather temperamentally exuberant. And even amongst professional boy actors he couldn't find his ideal. An obsequious clerk at the Piccadilly Hotel drew Carlyle's attention to Albert the aspiring, who was only too glad to be tested. The star declared that the boy's lack of any professional experience was nothing to worry about, as he was entirely free from self-consciousness. So Albert went a-wandering with Carlyle, in London and Paris and Brittany, and had the time of his life.

Marjorie Benson and Edward Ellis in *The Lady Owner.*

No Happy Endings for Him Now.

Matheson Lang will make half-a-dozen films for Stolls. After *Guy Fawkes* you will see him as *Henry of Navarre* in an adaptation of the Dumas novel dealing with this hero. He doesn't say yet whether he is to be assassinated as "Henry IV." or whether the film ends earlier in that monarch's career. Apparently the worse they treat him in film scenarios the better Lang likes it. He always comes back for "more of the same."
GOSTA EKMAN

Has been seen in many Swedish productions, including "The Gay Knight" and "Love's Crucible." This very blonde cavalier from Stockholm has migrated to Los Angeles. He pronounces his name "Yosta Akman."
MARJORIE HUME

Made her screen debut in "Doing His Bit," and has steadily kept on doing hers in the movies ever since.
"Silent Evidence" is her latest release, her next will be a costume play of Regency Times.
CHARLES HUTCHISON

Inventor of new ways of making a screen star's life. As he always tries his inventions upon himself everybody's satisfied. "Hutch" has just completed a film, "The Typhoon," made entirely in Great Britain.
ALMA TAYLOR

At present actively engaged in re-filming favourite Hepworth stories. Alma has been on the screen since she was a child and has played for Hepworth ever since she was in short skirts.
CLARA HORTON

Is nineteen this year, and has blue eyes and pale golden hair. Some of her screen successes are "Everywoman," in which she was "Youth," "The Girl From Outside," and "Nineteen and Phyllis."
Broché velvet gives a distinctive touch to a closely swathed confection with a long train.

Rich fur ornaments the wing sleeves and train of this panne velvet creation.

An attractive chiffon evening frock trimmed with glistening deep gold lace.

Above: A cloak of gorgeous chin-chilla. Note the novel sleeves of the silver crepe tissue gown below.

A charming toilette composed of white georgette thickly sewn with crystal bugles and pearl sequins.

The Robes of Ruth

Beautiful gowns worn by Ruth Clifford in "Daughters of the Rich."
When William Fox decided to become a film producer, he looked around for efficient helpers and in the manager, or producing director of his stock company, found the man who was to play a most important role in the history of Fox Films. The man was a Canadian who had played many important theatrical roles in both England and the States, clever actor, a deep thinker, an all-around genius. And so, we introduce J. Gordon Edwards, well known to English fans for his Queen of Sheba, Nero and some fifty other Fox features. Mr. Edwards has an unique record, one company for 13 years! His story of the first feature they made he puts in practice. He told me about it in his office, at the Fox Studios between our discussion of European and American pictures and methods, the advantages and disadvantages of being a director and a number of other things, more or less of interest.

"It was in the days when three-reel pictures were coming into fashion, and we made Life's Shop Window, five reels intending to cut it down," he said. When it was run in the projection room, Mr. Fox said it was without exception, the worst picture he had ever seen and wanted us to throw it into the scrap heap. Just as an experiment we released it (our production was called the Box Office Attractions, then), and to the surprise of everybody it made a lot of money and was a financial if not an artistic success. Soon after this, Mr. Fox engaged Herbert Bremmer, also an Englishman, to make his first big feature, and Neptune's Daughter was "shot" in Bermuda, with Annette Kellerman in the leading role. The feature played many months in a first-class New York theatre and coined money for its producer.

At Mr. Edward's suggestion, Mr. Fox had engaged Betty Nansen, the distinguished Scandinavian star for a series of American productions. Unfortunately she did not make the expected success and again Mr. Fox selected Mr. Edwards to help solve the difficulty. Edwards agreed to direct a picture with Miss Nansen, stipulating that Edward José (well known in the varieties, long before he went into pictures, should play a part and coach him whenever necessary. To Edward José, Mr. Edwards gives credit for that first picture, Resurrection, which proved a great triumph for all concerned.

Then he brought Theda Bara into prominence, for it was her Cleopatra that really laid the foundation for her success as a Vamp, and directed her in a number of other plays. Mr. Edwards, too, selected Betty Blythe for the Queen of Sheba, a selection which was made from among some five or six hundred actresses, all eager and willing to play the role. Nero was another triumph and recently he completed in Italy The Shepherd King, biggest and best of all, he thinks. This will not be released until the Autumn.
I...was...was...we...31...sky...scrap...ers...weather-beaten...he...face...before,...there...mighty...and...by...O'Day,...who...was...not...Patrick...O'Day...at...all,...but...Patricia...O'Day,...the...boy...who...was...a...girl.

An...O'Day...had...been...to...America...before,...an...Andrew...O'Day,...who...went...by...the...goodness...of...his...brother...John,...the...savings...of...John...paying...for...the...passage...and...starting...the...other...in...life....But...a...quarrel...of...letters...followed...and...after...long...years...the...two...fell...apart,...so...that...neither...knew...the...whereabouts...of...the...other....Andrew...married...in...New...York...a...widow...with...one...son,...Larry...Delevan,...and...as...the...years...went...by...he...amassed...great...wealth,...and...it...came...to...be...understood...that...on...his...death...this...wealth...would...go...to...Larry....He...died,...and...the...will...was...read....And...it...was...seen...that...his...forgotten...brother...John...had...not...been...entirely...forgotten....John,...he...said...in...his...will,...must...be...now...dead....But...if...he...had...a...child...and...the...child...lived,...the...money...was...his....The...town...house...and...the...estates...were...to...be...Larry's,...the...money...was...to...be...for...the...son...of...old...John...O'Day....But...this...son,...if...he...existed,...must...put...in...an...appearance...in...New...York...to...claim...his...fortune...before...the...night...of...the...second...of...May,...1803,...or...the...fortune...would...revert...to...Larry...

On...the...evening...of...the...second...of...May,...1803,...Larry...Delevan,...and...certain...young...bloods...of...little...old...New...York,...were...celebrating,...with...some...gusto,...the...apparent...certainty...of...the...approaching...inheritance....It...was...a...very...wild...and...stormy...night...and...few...people...were...abroad...in...the...island...city....Punch...flowed...riotously...in...the...home...of...the...Delevans...and...every...one...of...the...little...gathering...was...more...than...a...little...festive....Suddenly...there...was...a...knock...at...the...door,...and...Larry's...servant,...Reilly,

admitted...a...weather-beaten...old...man...and...a...young...boy,...who...strode...with...considerable...assurance...into...the...hall...and...looked...the...revellers...full...in...the...eye...."Mister...Larry...Delevan?"...said...the...old...man....Larry...nodded...."I'm...John...O'Day....This...is...my...son,...Patrick....A...lawyer...called...on...us...in...Dublin...and...said...that...if...we...got...here...by...to-night...my...brother's...fortune...was...to...be...his...boy's....We're...here...."

To...say...that...Larry...was...stunned...is...to...say...nothing....He...sent...off...his...friends...to...their...homes...and...tried...with...the...best...grace...possible...to...face...the...situation....Lawyers...were...sent...for...and...the...whole...matter...placed...in...order,...but...this,...of...course,...pleased...him...little....Old...O'Day...was...given...a...room...in...the...house,...and...young...Patrick...a...suite,...and...Larry...found...that...owing...to...the...youth...of...the...boy,...who...was...no...more...than...eighteen,...by...the...terms...of...the...will...he...must...be...guardian...as...well...as...deposed...heir....He...met...the...new...conditions...with...little...grace,...and...for...many...days...there...was...no...young...man...of...more...sullen...visage...seen...in...the...street...of...old...New...York...than...Larry...Delevan.

"But...you...have...the...house...and...the...estates,"...protested...young...Patrick...."You...are...young...and...strong...and...can...get...along....You...are...not...left...penniless."

"Bah!"...said...Larry,...and...the...punch...bowl...came...to...be...filled...more...often...than...ever...

One...day...old...John...O'Day...died...suddenly...in...his...bed,...and...after...his...death...young...Patrick...seemed...to...suffer...from...a...wide...and...vast...change....He...approached...Larry...as...the...latter...stood...brooding...over...the...old...sundial...one...day...and...put...his...arm...through...that...of...his...guardian...and...said:..."Do...you...know...why...I...came...all...this...way...to...claim...my...fortune?"

"I...neither...know...nor...care,"...said...Larry...

"But...you...shall...know."

Larry...frowned...."It...was...to...please...my...old...father,"...said...Patrick...."He...was...very...old...and...his...life...in...Ireland...has...been...very...hard.
Larry Delevan submitted to his guardianship with but little grace.

"Stand out!" cried Larry. "Listen, Robert. You know how I am placed. You know that if I can hope to keep my place in society I must very swiftly become possessed of much more money than I can command at the present moment. How shall I do this? I know of no better or surer way than by taking up a half interest in your invention. I have that much faith in it."

"You are a good friend," said Fulton, "and I will keep my offer open another ten days as you desire before applying elsewhere for the capital."

Patrick O'Day was sitting not very far away during this talk and as a result of what he heard he hurried down town on the following morning to see his lawyer, John Jacob Astor. "And well," said the great financier, "and what can I do for the little Irish stranger this morning?"

"You can lend me," said Patrick, "fifty thousand dollars to invest in Robert Fulton's steamboat."

"Indeed I can not," said the great John Jacob. "The venture is the height of folly and I could not countenance such rashness. A steam ferry? Flying machines are as likely. No, no. I will take you out and help to make a business man of you by teaching you to buy real estate. There is good land going this morning at the sale in the neighbourhood of Gramercy Road. You shall invest your fifty thousand there and learn a little sense."

He prepared to go along with the lad, but at that moment Cornelius Vanderbilt came in with some dusty deed that required immediate and close attention. "We must postpone our visit to the sale until tomorrow," said Mr. Astor to the boy.

"When the best lots will be gone," said Patrick.

John Jacob showed his appreciation of the boy's astuteness by patting him on the head. "Why not let me become a man of affairs by bidding myself," urged Patrick. "It is a good idea." And Mr. Astor proceeded to draw a cheque in Patrick's favour for the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and with this the boy took his departure.

He hurried round to the Delevan house, only to find that Larry was out at a grand reception that was being given at the house next door by a wealthy heiress newly back from the wonders of London. Patrick made his way to the garden and stood beside the old sundial. Through the windows of the next house he could see the heiress attempting to charm the good-looking Larry with her foreign ways and acquired accomplishments. She was even singing to him the latest air from London Town.

Patrick's eyes became strangely moist at the sight, and returning to the house he took out his little Irish harp and went once more into the garden.

A little Irish melody stole through the scented air. From the piano in the drawing room of the next house Larry crept as soon as he could with politeness and back into the garden of his own home. There he found Patrick.

"You are a strange boy," he said with a sad smile. "Do you know, I prefer to sit here talking to you and listening to your playing than being with the richest heiress in New York."

"I have got that money," said Patrick.

"What money?"

"The fifty thousand you want for Robert Fulton's steamboat."

"What do you know of that? And in any case how can you have obtained so large a sum?"

"I got it from Jacob Astor. He thinks I shall invest it in real estate. Here is the cheque."

"Why should you give it to me?"

"Because, Larry, I like you."

"No, no, I cannot take it from you.
I shall find some other way before the time is out."

Larry rose in some haste and calling for a wagon steered his way downtown through the quaint old street of the city. In time he came to where the old Fire House stood and was attracted by the shoutings of one Bully Boy Brewster, who was the hope of the pugilistic fireman and who was engaged to fight the Hoboken Terror at the very Fire House bell tower where he now stood.

Larry listened for some considerable time to the man's boastings and soon became possessed of the idea that here at last was an opportunity to retrieve his scattered chances.

Hurrying back into the town he proceeded to mortgage all his house and estate property with whoever could be persuaded to take on the deal at so short a notice. He realized close on ten thousand dollars for the lot, and this he promptly proceeded to put on the chances of Bully Boy Brewster for that night's fight. The Bully Boy had few fanciers and Larry did not find it difficult to obtain very favourable odds. He stood to make, in the event of victory, more than double the amount that he had promised Fulton; but in the event of defeat . . . he must lose all.

Fulton had borrowed pretty considerably and the steamboat was ready for the water before the time for Larry's deposit fell due. The day was a Saturday when all New York was free to witness, and it was a proud day in the history of the great city. All along the banks of the Hudson great crowds had gathered, and so heavy was the press on the landing stages that scarcely a moment went by without some small boy or drunken citizen falling into the water. Patrick had, by grace of Larry, been given a place on the Fulton, as the new steam boat was called, and in addition there was Fulton himself, Larry, the Vanderbilt family and other leaders of the elite in little New York city.

Close on the appointed hour, smoke was seen to be rising from the funnel, to Fulton's great joy and the citizens' great surprise, the paddle began to revolve. Suddenly it was seen that the great thing was moving forward and the great roar of a thousand cheers rent the air. The Fulton was a fact, a success, and people who had scoffed up till an hour before, now crowded round with congratulations and requests to be permitted to invest in the venture.

Patrick O'Day took Robert Fulton aside as the great boat ploughed its way up the Hudson.

"Here," said Patrick, "are fifty thousand dollars—Larry's share in your enterprise."

"He is before time," said Robert.

"But why does he not bring it himself?"

"Because," said Patrick, "he does not know about it, and he must not.

If Bully Boy Brewster wins the fight to-morrow night he need know nothing about it. But if Bully Boy loses—this is Larry's investment. Sure, an' you understand."

"I'm not sure," said Robert, with a smile, "but I'll not ask questions."

"That's the way to talk," said Patrick. And at that moment the Fulton turned and made its way down stream.

The Fire House was packed to the doors—packed to the very street—on the night of the fight with the Hoboken Terror, but Patrick had contrived, by being early on the spot, to secure a good place in which to witness the fight, in a window half way up the staircase to the tower. Far below he could see Larry and his friends.

The Hoboken Terror was certainly a terror, if only to the eye. Patrick had never seen an uglier man before. And ugly as he was a spectacle even uglier was he as an opponent. Before the fight had been in progress ten minutes a hoarse cry from the corner where Larry sat told that the end was already a foregone conclusion. The town knew of the fact that Larry had staked all on Bully Boy and it knew that if the Terror won it meant ruin for him. And here was the Terror winning!

Suddenly, as the Terror stood poised above Bully Boy, and it seemed a certainty that a blow must fall which would put the latter out of the fight and beyond all argument, a bell rang out clear and shrill up in the tower and the cry was taken up by every throat in the packed hall:

"A fire!"

The Terror lowered his fist and looked round at the sudden stirring. And at that moment Bully Boy Brewster saw his chance and took it.

"A fire!" he yelled. "A fire, a fire, a fire!!!!" And he sprang over the rails and ran for his helmet and his life.

The hall was empty in a moment or two. The engines were dragged forth and the quest of the flames began. Nobody seemed to know where the fire was. The madly racing crowds first tore down to the foot of the island, then across to the east side and back into the Broadway. But the further they went the more decisive was the news they gathered. There was no fire in all New York.

And then it began to dawn upon people.

Bully Boy Brewster was a fireman. Bully Boy Brewster was losing. Who had rung the bell in the tower of the Fire House. And why?

Because Bully Boy Brewster was losing? And who stood to lose most by his defeat?

Larry Delevan!

It tore through the town like a whisper of the gods.

Larry Delevan!

Everybody heard it and everybody took it up. It went up the island and down and island and across.

Larry Delevan!

"Lynch him!"

And even, in one enterprising quarter, was one enterprising gentleman complete with rope.
fire—particularly when the fire was not forthcoming—to an informal execution. Lynch Larry Delevan! Who was he, anyway, now that the fire had gone the wrong way? A penniless nobody! Lynch him!

But the few timid onlookers who had kept to the Fire House were suddenly startled by the apparition of a pale and white clad figure that crept down the spiral staircase from the top of the tower and ran across the floor and threw itself against the watchers at the door and cried:

"That is not Larry Delevan. He does not know of this. I rang the bell!"

The crowd swung round again. Here, then, was no opportunity for lynching. This was young Patrick O'Day from Ireland, and Young Patrick O'Day could not stand to gain a penny for the outcome of the fight.

All that Patrick O'Day done was to spoil sport. He could not be lynched for that. But what could be done to him?

As it was the Hoboken Terror's sport that had chiefly been spoilt by Patrick O'Day's interference, it appeared that the worst thing to do was to leave the disposal of Patrick to the Terror himself.

"Done to him!" yelled the Terror. "I know what we can do to young puppers that butt in—spoil sport. I know!"

Not far from the Fire House stood the old stocks and pillory, with leather thongs, with which used now except in the extremest cases. But this was an extreme case. The Terror pulled Patrick forward amid the derisal about and the sport thirsty took and several of the jail's hands to the thongs. Then he swung round with a spearful spring.

"The whip!" he cried. Who's got the whip?

"Nobody found the whip and torn it up. The Terror cracked it against the air in the air to gain its softness, and then passed it round.

The whip

"Who said it to the crowd?" he cried. "I know!"

The whip was not brought by the boy and the boy cradled it in his arm. He then ran forward and threw the whip into the hands of the boy behind him. The boy in his turn flung it down into the lap of the next boy. The boy in his turn flung it down into the lap of the boy behind him. He then ran forward with the whip round his left arm; to fell from the stocks but the whip rose up. But to use enough of fancy, things might be gone very badly indeed with the rescue party.

The hose pipe that was attached to the town engine was unrolled and brought into service. The crowd was flooded off its feet and chased from the square, and after the wildest night that little old New York had ever known the worn but gallant little hand reached the refuge of the Delevan home once more.

It was morning before "Patrick O'Day" was sufficiently recovered to be able to tell her story. Only Larry was there to hear.

"I don't understand," he said, "but I know all you've been trying to do for me, and I can never, never be sufficiently grateful. Old John Jacob is in a towering rage over the trick you played him with the money, and they say that you will be brought up at the Town Chambers to answer to a charge of misappropriating the amount. Tell me, how has it all come about?"

She smiled a tired little smile and told her story.

"It has all come about," she said, "because I am Patricia O'Day and not Patrick. We set sail with my brother as one of our party, but—he died on the way over in a storm. It was then that my father had the idea of this impersonation. I have told you how hard his life has always been. For his sake he consented. But since he died I have been sorry. I have grown to like you, Larry, and what I have done to-night and at other times has just been by way of restitution. Of course now you will know that the fortune is not mine at all by rights, but yours once more. It was Larry Delevan's money that went into the Fulton."

"You have been a fool, a brave little—"

She looked up at him and smiled.

"Boy?"

"No—girl. And—"

He looked away, but she taunted him into an answer.

"Well, then," he said, "I like you better now you are no longer a boy. That's all. And now you must get well again and let us all see just what you look like in your crinoline. I am sure you will look more than ever in your own clothes."

Even the Town Council was improved, when the young man was at length brought before them.

John Jacob Astor took Larry aside.

"If you could get away for a little time until it all blows over," he suggested, "People soon forget, you know."

"That, sir," replied Larry, "is the very thing we propose doing. We are going on a honeymoon."

John Jacob Astor looked first at Larry and then at the girl. And at length he smiled.

"I see," he remarked. "Then that shall be your sentence."

"Thank you," they said.
Hoot Gibson counts himself a veteran cowboy, though he scarcely looks the part. Born in Nebraska, he is not thirty yet, and has won more riding contests than he can recite off-hand, including the gold belt in 1912 as champion cowboy of the world. Movies roped him in as early as nineteen, and his first day "on location" was with Selig's The Rustlers company at Nebraska Valley, Los Angeles. Gibson has spent quite a few days there since, for Universal Studios stands on that exact site and he has done practically all his movie work for this company. Two-reel dramas before the War, work with Harry Carey after it, and finally stardom, not at all a bad record. His travels and adventures off-screen would make a thrilling book.
Pictures and Picturegoer

In "Trifling Women"

His "straight from the shoulder" expression. Lewis Stone isn't always romantic.

Of recent years the relentless mills of film have swept into their maw a goodly selection of fresh grist to cater for the ceaseless demand of the picture theatre public for fresh faces. Because the machinery of the studio is very exacting, the tares have been separated from the real talent. And one who has survived this process of the selection of the fittest with great distinction, is Lewis Stone. He is of the old generation of the stage, but of the fresh generation of film stars.

It is an interesting sidelight upon the eternal survival of romance in humankind, that Lewis Stone has so speedily succeeded on the screen, almost solely with his virile love making and dashing adventure. In these days of psychological studies eternal triangle dramas, and grotesque screen reflections of abnormal men and women, it is remarkable that Lewis Stone should have won through with what might be termed love making de luxe.

In the Prisoner of Zenda, he injected with his courtly romantic charm, fresh life into the bones of the love stories that crinolined ladies and side-whiskered gentlemen of the early Victorian period, revelled in thirty years ago.

Will the feminists and the advanced women of to-day take up the challenge that Lewis Stone has directed towards them? For his rapidly growing popularity, especially amongst the vast army of picturegoers of the fair sex, proves that the hearts of modern Eves are as susceptible as ever to the lure of courtly romance. They fall for Lewis like ninepins.

Had he lived in the prehistoric age, he would undoubtedly have bowed politely to the lady of his choice, and in his charming dignified voice apoloised for the necessity of the interlude occasioned by the smiting of her husband with a hefty club.

When Lewis Stone rattled his sword in its scabbard in defence of a fair lady in Zenda, he leaped into screen stardom in a night. Which provides food for thought in the direction of appreciating the power of the movies. For he had fought for fair charmers for many years behind the stage footlights, yet he was never regarded as a matinee idol. Now the screen has given him a place in the hearts of modern daughters of Eve which is akin to that of Rodolphi Valentino.

As the temerarious "Augustus" in "The Count," with Myrtle Stedman.
Lewis Stone's first picture was *Honor's Altar*, and he made a gallant figure in *The River's End, Beau Revel* and *Held by the Enemy*. He is now at work on *Scaramouche*, the screen version of the famous novel of the French Revolution.

This romantic revivalist, who in keeping with the best traditions of successful men, ran away from home in his boyhood to go to sea, is very sincere.

With only a meagre knowledge of music he was detailed to play the part of the famous virtuoso who figures in the screen story of *The Concert*. He spent hours and hours perfecting himself in the mastering of the music of Liszt. He was convinced that this was the only way to

Perhaps beneath the courtly romantic exterior which handsome Lewis Stone—the compliment that the Americans pay him is that he looks every inch an English gentleman—brings to the screen lies the inherent strength of the cave man. And in some subtle manner this trait radiates its eternal appeal from the screen to the myriad fair admirers who have acclaimed him as their special hero.

Lewis Stone is a neck or nothing man, though not in the sense of a Charles Hutchison. His risks are reflected in finer shades of human appeal, the portrayals of a strong man, who looks straight-living men clean in the eyes, and smashes his fist against the lying mouths of rogues or hypocrites who betray the trust of fellow beings.
A Day with Jackie Coogan

The tricycle which shares his affections with his auto.

Right: Jackie in his dressing room. Circle: A little light refreshment.

Left: A little baseball practice.

Jackie with his father and mother.
Nature's gifts brought lovely Marion Davies into the land of Kleig lights after she had been painted and posted by all the famous artists in America, but had there not been an alert intelligence there as well she would not have become the popular favourite she is.

Beautiful girls glided with languorous grace beneath the brilliant million candle-power beams of the Sunlight arc lamps which flooded the studio floor over which a polite attendant escorted me. He was in a hurry. I was not. For a dance scene was being "shot" by the tireless cameras, and the flash of silk-clad limbs and the lift of well-rounded shoulders to an exotic fox trot provided a fascinating panorama of fair femininity.

I peered through an aperture that with eagle eye I discovered between a massive frame of Kleig lights and a remarkably substantial property pillar, and wondered where so much sparkling beauty had been gleaned.

The attendant coughed diplomatically in my car.

"Miss Davies is waiting in her dressing room," he reminded, and resignedly I resumed my pilgrimage.

But when the beautiful star crossed her apartment to greet me, the diversion of the dainty dancers, who had distracted my faltering footsteps faded from memory.

It seemed as though I had been attracted by the glitter of trivial briliants, but now the priceless jewel of rare beauty scintillated before me with unchallengeable charm.
gained her the life-long affection of the sisters in the convent where she was educated.

When Marion Davies smiled, and the Californian sun glinting through her dressing room window, caressed her delicate golden hair with soft light, she might have been a fairy who had stepped from the pages of some book of romance.

So it seemed appropriate that as she sat in the dainty room where she arrayed her beauty for the cameras, she should unfold a story of her entry into footlight and film fame which was in itself an adventure suggestive of phantasy.

Like the forlorn child of romance she gave up the comforts of home for the glitter of cities. She was wandering disconsolately about town one afternoon when a group of pretty girls congregated around a theatre entrance attracted her attention.

They were fair candidates for places in the chorus of the new revue "Chin Chin."

"One of the girls looked a kindly person," explains Marion, in telling of her first step on the ladder which ultimately raised her to undreamed of fame, "that I went over and asked what she was waiting for. 'There's a call for the chorus,' my new friend told me. 'Why don't you try your luck?' And so through the friendly advice of a stranger I gained the chance of a place in the theatrical sun, for I was engaged at ten dollars a week.

"But it was a very small place," reminisced my beautiful hostess. "And later you became famous as 'The Magazine Girl,' I reminded her. And I realised how fitting that name was as I gazed at her perfectly poised head and features so exquisitely balanced that even the most mundane physiognomist armed with a foot rule could scarcely have found beauty's measure at fault.
"For that I have to thank Harrison Fisher," she said with gratitude reflected in her big expressive eyes.

"He saw me on the stage and asked me to pose for him. He taught me a great deal in his studio, which was very valuable to me afterwards when I came to the screen. I do not think the association between the work of artists who bring a realistic suggestion of life to canvas, and the creations of film producers, is so closely allied as it deserves to be.

"Fisher taught me how to express emotion with the tilt of the head, the droop of eye-lashes, the line of the mouth. All those things he had to see, before he could bring them to the canvas. And from his clever artistry I gleaned the essentials of acting as the cameras demand it. The restrained, subtle expressions of the face which radiate realistic emotions from the screen."

As Marion Davies sat talking to me of the inner meaning of screen artistry, I felt rather like the child whose mouth opens with astonishment when a mechanical doll with the aid of mysterious hidden springs produces its waxes lips a sound approximating to the human voice.

Beauty is judged by the world with conventional standards, and had I confessed it, I too had believed that it was improbable that Dame Nature would have lavished both rare charm and brains on Marion Davies.

"You study the deeper side of screen acting," I said a little shame-facedly.

"Not study, for my work is a hobby," she corrected.

"Why in my first picture, Runaway Romany, I wrote the scenario and the screen title. But by the time that I had come to the screen I had a good deal of experience, with the Ziegfeld Follies. Here again I was lucky for I was invited to join that exclusive company through the pub-

Right: Marion Davies ready for the Fancy Dress Ball scene in "Buried Treasure."

Below: Another scene from the same film.

licity which such artists as Harrison Fisher, Penrhyn Stanlaws, Montgomery Flagg and Nell Brinkley gave me. I was a model for them for several years. And there I had an advantage over those whose features are popularised by photographic arts alone. Artists who work on the canvas, can bring out personality and accentuate the gift's of nature in a way that the lens of the camera can scarcely compete with."

And here Marion Davies is certainly right. For it is doubtful if there is a girl whose face has become more familiar to the world. She has been posterised, covered and calendarised, until her beauty has become symbolic of feminine charm as linked to the subtle art of advertising.

Marion Davies believes that the stage trains for the screen and her theory is apparently a sound one in her case. For after Runaway Romany,although she appeared for the first time before the relentless film cameras, and at the first time of asking proved a big success, she started on an ambitious career in the movies.

A contract with Cosmopolitan-Paramount speedily followed, and then came her memorable work in The Cinema Murder, April Folly, The Dark Star, Getting Mary Married, Enchantment, The Young Diana, When Knighthood was in Flower and Little Old New York.

The influence of the gifted artists who utilised her beauty and personality for their canvases, seem to have had considerable influence on Marion Davies' screen work.
"Haskell Coffin," she told me with a little shy laugh, for she is very sensitive for fear that she may convey the impression that she places too great a personal value on her charm, "Used to picture me insincerity or lack of belief in one's abilities. So one must learn to wear costume with conviction."

As we talked of her many pictures, which represent a length of experience one finds it difficult to associate with this almost girlish beauty, who still seems on the borders of womanhood, Marion Davies confessed that she seldom resisted the opportunity to introduce costume scenes into her photoplays.

"May be some ancestress of mine who turned the heads of the gallants of old has sent me a message down through the centuries." Her deep blue eyes lit with laughter, as she expressed this fanciful effort of imagination, with the happy spirit of a child relating a fairy story.

"You remember in The Bride's Play, I figured in a wedding scene set in the Middle Ages?"

I nodded my head.

"Well," she went on a little shyly, her long artistic fingers clasped in her lap and her pretty head bent forward a little eagerly, "If ever I get married I should like to be wedded like that. It is all so impressive and splendid, as I think marriages should be."

For a passing moment I wondered if this beautiful girl who sat gazing into space with a suggestion of wistful fitness in her appealing eyes was just a little lonely. But he who wins
DORIS EATON

is one of the many Film Beauties who use Eastern Foam. She says:

"The Oriental fragrance of this charming Vanishing Cream is distinctly pleasing in its effects, and I have much pleasure in recommending it to the public."

The Charm of Enduring Beauty:

What could add more to the joy of Summer than the promise of enduring beauty? 'EASTERN FOAM' Vanishing Cream holds this promise for you—the "Cream of Fascination" will keep your skin beautifully clear and fresh throughout the hottest day, imparting a velvety bloom to the complexion. It will protect your skin from freckles, blistering, and other unwelcome effects of the sun. 'EASTERN FOAM' should be applied not only to the face, but to the neck and arms—it has a wonderful whitening effect upon the skin. Its exclusive perfume is delightfully refreshing.

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Dainty Aluminium Boxes of 'EASTERN FOAM'—ideal for the pocket or handbag—are being distributed free. Merely send, enclosing 1d. stamped addressed envelope for return to The British Drug Houses, Ltd. (Dept. J.D.B.), 16-30, Graham Street, London, N.1.

"EASTERN FOAM" is sold in large pots. Price 1/4.

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"EASTERN FOAM" is sold in large pots. Price 1/4.
Walter Tennyson Arrives

The renowned "playing fields of Eton" have now obtained a new distinction apart from their traditional association with Mars. These historical precincts have now produced a British film star in the person of handsome Walter Tennyson, who is an old Etonian.

This tall, blue-eyed Adonis, who of recent months has flashed across the planet of screen stardom with meteor-like rapidity, has broken many traditional beliefs that revolve around the ascent to film fame.

He has no interesting story of some lucky chance, which placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder leading to screen popularity. No kindly fate gave him a helping hand. In fact he has given a new dignity to success in the movies, for like many merchant princes who rose to wealth from lowly positions, Walter Tennyson never searched for rose-strewn paths but started in on the ground floor.

He is one of the few of the artists of the screen, whose life story when it comes to be recorded will approximate to the ever-popular narrative which is told beneath such headings as "From Office Boy to Millionaire" or "From Cabin Boy to Admiral."

Wellington said that every soldier had a Field Marshal's baton in his knapsack.

Walter Tennyson, has adapted that famous soldier's words and proved that every film super has the laurels of screen stardom in his modest pay envelope—but just a moment. One must quality that prophecy with the condition that the optimistic extra has the necessary grit and that patience for detail which is akin to genius.

British picturegoers first began to sit up and take notice of big Walter Tennyson in Tell Your Children. That picture was his first real debut before the cameras.

But he came to the studios with his assiduative mind, arid adapted that famous soldier's words and proved that every film super has the laurels of screen stardom in his modest pay envelope—but just a moment. One must quality that prophecy with the condition that the optimistic extra has the necessary grit and that patience for detail which is akin to genius.

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But he came to the studios with his assiduative mind, arid

An above: A studio portrait of Walter Tennyson.

Left: Walter in meditative mood.

concerning the movies which are essential to screen success.

He became famous in a night but he had prepared the structure of his pinnacle of fame very thoroughly. Instead of taking a small part in a picture, and as is so often too true in real life, sitting down to wait for the gods to bestow on him a leading role, he commenced to learn his job thoroughly. He sailed across the Atlantic to visit the studios of Los Angeles, where he mastered the technique of lighting, studio management and production. When he was not playing small crowd parts he was helping harassed mechanics to trim the carbons of refractory arc lamps, giving studio carpenters a hand with hammers and chisels, or rushing extra cameras at breakneck speed in motor cars to distant locations.

And so he gradually assimilated the knowledge that was to prove invaluable to him, in his future film career.

Walter Tennyson, who is a descendant of the great Tennyson himself, is regarded as an artiste whose virile and highly intelligent mentality will bring to the screen much of the breadth of outlook and understanding of the deeper phases of life associated with his famous ancestor.
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TABLETS
4d. and 9d. per packet.

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Experts have known this for years and have used olive oil constantly as the base of proper hair cleansing. Women doing their hair at home have not been able to use this vital oil because of the difficulty of blending it to get the necessary lather.

Now we have blended it for you, in Palmolive Shampoo, so you can give yourself, at home, the same wonderful hair treatment that an expert would give. Send for a free test bottle and see what amazing results you get from using olive oil in this convenient modern form.

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Please send me without charge an 8d. trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo.

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Postcode, July.
Since the time when Clive Brook was a schoolboy he has seemed destined to have his temper sorely tried, and to experience all sorts of torture from others.

A boy of wits and spirit, he is always subject to unkind and rather personal remarks, and this Clive Brook proves. His school cap ever fitted his head (as his brother called it) and he naturally served his school companions as a good excuse for teasing him when games were played. Brook, however, fought worthily, emerging from such moments more muscular and stronger than ever before. He even went so far as to strike one of his tormentors (a schoolmate) in self-defense.

Reading downwards: Clive Brook in "The Experiment"; with Violet Hapson and Gregory Scott in "Kissing Cup’s Race"; a scene from "Shirley," and with Pauline Peters in "Her Penalty.

Below: As the naval hero of "Through Fire and Water."

gree, for not by jeers and taunts is he tortured, but by physical pain as well. In "Through Fire and Water," a film which is adapted from "Greensea Island," Brook is knocked down, thrown into the docks and nearly drowned, again set upon by his enemies, and nearly strangled, bound and gagged and left to burn to death, and finally shot—in fact he underwent nearly every terror which the screen censor will allow. As an officer, such parts are tiring in "The Rebut," but Brook long ago made a resolution that "Medal," he would never grumble at what might be called upon to do—and he never has done so, although recently his indomitable spirit almost gave way under the severe strain. He had worked before the camera for thirteen hours without a break, during which time he had been through five fight rehearsals and a "strangling" scene. At 10 p.m. Brook was playing a calmer scene, when quietly and unobtrusively he slipped from the chair in which he was seated, in a dead faint. Brandy was administered to him and he revived and worked on for two hours longer.

"It was one of my off days," explained Brook—but others in the studio thought differently.

Brook, by the way, had not thought seriously of acting as a profession until after the War when, having no other profession to which to turn his attentions, he secured (after great difficulty) a part with Ethel Best in "Fair and Warmer." This was followed by other successes on the stage, and it says much for Brook's ability as an actor when one realises that his first screen engagement was also a leading part in "Retreat East." He is one of the very few British screen actors who have not experienced the awful drudgery of crowd and small part work.
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are obtainable in all the newest styles and designs. None genuine without the neck tab. “LUVISCA” standard guaranteed Blouses with the BLUE neck tab are the best possible value in “LUVISCA.” Any Blouse bearing this tab not giving unqualified satisfaction will be immediately replaced.

All Leading Drapers sell “LUVISCA” (37–38 ins. wide) in latest shades and colourings, including new cord effects.
Striped designs 3/11½
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Use this
dainty miniature safety toilet razor, instead of chemical preparations of doubtful value and certain trouble. You will find it much better in every way.

Special narrow blades with rounded corners. Beautifully made and put up in a handsome case, it will be sent direct to you on receipt of money order for 5½d. Extra blades can always be supplied at 2½d per doz.

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ROOM 16, 5 JOHN STREET
ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2.
AN ODE TO THE STARS.
I've sung our Mary's praises till my throat is nearly dry,
Set Nazio on a pedestal that nearly reached the sky—
I've gazed with rapt, admiring eyes
at both the sisters Gish,
And just to have them speak to me is my most ardent wish.
Then dashing, daring, lovely Pearl
I've travelled miles to see,
And Golden Juanita too, is very dear to me.
The mystic Theda's "vampish" charms have made my pulses throb.
One look from Norma's mournful eyes can make me wildly sob.
For villainous perfec⁠trion Cecil Humphreys has my vote.
And handsome Henry Edwards is a hero of great note.
Hal Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin both deserve my special praise.
And little Jackie Coogan, with his taking little ways.
Yes, I like them, all and sundry, every smutty one I've seen.
The dazzling brilliant stars that shine upon the Movie Screen.
Whether funny, quaint or tragic, their acting's simply fine.
I'd love to shake them by the hand and call them friends or mine.
Jeanette (Chesster).

OUR NELLIE.
Our Nellie is a movie girl,
To all the plays she goes,
At night she tells us just what's on,
White Mother sits and says,
"I think that Rudolph's simply grand,
They showed him there to-day.
And Theda Harms is coming soon
in 'What She Had to Pay.'"
"Now isn't Jackie Coogan sweet,
And Harold Lloyd a scream.
Oh! Tommy Meighan's on next week,
I think that he's a dream." She never spends her money now,
On pop or jelly beans.
But saves it all for picture shows
And movie magazines.

TO ALMA.
Of all the stars that I love best,
There's none that can compare
With dainty Alma Taylor—
The fairest of the fair.
Her eyes are blue as summer skies,
Her hair's both long and brown,
You'll never find a brighter star
In dear old London Town.

E. V. H. (New Barnet).

A PROPHECY.
Wait a bit; wait a bit; wait a bit longer.
Fame of Novarro is growing much stronger.
Very soon you will see,
Star among stars he'll be,
Revelling great Knuds.
(Can't put it stronger.)
Ramon with smile so sweet,
Brings ladies to his feet.
Soon we shall find them in numbers increased,
Fait "fans" will him adore,
Loving him more and more,
Prize of his deathly bright
Beauty years uncasing.
Thus, at a rapid rate
Ramon will captivate
Films entirely, save those that cry, "No!"
Thus will we be agreed,
Equal they we included.
Ramon the god eyed, and
Brave Valentino
"Gooseberry" (Cheshire).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.
This is your department of Picturegoer. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the Picturegoer.
Address: "Faults," the Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

How Do You Know?
In Mad Love, just released, there is a scene in a padded room of an asylum. The lunatic tears with his fingers at the padded wall, and then throws a chair upon the bedstead. In a real padded room there is neither a chair nor a bedstead, the mattress being right on the floor, while the walls are padded so tightly that it is impossible to clutch hold of anything.
R. (London).

Pharaoh's Fertile Whiskers.
In The Loves of Pharaoh, when "Pharaoh" is left for dead on the desert sand, after the battle, his head is shaved smooth. Yet, when he returns, after two or three days, he has long hair on head and face.
S. K. (Parkstone).

Sherlock Holmes Scores Again!
Some of " Moriarty's " gang in the play Moriarty are waiting to trap " Sherlock Holmes " in a gas-filled room. Before he comes in, one of the gang is about to light a cigarette. A fellow conspirator stops him, saying that they will all be blown up if he does so. Yet when " Holmes " arrives he lights a cigar and smokes it, without any disastrous results.
M. F. T. (Westgate).

Maskelyne and Devant in a Motor Car.
When Owen Nares, as " Lord Sloane " in Brown Sugar, is pursuing his runaway wife, how is it that, whilst waiting for the tram to pass the crossroads he is alone in his car, and upon arriving in London he is accompanied by a chauffeur? Has the chauffeur dropped from the tram or the skyes? D. P. (Birmingham).

Bakers Please Note!
In A Poor Relation the parrot is given a slice of bread. He eats quite a noticeable amount and then drops it. " A close up " is shown of the bread, as if to make the point that the creature could not possibly hold the parrot's perch, and the slice is once more as whole as when cut from the loaf.
M. C. E. (Cheltenham).

Callous.
Dorothy Gish, as " Pat " in the film Flying Pat., goes for a flight with her husband's friend. In a moment of alarm she clutches the controls, and the machine crashes earthwards. It strikes a tree about fifty yards from the road, along which quite a number of motor cars and lorries are passing. Yet not the slightest interest is shown in the accident by the occupants of the cars.
J. P. R. (Manchester).
Yardley's Freesia Face Powder

There is no charm to rival the fascination of a beautiful complexion.

Perfect the tint and texture of your skin with this face powder of exquisite fineness, luxuriously perfumed with the fascinating fragrance of the Freesia flower.

Tints:—Natural, Rose, White or Rachel.

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"I must confess to a certain discrimination in my choice of chocolates, and Lyons' are among the most delicious I have ever tasted."

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Corner Houses,
LYONS TEASHOPS
and by most High
Class Confectioners,
Theatres and Cinemas.
A New Comedian

A s becomes a late sparring partner of Jack Dempsey, the world's heavyweight champion, big Bull Montana has brought a punch to pictures, which many battered supers heartily wish he had left behind in the roped arena.

But Bull, where many whom nature has treated unkindly have failed, has found the way to place a premium on startling ugliness. He has filled his coffers of recent years with far more dollars through the process of smudging studio extras than any rival purse seeker in the boxing ring.

If you analyse his great cauliflower ears, his monstrous square jowl and super neck which requires a twenty inch collar, the result is to realise that Bull Montana's rise to screen stardom is due to his primitive appeal.

He is the new type of cave man, and one who is probably nearer to the human conception of the prehistoric man than the marvellously square jawed tyrant, who tames womankind in the drawing rooms of society screen drama.

It is the old story of ugliness which appeals because it is human, and beneath which an undercurrent of fear lies. Our ancestors paid their pence to see the human freaks in the old-time penny gaffs. To-day if the truth were recognised, much the same spirit inspires the admirer of Bull Montana to slip their coins through the paybox windows to view his unusual ugliness on the silver sheet.

And Bull has a sense of humour, which ranges from his original idea of striking matches on the almost hide like skin of his neck, to arraying himself in the garb of a child with his great limbs protruding from frills and flounces with ludicrous drollery.

Lately he has been naturalised as an American citizen, but he was born in Italy, thirty-four years ago. Ice man, professional wrestler, miner, shoemaker and now film star, he has had his vagaries of fortune. And it was probably the fact he had been
When Fred Niblo ordered seven "square riggers" for use in the pirate scenes of Captain Applejack they looked so like the poaching vessels which are the especial enemies of the U.S.A. patrol boats that he had to insure them against accidental scuttling by these sea-police. Since the prohibition laws, the U.S.A. patrol force and Mexican gunboats have hunted down all suspicious looking craft failing to "lay to" on command. And as Niblo's fleet were so constructed that they were unable to come about speedily he ran quite a risk of losing one or two. A Los Angeles Insurance broker took the risk, and framed the peculiarly worded contract as a souvenier.

Moyna McGill makes all too few appearances on the screen these days. She played a smallish part in a Samuelson problem play recently, but seems to cling closely to the art of the stage. Moyna is a delightful actress, and her "Sally," in "Success," at The Haymarket Theatre, London, should not be missed by picturegoers who have only seen and not heard her.

In The Spanish Jade, one of the month's releases, you will make the acquaintance of Charles De Roche, the new Paramount leading man, who has just finished a film opposite Dorothy Dalton. He is called Charles De Rochefort in the cast of The Spanish Jade and was "discovered" whilst the company were in Spain. Charles is a very tall, sinewy person, with, however, a romantic smile and an air of command, both of which should commend themselves to "fans" who are seeking a fresh subject for hero-worship.

Percy Marmount, whose "Mark Sabre," in If Winter Comes, will be seen here very shortly has signed on for another Fox film. This is You Can't Get Away With It, and will be made in Hollywood.

James Kirkwood has been on the sick list whilst filming The Eagle's Feather (a Katherine Newlin Burt magazine story). J. K. was on location with a herd of cattle; for he plays a ranch foreman. Stampede scenes were being made and a whole herd of cowboys just out of camera range were heading off the cattle in the way they should go. Kirkwood was on horseback, and though he knew it not, his mount was a trained "stunt" actor. His owner had taught him to leap up in the air and then fall "dead," at a given signal, and made a nice little sum of money hiring him out for movies.

As the filming proceeded, the herd gradually spread so that the camera lost them and the cowboys were ordered to get them together again. With shouts and whoopings this was done, but the excited cattle suddenly charged down upon Kirkwood, who slapped his horse on the side with the reins, to make him swerve out of their way. But this was the signal for the horse to do his little circus act, and this he did with such promptitude and energy that he flung the actor clean over his head and well out of the way of the cattle and then dropped "dead" himself. James Kirkwood lost a good deal of skin over it, and also sprained his ankle rather badly.

Picturegoers will be sorry to hear of the death of Macey Harlan, which occurred in June at Sananac Lake, where he had gone for a rest. He specialised in Oriental roles and had just completed work on the Pola Negri film Bella Donna. Harlan appeared with most of the well-known stars, he was in The Right To Love with Mae Murray, and in Elsie Ferguson and Pauline Frederick films.

Eleanor Boardman, the heroine of Souls For Sale is working on a new picture, The Day of Faith, with Wallace MacDonald and Raymond Griffith.
With beauty, as with the greatness spoken of by Shakespeare, some are born to it—have it thrust upon them—others achieve it by using Madame Helena Rubinstein's Key to Beauty, which unlocks the door leading to attractiveness and charm, success and happiness.

And even the beauty that it needs care and cultivation, otherwise the passing years will engrave tragic marks on the beauty that you

Madame Rubinstein, whose name for a quarter of a century has been a household word for beauty seekers throughout the world, who is supreme in beauty knowledge and wisdom, gives the comforting assurance of unlocking beauty cultivation and preservation to young and old, beautiful and unbeautiful, to all in fact, who yearn for the loveliness of perfect contour, the charm of an unwrinkled skin, a fresh, exquisite complexion unmarred by spot or blemish. And this despite climatic vagaries, onslaughts of Father Time, and the strain of social or professional activities.

A Small Bunch of Beauty Keys

SUNBURN and FRECKLES, Valaze Beauty Fluid, 3 drams quickly, 5 cents; 6 drams quickly, 9 cents; 1 dram slowly, 1 cent; and cinnamates drachm, half a fluid ounce, and cinnamates drachm, 50 cents, 10 cents, respectively.

BLACKHEADS, OPEN PORES, and congestion when on the skin are remedied by weekly washes with Valaze Open Pore Paste, which brings the skin to health and refined. The continual application of Valaze Equine Plaque elixir to the treatment and entirely removes even greasiness and coarseness. Prices, 4 and 8 cents, respectively.

THROAT & NECK DISCOLORATION, Valaze Tincture, 3 drams quickly, 10 cents; 6 drams quickly, 20 cents; 2 dram slowly, 1 cent; and cinnamates drachm, half a fluid ounce, and cinnamates drachm, 50 cents, 10 cents, respectively.

FACIAL CONTOURS and drabness, the Valaze Roman Plaque, 3 drams quickly, 10 cents; 6 drams quickly, 20 cents; 2 dram slowly, 1 cent; and cinnamates drachm, half a fluid ounce, and cinnamates drachm, 50 cents, 10 cents, respectively.

Helena Rubinstein
36, Grafton St. London W1.

George Fitzmaurice directing Pola Negri in "Bella Donna."

Conway Tearle will be seen opposite Constance Talmadge in her new comedy-drama of 17th century England called The Dangerous Maid, Willard Mack is the villain of it.

There has been an epidemic of "borrowing" in film circles. Companies have loaned their stars to other companies for this and that role which both director and artist thought absolutely too suitable to be missed. Amongst the latest to be borrowed are Monte Blue, the Warner Bros. star whom Tom Ince has annexed for the leading role in Harbour Bar, a Peter Kyne story, and Tom Wilson, the blackface player of F. B. O. (Robertson Cole), who goes to Griffith for the great D. W.'s next. At Jolson is to be the star, and Wilson one of the heavies. The subject is a secret, but we hazard a guess that it's another Southern story.

After some months absence from a filmland pretty Renee Adorée came back on the sets again in The Lady Brion, but she'll remember the manner of coming for a long, long time. There is a big fight in the story, and, as the heroine Revès was actively concerned in the result, so she had to stand just on the fringe of it and register anxiety. Somehow or other the combatants got out of hand, in their struggles they forgot the camera and the spectators. One of them, Fred Kohler aimed a smashing blow at his opponent's chin, missed it by about half-an-inch, and unable to recover lurched forward, and poor Renee Adorée, who was still registering anxiety, suddenly ceased work. They took her to hospital with the worst black eye she's ever likely to get in her life.

Shirley Mason and Charles (Buck) Jones will be co-featured this autumn in a thrilling melodrama called The Eleventh Hour. It is adapted from Lincoln Carter's well-known (in America) play.

Rodolph Valentino has a book of verse ready for publication, which every admirer of his will want as soon as it's out. It is a slender red volume, with black and gold lettering and inside there are poems written by Kude upon a number of things—admirers. Some of Valentino's love lyrics are quite in keeping with Valentino himself, all of them are interesting. He has called his literary effort "Reflections."

When Gloria Swanson stars in Zaza, which will be within the next fortnight, H.B. Warner will play opposite her for H. B. has been a desertier from the screen for a long while. He has been on the stage in "You and I." The rôle of "Zaza" which Pauline Frederick made serenally famous is one which Gloria Swanson has wanted to play ever since she joined Paramount. But it is a tear cry from some of Gloria's De Mille heroines.

(Continued on Page 64.)
HOW TO CLEAR ALL URIC ACID, KIDNEY AND LIVER POISONS OUT OF THE SYSTEM.

Medical Men decide salted water is the quickest permanent cure for organic disorders causing rheumatism, Bright’s disease, stomach trouble, etc.

By ALICE LANDLES (Certified Nurse.)

Clogged, sluggish, and congested liver, kidneys or intestine, with the attendant rheumatism, languor, biliousness, defective vision, catarrh, indigestion, and impure blood, should never be neglected. They mean constipation, “the beginning of all disease,” for dangerous toxins are then being constantly blown straight into the blood, although sufferers seldom even suspect the real cause of all their troubles. Powerful mixtures and drugs like calomel (mercury), may irritate the liver to convulsive action, but do not stop adherence to walls of the intestines, nor cleanse and strengthen the delicate network of secretory ducts and absorptive glands. For this latter purpose doctors agree there is no solvent, cleansing and blood-purifying agent equal to the deposits of certain natural medicinal waters. These deposits are obtainable at slight cost in Alka Salts. Take before breakfast a level teaspoon of this pleasant-tasting compound in a half tumbler of water, and notice how all symptoms of rheumatic or other body poisons vanished within two or three days, and you begin to enjoy life as Nature intended. Mental effort and concentration of the skin, again, hard work a pleasure, and any pain or constant tired feeling will disappear. Even gall-stone or other painful concretions of sharp uric acid crystals and impure mineral salts may thus be dissolved. Avoid all strong cathartic pills, patent medicines, lowering salts, drugs or highly-alcoholic stimulants, eat moderately, and drink occasionally a little salted water—Nature’s own blood clarifier, uric acid solvent and eliminant of all impurities—they make you never fear a recurrence.—A.L.

More precious than Jewels

A firm, fine skin, smooth and free from blemish, makes every woman seem young, and the secret is proper and regular cleansing. The cleansing should be thorough but gentle, as the beauty of the complexion is so easily destroyed. Harsh soaps are just as ruinous as dirt itself. The two great dangers women must avoid are irritation and unnatural after-dryness of the skin.

Soap that beautifies

Women who use Palmolive Soap escape both these evils because Palmolive soothes and beautifies at the same time that it purifies. The rich creamy lather of Palmolive is like a lotion in its effect. Palm and olive oils have been known as aids to beauty for over 3,000 years. Cleopatra learned the secret of their use from the vestals of the Egyptian temples and history tells us of her lasting charms. And although the blending of these oils is such an ancient secret, nothing has ever been found to equal them in beautifying power. That is why no other soap can take the place of Palmolive.

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Tube Station.

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"TIDY-WEAR" HAIR NETS

"TIDY-WEAR MEANS TIDY HAIR"

Now it is to be filmed with William de Mille directing, and has been retitled Spring Magic. It ought to make a good movie.

Tom Moore and Viola Dana have a fine supporting cast in Ranged Life, which Viola's brother-in-law, Harold Shaw is producing. George K. Arthur and Arline Pretty have leading roles, and the story is by Rita Weeman, which means it is about the stage. Viola Dana has quite forgotten her recent rather serious illness and is more "peppy" than ever.

A new stage story just finished is Mabel Normand's The Extra Girl, which Mack Sennett wrote and directed. Mabel's role is a vivid and sympathetic one, and Sennett declares the film is his best to date.

"When I'm too old to get a job as a screen actress" announces Madge Ballany. "I guess I shall be a compositor. I love the smell of printers' ink, and the wonderful mechanism of linotype machines fascinates me." All this after Madge had spent a week in the composing room of a big Los Angeles Daily, learning how to work one of the big machines, for her new film. She learned how to "set up" a page, how to "lock the forms," and how to read proofs. Her Reputation, the film for which Madge became a printer is an ince production intimately concerned with newspaper life.

Last time we heard from Wallace Beery he was threatening to invade Ingland, both in character as "Richard the Lion Hearted" and in person. If he does come, let's hope he'll bring along his famous red booted wig, which, 'tis said, has set a fashion in Hollywood.

D. W. Griffith rehearsing Carol Dempster for a scene in "The White Rose."

Tom and Zane Grey sound a splendid combination. Tom has just finished a five reel version of Zane Grey's Lone Star Ranger, out on the West Coast, and it looks like one of his best. Billie Dove plays the heroine, her second appearance in a Tom Mix photoplay.

Mac Murray's newest is titled Fashion Rose, which may or may not be a continuation of Peacock Alley.

Lowell Sherman is back under the Kleigs for awhile. He has been on the stage for many months starring in a rather sensational drama, and is now at work at Glendale Long Island on a picture called Bright Lights at Broadway. Webster Campbell directs this and Boris Koenen is the heroine.

Everybody liked Peacock, and doubtless everybody will like Peacock and Sam, though the cast is quite different from the first movie. It has several novel features, one of them being the entire absence of make up on the faces of the cast. It is possible that this may set a new fashion in screenland, for it is claimed to be the first feature film without grease paint. No special reason is given for this, but Alexander, very much taller since his Griffith days is the hero, with Joe Butterworth as "Sam" and Budy and Gertrude Messenger as Rodney Pitts and Marjorie (Peck's Sweetheart) and Rockelle (Fellow's) and Gladys Blockwell play Peck's Patrons.

Some years ago Edward Knoblock wrote a play The Town which had a great success in America, though only a moderate one this side.

Lloyd's appreciation of the town's girls.

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Buster Keaton has a serious rival in the frozen face business. In a new Larry Trimble film, *The Sign*, there is one player who never, by any chance, smiles. Buster has been known to relax on occasions, just to show that his facial muscles are not quite stiff, but Robert Dudley is known to the picture colony as "the man who never smiles." Before he became a film actor he was on the stage, and boasts of his record of playing 102 weeks in "The Travelling Salesman," without smiling once, despite unheard-of efforts on the part of fellow players to make him grim.

It took fifty days to make the ten costumes Lewis Stone wears in *Scarface*. He plays a French nobleman of Louis XVI times, and if you're at all well up in history you'll understand that "costumes" and not "suits" is the words to use. One is of salmon colored silk and silver tissue trimmed with jeweled buttons; another of grey moire, and all have silken hose and high heeled shoes to match, the latter not very much to Lewis Stone's taste. It isn't possible to stride with high heels without a good deal of practice and Lewis Stone declared he had to "mince along" for quite a week before he got used to those heels.

There is one man in Hollywood who, though he doesn't have his name in electrics is well known to every director and picturegoer there. This is John Underhill, the screen's perfect waiter. When he doesn't "wait" he "battles," for he likes that best. No one ever casts John Underhill for anything but a butler or a waiter, and as, on his own confession, he has been in movies nearly sixteen years, he knows all the finer shades of his movie profession. Certainly he is the kind of waiter to whom no one would dare proffer anything unsubstantial in the way of a tip. He is a tall, well-built fellow, with grey eyes that can look exceedingly cold and contemptuous if necessary, and grey-brown hair, a little thin in places. An ideal butler type, hence his lifetime of opening doors and announcing meals on the screen.

"My name is Alden, not Old'un!" remarked Mary Alden, when Edward Sloman, her director presented her with a beautiful birthday cake upon which seventy lighted candles blazed merrily. "But it's a lovely surprise, all the same." Mary had just finished a highly emotional studio scene in *The Eagle's Feather*, and tea and the cake were rushed out on to the set the moment the cameras ceased. Miss Alden's maid had let fall the secret of the star's birthday date, so as no one seemed to know her age, Edward Sloman de-

Evelyn Brent is playing in a Peter B. Kyne story opposite Monte Blue and Charles Gerrard. The company, seventy-five strong went to Laguna Beach, California, for the out door "shots."

Asta Nielsen is a filming again. Just outside Berlin there stands a huge hall from which the Zeppelins used to take their destructive flights during the war. This is now rapidly being turned into a mammoth film studio, claimed to be larger than the largest of which Hollywood can boast. When the arrangements are complete, the studio will have every kind of weather equipment, so that blizzards, snow-storms, etc., can be filmed under its roof. Asta Nielsen and a company of German players are already at work there making a film-life of Christ, which they hope to release all over the world simultaneously at Christmas time.

After viewing about three reels of her new film *Ashes of Vengeance*, Norma Talmadge remarked "Oh, say it with whiskers!", and set everybody smiling. But she was certainly justified, for such a display of face fungus hasn't been seen amongst extras and others for a long while. Most of them adorn the men-at-arms, who figure largely in this 1572 story.

Tom Meighan has gone West—for two pictures. He usually works in Paramount's Long Island Studios, but is quite used to packing up and going here and there or anywhere at the bidding of his director. His first Hollywood film will be George Ade's *All Must Marry* and the author will personally supervise the production.

One of the clauses in the contract which transferred the film rights of *The Virginian* to Preferred Pictures, Ltd., was that all the prints of the eight-year-old original production with Dustin Farnum as the hero, should be called in and destroyed. So, as soon as these were collected, an impressive bonfire was made of them, whilst the former owners and the present owners of the copyright looked on. Quite a hundred thousand dollars worth of celluloid was consumed in a very little while.

After all Joseph Schildkraut will not play lead in *The Master of Man*, he has left it to Conrad Nagel, and has signed on to appear in Norma Talmadge's next instead.

In all probability Twain's "Tom Sawyer," will be Douglas Fairbanks Junior's first movie. He has a contract with Lasky's, and is usually to be found in their Hollywood studio, where he has already made a great many friends.
A Guiltless Sinner (Feature, Aug 13).
An interesting comedy drama with an
unusual plot explaining how a
quiet individual has to pretend to be
a very gay dog indeed. Montagu
Love stars, and Sally Crute, George
Bunny, Helen Weer, Emile La Croix,
Edward Arnold, Emily Fitzroy, and
Annie Laurie Spence support.

A Scarlet Angel (Pearl, Aug 20).
Swedish production with a power-
ful story about a woman crook who
gives the film its title. Beautifully
staged and well acted by Gosta Ek-
man, Pauline Brunius, Jenny
Tschermichin-Larson, Carl Bro-
vallius, Wilham Bryce and Karen
Winter. Good entertainment.

A Woman's Business (Kibber, Aug 6).
Olive Tell in a good social drama,
in which an ambitious boarding
house maid finds a wealthy husband,
and finally learns a useful lesson.
In the cast are Edmund Lowe, Donald Hall,
Lois Lee Stewart, Warner Rich-
mond, Annette Bade and Stanley
Walpole.

Always The Woman (Goldwyn, Aug 13).
Betty Compson made this when she
had her own company. A romance-
reincarnation story in which two
lovers of an earlier age are re-united
in modern times. Supporting, Betty
are Emory Johnson, Doris Pawh,
Gerald Pring, Richard Rossor, Arthur
Dallmore and Macey Hartlam. Good
entertainment.

The Bachelor Daddy (Paramount, Aug 6).
Lois Wilson as a happy little
man who marries his
fairy godfather and finds them a bit
of a problem. Traps his opposite,
and gets Maud Wayne, Adele hardy,
Barbara Stanwyx and the 14 Brit-
ish Laddies. Beyond the Rocks (Paramount, Aug 13).
A noisy drama of the sensational
variety as befitting an Elinor Glyn
story. Not an exact adaptation of
the novel but quite good of its class.
Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valen-
tino head a cast which includes Alec
B. Francis, Eddythe Chapman, Ger-
trude Astor, June Elvidge, Mabel Van
Buren, Robert Bolder and F. R.
Butler.

The Big Adventure (FBO, Aug 6).
The late "Breezy" Eason in a
pleasing story of the adventures
of a waif and his dog. Fred Herzog,
Lee Shumway, Mollie Shafer and
Gertrude Olmstead support the child
star. A heart-interest movie.

The Black Circle (Warner, Aug 13).
A newspaper story with Creighton
Hale as a young journalist who out-
ways a gang of smugglers. Virginia
Vail opposite, also Jack Drumer,
Edwin Denison, and John Davidson.
Ear-fetched but made with a dash and
that disarms criticism.

Brawn of the North (First Nat., Aug 20).
Or Can dogs have conscient meat interest in this Alaskan story, the
adventures of the men and women are
commonplace. Beautiful scenery and
quite good work by Irene Rich, Lee
Shumway, Joseph Barre, Philip Hub-
bard, Jean Metcalfe, Baby Evangeline
Bryant and "Lady Silver." Good
annual fare.
The Perfect Nail Enamel

Swandale imparts a brilliant gloss which lasts for about ten days.

It does not wash off, but makes the nails brighter after washing and never discourages them.

Swandale is invaluable to all who take a pride in their nails. When you have tried it you will readily admit that it is the perfect nail enamel.

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(Continued on page 58.)
Commonsense Advice.

By Margery Leighton

Just follow these simple hints, and use the pure preparations recommended, and you will soon find a new interest in yourself; the hands become truly beautiful, the complexion will acquire a clearer texture, the eyes will reveal their true beauty, the hands become soft and white and you will have the added attractiveness of natural beauty and charm which will save you endless expense.

Rough Wavy Hair.
First wash your hair withordinary shampoo with a little olive oil while it is wet. Rub well and rinse thoroughly and brush well with a little olive oil, your hair will quickly grow glossy and abundant with a rich sheen and natural luster. This treatment cures scurf and stops hair falling.

Clear Skin.
Cleanse the skin with Papillon Beauty Food, this removes all impurities, Blackhead, and gets the skin ready for treatment. Next rub in Sapinol Whytheolate, then apply a linseed oil, and remove under the eye and over the Scalp Rose into which the hair and nape of the neck are applied with a soft brush. This protects the skin and holds the preserver, which must be Sapinol Roselact, a Silken sheet powder which adheres firmly the wonderful difference will immediately occur. Your skin will have a finer texture, a new softness and loveliness. This treatment turns dark circles and dark rings into clean, healthy brightness.

Beautiful Eyes.
To clear the eyes of the redness and to give them a natural shine, bathe them twice a week with "Radoil." Let this lotion come into contact with the eye, closing and opening the eye, Rub quickly makes the eyes clear and bright, reduces eye strain, removes redness and stings and chills. Next apply Papillon Beauty Food under the eye and over the Scalp Rose into which the hair and nape of the neck are applied with a soft brush. This protects the skin and holds the preserver, which must be Sapinol Roselact, a Silken sheet powder which adheres firmly the wonderful difference will immediately occur. Your skin will have a finer texture, a new softness and loveliness. This treatment turns dark circles and dark rings into clean, healthy brightness.

Perseverance.
Indulge a little folly under the influence of a new love and rub it in a little Sapinol Rose oil, rather weak in the morning. This method positively keeps the body sweet and clean and the hair and scalp. The first complaint prevents (tack being spoilt and contaminates the use of all other preparations)

Red Lips.
You can have soft red lips without any of the tricks and the wrong rule in Papillon Beauty Food surely.
You wish to that thing from your lips, therefore you wish anything else to go to the Secret Peru in Marcey Leighton, 891 W. 4th St., New York, New York, and by return of plant you will receive a name.

Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino in "Beyond the Rocks."

The Frisky Mrs. Johnson
(Paramount; Aug 25).
Rather stilted comedy-romance in which a charming widow compromises herself to save her sister from disgrace. Billie Burke stars, supported by Ward Crane, Lunsden Hare, Jane Warrington, Jean de Briac, Robert Agnew, Leonora O'Hinger, and Emily Fitzroy. For Billie Burke fans only.

Greater Love Hath No Woman
(Paramount; Aug 20).
A French drama of self-sacrifice and tragedy. Made in the South of France amid beautiful scenery and effects and well acted by Milde Madys, Milda, Tribe, and Mauley at the head of a good cast. A change from the usual typically American dramas.

Handle With Care
(Phillips; Aug 16).
First rate satirical domestic comedy-drama in which one way of managing a dissatisfied wife is very cleverly presented. Grace Darmond stars, and Harry Myers, James Morrison, Landers Stevens, William Austin, William Courtleigh, and Patsy Ruth Miller support.

Headin' West
(B.R.O.; Aug 13).
Here Gilbert stars as rough frontier fighter, and stunts are the making of this movie and are well and vigorously handled. The story weak, but no one will worry over it. Cast includes Gertrude Short, Charles Le Moyne, Jim Corey, Lila White, Louise Lorraine, George A. Williams, Frank Wharton, and Mark Sonton.

Hearts Aflame
(Jarrow; Aug 27).
Romantic, but very thrilling, and possessing many comedy touches and fine character studies. Also wonderful forest fire scenes. Frank Keenan, and Anna Q. Nilsson head the cast, which includes Craig Ward, Richard Headrick, Russell Simpson, Stanton Leak, Martha Mattox, Walt Whitman, Joan Standing, Ralph Goughner, Lee Shannon, John Dill, Irene Hunt, and Gordon Macee.

How A Man Loves
(Warner; Aug 27).
A pleasing, if rather far fetched, story of pride and prejudice, and a father's devotion to his son. William Haines, and Michael Curtiz, Edward Sutherland, Binas Guarin, Mary Wynn, Charles French, Fred Malatesta, Harvey Clark, and Lucille Ward support.

Hoops of Steel
(Walker; Aug 27).
Henry B. Wallace and Fred Huntley.

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The seven little steel balls being highly magnetised, ROLETTE is most soothing in use.

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CARDIFF—Robert Lane, Duke St.

DUNDEE—Miss Hill, Union St.

Eorro—D. Thursfield, 11 The Arcade

FINCHLEY—Mrs. Norres, 70a, High St.

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Pictorial and Picturegoer August 1923

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CURED BY ZOX

Eddie Polo in "The Secret Four."

The Magic Cup (Realiart-Gaumont, Aug 16).

Romantic comedy drama starring Constance Bannya as an optimistl Irish scullery maid, who is victimised by a gang of crooks, but eventually reforms them and discovers that she has a titled grandfather. Vincent Coleman opposite, and Blanche Craig, William H. Straus, Charles Musset, J. H. Gilmore, Malcolm Bradley and Cecil Owen also appear. Good entertainment.

The Man From Blankleys (Realiart-Gaumont, Aug 27).

A well acted adaptation of F. Anstey's amusing play starring Robert Warwick and Bebe Daniels, with Kid McLeod, Walter Hier, Robert Mile, Clarence Geldart, Vhuza Daniel, Robert Dudley, Helen Dunbar and Laurence Lloyd in support. The Marriage Challenge (Hardwijk, July 19).

An attempt to fuse farce and melodrama, two ingredients better apart. A story with a dramatic shock as a final effort, and all star cast comprising Milton Sills, Alta Allen, Irene Rich, Henry Walton, Laura La Plante, Paul Marshall and Mitchell Lewis. Not for the overcritical.

My Friend the Devil (Fox, Aug 13).

Treats of the conversion of an exceedingly long lived atheist. Some what cloying drama with sickness and death well to the fore, but tense at times, and well played by Bunty Miller, Jackie Stewart, Adolph Miller, John Taverner, Charles B. Ruml, Ada May, William H. Ford, Robert Fraser and Peggy Sloan.

Oath Bound (Gaumont, Aug 20).

An Italian family in a tale of river politics versus Secret Service men, with some good thrills and chases by The Pilgrim (Pearl, Aug 27).

Entertaining all the way, as usual, this Chaplin comedy contains a lot of his old Essanay comedy, but also some new stuff. Don't miss it. The cast includes Edna Purviance, Kitty Bradbury, Mack Swain, Dicky Dean, Dash Loyal, Mac Wells, Sidney Chaplin, "Chuck" Reimer and Tom Murray.

The Radio King (European, Aug 27).

An exciting serial exceptionally well produced, and dealing with all the latest ideas in wireless. Featuring Roy Stewart, supported by Louise Lorraine, Sidney Bracy, Al Smith, Clark Comstock, Ernest Butterworth, Fontaine La Rue, Slim Whittaker and Joseph North. Excellent of its kind.

The Real Adventure (Phelps, Aug 23).

Florence Vidor in a study of married life from the feminine angle. An old theme, but a very good production capitalised actually by the star, Clyde Fillmore, Nellie P. Saunders, Lilian McCarthy and Philip Ryder.


A human story of good and evil, with some very good characterisation, acting and thrills. Lewis Stone heads a fine cast comprising Jane Novak, Wallace Beery, Robert Gordon, Eugene Besserer, Duke Davidson, Pomerao Cameron, Bert Woodruff, Mildred Lane and Harold Goodwin. Sentimental romance.

Rose of the Sea (P.R.O., Aug 20).

The troubles and trials of a woman who drifts into society, and finally marries the father of the man you expect her to wed. Has several novel features and excellent sub-plot and lighting effects. Cast includes Anita Stewart, Randolph Cameron, Hallam

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Cooley, Kate Lester, Thomas Holding, Margaret Landis, John Lockney, and Charles Belden. Adapted from Countess Barclay's novel.

**Rough Shoot (Nov. 27)**
Charles (Buck) Jones in a tale of love and treachery in the West in which a young lady finds a "tough" Westerner tougher than she bargained for. Plenty of adventure and a fine supporting cast comprising Helen Ferguson, Ruth Renwrick, Maurice (Lefty) Flynn, Charles Le Moyne and Jack Rollins. Good Western direction.

**Seas of Chance (Conference; Aug. 9)**

**The Secret Four (E.; B. O.; Aug. 2)**
Pebble Beach seems to consist mainly of fights in which Eddie lays 'em out by the dozen with effortless ease. Many exciting stunts and adventures, and Hal Wilson, Kathleen Myers, Doris Deane, William Welsh and Thelma Daniels. An average serial.

**Sherlock Brown (July; Aug. 30)**
Excellent comedy-drama in which an impertinent young genius assumes his duty, a born detective, by a series of lucky blunders solves a mystery in the Secret Service field. Bert Lytell stars, and Ora Carew, Sylvia Breamer, Dr. Watt Jennings, Theodor Von Eltz, Wilton Taylor, Raoul Kirkland and George Kuwa support.

**Smashing Barriers (Biograph; Aug. 28)**
Reedited from the serial starring Ethel Johnson and William Duncan, and therefore somewhat incoherent. Very rapid fire fights and stunts.

**The Son of the Wolf (July; Aug. 9)**

**Sonny (The First National; Aug. 13)**
Dick Barthelmess as a soldier boy who assumes the identity of his chum who has been killed for the sake of that chum's blind mother. Cast includes PaulineLord, Lucy Fox, Herbert Curto, Patterson, Bud Thayer, Margaret Lanter and Virginia Mayo. Fair entertainment.

**The Spanish Jade (Paramount; Aug. 27)**
An adaptation of Maurice Hewlett's novel, planned abroad on the exact locations and well played by David Powell, Freddie Bruce, Mac MacDuff, Charles de Rochefort, Lionel D'Arcon, Frank Stannor, Roy Riddle and Harry Ham. Good entertainment.

**The Temple of Dusk (Stoll)**
Anne Q. Nilsson in the drama of a man's struggle in money and souls. Robert Fraser, Frank Carroll, Kate Blanche, Charles Luce, Robert Schable, Thomas Ross and Nellie Anderson also appear. Fair entertainment.

**They Like 'Em Rough (July; Aug. 16)**
Viola Dana in an excellent comedy-drama about a self-willed and tyrannical girl who is cured by a dose of her own medicine. Supporting the star are, Arthur Rankin, William E. Lawrence, Myrtle Rishell, Colm Kenny, Walter Rogers, Bradley Ward, Elsa Lorrimer and Knute Erickson.

**The Three Masks (General; Aug. 30)**

**The Understudy (July; Aug. 23)**
Moderately good comedy drama about a stage-struck girl who is called upon to play the part of an understudy in real life. Doris May stars, and Wallace MacDonald, Christine Mayo, Oris Herlan and Arthur Hoyt support. The Valley of To-morrow (Roe; Aug. 27)
William Russell in a full-blooded drama of the West, in which a man avenges an injury. All-star cast includes William Russell, Mary Thurman, Pauline Curley, Harvey Clark, Fred M. Malatesta, Frank Browne, Len King and Jeffrey Sloan. Excellent entertainment.

**The Veiled Woman (Warner; Aug. 20)**
Marguerite Snow and Landers Stevens, supported by Edward Coxen, Laeticia Williams, Ralph McCullough and Charlotte Devore in a drama quite different from the usual run. Excellent characterization, acting and production.

**The Vermilion Pencil (July; Aug. 9)**
Sessue Hayakawa's last American-made film to date. A thrilling and dramatic story of old China, with the star in a triple role and a spectacular chase. Vivid, love opposite, also Ann May, Mabel Naze, Sidney Frank, Howard Sanders, Lute Doo Crow and Omar Witherhead. Excellent entertainment.

**Where the Pavement Ends (July; Aug. 26)**
A Rex feature production of a South Sea Island love romance with Arthur Stovall, Rosita Novarroz, Harry T. Power, Lorena Eggert and John Burton in the cast. We recommend it.

**White Shoulders (The First National)**
Katharine Macdonald in a conventional society drama with a very fine cast which includes Bryant Washburn, Nigel Barrie, Richard Headrick, and Lillian Lawrence. Fair entertainment.

**Women Who Wait (Majestic; Aug. 9)**
A sea story with many thrills and a spectacular climax. Marguerite Clayton, Creighton Hale and George MacQuarrie in a long cast. Good entertainment.

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For more information, please refer to the full text of the document.
ROMEO DESERTS JULIET

(Continued from page 36)

the town where my stage career was to begin."

From then onwards Ivan Mosjoukine continued his voyage through stagehand with considerable success, and soon afterwards he made his début on the screen appearing in short original scenarios and stories derived from the works of Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, Pouchkine and others.

Owing to grave political events in Russia at the time, not many of his films were seen in Europe and it is only since his arrival in Paris two or three years ago that he has become well-known as a screen artiste.

One of his first films was L'Angoissante Vérité, and this was followed by Enfant du Carnaval, Justice d'Abord, and Temptées all of which met with an enthusiastic reception at the hands of ardent picturegoers.

His first really big picture, however, is La Maison du Mystère sold to Stoll for release in England shortly. It is by far the best French production seen for three years.

Ivan Mosjoukine is one of those producers who is only happy when he can put plenty of realism into a picture, and this is greatly apparent in The House of Mystery. In one of the episodes convicts are escaping in a runaway train and warders on horseback are pursuing them through the rough country, firing as they go. It is a most thrilling scene.

The train was careening madly along and Mosjoukine suddenly noticed a small bridge built rather low over the line, and if the little party of actors had not thrown themselves face downwards on the roofs of the wagons on which they were standing, they would have been killed instantaneously. The train was going at a terrible speed down the incline and they had no time to remove the cameras, indeed they forgot all about them and the apparatus was flung a hundred yards from the line. Incredible as it may seem they were not damaged and the negative was intact, but it would have been a different story if the members of the company had remained standing!

Again in the same film Mosjoukine and his fellow "convicts" were climbing hand over hand across a rope stretched between two cliffs with a drop of a thousand feet beneath them. Suddenly there was a tearing sound and the rope broke neatly in two and the artists remained suspended in mid-air with death as their fate if they let go. One of them took the chance and he had nearly every bone in his body broken, but he lives to tell the tale.

In one of the scenes Mosjoukine has a terrific fight with his enemy Corradian (Charles Vanel) and, although it lasted ten minutes on the screen it took three weeks to take. At the end of each day Mosjoukine used to return to his dressing rooms supported by two artists, dead with fatigue, his body covered with bruises, his nose streaming and his eyes blackened. Vanel, however, was in no better plight, and this happy life was continued for very nearly a month. It is one of the finest bits of realism seen for a long time, but again goes to prove that the life of the cinema star is not quite a garden of roses.

During their fight a heavy bookcase filled with massive volumes had to fall on the two men fighting for their lives (in the film, of course, but very nearly in earnest!), and the producer and stage hands offered to stop the cameras and lay the bookcase gently on the two men grappling on the floor. But Mosjoukine and Vanel would not have it, and the bookcase was left to crash on them with all its might.

After this, the fight is continued on the balcony of the house in which it takes place and Mosjoukine is thrown down a cliff with no nets to save him if he fell too far. He just managed to catch hold of a bush, but if he had missed . . .

At this moment we were interrupted by the raucous cries of an assistant producer searching for Mosjoukine, requiring him to pose with Juliette for some "still." "Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! ROMEO, DEAR!"

The shouts filled the theatre and Mosjoukine leaping over the front of the box had the man to be silent. Mosjoukine is an artiste who will not be hurried in any way and in the studios his word is law.

It was at Montreuil that I was introduced to Kenelm Foss, the well-known British artiste and producer, who takes the part of Lord Mewil in Kean. It is he who has adapted Alexandre Dumas' story and the story of the life of Edmund Kean for the screen and he is now engaged in cutting the film. I also met charming and pretty Mary Odette who has a most interesting role, that of Anna Danby, tragic and sentimental but one that suits her vivacious temperament. She spoke English, so did Kenelm Foss.

Then I met the well-known Danish artiste, Otto Deftsclen (the Prince of Wales). I forget what language he spoke.

I next had the pleasure of meeting M. Denecourb the actor. He converses in . . . French.

I was introduced to Madame Lissenclo (Mrs. Ivan Mosjoukine) the Countess of Kocfeld in Kean, herself a most accomplished artiste who has scored a triumph in Le Brasier Ardent. She spoke to me both in English and French.

Then I met Nicholas Kolline, a talented Russian artiste, who plays the part of Soloman, Edmund Kean's prompter in the film. He said he was pleased to meet me and he said it in Russian.

Ivan Mosjoukine thinks stage training is valuable for cinema work. "In my opinion," he told me, "There is so very little difference between stage and cinema acting, and this difference is only a matter of technique, the knowledge of which is speedily gained. I am convinced, notwithstanding, that those who fail on the stage will also fail before the moving picture camera."

I had the good fortune, while at Montreuil, to witness one of the funniest scenes in Kean being filmed. Kean is being visited by his creditors, and hiding in a room on the second floor of his house he is struck by the amusing notion of dressing up Solomon to resemble a tiger and thus scare away the creditors. Solomon, the Tiger, then leaps down the stairs and clears the hall and front door in no time, while Kean, hidden behind a marble pillar his face wreathed in smiles, watches the side-splitting effect of his trick.

I left the Montreuil studio with a feeling that Montreuil is another Reo Ingram. With very little he has done much and he has many worlds to conquer. Besides he has a most devoted staff and company. Several of his technicians comprise the biggest names in Russia before the revolution. He pointed out to me among his electricians, two Princes, an Army general and a Cavalry officer who belonged to the Carabine. Kean is a cosmopolitan production with a vengeance.
Let George Do It!

The Sin Flood, Pink Gods, Under Two Flags, and The Ebb Tide.

M.A.R.G.E.STINE

Manor (Glasgow)—Talmadge is Norma’s real name. Her next release is Within the Law.

R.H. (Accrington)—Warner Oland is Swedish. Who wins?

AN INTERESTED READER (Norwood)—(1) Agnes Ayres has fair hair, of a rather auburn shade. Her married name was Mrs. Shucker, but she isn’t married now. She hasn’t any children. (2) Miss Du Pont’s name is Margaret Armstrong. (3) Dancer in Four Horsemen, Virginia Warwick.

M.F. (Leyton).—Glad you liked your Carol prize. Many thanks for the nice things you say about Picturegoer. Your good wishes are returned with interest. Is it possible you’re not “sure you’ve got a film face,” and “you’re not crazy over Rudy.” Shake, my Leyton lassie. You’re unique—but delightful.

S.M.H. (Farncombe).—Letter forwarded on arrival. “That humorous encyclopedia George” is pleased to give you all the information he can, but feels too hot to live up to his jocular reputation. Bessie Love was born at Midland, Texas, September 10, 1898. Her real name is Juana Horton. She is not married, but lives with her mother at Hollywood, Los Angeles. She also owns a ranch which her father, a doctor, manages for her. She made her start with Griffith directing for Fine Arts Productions, and played in Intolerance and The Flying Torpedo. Joined W. S. Hart’s Company and played opposite him in The Aron, then returned to Fine Arts Company and starred in a series of pictures. She began to lose popularity when she played in four mediocre pictures for Pathé, and a year with Vitagraph completed her downfall. Now she’s working her way back to public favour. Forget-me-not is one of the best of her later films. Her latest is Human Wreckage, Dorothy Davenport’s much talked of production. I’ve passed your “think” along to the right quarter.

ADRIER.—(1) Milton Rosner’s birthday is November 4. (2) He’s...
married to Irene Rooke. (3) His first film, *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* was made in 1915. Prior to that he had had 15 years stage experience in England and America. (4) Milton Rosmer's real name is—Milton Rosmer! F.D. (Norwood).—Go to the bottom of the class. A page plate of Victor MacLaglen appeared in *Picturegoer* for October, 1922. So I shan't have to try my powers of persuasion on the Editor. (1) Victor belongs to a family of eight brothers, all over six feet three in height. He was born on December 11th, is 6ft. 4ins. in height, and has dark hair and brown eyes. I hate to disappoint a flapper (especially when she writes so sweetly to me) but, alas, your hero is married and has a little son. Before we part, let me thank you for the omission mentioned in your letter. My gratitude is unbounded. I don't think your carol "too utterly utter" and have passed it on to the "Carols Editor."

**Ethel's Admirer (Natal).**—Send your letter to Ethel Clayton in a plain stamped envelope under cover of The *Picturegoer*, and it will be forwarded to her. (2) Page plate of Ethel appeared in *Picturegoer*, May 1921. (3) Some of her latest films are: *The Cradle, Her Own Money, The Resistance Woman, If I were Queen and Can a Woman Love Twice?*. (4) She's been filming for about 10 years. By the way, the Duke is George—I don't answer to any other.

R.Z. (Johannesburg).—(1) Wallace Reid died early this year. (2) I couldn't enumerate all the Gordons on the screen. Some of the best known are: Bruce Gordon, Charles Gordon, Harris Gordon (director as well as actor), Huntley Gordon, James Gordon, Robert Gordon, Eva Gordon, Julia Swayne Gordon, Maude Turner Gordon, Sadie Gordon and Vera Gordon. So far as I know they're not related. (3) Lon Chaney's married. (4) Brunton Studios lay claim to being the biggest in America. (5) The ugliest man on the screen? I should like to say Wallace Beery, but I had a letter from him the other day telling me he's coming over.

**Mother (Dalston).**—As the Editor has grown considerably thinner of late it might be possible to get round him. At any rate I will do my best for you.


"Albert L. Prince of Monaco," C. J. Allen; "Secretary of State of Monaco," Ed. Runach. (2) Those scenes were photographed through a kind of screen. (3) Helen Chadwick was born November 25, 1897. Don't think she's married.

P.L. (Bradbury).—Wish I had an address like yours these hard times. (1) Agnes Ayres is about twenty-five. Address her c/o this paper, enclosing the usual stamped plain envelope. (3) The *Mystery of Love, The Broken Melody, The Invisible Foe, The Misleading Lady, The Sin That Was His* and *The Devil* are Lucy Cotton's best-known films. Thanks for kind enquiries, all the heat-wave left of us are still going strong.

**Rudy's Friend (Emmer Green).**—I've patiently perused your rhapsody and if I see Rudy I'll tell him how much you appreciated that photo. So he's superseded Bill Farnum in your young affections after eleven years. Poor old Bill.

**Elmo's Admirer (Old Kent Road).**—(1) No news of that serial to date. I expect it will find its way to British screens eventually. Watch Shadowland for latest news of Elmo. (2) No glossy p.c.'s of him. Sorry to disappoint you. (2) "Doug," is working on a film called *The Thief of Bagdad*, and he says we shall see a lot more of him in this than we have in any of his previous ones. *Robin Hood* will be released in December.

**The Jersey Kid (Birmingham).**—Cut it out, Kid. If I gave you a list of all the reissues, there'd be no space for anything else. If you study the photographs (if any) of films "Now Showing," you can usually see by the clothes whether the feature is a reissue. Yes, the old films are quite interesting as you say. Will remember you in my will for those suggestions.

**Inquisitive (Herne Hill).**—A girl, I bet, hides behind that non-plume. Your first query has been answered before in earlier issues. (2) Howard-Gay was "Gen. Robert E. Lee" in *Birth of a Nation*. (3) Write to Gaumont Films, 6, Deenan Street, London, W.C., about those photos. (4) December 1922 issue contains an illustrated article about that film. You can get it for 1s. 3d. post free from Publishing Dept.

**The Terrible Twins (South Kentish):**—Aha! I'm going to have tea with Rudy Valentino when he comes over, so I've got one on you this time. *Open Country* was released some time in March, without first being trade shown.


Will, the pair of bobbed-haired beauties who so fearlessly lifted up their melodious voices on the golden sands of—

To Whom It by Censor)—and Most Concerns, told the world what they thought of "The Thinker," please accept his heartfelt gratitude. (Foreign papers please copy). Little did they dream, as they sat beneath their blue Japanese sunshade that behind the red one on the right, the subject of their delightfully flattering remarks was emulating the peony in complexon and the ostrich in habits. Because it is disconcerting, even at the end of a perfect holiday to listen to oneself being discussed. However, having now exchanged the "pale cast of thought" for a cost of healthy tan, I shall do my best to live up to their opinion of me.

HERE'S an interesting theory of Maurice Tourneur. He thinks that not until the next generation will motion pictures be really fine and subtle creations. "A hundred years from now," he comments, "The truly great motion picture will come into being, and the difference between film entertainment then and now will be as great as the difference in transportation of the aeroplane of to-day and the ox-cart methods of the past. But, though there will be eliminations and improvements on all sides, the most distinctive of all will be in the method of telling the story."

ACCORDING to Maurice, every picture will tell, not a story, but several. Listen. "The picture of the future will suggest, rather than depict. Already evidences of this are visible. A man leaves his home for his offices. We show him today at the door, bidding his wife farewell. Then in his office dictating letters. The movie of ten years ago would have shown him leaving the house, entering his auto, and a stage or two of his journey. Then he would have been seen alighting from his car, getting into the lift, opening his office door etc. The picture of tomorrow will go a bit further and jump with the abruptness of a cartoon."

FOR instance, "imagine a cartoon such as appears in any daily paper. Drawing one might show two men Jiggs and Bloggs having an argument. Drawing two would show Jiggs lying flat on the pavement with his hand caressing a fine black eye, and stars rotating round his head.

You don't see him hit, but you know what has happened. Film sequences will be like that bye and bye."

By the way I notice nearly all the stars get bouquets in the Picturegoers—don't readers ever send in a few brick-bats—it might do good. For instance in my opinion Sessue Hayakawa and Matheson Lang are two of the most wooden actors I know. Norma Talmadge and Lillian Gish can't act at all. Griffith with all his reputation has produced nothing really equal to Fox's Shame, or The Miracle Man, and lastly there has never been any individual performance since the screen began to equal John Barrymore's in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.—S. M. H. (Farreconbe).

"PRODUCERS make me wild," remarks "Enthusiast," (Yorks). "Why on earth, when they are filming books, don't they keep to the books?" See What the I have seen Wild-Heat Has Done. fire, The Man of the Forest, The U. P. Trail, The Sheikh, etc., and I think it is so terribly disappointing to film fans when they go to see a favourite novel screened and find it hardly recognizable. Also, why cast Valentino and Agnes Ayres in The Sheikh? Both are favourites of mine, but they did not put enough "pep" into it."

THERE are a great many good films I seem to have missed. Either my usual Friday evening haunt has failed to book them, or else I have been a way from home."

A SUGGESTION for Sundays, writes Worried (London, S.W.).

"Some of these, like The Mark of Zorro, are a bit ancient, but don't you think picture house managers whose halls are allowed to open on Sundays might show some of these then? Make Sunday a 'By Request' night, after previously announcing this on their screens, and invite 'regulars' to ask for the older films they've missed. Very few kinemas show the latest films on Sunday evenings, the kinemas are always full, no matter what is shown. What do you think of this idea?" [It's quite good. Put it up to your local management]—THE THINKER.
Girls Shown on this Page were winners in the last AMAMI Competition

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Send 3d. P.O. or stamp to Mrs. V. Lynwood, of High, Worthing.
"Within the Law." Norma Talmadge.

WITHIN THE LAW Featuring Norma Talmadge.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," has long been an accepted fact but it has been left for Norma Talmadge to illustrate the quotation to the full by the medium of the silver screen. The first crushing realisation of Fate's cruelty, the smouldering bitterness, fanned gradually to in the leading male role, well, what more could you ask? Bayard Veiller's play packed the theatres both in London and the provinces in its stage form, and the picture version is calculated to entertain to an even greater extent. "Within the Law." is a September picture you should not miss.

CIRCUS DAYS. Starring Jackie Coogan.

Since "Charlie" first discovered the amazing "kid," little Jackie Coogan has rapidly climbed the starry heights and may now be numbered amongst the richest of the rich. Despite the amazing fluence that it has been his lot to accumulate, Jackie has, however, remained all bov. Marbles vie with movie cameras, artless games with arc lights, in his mind. Picture goers to have another treat this month, as the starlet will be seen in a First National picture entitled "Circus Days." An adaptation of James Otis' story, "Toby Tyler," or "Ten Weeks with a Circus," it gives Jackie a wonderful opportunity for displaying his talent, whether in the laughter line or in more serious vein. Fat women, thin men, clowns and camels, monkeys and mountebanks combine in assisting Jackie to make an entertainment which has been described as a picture for youngsters from six to sixty. No one should miss it.

THE HOTTEOTOT September usually heralds the coming of the dark and depressing days of winter, when dreams of the sea and river have passed and the rather gloomy prospects of rainy months and overdue income tax sets in upon us. The movie fan is fortunate, however, above others, in that laughter and amusement can always be obtained all the year round, through the medium of the silver screen and laughter there certainly is in Thomas H. Ince's exquisitely funny and thrill-full picture, "The Hottentot." Telling the amusing (and amazing) story of a hater of horses, who in order to win the girl of his heart rode the fast, fiery, furious, kick you out of the stable, whirlwind cyclone of horse-flesh known as the Hottentot, it is a picture calculated to make one grip one's seat with suspense and hold one's sides with laughter. Wonderful shots of a breath-catching steeplechase and screamed-through funny action, to which should be added the pleasing personality of Douglas MacLean and the girlish sweetness of Madge Bellamy, go to make this one of the best pictures of the month.
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*Alice Terry*
BESSIE LOVE

Who plays a leading role in "Human Wreckage," is one of those stars who were killed by bad stories indifferently produced. Her resurrection took place last year and she is now
Our September Movie Calendar

1. CENARIST—Shooting begins.
2. Chaplin appoints permanent secretary as official confirmer and denier of marriage rumours with extra pay for overtime.
4. No effect. "David Copperfield" still issued as "East Lynne."
5. Moon: first quarter.
6. Inventor eternal triangle: no quarter.
7. "500 Flappers" write for Bull Montana's photo. For a bet.
8. No-subtitle craze going strong. One a week.
9. No-subtitle craze going stronger. Hundred five-reelers issued as two-reelers.
10. Scottish Fillums Inc. film "Life of a Fog" as a scenic.
11. D. W. Griffith, on behalf world's kinemaers, lays wreath inside drawer out of which revolver used to come.
15. Death for the others, let us hope.
17. Taken down by posterity, 2024.
18. No statue for Author Movie Calendar, Any Time.
19. Death of Sweet Hortense, 10,000 kinemas, 1923.
21. September twentysecond Eve.
22. September twentysecond.
23. Death of Queen Anne, 1776—
or some other date and year.
24. Queen Anne still dead. Except in slapstick.
25. Bill to prevent launchings, scout reviews, foundation stones and horse shows on Topical Bits, introduced 1930.
27. Inventor of slapstick released 1940.
28. Seaside season ends.
29. Current releases begin to reach coast resorts.
30. Scenariot'shooting ends Why?
Picking the English Peaches

by FELIX ORMAN

The work of the movie Casting Director is not easy, but there are many compensations, as the photographs on these pages prove. Who wouldn't be a peach-picker?

Come with me," said a London friend, "and I'll show you some examples of English beauty."

It was soon after my arrival in England. I had been engrossed in work since I set foot in London a week before and had seen few representatives of the alluring sex.

Frankly, I was looking forward, somewhat eagerly, to observing the English type of girlhood, not only because I was personally interested (I admit it without shame), but because of the duties that lay ahead of me as a film Casting Director.

"Where is this Eden of beauty?" I asked my friend.

"A dance club," he informed me.

Then I experienced an emotion of doubt and disappointment. Perhaps I am old-fashioned, but my notion of no place to study beauty, or personality, is in the unwholesome and over-stimulated atmosphere of a night club, with its blase and bizarre types.

Be that as it may, I went to the dance club. We were seated at a table in the tightly-packed room. All about us were people indulging in the chatter common to such places—elegantly dressed women and well-groomed men. Before us on the floor moved the panorama of dancers, rhythmically in harmony with the soaring, orchestral music. It was all colourful and dazzling.

At a table nearby sat a woman, a blase type of blonde, fanning herself listlessly with a collection of coral-coloured ostrich feathers. Her escort did not appear to be very successful in amusing her. Nearby also was a girl of about twenty, dark-haired, blue-eyed, attired in a draped creation of cerise-coloured crepe. She gazed vacantly at the dancers before yielding to her escort's invitation to go upon the floor for a dance.

My friend leaned across the table, "Don't you find the women attractive?" he asked. I was thinking at the moment of the moon that lurked behind the surging melodic cadenzas of the saxophone and how its mingled poignancy and gaiety seemed reflected in the faces of the dancers. This feeling I communicated to my host, adding that a night club was no place to study feminine attractions, and that certainly I should not judge English types of beauty by what I saw there.

My friend was silent. He looked at me, disappointed and uncomprehending. He was a nonchalant young man who did not hesitate to admit that he was every bit a man-about-town. Never having reached such glory, I had a
different point of view as to beauty and its best environment.

Weeks passed, and I had ample opportunity for studying English types of beauty. Strolling along the riverside, at the theatres, in the shopping centres, on little excursions into the country, in visiting homes, I had met many young women who appeared to me much more representative of the beauty, charm and character of English womanhood than the examples held up for my delectation at the dance club.

But I must limit my narrative to those I met in the pursuance of my professional work—that lively procession of charmers who, week after week, called upon me at my office to seek film work, and from whose ranks I selected a "Beauty Squad" for three large British film productions, in two of which Lady Diana Manners appeared as the "star," with the inimitable Georges Carpentier standing at the head of the cast of the third.

Here are some of my selected beauties in the order of my choice:

Margot Greville: A brunette of very definite, artistic type. She has been painted by several noted artists, including Augustus John. She has black hair, bobbed and uncurled, with a straight fringe hang; black eyes, and fair skin. Very intelligent, artistically sensitive, and with a pronounced personality.

Winifred Randall: Splendid
type of athletic English girl. Has an abundance of curly chestnut hair, blue eyes, rosy skin and unusual animation. Tall and graceful.

Kitty Foster: Has a face like that on a daguerreotype of the early Victorian period. Dark brown hair, parted from forehead to neck and coiled in "Chelsea buns" over the ears; large, thoughtful deep blue eyes, fair complexion and delicately-chiselled features. A cameo-like face.

Nadine March: A beautiful blonde. Has shimmering golden hair and very gay blue-grey eyes, with pink and white complexion and great personality.

Cynthia Mayor: Another cameo-like face. Has dark brown hair and eyes, delicate features and olive complexion.

Ursula Jean: Pure type of Anglo-Saxon beauty. Flaxen hair, blue eyes and fair skin.

Ruth Raymonde: An old-fashioned type of beauty. Has chestnut hair and blue eyes, with fair skin. Simplicity and sincerity of style and personality.

Helen Wilson Barrett: Granddaughter of the famous tragedian. Has waving chestnut hair, blue eyes and pink and white complexion. Poise is suggested in her face and bearing.

Celia Bird: Of the statuesque type, and more of a dramatic kind of beauty. Has brown hair and grey eyes.

Margerie Lawrence: Another statuesque type. Has dark brown hair and deep grey eyes that at first glance appear brown. Tall and graceful.

Eileen Magrath: Dark brown hair and grey eyes.

Cecilia Sturt: Auburn hair and grey eyes, fair skin.

Ruth Lavington: Titian hair and amber eyes; olive skin.

The English girl is remarkable for her beautiful complexion and for the spirit of youthful healthfulness which she radiates. Whether blonde or brunette, her hair always has a silky lustrousness, and her eyes that suggestion of the inscrutable which adds to the eternal mystery in women.

There is plenty of real ability for film work among English girls, but they will have to realise that such a vocation means hard work and strict concentration. It is a serious professional work, not play and glamour as some are prone to think. All that many of these girls needs is good direction to develop them into actresses of merit. Unfortunately, good direction is a scarce commodity.
The sets for Universal's "Hunchback of Notre Dame" are on a mammoth scale. Paris has been reconstructed at Universal City, the buildings including eight streets, the Cathedral and the Court des Miracles.

The cathedral as reconstructed for the picture shows the three doorways, the two towers, the spire, the Gallery of Kings, and the Plaza in front. Thirty-five heroic statues, each ten feet in height, were constructed by Universal City artists for the Gallery of Kings, and for this work, and the exterior sculpturing, over two hundred skilled labourers were employed. The construction of the cathedral set kept three hundred carpenters and workmen busily engaged for many weeks.

Another remarkable set is the Court of Miracles, a strange quarter of old Paris where mendicants, cripples and thieves used to congregate after their daily business was done. It was called the Court of Miracles because the blind and crippled beggars who lived on the charity of the city recovered their health in a remarkable fashion when they met together for their evening carousel.

A colourful scene in The Hunchback of Notre Dame is the "Feast of Fools," an annual celebration held in the great hall of the Palais de Justice. On the day of the Feast of Fools peasants, clerks, deans, attorneys, doctors, members of the court, and even of the clergy made their way to one of the great centres of celebration, and

Three mammoth sets used in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame." The paving stones are of cement, artificially aged with acid spray.
lost all identity in one great swarming, carefree, boisterous, but good-natured mob.

Inside, the Grande Salle might be likened to a huge melting pot where all the stations of Parisian life, all creeds and conditions of man were moulded into one great conglomerate concretion, moving forwards and back, from side to side as though the great god of congeniality were assuring himself of a good mixture before moulding.

Outside it pushed and elbowed its way here and there, each one in a supreme effort to attain for himself the most advantageous position from which he could view the performance with the maximum amount of comfort. On the pillars, balconies, window ledges and all manner of projections and crevices, they stood, sat, or crawled as the size and shape of the space demanded. The shouts, peals of laughter and clattering of feet made a great noise and clamour that was the very voice of joviality.

The Grande Salle of the Palais de Justice faithfully reconstructed in the film, is divided in the centre by seven enormous pillars which support the lofty, vaulted ceiling. Around four of these pillars are little stalls or shops for the sale of trinkets, etc. Around the other three are wooden benches with an almost mirror-like polish, produced by centuries of constant use.

Around the walls are statues of all the kings of France from Pharamond down. All the windows are of many colored stained glass transforming the golden rays of the sun to great kaleidoscopic squares, spread out on the marble floor. Richly carved doors of the rarest woods guard the entrances. The whole interior is decorated with a dull coloring of blue and gold.

At one end of this great oblong hall is the famous marble table, said to have been cut from one piece of marble, the like of which could not be found anywhere in the world. At the other end is the Gothic Chapel in which Louis XI had caused his own statue to be placed, kneeling before the Virgin. In the middle of the hall, opposite the main entrance is an estrade or short projecting gallery, covered with gold brocade. This was for the prominent personages invited to witness the "Mystery" and the
A fellow once asked me "Why is it that comedians always seem so sad and serious when you meet them in real life? Goodness knows that they have no cause for melancholy with the lives they lead."

"That's where you are wrong," I told him. "Being funny is no joke at all, and making people laugh is just about the hardest work I know."

He laughed, thinking that I was kidding. When you have a reputation as a mirthmaker, people always refuse to take you seriously. But although it may sound contradictory, I maintain that tummaking is a very serious business. I have worked in a good few fun factories in my time, and I know.

I shall always remember my first comedy. I was attached by a rope to a Ford car and pulled down the face of a cliff, after which I spent eight days in hospital. That is just one of the hundreds of thrills I have had, but it stands out in my memory, because it was the first. At another time, I had to slide off a sloping roof and my head hit the edge, taking off all my hair almost to the top of my head. On still another occasion, I was lying in a bed behind the upper story of a prop house. A fire engine hit the lower part and the bed, attached to the front, went over toward the camera. They had told me that the mattresses on which I was lying, would protect me from injury. But when we fell, I never even saw the mattress again. It went one way, I went another, and I got off with a broken ankle. If people realized what a job it is to make comedies and do this daredevil stuff, they would probably appreciate them more than they do even. But we get used to thrills—they are part of our daily existence.

My fellow comedians at the Grand Studios all have a similar tale to tell. I asked Joe Rock what was his most thrilling movie experience, and this is what he told me:

"When I first went to work with Larry Semom in New York, for Vitagraph, a daredevil stunt was allotted to me for a picture which was made at Dreamland Pier. The company didn't want me to do it, but we signed a release in case of injury. I received the munificent sum of five dollars a day at that time for taking my life in my hands several times a week. The stunt in question was to drive an old car off the pier into 35 feet of water. There were four of us in the machine, with me at the wheel and another standing on the running board hanging on to the wheel also. Behind was one fat man and a smaller chap. It was the time of the shark scare to make matters more exciting. When the machine went off the pier it dived head foremost. The man standing on the running board jumped and pulled the wheel toward him, which threw me to the left. The machine did a flip flop and the tonneau hit me on the head. I thought it was the fat man, but he had made three complete somersaults clear over the whole thing. I went down like a shot. The machine split in two parts. I thought I'd never reach the bottom and all I could think of was 'sharks.' Then I started up by pushing and kicking, but I was almost out of breath and when I reached the surface it was to find myself right in the centre of all the wreckage. It was a miracle I was not pinned under by it. The life savers from Coney Island were all scattered around and nobody expected me to appear where I did. It was a great shot and a thrill all right—but never again—at least not for

Above: Monty Banks in a sporting mood and a general view of a modern fun factory, the Grand Studios, Hollywood, California
five per day! The funny thing was, I learned afterward, the impact would have frightened off all the sharks if there had been any—and sharks were all I was afraid of.

Then Billie Rhodes, Joe Rock's leading woman, joined my symposium with the following experience: "Riding a racehorse was my biggest thrill," says Billie. "I am a pretty good rider, but never before had I been on the back of a spirited animal like this one—it was in a picture called Hoop-la, and I was starring for National at the time. The horse was a beauty and fast. I don't know his exact speed, but it was fast enough for me. When we started and he got his gait, my sensation was that I would go over his head and I kept looking for an easy place to fall. I couldn't stop him but I started pulling him right and left and finally he got confused and stopped suddenly, almost throwing me. But I won't forget the feeling soon. It was like riding in an aeroplane, I imagine."

Lastly, Sid Smith, gave me the following account of a hair-raising episode in his comedy career:

"We were making a comedy wherein I was called upon to walk along a ledge of the Rosslyn Hotel, Los Angeles, about three stories above the street. The space was not wide, and I had to pass from one window to another. In my coat pocket I had a small box and forgot to remove it. As I was midway between windows, the box hit against the side of the building. It takes very little to throw one off his equilibrium under such circumstances and I felt myself starting to go. I looked down and saw a big motorbus and figured that if I went over I would try to hit that—it would be softer than the sidewalk. But by a supreme effort I righted myself and got to the window casing and clung on. But my heart was right up in my throat for about thirty seconds, I can tell you."

A comedy studio is a fun factory, and as such it is quite as serious as any other place of business. When you see a happy-go-lucky slapstick farce on the screen, you little realise the amount of thought that has gone into the making of each scene. Mirth is more or less spontaneous when an effort to create it is apparently lacking. But once an individual, or a group of individuals, sets out deliberately to make people laugh, the process is likely to become a difficult one. The most unctuous comedian is the most successful, as a rule. The time has gone by when mere clowning, unless accomplished by a great artist, can affect the risibilities to any great extent.

Take it from me, being a funmaker is no joke!
When circumstantial evidence, so strong that no frenzied protestations of innocence could save her, sentenced Mary Turner to imprisonment in the dreaded Tombs, the girl, mad with fear, turned and denounced Edward Gilder, her employer. "Some day," she shrieked, "I'll have my vengeance for the years of life you're taking away. Some day you'll—". But they dragged her out of garshot, and the man, who had made an example of her to stop the continual petty pilfering in his huge store, dismissed the whole affair with a shrug.

The girl worked out her unneccessarily severe sentence and she left prison at last, but the police hounded her from place to place, until desparate, she flung herself into the river. Rescued by Joe Garson, a forger, Mary found herself out of a gang of clever swindlers, who aided by expert and inscrupulous lawyers, pulled off successfully every kind of blackmail, breach of promise case, and similar shady but profitable scoops. Aggie Lynch, whose baby face and lispimg voice belied her business was a leading spirit there, and she, too, had served in the Tombs. The police cannot touch the gang, who keep just "Within the law," but trap after trap after trap is set for them. Mary, with Whom Joe soon fell in love, set her keen brain to work and was soon at the head of the gang. She watched Edward Gilder, and when opportunity arose, met and fascinated his son Dick. When Gilder senior tried to buy her off, she announced the fact that they were already married, and disclosed to her father-in-law the true identity.

A robbery, framed up by the police, drew Joe Garson to old Gilder's house, whither Mary followed in the hopes of getting him away in time. In the ensuing complications which followed, one man was shot, and Joe and Mary in turn accused of the murder. Exciting times followed until finally everything is made clear, Garson confesses to the murder, and Mary forgives and is forgiven by her husband and father-in-law.

This is a brief resumé of the plot of the Ass. First Nation film *Within the Law*, which gives Norma Talmadge one of her finest roles to date. As the shrinking shop girl, and later the fearless adventuress, she plays with a dramatic intensity that fascinates. Both she and Eileen Percy, who plays "Aggie Lynch," wore correct and complete penitentary costumes for the filming of prison scenes, the important exteriors of which were made on the spot at New York City. The cast is a very fine one. With Lew Cody as the likable forger, Jack Mulhall as young Gilder, and Joseph Kilgour as the father. Helen Ferguson, too, has the small, though telling role of "Helen Morris," the girl whose thefts were trusted upon Mary, but whose letter of confession finally clears her.

*Les Cody and Norma Talmadge*
The gentleman with the cigarette is in no danger—Tom is a crack shot.

exact line. Saddle—English straight and severe, Mexican high pomelled and padded—hung round the walls and beyond them lariats, bobos and stock-whips. All just as straight and tidy.

"You've guessed it," said the husky, smiling trainer, coming into the room. "Tom's got a real mania for having everything straight and just set in place. "Look." And he opened one of the long wardrobes. Clothes—Clothes! And Clothes! !

Dozens of costumes and suits care-fully hung side by side, so close that even a mother's smallest thought couldn't have got between them. What suits some of them were! Every kind of suit you could think of—and lots you couldn't. One of blue and white check flannel faced with black patent leather, the kind of clothes the wild imagination of a cow puncher might invent as his dream of a sartorial paradise.

And then in another cupboard, just as regular and orderly, were hats. Mostly big hats, Stetson's, "two-gallon," and "four-gallon" hats. Hats with brims as wide as parasols, hats with crowns as high as the brims were wide. Hats of white fur, comical and high, from Mexico, hats of smooth felt, dented and raffish, from Texas (Yes, Larca, on the Rio Grande).

Beyond the farther door came sounds of gentle strudding—but not too gentle. Soft scuffling and thuds.

"Come over" said Mr. Trainer. "Tom's just finished work and he's taking his evening exercise."

I went over. From what I saw as the door opened I should have said that the other fellow was taking it.

There was a ring—a regular, honest—to-Queensbury full sized boxing ring. In the centre, on his feet, was Tom, looking rather concerned. On the floor was a sparring partner, looking very concerned. He got up, blinked a little, and came back at Tom, and they mixed it (yes, I saw the fun first!) for another minute. Then the partner, with a pat on the shoulder and a grin from Mix, climbed out of the ring, while Tom went across and did a few stunts on the trapeze.
Now I had time to look round. Here, leading out of his dressing room, the Western star has a fully equipped gymnasium—ring, bars, (no, the horizontal and the perpendicular kind—the spiral variety has been abolished by prohibition), trapeze, massage slab, shower bath and plunge.

"Mix has half-an-hour of this every day when he's working in the studios," remarked Mr. Trainer. "And he fights pretty hard. Care to have a couple of rounds when he comes off the trapeze?" I said I would care very much, but I wasn't there to collect care. I'd seen Tom sparring with the other fellow. Besides I'd a conscientious objection to being a Mixed grill.

Tom nearly fell off the trapeze at that and came over to see if someone had escaped from the Fox Comedy plant on the other side of the road. Being convinced that I was a human being and not a film comedian he shook hands and said he'd have me in a few minutes. So I went back to his dressing room to wait while he was massaged—though my hard-gripped hand needed massage more than did Tom.

Pretty sure he came back and he didn't look a bit like a cow puncher. No check shirt, no chaps, no sombrero, no high-heeled shoes, no gun. Just a regular citizen with a bronzed complexion. "Well," he said, "How long—?" I took out a card and passed it over. He read it and smiled. Maybe if he hadn't parked his gun—there, for on the card was this:

"Got here last week. Climate is fine. So is the scenery. Came from New York. Business is good—staying a month."

It saved much time and trouble round the studios.

"Say," remarked Mix, slipping the card in his pocket for future reference, "we're going out on location in a day or two. Out in the desert up Wiley Cañon way. Care to come? The chuck wagons will be there and you'll sure have an interesting time."

So we fixed it up right there. An early start. Tom to call for me at seven, breakfast at his house at seven-thirty, off at eight, and out in the desert, all among the bad men, cactus patches, black walnuts, sand, rocks and heat by noon.

The "day or two Letter" arrived. So did 7 o'clock. So did Mix. So did the car. And we went off to break fast at the house.

"Meet Mrs. Mix and the baby."

Smiles, crowing, from eighteen months' old baby Mix. Then sudden tears at the sound of father's jangling silver spurs, for Tom was all dressed up in check shirt, riding breeches and high-legged, high-heeled high-spurred boots.

So Miss Mix was taken out of sound and sight while we breakfasted on raspberries and cream and frizzled bacon, and Mrs. Mix talked about baby and Tom.

At last we were ready to start. The car was at the door, piled high with baggage, and inside the little baggage was refusing vociferously to say by-bye to daddy because his spurs made such a jangly noise. So we climbed in, and the sun began to climb up. "It is going to be warm," said Mix. He was an optimist. It wasn't warm; it was hot—so hot that you could see the waves of heat shimmering on the road surface.

On one hand stretched the little mountains, brown and gentle, their slopes white-fleeced with the tall flower spikes of cactus blossom. Straight and gleaming white they stood in the early sunshine. "Candles of heaven," the early Spanish settlers called them, and there has yet been found no better name.

Sprawled across the plains on the other side, close packed so that they looked like a lunatic's dream of Eiffel Towers, rose hundreds upon hundreds of gaunt iron oil derricks, their beams slowly rising and falling like the nodding heads of weary age-old elephants doomed to a changeless and aimless task.

Up and out of Lankersheim, into the mountains through the long, long mountain tunnel that is now the road in place of the endless winding narrow track across which the first settlers came.
Into Newhall, and out again, off the road on to mountain tracks. Rutts, dust, bumps, sudden curves that doubled on themselves, heat, nothing above but a flaming blue sky and a solitary buzzard wheeling, searching for a sign of life and food on the parched sand and rock below.

Presently a break in the road, a few trees, some camp kitchen fires, which were less hot than the sunshine, benches, forms, a jarring of brakes, the welcome shade and much more welcome sight of an ice-tank.

And we were in Mix's camp in Wiley Cañon.

Water! Ice-cold—not as perfectly clean as the most fastidious might have wished, but who cared. It is a cow camp, and there is ice. Ice? But not quite the same as the hotel ice that you are used to having.

"What's the matter with it?"
"Nuthin'! Why?"
"Well, it looks—different."
"Say, boy," explains the cook, "that's wild ice."
"Wild? You'd be wild if you were frozen."
"You don't get me. That's ice that grewed. In the mountains. Way up. Never seen an ice factory, that ain't. That's what ice calls 'wild ice'!"
"Good, turn it loose. The wilder the better just now. I'm longing to hear it sizzle on my red-hot throat."

What time Tom gets on a little make-up. How he keeps it from running off in this heat, he only knows.

Then gloves. Gloves! A cow-puncher in gloves! But presently one learns why.

"Come on," says Tom, "get into these."

Tom Mix in his den surrounded by his trophies, souvenirs of an adventurous life

So, using the car for an al fresco dressing room I climb into heavy leather chaps, high-heeled riding boots—how the long big-rowelled spurs get mixed up with my feet and what a lot of them there seem to be!—A gun-belt, full of live cartridges, a four-gallon Stetson, a silk neckcloth—not only for ornament but to keep the sun off the back of your neck. And I march (march, did I say?)

Hardly, yet. The heels of the riding boots feel like stilts, the spurs are more like spars and keep fouling each other. At last I get my prairie legs, as it were, and we go.

A little stony path leads, in about half-a-mile, to the Cañon. Sheer red sandstone cliffs rise straight up on either side, so high that it is not easy to see the top. Sage and rosemary druch the air with their scent as they crush under every footstep.

Close against one wall, the dry stony bed of a mountain stream winds in dusky solitude, looking tired and disconsolate, rapped by the fierce sun of its water.

Drumming of hoof-beats and round a bend in the cañon path come half-a-dozen flying ponies, and in their saddles hard-bitten, grim-faced men. A gun holster flaps comfortably against my thigh. If this is a hold-up...

"Gee," says Tom, jumping aside, "we nearly walked into the picture."

So departs another illusion and another hope.

Round the bend we come up to a crowd—an incongruous crowd it is. Camera-men, assistants, cowboys, ponies with Tony in aristocratic isolation; reflectors, cameras; and Lambert Hillyer, the director, looking cooler than if he were taking scenes in Alaska.

Then work begins. Tony is tied to a bush; and Tom climbs a little way up the Cañon side, scrabbling for holds with one hand on the burning rock, while with the other he holds a rifle.

Now it can be seen why he needs gloves. Otherwise after an hour or so of this sort of thing, he would have no hands. For the rock is hard, and rough, and hot, and sheer to climb.

Tom Mix revels in stunts and never employs a double
"Get back, way back behind the camera. And keep off the road. Ready, Tom? Right. Camera."

A sharp crack from the place where Tom is hidden, the spatter of a bullet on the road, and Tony is flying up the path, the branch which the shot has severed still hanging to his bridle. Half-a-dozen men in a posse tear after him, their ponies, flank to flank, sending up showers of stones as they fly past.

Tom slithers down the rock and runs after Tony, leads him back and ties him up again and the scene is repeated.

"It is a good thing that Tom is a reliable shot" I remark to Hillyer.

"Oh, that’s an easy one. Wait till later on, we can get the scene we want."

Tony is handed over to the care of one of the cowboys and Tom begins to climb. Up and up and still up, till he is almost out of sight. Then Tony is taken a little way down the path and sent galloping off alone, and presently Tom appears, coming down in long strides.

He slips, falls, and for twenty yards rolls head over heels down the cañon-side before he gets a fresh hold. Down into the road, a clout at Tony’s bridle, a shout, and he is galloping up the path and away, shouting defiance at the posse following behind.

Then he reins in his horse, turns and trots back.

"Got it that time," comments the director. And we straggle down to the camp and to lunch.

A dozen or more cowpunchers drift along. Tea, coffee, steak, beans, salad, peaches, ice, pass up and down the benches, and there is a clatter of mugs and plates. Then in ones and twos the boys stroll off and presently from the other side of the trees comes the wail of a violin, and the low, almost gentle, voices of the cowmen begin to sing old songs of the cow camp and the prairie, the desert and the foothills.

At last the singing died away and the wailing of the violins faded into the quivering heat, and we went back to work.

Work? Yes, and tough at that. We halted in the middle of the cañon where the sandstone sides were sheer and gleaming rust red.

A little conference between Mix and the director, the setting up of cameras, and in a run and a jump, Tom was climbing to the side of the cliff, and beginning to climb higher, kicking for each foothold, climbing to little juts of rough stone with both hands, slipping back a yard, climbing two, till there was a shout below: "All right. You’re out of the camera now."

Then he kept climbing. He had seen a hole in the cliff side and wanted to get to it. Presently he hailed us from above.

"Come up way off from here and take a few shots above me," he said, "there’s a good spot here for some bits."

The camera-men looked at each other, then at Hillyer, then at the cliff side, and then at each other again.

After a moment, singing their cameras, and tripods, they began to climb. Slowly and with difficulty, finding the easiest spots and by circuitous ways they got above and to the side of the little cave where Tom had disappeared.

The scenes were taken; Tom

Tom Mix and Frank A Tilley

emerged from the cavern and looked for the posse of bad men that were chasing him, and returned to hide.

So the climb down began, and when, after sending our hearts into our throats by a twenty-foot slip, Tom reached the path, I saw that his gloves were torn to shreds by the rough sharp sandstone to which he had had to cling.

A rest, with the cow boys again singing low, almost to themselves, and we went off back to camp, not that we had finished. Oh, no. In to cars, trucks and lorries, on to little hardy, restless ponies, and we were off in search of a fresh location for the final shot.

"That will do fine," said the director. So half-a-dozen men—the posse—were sent off, round the bend and out of sight, to gallop up and across the camera, in chase of Tom, who had disappeared.

A thunder of hoofs, a great whirling cloud of dust, and the ponies swept by, coming round the bend almost on their sides. Back again out of sight, another frantic gallop and then—

"If I’m way off in the mountain shooting at these fellows, there’s got to be some bullet splashes," observed Tom.

Back they came dashing in a bunch, tearing, galloping, whooping. And Tom stood a little way off and calmly planted a couple of shots on the ground amongst the horses as they galloped past. I was glad I was not in that picture at that moment, even though, as Hillyer remarked presently. "Yes, Tom’s certainly a good man with a gun."
Meet Mabel Forrest

There's going to be another run on the post-offices of the country before long! Fans will begin deluging the mails with letters to the newest screen luminary—Mabel Forrest.

She will be seen in the near future in a number of Ben Wilson productions released by Grand-Asher, in which she plays opposite the always popular Bryant Washburn.

Mabel Forrest hails from Chicago. She might have been a star long since, for she has the ability and the beauty—but somehow she got shifted off the track to screendom and only recently has she consented to appear before the camera. It came about as a result of her doing a leading role in the Screen Writers’ Revue, on the stage, in Los Angeles recently. Immediately she was flooded with offers from picture producers.

"Why," they said, "here's a new face—and that's the consummation devoutly to be wished—to find a new face for our screens. The public wants new faces, providing they are pleasing and their owners possess talent as well."

So Mabel Forrest finally succumbed to the offer of the organisation whose pictures she will grace and very soon the public will be saying the same delightful things about her that the more limited audiences at the Revue said when she tripped daintily before them as "Angela" in the show.

Mabel Forrest is of Scotch descent. One of her ancestors was the famous Annie Laurie of the old Scotch ballad. She is probably the greatest reader in the ranks of film actresses. She reads whenever she has the time or opportunity. Her library is well stocked, she takes in most of the magazines and always she reads with an eye to the screen possibilities of the story.

"If I couldn't read," she confided to me, "I simply wouldn't know what to do. Books and stories form a big part of my life."

The first three pictures in which she will be seen from the Ben Wilson studios are Mine to Keep, The Love Trap, and Other Men's Daughters.

"I love to act," she admitted. "I didn't think I would care for it, for once, several years ago, I did extra work and wasn't very keen about it. But this is different."

Mabel Forrest's work is characterised by its sincerity. She puts her whole heart and soul into the work—and that is the mark of the true genius.

Charming studies of Mabel Forrest, a new screen star.
At the Café Delphine

by

W.A. WILLIAMSON

Advancing on tip-toe across a floor strewn with electric cables; passing three perspiring musicians who were playing “Fate” as though their lives depended upon it, disregarding the bold glances of a Brazen Hussy, and ducking under a row of Kleig standards—I found myself at last in the Café of the Uneasy Chairs.

“So this is Montmartre!” said I to a man who was doing unpleasant things with a fuse-box.

“Montybell” he replied, tersely.

The scene at Dubosc farm.

“The fuse has gone.”

I sidestepped into the shadows and watched whilst a panorama of Bohemian Paris unrolled itself before my eyes. Round the tables of that café, Parisian art students, models, grisettes, and tourists were making merry over bière, vin rouge and citronade; but on a high stool beside the bar sat one who drank absinth, the drink of the damned and there was no merriment in his eyes. Only tears. As I gazed at the bearded face that frowned, elusive yet familiar, above a ragged fur collar, an involuntary exclamation broke from his lips.

“Paragot!”

It was he—the Beloved Vagabond, greatest of Locke’s brain children. Paragot of the Printed Page, transformed into a creature of flesh and blood beside the bar of the Café Delphine.

Then, “camera” said a dispassionate voice in the foreground, and a soft whirl broke the stillness and shattered the illusion.

“Cut!"

Paragot slid from his stool and crossed to the camera. The tears— they were real—still glistened in his eyes, and the hand he held out to me was trembling with an emotion he was powerless to conceal. Carlyle Blackwell doesn’t act his roles; he fulfills them.

“This café scene is the real thing” he told me. “A faithful reproduction of a café we discovered way up in Montmartre. Great isn’t it?”

“So is the role of Paragot,” I suggested.

“You’re right,” agreed Carlyle, with a helpful smile. “But is the hardest part I’ve ever played. A day at the studio leaves me absolutely exhausted.”

Carlyle has played some roles in his time, too. Although still in his thirties his movie record is remarkable. Back in the earliest days of the “one reeler” he built for Kalem one of the first films studios erected in Hollywood. Alice Joyce was his co-star then, and many of the Kalem productions in which he appeared were directed by him. Later he joined Famous Lasky to co-star with Mary Pickford in Such a Little Queen, and with Blanche Sweet in The Case of Becky. Then he went into picture productions of his own account before playing in thirty-six noted Film productions, the majority of which are directed by himself. More recent appearances are with Marion Davies in The Restless Sex, the title role in Bull-Dog Drummond, and Lord Robert Dudley in The Virgin Queen.

“I like England,” said Carlyle. “And I am happier here than I have been in my whole career of movie-making. I hope to complete a number of pictures in this country.”

We talked of Albert Chase, the youngster who is playing “Asticot”
in the film. Statisticians estimate that there are one million eight hundred and fifty thousand young men in these islands who have aspired to become film stars, but who have been compelled to grow up into ordinary people like us. But Albert Chase is the only boy in the world who aspired to be a “bell-hop,” and became instead a featured film player. Fate took Albert into the Piccadilly Hotel and here Carlyle Blackwell saw in the would-be bell-boy the very type he required for The Beloved Vagabond.

“And I picked well, too,” Carlyle told me. “That boy's a young marvel. He'll run away with his part in the picture as easily as Grant took Gettysburg.”

Some people have all the luck, and speaking of luck reminds me that Carlyle, too, is on kissing terms with the blind goddess. He is fortunate in his supporting cast for The Beloved Vagabond, for his fellow-players include such fine artistes as Madge Stuart, Phyllis, Titmuss, Sydney Fairbrother, Irene Tripod, Mrs. Hubert Willis, Emelie Nicole, Alfred Woods, Cameron Carr and Hubert Carter. He is fortunate in his director, Fred Le Roy Granville, of whom much more anon. And he is fortunate in his publicity man, Felix Orman, that world famous connoisseur of comeliness and picker of pulchritude.

It was Felix Orman who ordered tea during a break for rehearsals; and it was Felix Orman who pointed out to me the peculiar construction of the chairs used in the Café Delphine scene. They were made of curved strips of metal, and looked strangely uncomfortable.

“The idea of these metal curves is that they give with the weight of the body and act like springs,” explained Felix. “Just you try.”

Being willing to try anything once I sat down in one of the chairs. For, five seconds nothing happened. Then suddenly, the chair said “Glumph!” and all the springs went into reverse gear.

“Now get up,” said Felix Orman.

“What hit me?” I gasped, when the boy had taken away the empty brandy-glass.

“The chair,” said Felix Orman.

“You got up too quickly.”

I took my tea on a form.

After tea they filmed a dramatic scene between Asticot and the Beloved Vagabond. Asticot enters the Café Delphine, where Paragot fleeing from his sorrows is rapidly drinking himself into a state of stupor, and the pair meet after a long parting. Albert Chase threw himself wholeheartedly into the role, and his grief was unfeignedly genuine.

I was standing by the camera, watching the scene, when Fred Granville noticed me and said “Don't stand. I'll get you chair.” To which I replied: “Please don't. I've never done you any harm.”

Fred Le Roy Granville is unlike any other director I have ever watched at work. Like any skilled producer he plays on the emotions of his artistes as a master-musician will vibrate the strings of a violin, but whereas the average director is essentially cold-blooded and unemotional—(D. W. Griffith is a notable exception)—Granville acts every scene with his players, sharing their troubles and partaking of all their emotions.
British Studio Gossip

A Unique Occasion.

Wanda Hawley and Nigel Barrie went through the rather trying ordeal of "emoting" before rows and rows of interested spectators at Gaumont's last month. The Faculty of Arts paid the studio a visit, and a few scenes from The Lights of London were filmed to show them exactly how it was done. This intellectual Society boasts of a most distinguished members' list, and celebrities, Dame Clara Butt and other celebrities watched carefully, and afterwards the famous singer chatted to the players.

As Others Saw Us.

All the visitors were filmed as they came in, and though some acted as to the manner born, most of us had some kind of a shock when we saw ourselves as we appear to the rest of a patient world. Mercifully only a few real artists were present at the screening. Wanda Hawley said later that even Kreisler's violin solo (they had music to stir up their feelings), wasn't so effective in making her shed tears as usual, for she couldn't get used to the rows and rows of faces right opposite. Even that someone solemnly assured the tea-time that "they were Cemetery Terrains!" But they weren't. Wanda's distress was quite genuine. Nigel Barrie spoke his part as well as acted it, which made it very realistic, from the onlookers' point of view.

The New Lawley Apparatus.

After tea, we roamed about the studio at will, from the cullars, where the films are stored, up winding stairs to the printing plant, and cutting, joining, and title writers' rooms, and watched the mechanical side of movies at work. Gaumont's have a wonderful new printing plant, an Englishman's invention, which accomplishes by means of a 40 h.p. engine, the work that used to take a large staff all their time to cope with. I watched the process right through. The reel of film runs off a winder, without being touched by hand at all. Then the printed picture runs off another winder into a series of long tubes which descend to the ground level. Next comes a vacuum cleaner, staining tubes, and finally it is dried by means of filtered hot air driven into brass tubes by electrical fan pumps. Of course the tanks which feed the tubes with chemicals, dyes, etc., are filled by hand, but very few operators are required.

Victor MacLaglen and Marjorie Hume in a film of the Regency period.

"outsiders" felt that they knew considerably more about movies when they left than when they came. A perfect model of the country house used for The Lights of London won everyone's admiration. The ingenuity with which very common objects of domesticity—sponges, etc., were utilized as trees and shrubs caused much amusement, too. A clump of small bushes proved on examination to be one of those wire entanglements used for cleaning out frying pans (so I was told). Of course it was stained green, but was, nevertheless, quickly spotted by a keen-eyed lady visitor.

Some Britshers Abroad.

Graham Wilcox Production are at work in Vienna, with Betty Blythe and Maurice Ward at the head of a

Victor MacLaglen and Marjorie Hume in a film of the Regency period.

Hilda Hayley and Stewart Rome in "The Woman who Obeyed".

Comprehensive Information.

A thought provoking address on film producing in general was given by Captain Calvert, fully bearing out the claims of the film for attention as an art (The Faculty of Arts has its Kinema Sweep), and all of the
Painting shows a celluloid George is screen large short Guy I once this 23 ^super than<


large company playing in Spanish Love. Chu Chiu Chiao is finished, but will not be seen until th Autumn. Spanish Love made in Vienna ought to be a very special brand.

Guy as Novelist.

Guy Newall took a working holiday this year. After his recovery, upon which readers will join us in congratulating him, Guy pitched his tent on a hill in Norfolk. When he wasn't in the wherry on the Broads, he spent his time up there under an oak tree, busily writing his novel, "Everybody's Secret." It is a story of everyday life, and it is fairly safe to predict that there will be a celluloid edition of it later.

Scotland for Ever.

Aberfoyle is once more in the "spotlight," for this picturesque Highland spot forms the scene of another movie. Young Lochinvar, with Owen Nares as this hero is in the throes of production there, and Owen finds the clear air up there decidedly good for him. And Gaumont's will make a super of Bonnie Prince Charlie, in which Ivor Novello will be the Prince and Gladys Cooper "Flora Macdonald." The principals are already on location, and it is hoped that the battle of Culloden, round which one of the most impressive scenes of the play is centred, will be re-fought on the actual spot.

More W. W. Jacobs.

The W. W. Jacobs stories on the screen have a large circle of wel-
JOSEPHINE EARLE

who is appearing with Betty Compson in "Woman to Woman," was born in New York. She has starred in many British products, including "The Fall of a Saint," "The Edge of Youth," "Branded," and "Walls of Prejudice."
LEW CODY

has sacrificed his famous moustache, but he is still the professional heart-breaker of the movies. Cody, whose real name is “Coty,” is of French extraction, but was born in America in 1885. The ladies all love Lew.
PAULINE GARON

a dainty little lady who bids fair to make a big name for herself in ingenue roles. She has an important part in Cecil B. De Mille's production "Adam's Rib," in which she is seen as a prehistoric maiden and a modern society girl.
An actor of sterling merit who has played important roles in such diversified pictures as "Orphans of the Storm," "Something to Think About," "M'Liss," and "The Fighting Schoolmaster." Monte Blue is one of the tallest movie stars.
PEARL WHITE

The latest photograph of the well-known American screen star, who is expected to return to film work shortly. There are rumours that she will star in a spectacular production to be filmed in France.
SEPTEMBER 1923

May McAvoy displays a summer sports costume with skirt in two shades of lavender silk.

Leatrice Joy’s bugle-beaded tunic evening gown has a foundation of white satin.

Betty Compson wears a smart afternoon coat of white embossed silk, with strips of satin running through it.

Ruth Roland’s coat frock in printed marocain reveals the prevailing craze for Egyptian fashions.

Above: Irene Castle’s gown of biscuit coloured duvemes. Left: Colleen Moore’s tailored costume of satin and serge.
Elmer Clifton has been in the picture game for nearly nine years, and has always been known as a clever director, but his association with D. W. Griffith made a great many people think that his cleverness was due largely to the latter fact. A lot of people who never hear of picture makers until their names are in large type letters, had never even heard of Elmer Clifton, but all that is past history.

Just a short time ago, a wonderful picture was released in New York at a little theatre rented for the occasion. The picture was unusual in many ways, but the producer, who was most optimistic, never expected that it would attract the crowds that waited for hours for a chance to see this decidedly unusual story of whaling in the Caribbean, a story that had its setting back in the forties in the most picturesque part of the new country, in New England. "Down to the Sea in Ships" the picture was called and a more thrilling, more absorbing picture of sea life has never been shown.

I went to see Mr. Clifton hoping to get some unusual photographs and data and discovered that he is a Canadian cousin. Yes, he was born in Toronto, has visited England and when this picture was taken, he confesses that he had the English public in mind, as a play that would be of interest to them. "It is not so long ago," he said, "when the square rigger was commonly seen in English harbours. There are probably a few still in existence, just as there are on this side of the water. I know that English audiences will be interested, too, in the many old-fashioned bits of furniture and dresses used in the picture, many of which are of English origin. The picture was made in New Bedford, Mass., a fishing centre where there are many old-time traditions. The church with its tablets to former members who lost their lives at sea, was the one in which the celebrated John Fox preached and the majority of those in the community can trace their ancestry back to England."

When the picture is shown in England the public will realize what a stupendous undertaking it was. Nearly two years were consumed with scenes photographed in New Bedford, and then the whaling pictures were taken in the Caribbean. Pictures show an actual whale hunt, the first time such a thing has been filmed and there are many exciting moments. During the capture of a big bull, the boat was upset and the actors nearly lost their lives. At last the whale was secured and the fight went on. For more than two hours the whale dragged the boat with the players in it at such terrific speed that it was a thrilling screen sight. Far more so than all the thrills of the most exciting serial. The whale weighed ninety tons and the details of its capture and cutting up, are a wonderful lesson in the relative sizes of whales. He seemed to have "yards and yards" of teeth, for one thing!

"Down to the Sea in Ships" has an interesting story running through it which takes it out of the educational class and makes it a straight feature film. Marguerite Courtot and Raymond McKee play the principal roles and McKee took part in all the whaling scenes, spending two months in the South, and, incidentally learning a lot about the habits of whales.

And so did Mr. Clifton, who told me with a laugh, "Those whales got so used to being directed that they finally would take my orders when I called through the megaphone!"
 Poor Men’s Wives

by

JOHN FLEMING

"Oh," said Claribel airily, "we shall meet, you know. But I shall have my time so fully occupied—social calls and that kind of thing. Still..." Jim Maberne seemed to be waiting for somebody that night. He seemed to be waiting for somebody for a good many nights after that. And at last he approached Laura to learn if Claribel had left the business, or if perhaps she were ill.

"Didn’t you know?" said Laura. She’s left to be married. It’s Richard Smith-Blanton!"

Jim at first could not believe it. But when the truth was plain to him at last, and the first shock of it was over, he asked Laura to get up beside him on the car and he drove her home for the pleasure of having somebody to talk to of the wonders of the departed Claribel. He stood for half an hour at the door of Laura’s cheap lodgings elaborating the theme, and he ended by telling Laura that any night she wanted driving home and he wasn’t engaged it would be all right.

And so there were many more nights on which Laura and Jim rode home together, and the talk came to be less and less centred on the wonders of departed Claribel. Jim awoke one morning with the notion that he had been a bit of a fool. And that night, riding home with Laura, he tried to rectify his folly. Apparently he succeeded. For six months later, Laura and Jim were married and setting up house together in one of the cheapest of the outer suburbs.

“We have got to live very, very carefully," Jim explained. "My pay is small so long as I hire another man’s car. But we can put a little by each week and when we have saved sufficient I will buy a taxi of my own, and then...!" And Laura swore to help, and helped her best.

Claribel, of course, did not come to the wedding. She had social duties to attend to. But she sent a ton of congratulations and a solid silver punch-bowl. The punch-bowl must have cost a little fortune of Smith Blanton’s money. It was not the slightest use to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Maberne. But it was dazzlingly pretty. Nice to look at each afternoon, when your husband was at


Laura’s wide eyes showed her great surprise. Richard Smith-Blanton! His name was everywhere. He was wealthier than five thousand of their class put together. But there had been whispers about him. For one thing, he had been divorced by his first wife, and ugly stories had come about in the courts about the cause of it. Still, he was wealthy; and that counts for a lot in a modiste’s shop; not merely with the modiste herself but with her assistants, particularly with her models. Claribel appeared to be more than pleased, and as for Laura she saw here a sudden hope, something distantly burning but not dimly. She offered her congratulations.

“I’m leaving right away,” Claribel explained. “Richard is taking me to see a house to-day. I only called in to tell you all."

“I suppose," said Laura, "that we shall not see much more of you now."
The driver pulled up just in time, and jumped out to help Laura to her feet.

The driver pulled up just in time, and time and jumped out to help her to her feet.

"I'm afraid I was frightfully careless," he said.

"But it was really my fault," Laura protested.

"Are you going far?" Laura told him.

"Perhaps, then, I may have the honour of driving you home. Just by way of penitence."

Laura still protested, but he held open the door for her and almost before she was aware of it she was being driven to her shabby home in the wonderful machine—she, the wife of Jim Maberne, who worked on someone else’s taxi-cab for next to nothing a week. It was like a wonderful Cinderella dream, something to be enjoyed but not believed. She leaned back in the grey unholstery and gave herself up to wild flights of imagination. The handsome man—the wonderful car—what might have been...

But it had to end. The shabby street was not at the end of the world. And as Laura stepped down to its unclean pavement and thanked the wonderful driver of the wonderful car he smiled again at her and took her hand and said:

"Perhaps we shall meet again? Anyway, I know where you live, eh?"

And with a little laugh he had turned the car and was speeding away down the street.

Laura's home looked shabbier than ever to her eyes that night. She took up from its stand the silver punch-bowl and ran her fingers round it. Somehow, it seemed to symbolise something. Something missed by her in life.

When Claribel sent her invitation to the monster Artists' Ball, there was at first no thought of deception in Laura's mind. She told Jim of the affair at once. But Jim speedily proved himself to be bitterly opposed to any such exploit.

"I have no patience with social life," he said irritably. "It's for the class it's made for, not us. You'd be out of it. You'd better stay at home. There's the twins to look after. Besides it would put silly ideas in your head. We're poor people, and you haven't got to forget it."

"I thought—just for once," Laura pleaded. "If you could let me have the money for a party frock—just a cheap one. I have never had a real good time like that."

"No," said Jim firmly, and he kissed her and the twins and went out to his work.

All morning Laura pondered the notion. Just one real good time. Just one...

There was nothing wrong in it—just one. If Jim had only let her have the dress.

In the afternoon she went out again for a walk round the shops, and she found one most delightful place...
where she could take away a gown and a fur coat for an absurdly small deposit and her promise to pay the balance at the end of the week. She was, of course, asked for a reference. She gave the name of Mrs. Richard Smith-Blanton. Her intention was to wear the gown and the coat at the ball and return them both next day as unsuitable. There would only be the small deposit to forfeit and what was such an absurd sum against a night of heron.

Laura was thankful that Jim was working late that night, that she could make her departure unobserved. She had a few small coins which she insisted in a taxi, after making sure that the driver was not Jim; and she drove up to the ball in a very haze of delight. She who walked every day to the cheap shops, riding thus to the Artists' Ball. It was beyond belief.

And the Ball too was beyond belief. Laura could not believe the fact of it, even when her eyes finally rested on its dazzle. There seemed to be thousands of people in the great hall, and how she was to find Claribel in such a throng was something quite beyond her. In the end she gave it up and abandoned herself to the music and the laughter and the colour and the song. Perhaps Claribel would turn up somewhere in the revel.

Claribel, however, did not. But, as if by some act of compensation on the part of the generous gods that had provided this wonderful feast for her, somebody else turned up. The handsome man who had driven her home in his wondrous automobile only a few nights before turned up.

"Hallo!" he said, "Didn't I say we should meet again."

Laura laughingly shook his hand and gladly responded to his invitation to seek a seat away from the din of the festivities. For half-an-hour they sat and chatted, but at last she said that they had better be returning to the ball. He pressed her to remain a little longer, but she was firm, and she herself led the way up the little staircase to the ball room. It was a staircase difficult of negotiation for one who had so long been used to trudging the cheap streets in flat heels; the high red heel of Laura's shoe caught the edge of a step, and almost before she was aware of it her shoe was off and rolling down the staircase. But for the handsome stranger it would have rolled away into the darkness of the conservatory below.

"Quite like Cinderella, isn't it?" he laughed, holding the slipper up.

"Quite!" Laura smiled. She held out her hand for the slipper, but he quickly drew it away.

"A kiss for it."

"No, no!" said Laura. He came closer, but he still held the slipper at arm's length.

"A kiss for it?"

"No," said Laura still.

"I shall keep the slipper."

"And I shall keep the kiss."

She turned and ran from him, frightened by the turn events were taking, and soon he had lost her in the crowds on the busy floor. He looked a long time, and at last he was persuaded that she must have gone. For him the interest in the dazzling gathering seemed suddenly to have vanished. He made his way to the lobby and thence to the street. At the pavement edge was a taxi that was piloted by Jim Maberne. The handsome man strode towards it.

"Cardon House, Park View," he said, and stepped inside.

Arrived at his home he got out and paid the driver; and then suddenly he appeared to be visited by a twinge of humour.

"You'll want a tip," he said.

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out the slipper of the missing girl.

"Here you are!" he said, throwing the slipper to Jim.

In the morning, after Jim had departed to his work, Laura made hasty preparations for the return of the coat and dress to the shop from which they had come. She packed the coat first, and then turned to the little wardrobe in which the dress was hanging. As she approached it she was surprised to hear from within sounds of suppressed laughter. She threw back the door, and at once the world began to swim round before her eyes. There before her eyes, torn to shreds, was the dress for which she could not pay, and decorated in the shreds were the laughing twins.

"We look pretty, mummy?" they asked. And then, no answer being forthcoming and scentering trouble, they made themselves scarce by hurrying from the room.

Laura sat wearily and wondered what to do. The price on the dress was something that she could not hope to pay if she stinted her housekeeping money for a year. And yet if it were not paid very soon there would be trouble of the most terrible kind about her head. It must be paid. There was no way in which it could be paid, but it must be paid. . . .

Running her fingers through her hair, she looked up and at that moment she chanced to see, upon the mantel shelf, the little box in which Jim kept all his savings—the money that should one day go to the purchasing of his own taxi-cab—and independence. The sum was as yet nothing like complete. It would take more than a year before he could hope to save enough. And in that time, by scraping here and scraping there, she could . . . return it . . .

She listened. Nobody was near. She stood and tottered across to where the box was. She took it down . . .

A little later she went out of the house. And into the shop . . .

Jim arrived home that afternoon earlier than he was expected. He dashed in full of glee and kissed his wife and seemed more than anything else like a boy about to go upon a holiday.

"What ever is the matter, Jim," Laura asked.

"Matter?" said Jim. "Great news. Percy Howarth is getting rid of his car, and he has offered it to me for three-quarters down and the balance in monthly instalments. It's the
chance of a lifetime. Now we are going to be free—all of us, you and the twins and me. Holidays and things like that at last!"

Laura's face went suddenly pale as he strode across to where the bank-box was. He took it down and rattled it, took out the key and opened it, looked within and then across to his wife. He met her eyes, he saw the sudden pallor that had come over her cheeks. In a flash he seemed to know, without her confessing a thing. He came back to her side and looked down on her.

"Laura!" he said.

She buried her face in her hands and told all. All except the meeting with the handsome stranger. That alone she kept back. But she told how she had hoped to be able to return the dress at hardly any cost, and how the twins had torn it at their play, and of the dreadful crisis that faced her then.

"Where is the dress?" Jim demanded.

She told him and he flung open the door of the little wardrobe and dragged it out. As he did so a little satin slipper fell out too, and he took it up and held it in his hand.

"What is this?"

"My slipper for the dance."

"One?"

"I lost the other."

"Did you! And perhaps I found it! Look!"

He dragged from his pocket his "tip" of the night before and threw the pair on the table.

"Where—where did you get it?" asked Laura.

Jim did not reply. Instead he dragged from another hook her coat and hat and handed them to her. Then he strode to the door and flung it open.

"Go to your fine friends and live with them," he said. "This place is too poor for you."

"Jim!" she cried.

"Go to your fine friends!"

He turned his head from her after that and would say no more. She pleaded with him, but he was as silent as he was hard. In the end she turned from him broken-heartedly and staggered down the street. Down many streets she wandered, to better streets than that of her home. Soon she found herself in Park View, opposite Cardon House, the home of Claribel. Where else in all the world had she to go? Weary she trudged across the road and rang the bell.

"Mrs. Smith-Blanton is not in," said the maid-servant. "If you would care to wait—"

"I will wait," said Laura.

She was shown into the morning room, and to her came the handsome stranger with whom she had left her other slipper. She stood and stared at him in the greatest surprise, and he in his turn was no little astonished to find her here, in humble attire once more, the girl of his adventure.

"Ah! the little one!" he laughed.

"You!" she cried. "Here?"

"Why not? It's my home."

"Your home? Are you—"

"Claribel's husband?"

"Here, I say! What do you know about Claribel, anyway?"

"She was my friend."

He tried to puzzle it out, but gave it up. Plainly he had been drinking and the simplest thought was too difficult for him.

"Never mind," he said. "Forget it. There's that kiss. . . ."

She drew back, but he followed her across the room. Outside at last could be heard the voice of his wife approaching, but it only roused him to greater laughter.

It was the twins, and their repeated requests for "mummy" that finally moved Jim to repentant action. A hundred times the little ones had urged him to go and look for her and bring her home.

He did not know where to look. She had not said where she would go. There was Claribel's; but he did not know the address. She might—she might go to—him. He remembered the address to which the man with the slipper had bade him drive. Cardon House in Park View. He turned up a side street and began to run. The place was a mile away, but he ran every inch of it.

The maid-servant was disposed to argue, but he brushed her aside and began a search of the rooms. And he did not have to search long. Approaching the door of one of the rooms he came face to face with the girl who had been Claribel Hayes. "You!" he said. "Do, you live here?"

They had no time for more. From behind the door came a scurry of feet and a little cry. Jim flung the door back and sprang inside. And there he found the man of the slipper tip, and his own wife. She was in his arms and attempting to drag herself free from his embrace. Jim did not stop to sort out the details of the intricate situation. He just got Mr. Smith-Blanton by the collar and dragged him away, flung him across the room, followed and sprang upon him when he was once more on his feet. They fought for a moment or two, and then it ceased to be a fight and became a scene. The end of Mr. Smith-Blanton was left to crawl battered and bleeding from his own house, before the amused gaze of his servants.

And Mr. Jim Maberne was left to listen to the explanation of his wife and her friend, and then to take his wife home to the poor house in the shabby street—and the twins.

I shall again want to leave it, Jim," she said when they were home again. "I asked for a lesson. I got one. A good one."

He kissed her, but said nothing.

"You are worrying about your old car," she said. "Don't, Jim."

He looked at her.

"You'll get your car yet," she explained. "To-morrow I am going out to sell that horrid old punch-bowl that started all our unhappiness. I used to want to get away when I saw that. Well, I'll make it get away instead. I'll buy your taxi for you, Jim. And then——"

And then, of course, he kissed her again and she forgot what she was going to say.
Beautiful Bebe Daniels was born twenty-one years ago at Dallas, Texas. Of Spanish descent, Bebe is a very wilful young lady and does not believe in any unnecessary waste of time. She made her debut on the stage at the age of three, and later began her screen career as a child actress with Selig.

Suddenly giving up work at Selig, Bebe Daniels joined Harold Lloyd productions and was leading lady in several of his most successful comedies. From then onwards, Bebe's reign as a comedy queen left nothing to be desired; Bebe Daniels was famous and famous she would remain. Three years ago, however, she gave up comedy and was made a "vamp" by Cecil B. de Mille.

Among the many vamping parts Bebe Daniels has played was the Favourite of the Babylonian King in The Admirable Crichton, Vice in Everywoman, Sally, the second wife,
Possibly, it will prove less bewildering to my readers, gentle and otherwise, if I explain at the outset that the beautiful lady who is the subject of this article is better known to the general screen-world by her real name, Edna Purviance.

She has been before the public for the past seven years as Charlie Chaplin’s inseparable film partner, and with the expiration of the once-sensational “Million Dollar Contract,” this ideal comedy partnership has come to an end.

Charlie obviously intends to carry out his threat and take life seriously in the higher walks of screen drama. And Edna, by way of a change, now finds herself a screen queen in her own right, with her first picture directed by Charlie himself.

I suppose loyalty, like virtue, is in most cases its own reward. Still, it is refreshing, once in a way, to be able to record that it occasionally meets with the recognition it has so well deserved.

Nobody needs to be assured that Edna has had her chances of stardom over and over again, but no prospects, however dazzling, have ever been able to shake her allegiance to her old Chief, the man who raised her from obscurity to world-wide fame.

“Mr. Chaplin has promised to star me,” she has always said, “when the right time came. And I am quite content to wait.”

So the “right time” has come, you see, and the long years of waiting have at last brought Edna Pollobobus her well-deserved reward. “Why the Pollobobus?” you ask.

It is just a little Studio joke, and a very old one at that, dating back to the days when Charlie engaged a new leading-lady and tried hard to persuade her to adopt a screen “alias,” because he was convinced that nobody would ever learn to pronounce her real name.

Now, Purviance is a very nice name, and Edna Olga didn’t in the least see why she should change it, because Smith and Jones happen to be less elusive. As she pointed out, it presents no grammatical difficulties, if once you’ve acquired the habit of accented “i’s” and pronouncing that letter as you would in the alphabet. (Try it yourself. It’s really quite easy.)

Anyhow, Edna stuck to her name, feeling she had a perfect right to pride, considering it was her own. But Charlie to this day still tries to keep up the fact that it is a hopeless sort of task to pronounce it, and that the nearest he could get at was Edna Pollobobus.

I have never heard Edna say it wrong. She is a typical Golden Girl of the Golden West. She is never a day older than her real age, and the picture with its eternal memories only makes a shadow of her real loveliness. With her clear un-
troubled brow, her exquisite colouring and serene air of imperturbable repose, she always put me in mind of a perfect Phidian statue warmed into life.

There is a wonderful sense of harmony and completeness in Edna's beauty. She struck me as a girl with exceptionally fine qualities of heart and soul. Rather quiet and reserved, she is apt to somewhat disconcert the professional interviewer. Accustomed to a very different type of "subject," he will describe her as a "good listener," and let it go at that.

As a matter of fact, she simply lacks the genius for any form of self-advertisement, and it is frankly not easy to get her to talk about herself. If she reads Balzac and the Outline of History, which seem to be the fashionable intellectual diet of every screen star who discourses for the benefit of the Press, she evidently doesn't feel the slightest call to tell the world about it, and whatever her pet philosophy may happen to be, it doesn't seem to occur to her that it can be of any possible interest to anyone but herself.

She is essentially natural, womanly and very sincere. She may not be expansive on such subjects as the Higher Mission of Motion Pictures, but when you are with her, you feel that you are talking on equal terms to just another woman, and are gratefully aware of her utter lack of artifice and "pose."

The only time I ever caught Edna in a reminiscent mood was one day when we were doing "location" work out at Pasadena. There was a long pause between a couple of scenes, and she suggested we might both have a little rest. So we sat down together on the pavement kerb and talked of the usual feminine variants of "cabbages and kings."

Something in the course of the conversation took her back to her own girlhood in Paradise Valley, Nevada. Her ambition then, she confided to me, was one day to become a great musician. To this day, she is a remarkably fine pianist, and she owned that she had never had cause to regret the long hours she used to spend with Messrs. Czerny, Beethoven and Bach, even though her first ambitions were never realised.

"You see," she explained, "I have always known how to play just by ear, and then it's such a very natural temptation to "scamp" the drudgery which leads to a better understanding of all that's really worth while in music."

Ever since she can remember, she has been an out-of-doors girl. She told me her favourite games way back in Nevada had always been rather rough-and-tumble affairs.

"I'm afraid," she confessed, "I was a good hit of a tom-boy in those days. I can't remember when first I learnt to ride, but I've learnt at all. It's often I wouldn't even bother to saddle my little pony, but would just jump on his back and go for a mad gallop early of a morning, then come back perfectly ravenous for breakfast."

Circumstances forced her to abandon her musical ambitions and train for a commercial career. Fortunately a discriminating Destiny then took a hand in her affairs, and a perfectly good shorthand-typist was lost to the business-world, when the film-world discovered her for the screen.

It so happened that Edna was holiday-making in Southern California, and seized the opportunity to visit a friend who was working at the old Chaplin Studio on the coast at Niles. Charlie had just completed his first picture for Essanay and was trying to find a new leading-lady for his next production. He saw Edna making her tour of inspection with her friend of his studio grounds, and then there his mind was made up.

An introduction was effected on the spot, and before she actually realised the wonderful thing that had happened, Edna found herself forswearing Pitman and all his works and affixing her neat signature to a moving-picture contract.

That was in May, 1915. Since then, she has appeared in every one of the Chaplin comedies, with the exception of One A.M., Charlie's Hail and Farewell experiment as a "single turn."

During these eight years, her place in the general scheme of Chaplin's pictures has been mainly of a decorative nature. Always excepting The Kid, she has had very little real opportunity to prove her undisputed acting ability. All the same, the little scenes she has had to do has always been done so well, that I doubt if any other girl in the screen world could ever approach her in her own line of comedy work.
What are the Wild Wires Saying?

W. GRIFFITH was the first movie producer to realise the dramatic possibilities of the telephone, but like the man who invented gunpowder he never knew what troubles he was piling up for posterity. He just looked around and spotted a telephone and said: "I can do something with that." Movie producers have been "doing something with that" ever since. Nowadays no movie is complete without it. Not one. There seems to be something lacking in historical photoplays, and we all know what that something is. The ancient proverb, revised up to-date runs: "A kiss without a moustache is like an eye without salt, or a movie without a telephone."

In the beginning David Wark Griffith used the telephone for such purposes as summoning the police to a burglar-besieged house, or calling out the fire brigade when the hungry flames were up in Mary’s attic. Then he turned his thoughts to bigger game and achieved a master-piece in which the husband telephoned to his wife to tell her that he was about to commit suicide and begged her to "listen for the bang." The wife—Blanche Sweet played the part—got busy in record time. Seizing their infant child she placed him in front of the telephone and left him to prattle childish nothings into the transmitter, whilst she dashed off through the streets at a pace that would have made Mumtaz Mahal look like a butcher’s back.

Shortly after this period some misguided person invented the film serial and the telephone started on a career of crime. Poisoned telephones, tapped wires, dummy transmitters and all the horrors of serial warfare were presented before our eyes. The miserable heroine was always being lured to disaster over the telephone, and the "mysterious hooded character" entered a telephone booth and phoned somebody or other at least once in every reel.

Then a new arrival at the studios who called himself the Art Director came upon the scene and took the telephone in hand. He said that the telephone was an ugly beast, and had no right to parade its nakedness in the cultured halls of Filmdom. So he set to work and designed telephone coverings—dolls, and satin cosies, or dinky little cabinets, with which to hide the offender from the public gaze. It was a good idea, but it didn’t help matters very much. Nowadays when the heroine wishes to telephone, she undresses the standard in public, which takes up a few extra feet of film, and then goes about the business in the usual way.

It seems but yesterday that the movie-makers started to give us that "new dramatic thrill" which has since done service in scores of pictures. You know the one I mean. The heroine, bound hand and foot on the floor, wishes to summon assistance. But how! Elementary my dear Watson. She bumps against the table containing the telephone. The standard falls to the floor, the receiver is displaced, and the heroine cries "Police! Police!" into the transmitter.

People will tell you that the British movie maker works under a distinct handicap in comparison with his American cousin. Correct. In America everybody is on the phone. In England people have to write notes to each other, which wastes a lot of time. You know... and so I am leaving you for the man I love, Freda...

How much more dramatic to be able to ring up and say: "This is the end, Harold!" Fade out. Fade in close up of telephone exchange girls laughing blithely as they switch people on the wrong numbers. Fade out. Fade in on Harold, registering tense emotion. "Oh, Freda, Freda!

"—Cut!"
Once upon a time there was a man named Job who had a pretty rough passage through this vale of tears. Job, you will remember, was a patient man. Sarcastic women will tell you that he is the only patient man in the history of the world. I disagree. In my time I have met a large number of patient men, but, without any hesitation I award the palm for patience to a man I met to-day. His name is Rudolph Valentino.

When a celebrity comes to London, journalists foregather in his vicinity like flies round a honey-pot. If he is good copy, he has to stand and deliver. There is no escape. Clever people can dodge bloodhounds and it is possible to deceive a policeman; but the copy-hound will get you every time.

In a reception room on the first floor at the Carlton I found Rudolph Valentino entirely surrounded by copy-hounds. I recognised the old familiar bark: "And what do you think of England and the English people?" before the door opened to admit me into the presence of the man who rules the raves. A moment later I was shaking hands with a very dark man of strikingly handsome aspect, who wore a magnificent dressing-gown over purple pyjamas, and sported rings on his fingers and red Russian-leather slippers on his toes.

There is no denying that the man is devilish good looking, but if he carries the conceit that usually goes with good looks he resembles very cleverly. For he is quiet and shy and sensible with not so much as a

Rudolph Valentino as "Julio" in "The Four Horsemen," the picture that changed him from a struggling screen player into a much sought after star.

This is not an answer to the question "why do girls leave home," but an attempt to analyse Rudolph Valentino, the screen's most popular lover. This London interview with the beloved Rudolph gives you an unconventional pen-picture of the man whose charm has been described as "irresistible" by feminine picture-goers all the world over.

"No, I can't tell you anything about London. I haven't seen it yet."
"Then where have you been?" I inquired.
"Here," said Rudolph Valentino. "Here in this hotel. Answering questions. And the telephone. And letters. I've had to engage a secretary to look after the correspondence. See that pile there? Girls write and say, 'Please may I come and see you, and bring mother and father. Now what?' "Ting-a-ling!
"He hasn't had a minute's rest; Rudolph Valentino in a scene from "The Cheat," with May Milton, one of his early picture.
Pictures and Picturegoer

SEPTEMBER 1923

A straight picture of Rudy that reveals the remarkable fascination of his eyes.

Rudolph turns the camera on Lila Lee during a halt in the filming of "Blood and Sand." был.

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of his early career. When he arrived in New York at the age of eighteen, he could speak very little English and for some time he had a very rough passage as a stranger in a strange land. His first job in America was as a landscape gardener, but it didn't last long enough to yield him any tangible benefit. So being something of a tango expert he set out to make a living as a professional dancer. He made a living all right, but there was nothing luxurious about it. Indeed for many months Rudolph was perilously near starvation on more than one occasion.

After dancing his way along the road to fame without getting any appreciably nearer to his goal, Rudolph started again as an actor. This time he travelled some distance,—all the way to Salt Lake City with a touring company in fact—but the show went bust, and, with it, Rudolph's hopes.

In 1917 Rudolph played his first speaking part, when he appeared with Richard Dix in a play called "Nobody Home." Still success refused to smile upon him, and after trying in vain to enlist in the Italian, Canadian and British armies, Rudolph began to think that fortune had a grudge against him.

There followed a period of hard-luck days before Rudolph took his first chance with the movies. Some of his earliest picture efforts were The Married Virgin, The Delicious Little Devil (with Mae Murray), Eyes of Youth (with Clara Kimbrill Young), Ambition (with Dorothy Phillips) and The Cheater (with May Allison).

Most of all, Rudolph Valentino hates to be looked upon as a lounge lizard type of man. He is debonair to a degree, but there is nothing effeminate about him. Amongst other things he is a skilled horseman, and is looking forward to hunting in this country later in the year.

The above brief sketch of Rudolph's career will show you that he has known Rudolph from the beginnings of his screen career assert that he hasn't changed at all, which is a pretty high tribute to his strength of character.

Wherein lies the secret of Rudolph's wonderful power over the hearts of film fans? I have but put the question to a number of feminine friends and all returned different answers. "He looks so thoroughly wicked," one told me. "He is so adorably handsome," said another. "He is a wonderful actor, that's why," explained a third, whilst a fourth murmured mysteriously: "It's his eyes!"

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino (Natascha Rambou).
* The art or technical director in the production of a photoplay selects the costumes, settings and the properties; that is to say, he creates the atmosphere for the picture. A scene, for example, that calls for a Louis XVI setting, demands furniture and other decorations of that period. Selecting and arranging these articles is the work of the art director. These properties are rented from firms who make a specialty of that business.

Now producing companies' managers frequently form a combination with these rental firms, which work out in this way when a picture is made. The technical directors are given a list of stores from which they are compelled to make their art selections, regardless of whether the property would be obtainable in them. If a Louis XVI setting is desired, perhaps one or two sets of that particular period can be found in the favoured stores. Selections cannot be made from more than three or so, or else the studio management will let the director in on the secret of some good store, by way of a tidbit.

A few directors are so well known or so wealthy that the public cannot tell the difference anyway. The secret is that the listed stores charge the producers double rental prices, one-half of which goes to the grafting manager.

"If a rug of peculiar pattern could be rented at a store not on the list for twenty dollars, a rug of much less value to the picture would have to be selected at a listed store for fifty dollars, again, and I prepared to take my leave.

I'm sorry we were interrupted so often," he told me at parting. "We must meet again for a quiet chat. Don't forget to tell the English picturegoers how grateful I am to them for their reception of myself."

On my way down the stairs I met a man who looked uncommonly like a journalist.

"Is that Mr. Valentino's room?" he asked.

I acquiesced, and stood for a moment whilst the inquirer vanished through the doorway. In that moment I heard a mellow voice beginning:

"Tell me, what do you think of London, and . . ."

Like Pontius Pilate, I paused not for the answer. I knew it already. Also I knew that I am backing Rudolph for the Patience Stakes. I reckoned he can give Job a couple of stone and lose him over any distance.

WILTON LANE.

*Rudy is an expert with the foils"
Nazimova pictures is the photographer of *The Christian*, and a large share of the success of the picture is due to him. The photography is excellent throughout, with many brilliant effects. The acting of Richard Dix in the part of "John Storm" again goes to prove how very wrong Charles Chaplin was when he said that Richard would never become a successful cinema actor. Dix's characterization of Storm is probably his greatest triumph and this fact alone is worth the seeing of the picture.

The right London atmosphere has got well into this picture and the Derby scenes are exceptionally fine throughout. The whole photoplay could not have been more British had a British producer directed it, with none but British stars. As it is, with a French producer, American and English artists, a Dutch photographer, an Australian actress (Mae Busch), etc., *The Christian* is a Cosmopolitan success.

"It is not all roses," declares Richard Dix, "to go to Epsom on Derby Day especially when one is dressed in a cassock. I had to make a speech to a huge crowd on the course, and astonishing as it may sound, I had a very good-natured reception. I had a carefully marked card and a number of betting slips in my pocket of my cassock. I wonder what my audience would have said if they had known."

In the meantime the camera with Van Engen at the crank was recording the very realistic scenes and unknown to the audience were some extraordinarily fine pictures were taken.

Richard was well suited to the part of John Storm for he is tall, handsome with strong, prominent features and has a most powerful physique.

It was in this picture that Mae Busch graduated from vampire roles, and it was also the first step to dramatic acting of a different sort than she had done previously.

The story is a powerful one and tells of the clash and warfare of two dominant personalities. Throughout the story, Richard Dix stands out as a fine actor and the only personality that counts. There is an excellent supporting cast which includes Gareth Hughes, Phyllis Hover, Mahlon Hamilton, Cyril Chadwick, Joseph Dowling, and Claude Gillingwater.
Hey, Ingles, you poke 'un in ze ribs." This not altogether sound advice, cheerfully given by a grinning toreador, more Mexican than Spaniard, had the effect of reducing the bull to hysterics. At least that was what it seemed like to me. The bull, I could see very well, objected to receiving violent lunges from a wooden sable in the region of that part of the body which would have been a saddle had the bull been a horse. Which is the Spanish way of describing a toreador's attack on a bull.

But the gentleman at whom the above expert, but undoubtedly flippant advice, was fired, was not a toreador by any means. Just a film actor, nothing more.

The scene took place one torrid afternoon in a Spanish bull ring on the outskirts of Ronda, two or three days journey out of Madrid. On every side of us were roaming and tossing bulls, enraged horses and frenzied matadors, toreadors and what not. If the bulls had not been behind iron bars, and the horses a quarter of a mile from us, we might have been hurt.

Down in the arena a mad bull (I call it a mad bull as this makes the article look so much more impressive), was pawing the ground in front of a trembling horse ridden by Felix Ford, chief star in the new Aubert production dealing with Spanish life, the title of which has not yet been decided.

A wooden palisade built around the arena, supposedly to prevent people from getting a free glimpse, positively shook under the weight of two film directors, a cameraman, three toreadors (off duty) and myself. There we were, seven in a row, sitting precariously on the top of a very unsaft wooden board. Beside me the three toreadors were gesticulating wildly to Felix Ford instructions as to how he was to evade the bull. Twice the camera nearly toppled over, twice we pulled one of the producers back from a terrible death, and twice we tried to push the toreadors off their perch, explaining gently that the palisade would not bear the weight of seven.

An amused spectator of the scenes was the leading lady, Lucienne Legrand, the well-known French cinema star, and she, too, cheerfully gave advice. Then, one of the toreadors climbing back, told Felix Ford for the tenth time that there was no danger as long as the horse kept still and its rider stared the bull in the face.

"That's all very well," shouted back Felix, "I know that and you know that, but does the bull know it."

Suddenly there was a terrific commotion in the bull ring and the next thing we saw was a terrified horse with Felix clanging to the saddle, clearing the wooden palisade at a speed that would make lightning seem a mere slow motion picture in comparison.

The scenes were finished for the day and Felix Ford and myself adjourned to an inn in the region of the rocky mountains in close proximity to Ronda. There we were served with the most intoxicating liqueur I have ever tasted in my life. It was so strong that they had to serve it in glasses an inch thick. Felix Ford produced a pencil and paper, and wrote something down.

"Say, Hiram, I guess that if we export a half a pint of this nicker we'll be able to make enough barrels of fire-water to make the whole state of Pennsylvania go run in for being drunk. What say, Hiram?"

My irrepressible companion heckled to the waitress.

"Cuanto, senorita?" he asked with a superfluous wave of his hand.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, its Spanish for How much?"

"Tac, I said mysteriously.

"What's that?" he queried suspiciously.

"'Tis the Russian for All right," I replied haughtily.

Some time later the chief producer came running along. "Where's Ford?" he asked angrily.

"Is it already seven o'clock," I

Continued on

page 65.

Felix Ford and Lucienne Legrand

Felix Ford and Helenita Dambrez

Above: Oscar M. Sheridan. Left: Felix Ford and Helenita Dambrez
"In making a picture it is often necessary to be out of doors in sun and wind and any kind of weather; but I am not afraid of my skin being spoilt, because I have learnt the secret of preserving it—Eastern Foam. "The constant use of this delightful cream will insure that fine smooth skin which is perhaps a woman's greatest charm."

Glorious Autumn days! But the nights are often chilly and there's a warning "nip" in the air. Now is the time for a woman to pay special heed to her complexion. Winter is coming and with it the inevitable exposure to extremes of heat and cold, to harsh East winds and the drying heat of fire-warmed rooms. EASTERN FOAM is ideal for the protection it gives against climatic and other harmful conditions, as tens of thousands of women can testify. Its use ensures a smooth, youthful velvety skin, free from blemish. EASTERN FOAM contains no objectionable ingredients such as glycerin, grease, menthol, etc. It vanishes immediately, leaving no trace save its fascinating and exclusive fragrance. Excellent as a basis for powder.

"EASTERN FOAM" is sold in Large Pots (Price 1/4) by all Chemists and Stores.

FREE DAINTY BEAUTY BOXES.
Dainty Aluminium Boxes of "EASTERN FOAM"—ideal for the pocket or handbag—are being distributed free. Merely send, enclosing 1d. stamped addressed envelope for return, to The British Drug Houses, Ltd. (Dept. J.D.B.). 16-30, Graham Street, London, N.1.
"If you want to be successful on the screen, first become a rabid fan and then intelligently observe your screen favourites, read a lot about them, and learn the whys and wherefores of screen acting. If you have talent and are sincere then the rest can be speedily accomplished. You've just got to work. WORK, WORK, and then work some more. And when you are not working you must be studying."

There is perhaps no other screen actress in a better position than Alice Calhoun to emphasize the importance and necessity of hard work to become a successful screen artiste, for her rise to fame has been one long struggle in this direction.

Alice Calhoun got her first chance to act before the moving picture camera by telling a lie, and by reducing her long tresses to coils about her head. She was then only fifteen, but said she was much older and managed to get a number of minor engagements. Not very long after her debut however, she was given her first big part, co-starring with Charles Rich- man in "Lucky Lady's Business."

Alice Calhoun next joined Vitagraph and the first indication of her great popularity on the screen came in the shape of thousands of letters from "fans" which arrived by every post. Those who wrote to Alice also began writing to the President of the Vitagraph, Albert H. Smith, and he was personally forced to make her a star. Her rise to fame, although meteoric, was only acquired by constant hard work, and even since she was fifteen it has been all work and no play for Alice Calhoun.

Alice is a very beautiful woman, and numbers among her many accomplishments a weakness for making hats, delightful little headgears and gorgeous creations. Alice Calhoun is very demure and rather shy. Her eyes are of a beautiful hazel colour, her hair is of light brown and hers across her forehead causing her ears in silken waves, that ever change colour from nut brown to the colour of ripe corn. She is of medium height and rather slim, and out in the States is known as the "Girl of a Thousand Faces" because of her remarkable talent for portraying the most contrasting types of countenance without the aid of make-up.

California, to Alice's mind, is the ideal country to live in. It is the land of Out-of-Doors, she says, "Sunshine and Blue Skies are the rule—albeit it rains here too—but we must say since we are now Cali- fornians that it is the "usual" thing. The people are less formal. Neighbours welcome you. And one can be oneself at all times."

Out in Hollywood Alice Calhoun has founded a club called after her name, and an interesting bi-monthly magazine, "The Alice Calhoun Journal," which deals with cinema topics on the West Coast is sent to all members.

One of Alice Calhoun's greatest screen successes was the part of Lady Babbage in Barrie's "Little Minister" which she made for Vitagraph. Her first character of a bad girl was in "Little Wildcat" in which production she scored immense success in the role of "Mag o' th' Alley." This was followed by "Peggy Puts It Over," a picturesque photoplay of rural life. "Closed Doors, The Charming Deceiver and Princess Jones are other productions, in which she has been starred.

O.M.S.
Gertrude McCoy
the popular British Screen Star, says:—

"I like all good chocolates, but I simply love Lyon's. There's such a variety in them and each is more delicious than the last. Don't you agree?"

Instead of asking for "chocolates" just say "MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES—please?" and thus make certain of getting what everyone wants—that's Q-U-A-L-I-T-Y. They are made in over eighty varieties, each the quintessence of its kind.

MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES
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To achieve a lasting charm of complexion and to guard against the ravages of time and weather, follow this daily treatment with Palmolive Soap: just use this soap and water—that's all.

Palmolive, even in hard water, quickly gives you a rich creamy lather. Gently rub this lather into the pores of the skin, using your finger tips.

Then rinse

The lather carries away with it all impurities and leaves your skin soft and smooth. Note how refreshed you feel.

Continued treatment with Palmolive rapidly rejuvenates the complexion and restores the healthy bloom of youth. Your skin deserves Palmolive Soap.

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Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give the natural green colour to Palmolive Soap.

The perfect blend of Palm and Olive Oils.

At Maison Lyons, Corner Houses, Lyon's Tea Shops, and Leading Kinemas and Confectioners throughout the country.
TO BETTY.

In times of old, when knights were bold,
Back in the good old days,
Folks serenaded ladies fair
By singing roundelay.

If I could be a troubadour,
I'd blazon forth your fame
Until the corners of the earth
Resounded with your name.

Oh, Betty B., no star but thee
Is worth a moment's thought,
Full many a pleasant memory
Your wondrous art has wrought.

They say you're shy, I wonder why,
Most folks would show content
If they'd a claim to half your fame,
Won on the silver sheet.

A. C. (Cambridge.)

MY MATHESON.

I really like you Mister L.
The reason why's hard to tell,
But this I know, and know full well,
I really like you Mister L.

The man that I admire is Lang,
The other stars may all go hang,
For them I do not care a hang,
The man that I admire is Lang.

BERTHA (London.)

SKIN DEEP!

Some people pride of the handsome face,
On a nature's ideal chappie,
But give me a man who really plan,
And I'll be completely happy.

Some people talk of Owen Navres,
Or the clasped hand of Novello,
But the only man that I can love
Is a downright ugly fellow.

For marcelled hair, and a damped chin,
Are soon inclined to weary:
But who could tire of the masterful scowl
On the face of Wallace Beery.

Blue-grey eyes are a thing to prize,
But I greet them with derision,
I'd rather far have a lingering look
At Turpin's cross-eyed vision.

Though Gareth Hughes, some folks may choose,
Though Milton Sills is brainy,
I'd never be loth to swap them both
For a villainous smile from Chaney.

A man may be fair, with lovely hair,
The hue of a ripe banana,
But far more dear, is the cauliflower ear,
Of that cutie, Bull Montana.

C. C. (Leigh-on-Sea.)

TO MARY PICKFORD.

There are several kinds of horses,
There are several kinds of cats,
There are several kinds of dresses,
There are several kinds of hats.

There are several kinds of women—
married men know how they vary,
There are several kinds of film stars,
But—there's just ONE Little Mary.

Pickfordian (Newcastle.)

A RIDDLE-MERIE.
My first is in "James," but not in "Knight."
My second is in "Cowley," but not in "Wright."
My third is in "Edward," and also in "Earl."
My fourth is in "Conway," but not in "Tarle."

My fifth is in "Dorothy," but not in "Fanc."
My sixth is in "Charles," but not in "Lance."
My seventh is in "Richard," but not in "Desc."
My eighth is in "Tom," but not in "Alix."
My ninth is in "Buster," and also in "Keaton."
My tenth is in "Doris," and also in "Eaton."
My eleventh is in "Cameron," but not in "Carr."
My whole is the name of a British film star.

Booth, Missey Hatton

BEFRETE SIMMONS.

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of Picturegoer. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film-releasing. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault," published in the Picturegoer. Address: "Faults," The Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

An Invisible Valet.

In Sky High, Tom Mix as "Grant" fights with about a dozen Chinamen. With his face dirty, and wet, and his hair all disarrayed, they tie him hand and foot, but when next you see him calling to the girl above, although his hands still tied, his hair is brushed and his face clean. Who did it for him?

E. S. (London, W.)

There's Hair!

When Betty Compson is in bed in The Last and The Woman, she has two long plaits trailing over the counterpane, but when an a later scene, she lets her hair down to bleach it, it only just reaches her shoulders. Lost a lot through worry perhaps?

H. W. (Cricklewood).

Second Sight.

In Out of the Snows, the hero gives the heroine a jade in the form of a heart, and tells her to send it to him whenever she wants him. He then leaves her and goes to his quarters, then to the store for relaxation. Soon afterwards the heroine hands the jade to her maid saying "Give this to him at the store." Smart girl, wasn't she, to know where to find him at once?

S. E. L. (Penang).

Stars and Stripes.

In the film One Mole Night, featuring Alice Calhoun, the lover was wounded in the desert. He was then dressed in white robes; he goes straight to the robbers' camp to rescue the girl, and is seen disguised in a blue and white striped robe. He rides away with her, chased by the Arabs, and when he dismounts he is again seen in white. This strikes me as being rather a quick change.

A. E. (London, N.W.)

Quick Work.

In Her Husband's Trademark Gloria Swanson as "Mrs. Jim Barkley." When the "Allen Franklin," were swimming away from a bandit chief, they reached land, their clothes wringing wet, yet a moment later were seen on a rock perfectly dry.

J. B. (London, S.E.)

A Magic Tin.

In The Chicken in the Case, Steve Perkins takes a bun out of a tin. He then sees a letter which he opens, putting the bun back into the tin, with lid open, and goes out. When he returns the lid is shut, and the bun on the cupboard a long time.

F. G. F. (Timbridge Wells.)
Try This Perfect Toilet Soap.

We are convinced that you have but to try Price's Old English Lavender squares to be a constant user.

**PRICE'S Old English LAVENDER SOAP**

In this popular soap the enchanting fragrance of Lavender finds its happiest expression. Its lather is soft, creamy—its perfume lingers to the last.

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VISTA PEARLS look equal to the real thing. They are solid, unbreakable, and have the exquisite lustre of real pearls. Yet a 16 in. necklace of finely-graded pearls with solid gold clasp, in handsome silk and velvet-lined case, costs only 12/-, 20 in. 15/-, and 24 in. 18/-. Money willingly refunded if not satisfied.

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Expert hair specialists have known this simple fact for years. So they have used olive oil constantly in high-priced treatments.

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Now, in Palmolive Shampoo we have provided such a blend, and women everywhere are taking to it as something they have long wanted.

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Picturgoer, September
An Epic of the Sea

Malcolm MacGregor, Lon Chaney, and Billie in scenes from "All the Brothers were Valiant," released this month.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS, author of many notable sea stories has provided excellent screen material in All the Brothers Were Valiant which is released in picture form this month. Lon Chaney in the role of Mark Shore, a braggart seaman, again proves himself to be one of the screen's greatest character actors. For once in a while Lon is allowed to repent before the final reel, and there is a big punch at the end of the film, where he lays down his life in order to save his brother.

Malcolm MacGregor plays the part of Joel Shore, a landsman who goes to sea as captain of his brother's ship and wins out after many tribulations. At first the sailors are inclined to laugh at their amateur skipper, but Joel soon proves that he has the right stuff in him. Billie Dove is the girl in the story, a young bride who is something of a hero-worshipper. All is well when she discovers that she has married a hero herself. A mutiny on the high seas and thrilling scenes on a whaling-ship are amongst the dramatic moments in All the Brothers were Valiant.
H arold Lloyd and Mildred Lloyd, erstwhile Dairs have had a great time in New York. They have been dined, and tea'd and invited to plays, attending golf tournaments at Inwood and Long Bevel and been generally here, there, and everywhere. Now they are back again ready to return to work.

D uring his temporary retirement, Bill Hart has been studying the character and work of Patrick Henry, the famous orator, and weaving a film story around him and his times. He has also written a novel of it, called A Lighter of Flames, which will be published about the time Hart commences filming it. Big Bill's first work this autumn will be a series of Westerners. He has his own independent unit at Hollywood, and has several western stories under consideration.

M onte Blue has had a long session in hospital. Whilst starring in Loving Lies, he was making a landing on Laguna Beach in a very small skiff when a heavy swell was at its height. The waves caught the little boat and flung Monte into the sea. He struck out boldly for the shore, but another roller flung the boat atop of him, crushing a rib and inflicting severe bruises upon the unfortunate star. Here's wishing Monte a speedy recovery.

S omething unique in motion picture sets is the pigeon house and pen standing on the Lucky lot for Spring Magic (The Farm). It occupies as full a space as an ordinary set, for there are one hundred and twelve inhabitants, and as shots of the birds flying are required, sufficient space has been allotted for the camera to catch them from three different angles.

M any scenes for The Light That Failed have already been shot at Catalina Island. Percy Marmont has the role of "Dick," with Jacqueline Logan opposite, and David Torrence, Sigrid Holmquist, Mabel Van Buren, and Luke Cosgrave in other roles. It is a Paramount production with George Mellord directing.

J . Stuart Blackton is at work on his first Vitaphone special, which is also his first American production since his return from England. This is On The Banks of the Wabash, a rural drama inspired by a well-known song. Mary Carr has the leading role, and Burr McIntosh plays an old captain. James Morrison is the hero, with Lounsden hare opposite Mary Carr. Mary McLaren and Madge Evans have good roles also, and there is to be a thrill climax.

B aby Peggy has graduated from two reelers into a star in full length features. Her first was Who's Baby Are You? and her present one is an elaborate version of Editha's Burglar. Miss Hodgson Burnett's popular story, which has been made into an American play. Many popular juveniles have starred in this, but none of such tender years as Peggy.

I vor Novello has written a film play in collaboration with Constance Collier, and will act in it either the end of this year, or in the spring of nineteen twenty-four. It is a story of Parisian low life, titled The Rat, and Ivor plays an Apache, whilst Gladys Cooper, opposite whom he has played in stage, has a dual role. The fair Gladys will enact an Apache girl, a very dramatic character, and the heroine. Both she and Ivor Novello have appeared in Bonnie Prince Charlie for Gaumont's
The Key to Beauty

With beauty, as with the greatness spoken of by Shakespeare, some are born to it—have it thrust upon them—others achieve it by using Madame Helena Rubinstein's Key to Beauty, which unlocks the door leading to attractiveness and charm, success and happiness.

And even the beauty that is needs care and cultivation, otherwise the passing years will engage tragic marks on the beauty that was.

Madame Rubinstein, whose name for a quarter of a century has been a household word for beauty seekers throughout the world, who is supreme in beauty knowledge and wisdom—gives the comforting assurance of unfailing beauty cultivation and preservation to young and old, beautiful and unattractive, to all in fact, who yearn for the loveliness of perfect contour, the charm of an unwrinkled skin, a fresh, exquisite complexion unmarrned by spot or blench. And this despite climatic vagaries, onslaughts of Father Time, and the strain of social or professional activities.

A Small Bunch of Beauty Keys

SONBURN and FRECKLES. Valaze Brightening Cream Sonburn causes freckles to fade almost immediately, tones them down, becomes a salve to eieuxl beauty. Valaze Sunproof Cream, applied before outdoor exposure, effectively protects freckles and sunburn, in which it is unique and inappreciable. Prices, $1.25 and 50 cents.

FACIAL CONTOUR. Valaze will relax the face, reduce double chins. It will sharpen, keep your contour. Valaze Roman Jet, made from relaxed muscles, daily on the face, will sharpen the shape of the face. For double chins use Valaze Reducing Jelly, which acts on the skin, cleans it, and deposits beneath the skin. Price, 25 cents.

BLACKHEADS, OPEN PORES. Valaze Sonburn Cream and Sunpore Cream improve the texture of the skin are remedied by Valaze Sonburn and Sunpore Base which makes the skin fresh, clear and refined. The difference in application of Valaze Sonburn and Valaze Sunpore is the strength and entirely different fronts of the skin. Price, 25 cents.

THROAT & NECK DISCOLORATION. Valaze Brightening Cream quickly corrects discoloration. Used on neck, it corrects the immediate and temporary discoloration and is not rub of out of neck with Prices, 40 cents and 50 cents, respectively.

A WRINKLE "ABOUT" WRINKLES. Wrinkles are the score of a lifetime. Bride or maiden, woe to the woman whose wrinkles escape proper care is taken. Two methods of Valaze are wrinkle reducers, an effective treatment of Valaze Petrolatum Cream and Valaze Wrinkle Remover. They operate by softening the wrinkle, making it disappear, but it is on the unwrinkled skin. Price, 25 cents.

Venetian, facial treatments are given daily to remedy all beauty flaws. The Valaze Sherman treatment relieves comedo faults and impairs. Blemish home treatment kits. An in "throw-away Secrets of Beauty,"ental on request.

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Frank Lloyd Norine
Falmadge and Conway Earle, Director and Stars of "Ashes of Vengeance."

Dolores Costello, the favourite Italian screen star has blossomed forth into one of the best women fencers in America. She spends most of her days in indulging in her new round art, and declares herself ready to meet any motion picture people (Female gender only). She states there have been only three volunteers.

So interested were some three hundred boys in a New York movie theatre, where Grumpy, a Theodore Robert picture was being shown, that they refused to leave their seats, though an alarm of fire had been raised. They had to be forcibly ejected when smoke commenced coming down from the ceiling. The fire was in the story above, and it was necessary to clear the whole building. The adults soon evacuated, but the children after being made to leave, waited around outside, and as soon as the fire had been put out, demanded to be let in to see the finish of the program. They marched back to their places, and after some demur, they had their way. Drapping walls and smoke-blackened screens held no terrors for them, they insisted on having their full ten cents worth.

Joseph Sunchard has just finished an American version of The Cricket on the Heath, which is said to adhere strictly to Dickens' story Virginia Brown Fair, and Fritz Rulcky co-star with Sunchard whose fine work in The Four Horsemen added new laurels to an already well-known repuation as a character actor.

(Continued on page 34)
DR. M'SIEUR VIVAUDOU, the world's greatest beautv scientist—has brought new knowledge of the arts of that kind where, for over half a century, the famous Bernhardt defied the passage of time. And why not you?

Mavis Talcum, Face Powder, Cold Cream, Rouge, Pertume, Lip Stick, and Nail Polish. These are the essentials of true love, likeness which M. VivAUDOU now offers to ladies of this land. Each and all will be found of supreme efficacy and refinement.

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EYV woman has a right to beauty—to make the most of her every attraction. You owe it to yourself—to your friends—to "him"—to be as lovely as you can. Just back from Paris, Monsieur Vivaudou—the world's greatest beauty scientist—has brought new knowledge of the arts of that kind where, for over half a century, the famous Bernhardt defied the passage of time. And why not YOU?

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The new Ambron Model "A" is cut from the famous Ambron Super Corset Cloth. A fabric of wonderful strength and durability, with Bust 2 inches above with 6 with no present wear. It is supplied with Duplex Rustless Supports, cloth faced and specially reinforced for strength and support. Wedge shaped Bust and 4 Adjustable Woven Lock Suspenders, detachable. Pretty trimming completes this exquisitely dainty Corset which can be fitted to many sizes and is easily washable without removal of bust, trimmings or supports.

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Please send me a 14 11 Ambron Model "A" Corset at the reduced price of 81 cts. on approval. My measurements are:

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I enclose 1 deposit with 8d, part post, and if I do not immediately return Corset, I will either complete purchase in one sum of 7 cts., or by weekly instalments of 1 cts. Please receipt for the full payment.

Size range from 30 to 36 inches. Over 30 inches, 1 extra.

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P

phyllis Haver has been selected to pose for a statue to adorn the Motion Picture Exposition. Phyllis was told that she typified the American in her ideal form, and is delighted about it. A special Exposition coin will be struck, upon which Phyllis Haver's head on profile will appear.

E

ille Norwood is going to play "Sherlock Holmes" on the stage this autumn. He was, of course, a noted actor before films claimed him, and his romantic air and sternly handsome features remind many of the late Lewis Waller. Eille was "spotted" by some observant readers of this journal whilst he was on holiday in the Isle of Wight, this summer. The play is called "Sherlock Holmes," but it is a new one, and not the one which has had such a vogue on tour for some years.

La

urette Taylor will be seen on the screen again soon. She will make picture versions of her husband's plays "Happiness," and "One Night in Rome," both of which are familiar to playgoers.

A

llen Holubar is going to make four very big productions for Metro. Each one is set in picturesque locations, and Holubar is determined to use the original settings, so he will take his company abroad. Very much so, too, he has an Alaskan story, a South Sea Island Romance, a South American tale, and a Dixieland idyll. In any case, Allen Holubar thinks it will be far less costly to "stage" on the actual spots than to build replicas of them in the studios.

N

owadays, in America, at least, studio buildings are not rooted in, and most of them are unfinished at the top. The set is built up to a certain height, then the continuation is made in miniature, and fixed in such a position that the camera catches it in its proper focus and joins it into the "shot," so that the fake cannot possibly be detected. It is a ingenious and perfectly legitimate method of working and saves many dollars for the producers. It was by means of a rich effect of distance, that the clever "clock" and "sky-scraper" thrills in Harold Lloyd's Safety Last were obtained. Here no miniatures were used, but by adjusting the camera at a certain angle, and at a certain distance, two buildings some yards distant appeared as one, and the climbing feats, though quite perilous enough, were not absolutely as hair breadth as they appeared.

A

n interesting player in Rex Ingram's Scaramouche" is Gypsy. Hart. She was selected by him from a crowd of several hundreds to take the role of "Theroigne de Mericourt," and after a few minutes chat, Ingram found that she was a girl he met some years ago at Universal City and advised her to try motion pictures. She had, in fact, played a couple of small parts there later, for him, and had become fairly on the way to success when she retired for a time. Twelve months ago the screen lured her again, and she started "extra"ing to get her hand well in Gypsy Hart is her real name and she isn't related to William S. Hart though she's a Western by birth and a fine rider and shot.

S

essian Hayakawa, the famous Japanese screen actor, is now in Paris with his wife Tsuru Aoki, and both are hard at work making scenes for La Bataille, which is being filmed by

Rex Ingram directing Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in "Scaramouche"
It returned. The magic. Pamoil most big hedge minute. Fully to (ri'Veuch 55 comes. I does "F. conversation. Wet talk. popular. disappointed."

Wet Hayakawa, Calhoun the— The Frenchman, Felix of Hayakawa, Aoki. The Englishman, Felix Ford, who takes the part of a British naval officer, but who besides has one of the funniest jobs ever assigned to a screen actor, that is guardian of Sessue Hayakawa, and Felix has to be near him from morning till night to see that “nobody steals Sessue.”

What Every Woman Seeks.

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SEPTEMBER 1923

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Lloyd (with sub-titles), Katherine
MacDonald, Max Marsh, Colleen
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Murphy, Raymond
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Bille Norwood and Isabel Elson in “The Sign of Four”

A Gamble With Hearts (W. & F.; Sept. 10).
A British murder mystery drama in
which everybody distrusts everybody
else and the criminal is well
concealed. Well played by
Robert Ruskin, Madege Stuart, Olaf
Hytton, Vahia, Cecil Morten Yorke, Margaret
Hope, Stacey Gannt, and George
Bishop.

A Girl’s Desire (Vitagraph; Sept. 24).
Alice Calhoun in a natural and well
told love story with a surprise ending.
Support includes: Warner Baxter,
James Donnelly, Frank Crone, Lillian
Lawrence, Tony Bateman, and
Sadie Gordon. Pleasant entertain-
ment.

All The Brothers Were Valiant (Jubie;
Sept. 24).
A strong sea story with an out
of the ordinary plot, and some
fine characterisation and atmosphere.
Very fine acting by Tom
Chaney, Malcolm MacGregor, Bille
Davey, William Orlamond, Shannon
Day, Robert McKinn, Robert
Kerrigan, Otto Breuer, Curt
Reghilbeh, William
V. Young, and Leo Willis. Excellent
entertainment.

The Arabian Nights (Iliaudarte,
Sept. 3).
A Franco Russian production of
the age old Eastern story, giving
the effect of a serial with wonderful
settings and artistic production and
acting. Starts Nathalie Kowanko.
Good light fare.

Are You A Failure? (Waltermar, Sept. 17).
Lloyd Hughes in a pleasing comedy
drama in which a correspondence
course turns a hopeless failure into
a hero. Mady Bellamy, Tom
Santschi, Harlee Kirkland, Lanie
Kackley, Jane Cobby, Myrtle Van.
and Sam Allen support. Good light
fare.

Any Night (Kibler, Sept. 17).
Tully Marshall, Robert Edeson, and
Lysle Leslie in a well produced drama
whose one big dramatic scene at the
end is marred by heavy doses of
religious sentiment and sermons in
sub-titles. Not for the critical.

A Sporting Chance (Rose; Sept. 24).
Fast-action comedy drama about
the adventures of a young millionaire,
a famous gem, and a midnight
conspiracy starring William Russell,
supported by Fritz Brunette, George
Periolat, J. Farrell MacDonald, Lee
Hill, Harvey Clark, and Percy Banks.

The Barnstormers (Allied Artists, Sept. 20).
Charles Ray directed as well as
starred in this rural comedy-drama
about a farmer’s son who becomes
an actor. Very slight story, and not up
to Ray’s usual standard. Supporting
cast includes: George Nichols, Lionel
Belmore, Charlotte Pierce, Blanche
Rose, Wilfred Lucas, and Bert
Offurn.

A Blind Bargain (Goldwyn, Sept. 17).
Rather gruesome fare, this one.
An insane doctor experiments on
people and imbues them with the
strength and characteristics of
animals. Then he is killed by one of
his “successes.” Lon Chaney stars
in a dual role, and Fontaine La Rue
and Raymond McKee head a clever
cast. Horrible entertainment.

The Bond Boy (Her First National, Sept. 4).
Richard Barthelmess in a dual role
and a grim story of quintism in the
Kentucky mountains. Mary Alden,
Mary Thurman, Ned Sparks, Charles
Hill “Mabes,” Robert Williamson
Thomas Maguire, Virginia Maguire,
and Jerry Sinclair support. Very
dreadful.
The Cave Girl (Ass. First National; Sept. 17).

The story of two women and one man, in which the cave girl lives up to her sobriquet. Teddie Gerrard stars, and Charles Meredith, W字母 Taylor, Eleanor Hancock, Lillian Tucker, Frank Coleman, Boris Karloff, Jake Abrahams, and John Beck support. Beautiful snow scenes and good entertainment.

The Christian (Goldwyn; Sept. 10).


Cheated Love (F. B. O.; Sept. 24).

Carmel Myers as an ambitious immigrant who becomes a distinguished actress, and finally quells a panic-stricken audience. Sentimental entertainment.

Circus Days (Ass. First National; Sept. 10).

Jackie Coogan at his best as a boy who runs away with a circus, makes good, and arrives home in time to save the old homestead. In the cast appear also Barbara Trenam, Russell Simpson, Claire McDowell, Caesar Gravina, Peaches Jackson, Sam De Grasse and De Witt Jennings. Don't miss this one.

The Clouded Name (Walkers; Sept 10).

A tale of the lumber camps, with the usual dance hall, fist fights, blizzards, shootings, etc. John Lowell, Corene Uzell, and Edgar Keller head the cast. Fair entertainment.

The Custard Cup (Fox; Sept. 10).

Mary Carr as the self-appointed "mother" of the inhabitants of a tenement. Humor, spectacle, and much heart interest. Miriam Battista, Jerry Devine, Peggy Shaw, Ernest McKay, Myrtle Bonillas, Henry Sedley, and Edward Boring support. Good entertainment.

The Danger Point (Harbour; Sept. 17).

A husband and wife story in which the other man is conveniently killed off in a train wreck and reconciliation follows as a matter of course. Carmel Myers stars, supported by William P. Carleton, Vernon Steel, Jos. W. Dowling, Margaret Joslin, and Harry Todd. Fair entertainment.

The Dangerous Talent (Rose; Sept. 17).

Margaret Fisher in a crook and underworld story in which she outwits a pair of rogues by means of her talent for forging handwriting. Beatrice Van, Harry Hilliard, Harvey Clark, George Periolat, and Mary Talbot appear in support.

The Death Cheat (Stoll; Sept. 24).

Five reels of hair-raising stunts and sensations with Sansonia (Lucien Albertini) as stuntman in chief. Good entertainment of its class.

Diane of Star Hollow (U. K. Sept. 17).

A mystery tangle which love unravels. Charming surroundings, and a good cast comprising Evelyn Grecley, Bernard Durning, Albert Hart, George Majoroni, Sonia Marcelle, Fuller Mellish, Joseph Granby, Charles Mackey, May Hopkins, and Julia Neville. Fair entertainment.

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PURE & ECONOMICAL.
Divorce Coupons (Vitagraph; Sept. 17). Corinne Griffith in an excellent social drama with good photography, plot, lighting, and acting. In the cast are Holmes E. Herbert, Mona Lisa, Diana Allen, Vincent Coleman, and Cyril Ring.

Don Juan (Graham Wilcox; Sept. 3). An Austrian spectacular production dealing with the latter part and end of this notorious character's career. Played by Rex Otto, Olga D'Ora, Werner Schott, Anna Berber, Lya de Putti, and Max Kronert, and Reinhold Schuramel. Somewhat sordid fare.

Drums of Destiny (Gaumont; Sept. 10). An Enoch Arden story with picturesque African and American settings, and excellent acting by Mary Miles Minter, Maurice B. Flynn, George Fawcett, Robert Cain, Casson Ferguson, Bertram Grassby, and Noble Johnson. Fine dramatic entertainment.

The Face in The Fog (Paramount; Sept. 4). One of the "Boston Blackie" stories with Lionel Barrymore as this worthy supported by Lowell Sherman, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Seena Owen, Mary Maclaren, and George Nash, Louis Wolheim, Macoy Harlan, Joe Kng, Tom Blake, Marie Burke, Joseph Smiley, and Martin Faust. A fine detective offering.


The Hottentot (Ass. First National; Sept. 3). Good comedy-drama about a man who was secretly afraid of horses, who, after various complications masters his fears and rides a thoroughbred to victory in a steeplechase. Douglas Maclean and Madge Billing star, and Raymond Hatton, Lila Leslie, Truly Shulteck, Dwight Cranfield, and Harry Booker support.


Hungry Hearts (Goldwyn; Sept. 3). Helen Ferguson's muninum opus, a homely story about a family of Russian emigres and their struggles in New York's Ghetto. Made on the spot and convincingly acted by the star, Rosa Rosanova, Otto Leiderer, E. A. Warner, Bryant Washburn, George Seigmann, A. Buckin, and Edwin Booth Tilton. Excellent motherlove drama.

(Continued on page 50.)
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**Pictures and Picturess**

*SEPTEMBER 1923*

_Anta Stewart in "The Yellow Typhoon"_

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**The Jilt (European, Sept. 24).**

An after-the-war story about two men and a woman who learned her own mind when it was all but too late. Cast includes Marguerite de la Motte, Matt Moore, Ralph Graves, Eleanor Hancock, Ben Hewlett, and Harry De Vere. Good entertainment.

**La Tosca (Gaumont, Sept. 24).**

Francesca Bertini in a faithful picturisation of Sardon's well-known tragedy. An Italian production nicely photographed and finely acted. Very good dramatic entertainment.

**Lights of the Desert (Fox, Sept. 3).**

A fascinating romance about a theatrical company left stranded in a Western desert town, starring Shirley Mason, supported by Alan Forrest, Andree Tourneur, Edward Burns, James Mason, and Lilian Langdon.

**The Lion's Mouse (Grand Tour, Sept. 17).**

A crook film adapted from C. N. and A. M. Williamson's novel with a very good cast including Mary Odette, Wynham Standing, Marguerite Marsh, and Rex Davis. Good entertainment.

**Mamma's Affair (Art First National, Sept. 4).**

Constance Talmadge in a humorous story of a sweetly selfish mother. Not overburdened with plot, but will please Talmadge fans. Support includes Effie Shannon, Kenneth Harlan, Katherine Karr, George Le Guere, and Gertrude LeBrand.

**The Man of Bronze (Feature, Sept. 10).**

Lewis Stone and Marguerite Clayton in a Western love story in which a dog takes a prominent part. Poor entertainment.

**Manslaughter (Paramount, Sept. 23).**

A Cecil De Mille super with lavish settings and excellent acting. An attorney sends the girl he loves to prison for her own good. Later, he himself descrambles and is in his turn redeemed by her. Tom Meighan and Leatrice Joy star, and Lois Wilson, John Muthen, George Fawcett, Julia Lay, Jack Mower, Casson Ferguson, Raymond Hatton, Teddy and Helen Landers support.

**Masters of Man (Dorothy, Sept. 10).**

Earle Williams in an interesting and well acted sea story full of thrill and bluffs humor. Others in the cast are Alice Calhoun, Cullen Landis, Wanda Hawley, Henry Herbert, Ralph McEllough, Jack Curtis, Martin Turner, Charles Thurston, and M. Underwood.

**Matrimoney (Goldwyn, Sept. 27).**

Recommended for the consideration of married fans and those about to commit matrimony. An entertaining exposition of the modern girl, and the troubles of wedded life, starring Helen Chadwick, Gaston Glass, Eleanor Boardman, and H. B. Waldhall. Excellent entertainment.

**The Men of Zanzibar (Fox, Sept. 10).**


**Minnie (Art First National, Sept. 24).**

Leatrice Joy in a Cinderella comedy, somewhat mild as to plot but well staged and finely acted by the star. Matt Moore, Raymond Griffith, and a love cast.

**The Morals of Marcus (Realart-Gumont, Sept. 3).**

A new and skillful adaptation of Wm. J. Locke's novel in which the whimsical humour has been well retained. Well acted by Mary McAvoy, William P. Carleton, William F. Lawrence, Kathryn Williams, Bridgetta Clark, and Nicholas de Ruz. Pleasing screen fare.

**The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu (Goldwyn, Sept. 10).**

A series of detective tales by Sax Rohmer. Sensational thriller which will please serial lovers. Features Joan Clarkston, and H. Agar Lyons. This month's episodes are: (1) The Scented Violets, (2) The West Case, (3) The Clue of the Pygmal, and The Call of Sin.

**Neeka of the Northlands (Gumont, Sept. 20).**

Nell Shipman in an out-of-door story containing many stunt and a number of wild animals. Edward Burns, Al Flohon, Walt Whitman, C. K. Van Aver, George Berrill, Lilian Leighton, L. M. Wells, and Milla Davenport also appear. For serial and stunt lovers only.

**Nice People (Paramount, Sept. 10).**


**On The High Seas (Paramount, Sept 10).**

Dorothy Dandridge in the old tale of the society girl shipwrecked and forced to make herself useful. A very

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CALL and see our immense stock of picture post cards—other Kinaema novelties: if you can not write, let our photo complete list, and post free, with printed cards of Dorothy Phillips and James Kirked in "Man Woman and Marriage." Picture Saloon, 88, Long Lane, Liverpool W. 3.


Outcast (Paramount, Sept. 27).

A screen adaptation of Hubert Henry Davies' stage play, well acted by Elsie Ferguson, David Powell, Mary MacLaren, and Charles Wellesley. Good entertainment.

Out of the Past (Warner, Sept. 27).

Concerning a husband who obstinately refused to remain dead, and a mysterious murder, and contains many thrills, also Betty Blythe, Huntley Gordon, Arthur Carewe, Grace Goodall, Blanche Davenport, and Little Rita Maurice. Keep away if you're in critical mood. The Outside Woman (Realart-Gumout, Sept. 17).


Playtimes of Passion (Feature, Sept. 27).


Poor Men's Wives (M.G.M., Sept. 24).

Machadramatic, but good social drama with Barbara La Marr as a shady, discontented wife. Cast also includes David Butler, Richard Tucker, and Betty Franzeno. Read the story on page 51 of the Sept. Romance of Lost Valley (Warner, Sept. 24).

Of how one girl conquered her past and the frozen North. Nell Shipman stars, and is supported by Hugh Thompson, Alfred Allen, George Berrell, Walt Whisman, C. K. Van Auker, My Wing, and many clever animals. Excellent open air picture.

The Sacrifice (Columbia, Sept. 24).

French production starring Emory Lynn, Maurice Roudaud, and Andrelle Pollack, in which the eternal tragedy of a young wife and an elderly husband is depicted. Good entertainment.

The Scarlet Lily (Tole First National, Sept. 24).

Katharine MacDonald in a stereotyped story of an unjust accusation and how it almost wrecked a politically notable career. Stuart Holmes, Orville Caldwell, and Adele Farrington support. Fair entertainment.

The Scrapper (Warner Bros, Sept. 3).


Seeing's Believing (Warner, Sept. 13).

A comedy of complications, refreshingly original, with good brilliancy and detail work. Viola Dana stars with Allan Forrest, Gertrude Astor, Philo McCullough, Harold Goodwin, Edward Comely, Josephine Crowell, Colm Kinney, Grace Morse, and J. P. Lockney in support.

The Sign of Four (Stoll, Sept. 3).


Six Feet Four (Rose, Sept. 10).

William Russell in a thrilling story of cowboy life and adventure. Good Western fare.

Solomon in Society (Warner, Sept. 10).


Strange Idols (E.X., Sept. 24).

A Drama in a powerful story of the Lumberjacks and a primitive man's romantic love for a dancer. Farm is assisted by Doris Pawn, Richard Tucker, and Philo McCullough. Good entertainment.

The Super Sex (Warner, Sept. 10).


The Tiger Lily (Rose, Sept. 3).

Margaret Fisher in a good drama about a double vendetta. In the cast are also Emery Johnson, George Perriolat, J. Barney Sherry, Rosta Marsini, Beatrice Van, and Frank Clark.

The Toll of the Sea (Cheslon, Sept. 17).

A poignant little drama beautifully produced in colour and strongly reminiscent of Madame Butterfly except for the fact that the heroine is Chinese. Very good acting by Anna May Wong, Kenneth Harlan, Beatrice Butler, Eila Lee, Ming Young, and Baby Bailey. Excellent entertainment.
Tripling Women (Jury; Sept. 10).

Rex Ingram's tragedy of a Parisian enchantress who comes to a direful, though not undeserved end. All-star cast includes Barbara La Marr, Pomeroys Cannon, Ramon Novarro, Edward Connelly, Lewis Stone, Hughie Mack, John George, and Joe Martin.

The Wandering Jew (Stoll; Sept. 17).


Weavers of Fortune (Grainger-Davidson; Sept. 27).

A pleasant, pastoral containing some pleasant characters and charming scenic backgrounds. Henry Vibart, Myrtle Vibart, Daicea, Mrs. Hubert Willis, and Derek Glynne act well. Good entertainment.

When Knighthood Was In Flower (Paramount; Sept. 5).


White Hands (W. & F.; Sept. 3).

Strong, slightly sordid drama of a young girl's danger in the desert, and how a child reforms a brute. Hobart Bosworth stars, and Robert McKim, Ethor Fair, Muriel Frances Dana, Freeman Ward, and Al Kautman support. Foreboding but interesting.

Jack Dempsey and Dicky Dean.

White Youth (F. R. O.; Sept. 10).


Within The Law (Ass. First National; Sept. 24).

An excellent picturisation of the popular play with Norma Talmadge as the girl, who, falsely imprisoned, revenges herself by chiding the law and marrying the son of her first accuser. The capable supporting cast includes Jack Mulhall, Lew Cody, Eileen Percy, Helen Ferguson, and Joseph Kilgour. It will have a two weeks run at the Marble Arch Pavilion, London.

Within The Maze (Legrand-Grainger; Sept. 10).


Wonder Women of the World (Regent; Sept. 3).


The Worldly Madonna (Gaumont; Sept. 6).

Clara Kimball Young in a dual-role drama concerning the life of twin sisters, one a novice in a nunnery, and one a cabaret singer. Prominent in the supporting cast are Richard Tucker, George Hackathorne, Count de Linnier, William Marion, and Milla Davenport. Fair entertainment.

The Yellow Typhoon (F. R. O.; Sept. 17).

A worst-woman in screenland melodrama with Anita Stewart as a bad character and a good one. Dual-role melodrama redeemed by fine acting and excellent production. Ward Crane, Joseph Kilgour, George Fish, Donald MacDonald, and Edward Brady support.

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SEND A CARD FOR OUR FREE COMPLETE LIST OF KINEMA NOVELTIES.

Arabella (Aberdeen)—You're a young lady of decided tastes. Have banded your postcard to The Thinker. Try Alfred Arts, 86-88, Wardour Street, for stills from The Three Musketeers (Douglas Fairbanks and Other Symonettes (Boston).—So you're still at the head of the tribe, Percy. Thought I'd lost you. (1) Larry Sonnino's latest is No Wedding Bells, but this won't be released just yet. (2) Reginald Denney's a Lancashire lad who started his dramatic career in The Manchester Operatic Co. Served in the Air Force during the war and afterwards went to the States, where he was soon making pictures. His first starring role was in The Leather Cushions. Others in The Kentucky Derby, The Ambassador Handicap and June of Steel. He is a splendid boxer, and at one time thought of taking this up professionally. Married to Irene Hajsmann, without daughter, Barbara. (3) Dorothy (Birmingham).—If you go on improving, this tab. Pictorial ought to be an ideal paper. I'll bear your remarks in mind but I don't hold out any great hopes.

G.F.W. (Lancaster). Takes of Fate, the screen adaptation of "The Tragedy of the Korosko," by Sir A. Conan Doyle, has been filmed in Egypt by the Gammon Co. Some of the players are: Wanda Hawley, Pedro de Cordoba, Nigel Barrie, Stuart Rome, Douglas Murrow, and Edith Craig. Written by W. S. (Queensland).—A melodrama is a play (or film) that makes an undistinguished appeal to the emotions. Generally the action is slightly exaggerated to increase the effectiveness of the plot. "What else?"

W.M.S. (Blackpool)—Your little song of praise should fall sweetly on Von Stroheim's ears after the bows of hate to which they are accustomed. (1) Your hero is in the early thirties. (2) One of your requests was granted. (3) An art photo of Cihat Hughes appeared in Pictures, May 12, 1922. I'll put the other two on my list. (4) I never put readers' letters in the fire; when the note paper is such a thing of beauty as yours, "I should be ashamed." Ron Love (Manchester). Is surprised (pleasantly) to find that I'm not a grey-haired old dear. I am quite young. She then proceeds to bring my hair yet gray hairs in sorrow to the grave with four pages of questions. (1) You have my sympathy, but I'm afraid I can't make film stars write to you. Send your letters to me in future and | shall see that they're forwarded to the right addresses. (2) Certainly it's not a wig. Her hair is Jabbed. (3) Douglas Maclean's 5ft. 9ins. in height. (4) Gloria Swanson's 5ft. 3ins. in height. (5) All film stars do not have false eyelashes, so cast these unworthy suspicions. The make-up used makes the lashes look so long and wispy. (6) Ralph Forbes was "Stephen Greenfield" in The Fifth Form of St. Dominics. Writes him not to Pictuergoer. You're qualitatively for the Rod my lass. More another time.

Maureen (Sutherland).—Your questions are answered in the interview with Rudolph, appearing on another page of Pictuergoer. You're evidently a young lady of decided opinions.


As Interested Reader (Norwood).—The Late Beatrice Dominguez danced the celebrated tango with Rudolph Valentino, in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—not Virginia Wallack.

G. R. D. (Baker Street).—Many thanks!

Picture Man (Saltsash).—(1) Rudolph will probably return to the screen in the autumn, if his legal difficulties are settled. (2) Films are often shown outside London, before their official release date. (3) Much is being done to stop cruelty to animals on the stage and screen, and I think you can rest assured that most of the good Film Companies, don't ill treat their four-footed actors. (4) Lucky Coogan's latest are Crewe Days and Long Life the Sow.

Resortbund (Berk).—I shall have to be very severe with you. No more remarks like these in your letter, please. This column will see you no more. Sorry, we haven't that cast.

Tosy (Aberdeen).—Cheer up laddie. Even Aberdeen can't be so bad as all that. (1) Violet Hopson is married. (2) Interview with Ruth Roland appeared in Pictuergoer for June 1923. Some more of your favourite photos will appear shortly.

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You have my sympathy, if you think it will do you any good.

RUDY'S FRIEND (Emmer Green).— Glad you had such a nice letter from your favourite. At present he is touring the Continent, on his way to his birthplace, Italy, but he may possibly return to England later.

L.D. (Rhos-on-Sea).—Many thanks for my identification disc. It will relieve the strain of having to remember my own name. Hope you have a nice holiday.

HELEN (of Troy). MACGREGOR (Edinburgh).—Having at various times been likened unto Wallace Reid, Ralph Graves, Henry VIII, and the parish curate, your assertion that I resemble Earle Williams moves me not at all. (1) You're right. Milton Sills in June Picturgoer, page 20, not Monte Blue. That was a slip of the caption writer's pen. (2) Rex Davis isn't married at all—certainly not to Lillian Hall Davies. (3) Alma Taylor's next release is comedy entitled The Man Without a Voice. (4) Earle Williams was born at Sacramento, California, 1880. After a long stage career, he decided in 1911, to turn his attention to the screen, and his first picture was a one reeler entitled The Thumb Print. Some of his films are The Groll Mystery, The Seal of Silence, The Highest Trump, A Rogue's Romance, The Painted Lady, The Black Gate, The Christian, My Official Wife, The Jugernaut, The Purple Cipher, Diamonds Adrift, The Silver Car, and Lucky Carson. Write and ask your favourite for a signed photo. I'm sure he will let you have it if you ask in your usual winning manner. Send the letter here and I will see that it is forwarded to the right address.

One of (1) If you like Picturgoer, I note that you belong to the mighty Sisterhood of the "Rave-over-Rudy's." STARC STARING: MUM (Cheltenham).—You have my sympathy, but you're not alone in your affliction. (1) Send all letters to film stars in plain stamped envelopes, to this office, and they will be forwarded to the right address. (2) Would you care to know about Rudolph? It is contained in the interview with him in this issue of Picturgoer. The next person to draw me with a beard will suffer a sudden and painful death.

YOURS, FRUIT (Burnley).—No, I don't mind, anything cool in this weather. (1) You'll find a list of British Studios in The Studio, 2d. issue. (2) You're from The Publishing Dept., Long Acre. (3) The late Wallace Reid was 32 when he died. His widow is Dorothy Davenport, the film star. (3) The latest film is Human Wreckage, dealing with the menace of the drug evil. The girl who can get on the film (and stick there), now, when hundreds of experienced players are out of work, is one of the celebrated "Seven Wonders." Take my advice and play charades at home, if you must have an outlet for your dramatic talents. STELLA MERVIN (New Brighton).—Your letter has been sent to the Publishing Dept. An interview with Rudy appears in this issue of Picturgoer. One with Mary Pickford appears in January, 1922.


TWINS (Penge).—Rudolph's left leg is England, now, but he'll probably be coming back later. Lillian Gish was "The Woman Who Rocked the Cradle" in Intolerance.

NIXONTE (Hampton Wick).—An interview with your favourite—need I say his name?—appears in this issue of Picturgoer. Blood and Sand was filmed on the Famous Lasky set—of course, not in Spain.

Free Stage Training for Girls.

One of the most attractive offers ever made to would-be stage-stars is announced by Messrs. Pritchard and Constance on an advertisement page in this issue. A competition, the prizes for which include free stage training with all living expenses paid and a liberal dress allowance, is open to all users of the celebrated Anami Shampoo. The conditions are exactly as simple and no applicant to theatrical fame should miss this chance of a lifetime. The contest is being run in conjunction with Mr. Andre Charlton, the famous London revue producer, who will personally sponsor the fortunate prize-winners on the commencement of their stage career. We hope that all our feminine readers will communicate with Messrs. Pritchard and Constance, 57, Haymarket, London, W.D., from whom full particulars may be obtained. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope and an empty sachet of Anami Shampoo, and you will receive full details and an official entry form. Mention "The Picturgoer" when writing.

PICTURE MAKING IN SPAIN (continued from p. 44).

ejaculated, roused from my reverie.

"Seven o'clock, seven o'clock," shouted the producer, roaring with laughter, why it's Wednesday! You've had too much of that wine!"

Most of the exteriors in this new Aubert film were taken with the aid of a small moving picture camera, so small that it could be placed in the pocket. The camera in question is a new idea altogether, and although it can only hold fifteen minutes at a time, it can be loaded in daylight and is decidedly useful.

A great deal of mountain climbing had to be done for this picture, and it was quite out of the question to take with them such large cameras as are now in use in French studios.

There surely was never a more beautiful nor more doleful animal than that horse Beppo before it met Felix Ford. But every time it saw coming in the distance, it wrinkled its nose into frightful grimaces and turned its head away.

We asked the reason of this to the keeper of the cabaret. "It is quite simple," he said, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders, more like a shrimpy movement than anything else. "You both look so terribly English in your Spanish costumes that the horse is disgusted. In your European clothes you look as if you were born in Barcelona!"

Three days later I left Ronda for Madrid on my way back to London.

"Adios, Picturgoer!" said Felix Ford, wiping away a tear.

"What does that mean?" I asked testily.

"It is the Spanish for Good-bye, Picturgoer!" he said.

"Prosse Acid to you, Senior," I replied with a farewell handshake. "That means Good-bye in every language!"

A Generous Offer.

To neglect the teeth is to invite all health as any doctor will tell you, but the importance of using a safe and efficient dentifrice cannot be over-emphasised. There is no better dentifrice than that manufactured by Messrs. D. and W. Gibbs, Ltd., for here is a perfect preparation that cleans and polishes without the slightest risk to the facets of the enamel. Readers of "The Picturgoer" who would like to give this celebrated dentifrice a trial should write to Messrs. D. and W. Gibbs, Limited (Dept. 49 A.K.), Cold Cream Works, London, E.I. If you mention "The Picturgoer" and enclose 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, you will receive a generous sample of Gibbs' Dentifrice and a copy of their famous booklet, "The Fortess of Ivory Castles." Write to-day.
THIS month's post seems to have brought in a very fine crop of grumblies. We must put it down to the heat waves, I guess, for you have let yourselves go full pelt and the air is blue with cuss-words. Stars, films, producers, and picture palace managers have all come in for their share. But grumbling is all after, a healthy sign, for if you grumble intelligently, your wrongs will be righted sooner or later, and, as a letter from Yorkshire dated in August reminds me, it's certainly the open-grouse season now.

"I think the booming of screen stars very foolish," writes W. F. (Leeds). "It hits the very people responsible for the producers in the long run, for as soon as the star is known and liked, either a tremendous increase in salary is extracted, or else another film company gets his or her services. I say one person does not make a film, support counts quite a lot, even the 'super'; help a little not to speak of the invisible army behind the scenes."

IN a weekly paper a hot discussion has been carried on by letter about the adaptation of novels. Opinions are very mixed, some authors claim they have been swindled, and one group of authors, Bury St. Edmunds, who have adapted their novels and swindled all others, and vice versa. One producer declares that the blame for unsatisfactory adaptations lies in the books themselves, since they were written before the screen was dreamed of, and that the remedy lies in original screen stories by favourite novelists. What do you think? Marzio (Turnham Green).

"I have seen my favourite actor in my favourite book, that is Rudolph Valentino in 'The Sheik,' and both were splendid. But Agnes Ayres spoilt the film, she was nothing like the 'Diana' of the book. Eileen Percy would have been very good. Why have the producers spoiled a splendid film by miscasting the heroine in this fashion?" F. T. (Nottingham). A similar position from Picturette (Bury St. Edmunds), waxes furious over George Carpenter in 'The Gipsy Cavalier' thus: "Why should so promising a cinematographic infant be handicapped thus. They are trying to make him run before he has learned to walk."

"Some of Dickens' works would make really sensible, interesting serials," volunteers F. M. (Harrogate). "Not the obnoxious collections of stunts and thrills Serials that come via America under that name. I feel sure that thousands of Dickens' fans would attend regularly if they could see well produced long versions of their favourite author's works. In conclusion, we should recollect that nearly all Dickens' novels were written for serial publication, therefore if the written word can stand that form, surely serial films would be acceptable."

"Most of the films now showing are sub-stuff," complains Phyllis (Yorkshire). "Full of domestic troubles which most of us can see for ourselves outside the movies. Who wants to know why she left him, and what brought her back again? I'm sure I do not. I like to be carried far away from this work-a-day world and its worries when I go to the pictures. Why do we not get more productions like Griffith's 'Orphans of the Storm,' and 'The Four Horsemen,' which is the greatest film of all I think. These are the pictures everyone needs."

"Leave eternal triangle movies to the Americans," is the burden of Charles 11 (London's) song. Yankees understand such stuff and do it well. But advice for British producers, actors, actresses, and all concerned do not shine in such stories. Therefore I beg them to stick to costume romances, spending more time and money on them than they do at present. Then these would command an international market. 'King Arthur and His Knights,' and 'Canterbury Tales' are crying out to be picturised, and I expect they will be--by Americans--sooner or later. Shame!"

"To add my mite," declares the Thinkerite (Hull). "At the present time Milton Sills is doing the best work, and he should be hailed as one of the great stars. The British public, to be true to their temperament, should prefer him to Valentino--indeed to Tom Meighan and poor Wallace Reid, who, the 'starry' actors, just lack the final polish that the Britishers' pièce de résistance. Whoever is the rage in America seems to become automatically the centre of attraction in the United Kingdom. It's all wrong. We are essentially different from the Americans, and we've surely enough originality and freedom left to support our own choice, and I could write reams on this subject, but being merciful, I desist." Thanks! The Thinker.
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WHAT OCTOBER BRINGS
NOTES AND NEWS OF THE MONTHS BEST FILMS.

Omar the Tentmaker.

Behind the artistry of the picture is a story of surprising dramatic strength. The curtain rises upon young Omar, the student of whims who neglects his books to idle in the tavern, scribble verses and plan an improved calendar, the mere thought of which was regarded as heresy. His companions are Nizam and Hassan and his love, the beautiful Shireen, only daughter of Iman Mowaffak.

Shireen had the misfortune to please the eye of the Shah of Shahs who demanded her for his household. She and Omar had been secretly married but dared not tell. When she spurned the Shah she was thrown into a dungeon until the arrival of her child made her name a disgrace and caused the Shah to order her death. She sent her baby girl to Omar for protection, expecting the end; but the attendants feared to kill the daughter of Iman and sold her into slavery instead.

Years rolled on to the time when people recited Omar's verses and looked upon him as a poet. He stitched his tents, quietly protecting the girl he had adopted and cherishing the memory of her mother. His old blood comrades had separated, Nizam to become Grand Vizier and Hassan Governor of Naushapur by Nizam's appointment.

Omar comes into disfavour because of his stand against the thievery of the officials. An escaped Crusader makes his way to Omar's home and is given shelter by Omar and Young Shireen. Discovery follows and death by torture is ordered for Omar for sheltering one of alien faith. To reminders of former friendship Hassan, only too anxious to be rid of one who might expose the grafting of officials, is deaf. The pledge of eternal friendship is forgotten.

The torture is invoked. Omar suffers excruciating pain and is ready to succumb when word of his plight is brought to Nizam. The Grand Vizier has not forgotten the pledge. He rushes to the rescue at the head of his troops, frees Omar and metes justice to Hassan for his perfidy towards friends and duty.

The return of the long lost elder Shireen and her reunion with Omar, following her freedom, reveals to young Shireen that she is really Omar's daughter and results in a happy reunion.

This enthralling romance set in a wealth of scenic environment is well worth while.

The Dangerous Age.

Most motion picture writers and directors believe that to make an entertaining picture it is necessary to tell a tale of lovers, with their impending marriage as the climax. But there is one daring motion picture director who has smashed this precedent.

Guy Bates Post as Omar the Tentmaker.

Virginia Brown Faire in "Omar."

Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish

He generally starts his stories where other directors leave off. In other words, he begins with a tale of married life and his success has been sensational. This director is John M. Stahl, whose productions are released through Associated First National Pictures. Stahl has demonstrated that it is possible to produce a photodrama with a powerful appeal even though it is not based on "puppy love."

In The Dangerous Age, his latest and best production, the chief characters are a couple of forty. The man does not feel his age, and continuously seeks diversion, while his wife is thoroughly domesticated and does not sympathise with his views. Out of that situation Stahl has made a picture that is destined to take its place among the best of the year.

Lucy. Richard Barthelmess' new production, has brought about the screen reunion of the star and Dorothy Gish. Lucy is an English story of the sea. To get the proper atmosphere, a four-masted schooner was especially chartered and was at sea for three weeks. The result is a picture which has earned the praise of D W Griffith as one of the greatest pictures ever produced.
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BILLIE DOVE

A recruit from the Ziegfeld Follies who made her screen debut with Constance Talmadge and rose rapidly to stardom.
Our October Movie Calendar

In this date we come to the end of Summer Time in the film industry. Clocks put back ten years.

2. - Twice one.

3. - Anniversary wedding Miss Dot Dash, eminent film star.

4. - D. W. Griffith demands to be told what Daily News means by "better pictures."


6. - Tivoli, Rome, ditto, 55 B.C.

7. - Pictures first produced by wireless, 1930.

8. - Protest against same by other mechanical producers.

9. - Anniversary wedding Miss Dot Dash.

10. - Mr. William Sykes opens Super Kinema in London, 11 p.m.

11. - Violet Hopson's birthday. Or some other date.

12. - Tom Mix makes personal appearance British Kinemas, 1925.

13. - Secretary Colossal Movies, Ltd., makes personal disappearance.


15. - Eternal triangle joins trade union as protest against over-work.


17. - America's latest and greatest released. Shade of Columbus apologises.

18. - Swedish photoplayer arrested for happiness, 1923.

19. - Last two-reel comedy, 1919, it seems to us.


21. - Editor Picturegoer cuts joke about "Hearts and Flowers" out of Movie Calendar. Says it's beyond a joke now.

22. - Eminent producer claims film criticism is a crime.

23. - Eminent critic claims it is a punishment.


25. - Gent. in uniform completes tenth year at door of certain Kinema, 1923. Congratulated by critics.

26. - Mr. Somebody opens kinema in Lapland. Verdict: "Death through Misadventure."

27. - Anniversary wedding Miss Dot Dash.

28. - Eternal triangle commits suicide.

29. - Scottish Movies, Ltd., favour one-reelers.

30. - Scottish Moviegoers, Unltd., favour ten-reelers.

31. - November Eve.
Japan Invades France

by

OSCAR M. SHERIDAN

Seizue Hayakawa and his wife, Teuru Aoki

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!
The thundering of heavy naval guns in the distance heralds the approach of enemy war craft.

The Japanese fleet centred around Port Arthur awaits the signal that was to send its men-of-war at top speed in the direction of Tsu Schima—a grim, foreboding island of grey rock.

High up above the island wreaths of greyish black smoke tell of the impending danger—told tale clouds that came from the blazing, red hot furnaces of the Russian war vessels doing 24 knots in an attempt to reach Port Arthur and take the Japanese fleet unawares.

Japanese light cruisers sent out of Manchurian waters, reconnoitre and send back word of the approach of the enemy that vigilant eyes from the conning towers of submarines from the “look outs” of immense dreadnoughts, and from the summit of the fortress of Port Arthur, confirms the fact and a hundred guns are trained on a spot in a direct line between the Manchurian port and the Japanese waters.

In one of the look-outs towering over all others, with a line of vision looking far down into the funnels of the destroyers and other battleships beside it, the Commander of the Fleet is watching the awe-inspiring scene with the light of battle in his eyes, his hands clutching the rails of the tower, his whole body crouched in an attitude of impatience as he waits for the appearance of smoke on the horizon. Thousands of eyes are directed, first towards Tsu Schima and then towards the Admiral of the Fleet, the Marquis Yorisaka Sadao, strikingly handsome, slightly built, of rather small stature, one of his hands gripping the rails before him so tightly that his blue veins stand out like knotted whip-cord, and the other resting on the lever that directs the fire controls.

A hissing of steam, a short, sharp hoot of the syren, and... nearly a hundred guns spoke... in no uncertain manner. The scene in front was hidden by a wall of water, huge typhoon-like jets, hundreds of feet high and a blank wall of smoke.

Then the fleet began moving eagerly for the first encounter. Firing as they advanced, first one, then another of the fast light cruisers set off, followed at a more leisurely pace by the stately dreadnoughts in battle formation. A barrage of fire, a sea of rolling, tossing waves, interspersed with red fire and huge clouds of yellowish smoke, and vapour, the smell of burning gunpowder—and the battle was in progress.

The hand that started the fleet now held a gold and silver sword, and the face behind it was aglow with excitement and excitement at the thought of the fierce encounters that from then onwards would be the ordre du jour.

Three hours of fierce fighting and the Russian vessels withdrew into port—the same port as the Japanese fleet it may be mentioned and arm in arm, Japanese and Russian sailors, captains and commanders adjourned for lunch. It was a welcome change from the scenes of a moment ago.

In a cabin aboard the “Jean Bart,” one of France’s finest battleships, I had lunch with the Admiral of the Japanese fleet (admirably made of French vessels) the Marquis Yorisaka Sadao.
or to give him his real name, Sessue Hayakawa. On his right at the table sat Commander Herbert W. Fergan, in other words Felix Ford, while at the other end of the dining-table sat Gabriel Signoret, the well-known French screen artiste and Mlle. Gina Palerme.

"Well, what do you think of the battle scenes? Are they not very realistic?" asked Sessue Hayakawa. Judging by the weird noises I was experiencing in the head and my buzzing ear-drums, they must have been. Also that feeling inside of me! Listening to the pounding of 14-inch naval guns while the battleship itself was doing its best to leap out of the water into the air, believe me, is not the ideal existence.

On my left sat M. Vandal, whose production La Bataille is, and on my right M. E. E. Violet, the French metteur en scène and chief producer of the screen version of Claude Farrere's novel.

It is M. Violet's intention to make La Bataille the most realistic photoplay yet attempted by France. It was five years ago that the idea of filming the story first came to Violet and ever since he has been laying his plans with great care. The talented French producer, however, came to the conclusion that there was only one man to fill the role of the Marquis Yorisaka Sadao, and that was none other than Sessue Hayakawa, the famous Japanese actor. Therefore he and his wife, Tsuru Aoki are here.

Mr. Hayakawa rose from the table and we went on deck. A few minutes later the remarkable and realistic battle scenes were renewed. These scenes alone cost two and half million francs to stage as the cost of gun-powder and various other accessories has to be taken into consideration, and although the big expenditure, that of the hiring of the vessels was avoided by the kindness of the Minister of Marines, these little items soon mount up.

It is probably the first time that such a realistic battle on sea and land has been waged for the purposes of a film, and Toulon, the French port where it took place, resembled during those few days more a town under bombardment than a peaceful little sea-port.

The rolling of the battleships was so pronounced that the cameras had to be tied to the deck with ropes and pulleys, and it was only by entwining their arms about the tripods that the cameramen were able to stay near their apparatus.

"It is the most fatiguing experience we have ever had," said M. Asselin, the chief cameraman, "every few seconds immense waves came hurtling across deck, drenching us to the skin, while shells (and even dummy ones are dangerous) passed so close to us, that we had to duck to evade a collision."

"Anyhow it is the most 'true-to-life' picture I have ever taken part in," was Sessue Hayakawa's comment.

Hayakawa is not as handsome off as on the screen, he is infinitely more so. His skin has a healthy tan and he looks, at times, like an Englishman whose travels abroad have given him a foreign appearance. He is of fine athletic build, and the very mould of his countenance suggests great strength of character. Most interesting about him, however, are his eyes. At moments they are steely in their gaze, compelling one to drop one's own, and at others they rivet one's attention so that it is impossible to remove one's glance before he does. But usually they are smiling and shine with a sympathetic light.

There is one really big drawback in producing La Bataille, and that is that M. Violet does not speak a word of English and M. Hayakawa hardly any French. However, they manage to get along all right with the help of Ford, who interprets, and the filming of the novel is "progressing favourably."
Gamblers All

If the lights in a picture theatre were suddenly turned fully on in the middle of one of the big gambling scenes so prevalent in the movies, the odds are twenty to one that the intent "gambler's look" of the actors therein would be found reflected faithfully upon the faces of nine-tenths of the audience. For the gambling instinct is strong within most of us and Great God Chance finds his devotees everywhere. Concealed beneath some unlikely exteriors sometimes. Like the perfect type of maiden aunt who watched the Monte Carlo scenes in Foolish Wives with strained attention and declared audibly that they were the only parts of the film worth seeing and that they had been taken on the spot. Everyone knows by now that they weren't taken on the spot, but on the huge Universal "set" Eric of the Monocle put up in Hollywood. What everyone may not know is that when it was being made they had a great deal of trouble to find enough professional gamblers to appear in those scenes. Amateurs wouldn't do. They handled their "winnings" too lovingly for one reason. Some of them touched their cards as though they were red-hot and this all registered too faithfully. So "Von" imported over a hundred professionals and

had them coach the others. One or two of these liked Hollywood so much that they settled down there and soon found themselves in active demand in the studios to superintend gambling scenes in movies. In Renunciation, for instance, another Universal production, four gamblers whose names are known all over America, supervised the Western scenes. These were The Montana Kid, the Cherokee Kid (retired now, but once the most notorious gambler in the world), Lee Glower, a New York Professional, and a certain Charles Brinley, who had been in Goldfield and Reno years ago when these places were in their hey-day. All producers are not so careful though. If you are well up in these things you can often spot inaccuracies. Watch the next Wild West picture carefully. When the card players get busy in the "den" notice whether they're seated on stools or chairs. If it's chairs then someone hath blundered. The real Western gambling hall always has stools.

All sorts of games are shown on the screen and all sorts of gamblers. There are very interesting Venetian gambling hall scenes in The Man Without Desire, and the room is also shown, where the aristocrats of that period used to forage before and after their game, to talk scandal, or compare notes upon their fortunes. There are certain definite ideas as to what a gambler ought to look like. The "joint" shown in The Old Nest was peopled with real gambling types, hand-picked by police experts. When it is a question of Chinese gambling to be done, things are easy because all Chinese indulge in this pernicious pursuit from birth. When Betty Compson's At the End of the World was filmed at Lasky's, a selection of Chinamen

Above Harold Lloyd has original card-playing methods. Below: Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter gamble tête-à-tête in "Don't Tell Everything"
was made from the Los Angeles Chinese quarter. The sinews and implements of war were provided and they got busy at once. The trouble was to stop them once they started. And when one won and began to sing, and the others joined him in a sort of chantey, the whole studio went down on its knees to them and prayed them to desist. If you've ever heard a Chinaman sing you'll sympathize. Quite the funniest comedy card incident to date is the one in Doctor's Orders, wherein Harold Lloyd promises a girl to break-up a poker game. He does so by surreptitiously handing all four players cast-iron cards, and the expressions of these worthies before and after the show-down are a study. Big events often hang upon the turn of a card in movie plots. In The Girl of the Golden West, the heroine plays for her lover's life with Rance, the Sheriff. She wins one hand, he wins the next, and the third time she uses cards she had previously concealed in her stocking. In The White Raven, the only Ethel Barrymore film extant, the whole plot hinges upon the fact that the heroine plays cards with herself as the stake.

For one of her recent dramas Pauline Frederick had to impersonate a woman who ran a kind of hotel in the South Seas, and to make her characterisation complete, she studied with an expert at cards and games of all kinds for a fortnight. She was in despair of ever learning to turn a roulette wheel with the necessary nonchalance. Especially when her instructor remarked one day that it takes years to learn those artistic little flicks and touches which stamp the professional at this gentle pastime. Really, it's too bad of them to put gambling scenes into films at all. But they have always done it from the earliest days of the kinema. One of the most popular serials of its day was The Trey O' Hearts.

Dorothy Dalton as a gaming-hall girl in "A Fool's Paradise"

Hoot Gibson and a fair deceiver

and its intriguing title was not the least of its manifold attractions. Cleo Madison has many a tale to tell of this movie. Tom Gallon's The Touch of a Child, was a movie in which chance was to decide which of two men had to die. And chance here took the form of a kiddie who loved both. The one whom the child touched first was to be the chosen man. Fate stepped in and inspired the baby to put an arm round the neck of each simultaneously and so both situation and bloodshed were saved. Still, gambling is an evil habit, it is certainly stage three on the downward path, and the consequences are awful. But it is inevitable that it should pervade motion pictures for the movie game itself is the biggest gamble of all. J.L.
Pauline Starke is a versatile little star.

Pauline Starke really is a surprising young lady. She is so intense and lachrymose, (when she isn't being persecuted) on the screen that one might naturally expect to find her a serious-minded girl away from the studios. But she isn't. She's very serene, but very light-hearted—quite an ordinary carefree ingenue.

"Meet my best pal and severest critic. I thank thee, Merton, for teaching me that phrase," she began, the moment I entered her Hollywood home. As there was no one there, but Pauline and no one had entered except myself, I looked around in some surprise.

"She's here," said Pauline demurely, pointing a long finger at herself. I sank into the nearest chair to recover.

"I suppose you know best," I murmured, "It's too hot to argue, anyway."

Pauline agreed.

"I think it's too hot to talk, really," she teased. "I suppose you couldn't ask questions in dumb show and have me answer in the same language?"

"You'd find it too hot to act the story of your life surely?"

It's never too hot or too cold or too anything for acting," replied Pauline Starke, mighty serious, all of a sudden. And knowing what I knew of her career, I knew she was speaking right from her heart.

I knew Pauline, you see, when she and her mother came to Fine Arts Studio. That was when Griffith was making The Birth Of A Nation. Polly Starke was about fourteen, all eyes and legs and freckles. Her pathetic little face has altered some since then, though she still has that air of wistful, childlike appeal; but her eyes, as then, are her most remarkable feature. They are grey, and rather wide apart, and their usual expression is one of haunting sweetness. But they reflect every passing mood, and are most fascinating to watch. For the rest, Pauline is a dainty little person, slender and graceful, with curly dark-brown hair and pale clear skin.

"Of course you know how I revel in emotion," she continued, after a moment. "I've just been informed by little Thelma Salter, who is in my new film that I'm too serious. So I'm doing my best to remember I have got a funny bone. I think I shall have to try playing in a comedy-drama once just to see how I like it."

"Don't do that," I interrupted.

"Oh Please let me do a comedy-drama. Just one," she pleaded mockingly. "I've wrapt through so many pictures. Do you know the troubles I've been through during most of my best screen situations? I'm always the poor orphan, full of vicissitudes, or the poor relation nobody wants."

"Or the injured innocent," I put in, as she stopped for breath. "But you've never been a flabby ingenuous."

"No, I'm not the type," she said, regarding herself in the long glass that stands in one corner of that charming putty and rose room. "I'm rather glad. I don't want to fluff."

She likes character make - up though and fairly revelled in her South Sea Islander's role in Lost and Found."It was very thrilling playing with Antonio Moreno," she confessed. "I used to watch him when I first went to Vitagraph's for Marge O'Doone. I hadn't an idea then that we'd meet at Goldwyn's later on." Looking far too childlike to have had all that experience Pauline rapidly sketched for me her early career.
That night, the child met her at the door of their very humble lodgings with the money she had earned triumphantly held aloft, and cried: "See, see, mother! Now I've found something I can do and you won't have to work so hard." How could she scold?

Anyway, Pauline went on being an extra. She had to wear padded clothes often, because she was given adult roles. After a month or two she was taken into D. W. G's regular stock company. With Mildred Harris, Carmel Myers, Bessie Love, Mary Alden, Mae Marsh and Constance Talmadge she was guaranteed the minimum of two day's work every week at five dollars a day. Extra days, extra dollars, of course. "Mother used to play, too, sometimes," she told me. The rest of the time she was sewing. We lived in an hotel, quite near the studios, but I never wanted to go home. I liked to stay watching things. I was in The Shoes That Danced, and Innocent's Progress, and Irish Eyes, and many other Triangle plays. Then when Triangle broke up for twice, and stand all the way going home often.

She progressed, though slowly. From a maid's part in an Olive Thomas picture, via a good role in The Romany Rye, and the coveted honour of being Clara Kimball Young's sister in Eyes of Youth, to playing opposite Jack Pickford in The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, and since then has never looked back or been out of work.

Pauline Starke and her mother are devoted to each other. They are quite alone in the world, and Pauline vigorously scours any idea of marrying.

"No time to spare," she said when I asked her why she hadn't settled down. She finds time for golfing, riding, swimming, car drives, and dancing, however.

At present she's playing in an all star production for Choice Pictures, directed by William Clifford, with Eileen Percy, Rockcliffe Fellowes, E. Novak, Sheldon Lewis, True Boardman, and other interesting folk.

Just as I took my leave Mrs. Starke arrived, and Pauline with an arm around her shoulders called after me.

"You know I misled you with that first remark of mine, This is my—you know the rest of that sentence I believe. I've lots of pals but mother is the only one who really counts." Which is exactly what the little girl in the green sweater told me the first time I met her.

VIOLA MCEWEN.
Studio Scandalmongering

Sheridan in the Studio.

It was a tropical afternoon, with not a breath of air stirring the branches of the trees in the studio grounds. I collapsed on a divan just inside the studio and took a deep breath and decided that after all there were hotter places. Scarcely had I seated myself, however, than I heard what at first seemed to be a poultry farm let loose, but after squeezing myself through a forest of "flats" and furniture, I discovered that the "cackling hens" were none other than members of "The School for Scandal" doing their worst.

Like a mother hen telling her companions all about the high price of eggs, Mary Brough sat amidst the leading scandal-mongers of the famous School, and I heard her say "And they do say—" and what she said about a certain lady of the play nearly shocked me. I had always liked Mary Brough, but I had never believed her capable of tearing anyone's reputation to such shreds! Then the click of the camera ceased and the deep voice of "Mrs. Candour" called for something cool to drink.

Bertram Phillips, who was directing the scene, sat beside the camera wearing a long white linen coat—one which reminded me of Lord's Cricket Ground. He looked hotter than any of the artistes, and by his exclamation when I greeted him it proved that he felt hotter than he looked.

Then Queenie Thomas, the "Lady Teazle" of this five-reel film, literally swept on to the "set." Although she had been working for some weeks in the billowy and voluminous frocks of the period, she had obviously not succeeded in getting them properly under control. "Ooh!" she gasped, as she advanced.

Joseph's advances are not welcomed with delight by "Lady Teazle."

"Now what's the matter?" enquired Bertram Phillips.

"You've never worn a frock with an 18 inch waist when the temperature is 115 degrees, or you would say it too," Queenie replied."But they do say!"—murmured Phillips, returning to the script—"Yes!" he announced.

"This is where the scandal-mongers get at you and Joseph," he told Lady Teazle, and after rehearsing the scene several times with Basil Rathbone, looking resplendent in the white wig and satins of "Joseph," Queenie collapsed into the nearest chair.

After a word to Miss Thomas' dresser, the costume was loosened a little, and filming proceeded. Whilst listening to Mary Brough's marvellous imitation of a lady whose sole business was to repeat scandal, I concluded that the best way to avoid being talked about was to avoid the members of "the School"—lest even innocence should give rise to suspicion. So I left the studio, wondering what "Benjamin Backbite," the rest of them would find to say at "me."
Chu Chin Chow

"In days of Yore and in Times and Tides long gone before there dwelt in a certain city of Persia two brothers, one named Kasim Baba, and the other Ali Baba." Thus runs the old Arabian Nights story of The Forty Thieves. This twentieth century edition is an animated version-de-luxe, telling the favourite Tale of the East anew in celluloid.

Sunrise across the boundless waste of the great desert. Afar a cavalcade of fierce bearded horsemen, striking camp as the first rays of morning gleam upon the steel trappings of their steeds. At a word from their Arab leader, they gallop smoothly, almost soundlessly over the mighty sand banks. Over the palm-fringed oasis, a rosecate light touches the white tents and the circle of tethered horses marking the abiding place of a desert tribe. A ring of metal against metal as a turbaned warrior leaps from his steed and uplifts his voice in song. "O for an hour with thee, Love, and one golden hour, My Desert Flower." Girlish laughter rippling from within the largest and finest tent of all, and from without the sound of many voices "Awake, Zahrat." "Come Forth." "Thy Omar waits for thee." "Thy wedding day, O Desert Flower."

Sunset, blood red athwart the Great Desert. Flame of camp fires leaping high reflected in the oasis pool. Flame of gleaming eyes and feasting and laughter and wild bursts of desert music. And on the horizon a small black speck. Nearer it draws, nearer, nearer, unheeded by the desert revellers. Dismounts, divides, then obeying the peremptory gestures of a huge Arab on a white horse, descends like a wave upon the startled village and revellers. Shrieks and groans, and scarlet stains upon the desert sand. A wedding feast without an ending and without a wedding, for the bridegroom rides bound and bleeding between two fierce Kurdish chiefs, and the bride droops senseless across the Arab's saddle bow. With the speed of the wind they are off again, whence they came, making straight for the red ball of the dying sun, over the horizon and into the blackness of the sudden Eastern night.

Thus got Abou Hassan the Robber Shayk of Khorassan his beautiful slave. Thus came Zahrat-al-Kulub, the desert flower, to the secret camp of the robber band, whence she was taken by Abou and sold to one Kasim Baba, the wealthiest merchant in Bagdad, there to be Abou's spy and aid his plans for relieving Kasim of certain of his riches. Twice already had Abou Hassan despoiled Kasim Baba, for the wily bandit took a
saturnine pleasure in robbing the merchant whose gold was his one passion. As a merchant from a far province, he had sat at meat with Kasim by day and fled with his moneybags by night. As Abou Hassan, he had waylaid Kasim’s laden caravans and transferred their silken bales, and jewels and gold to his secret camp outside Bagdad. Each robbery had Zahrat aided. Her message told the route of the caravan, her dancing held Kasim somnolent whilst the band plundered his palace. When Abou Baba made a great feast in honour of a travelling Mandarin, a certain “Chu Chin Chow, of China,” who elected to rest awhile in his house, on the way to the slave market, she alone knew that the Oriental and his retinue were no strangers to that wondrous palace of Bagdad. Her plans did not miscarry, but, hoping to compass the death of Abou Hassan and thus gain her and her lover’s freedom, Zahrat whispered to Acolom, Kasim’s head wife, the identity of the stranger guest. Also the details of the scheme, whereby Abou was to gain all Kasim’s slaves and all Kasim’s properties, besides the gold of all the buyers who attended Kasim’s great slave auction. But Acolom had no wish to thwart Hassan’s plans. Let her tyrant husband be robbed, she would not care. Let him be killed and she would rejoice. For he had a younger brother, Yi Baba, a careless, jovial, wine-loving rascal, with hardly a coin in his sheepskin purse, but a merry heart and a song for every hour in the day. Ali had nothing save what brother Kasim chose to dole out. But when Kasim should be with Allah, then Ali would have the palace and the gold and the slaves, and, delirious thought, Acolom herself with the rest of the harem. Such is the law of Bagdad. So Acolom locked her knowledge within her heart and smiled on the splendidly attired Mandarin. Zahrat entreated “Chu Chin Chow of China” to set her free now that she had aided him to rob his favourite victim yet again, and “Chu” swore that he would do so. But Zahrat was sold back to him at an auction with other choice slaves. Then, despite her frantic betrayal of his true identity to the crowd of merchants assembled there, Abou and his band decamped with not only Kasim’s slaves, but the money and valuables of everybody in the slave market save only those of Acolom, between whom an
rock watched them pass one by one into their secret cave, which opened to the password "Open Sesame." When they had left after depositing their booty, Ali tremulously uttered the magic words, entered the cave, and helped himself to the treasures heaped there, promising Zaharat whom he found chained to a rock, that he would return and set her free. Ali left Bagdad a poor man and in debt; he re-entered it overflowing with wealth, bought him clothes finer than Kasim's own, paid his debts, and flaunted his new-found gold in his brother's face. Kasim soon learned his brother's secret, but was caught by Abou and his band and hacked to pieces. Returning to keep his promise, Ali found the remains of his dead brother, which he and Zaharat carried home. Late in the evening, Zaharat stole out disguised as a water carrier, and, from a mean street, bribed a poor cobbler to come blindfold and sew up the carcase, so that it might not be known how Kasim met his end. Abou Hassan planned one final descent upon Kasim's palace, hoping to slay everybody who knew his secret, but after many plots and counterplots was unmasked and killed by Zaharat, who hastened to free her desert lover, leaving Ali Baba happy with Alcolom and the rob-

Mutiny amongst the Forty Thieves.

It was a replica of an old Persian palace, and its "marble" columns represented six thousand hours labour in the paper-maché department.

In all, four thousand, eight hundred people took part in *Chu Chin Chow*, headed by Betty Blythe, the beautiful American star, whose "Queen of Sheba" lifted her from a favourite leading woman into the position of one of the ten best known stars in the world. Betty originally studied for an operatic career; she is very tall, with reddish-brown hair, and expressive, vivacious features that would make her noticeable anywhere. She wears her band exterminated.

So, in a blaze of spectacular magnificence, ends the screenplay with which Herbert Wilcox hopes to make movie history. The musical rights of *Chu Chin Chow* were acquired by him and many of the scenes were "shot" to Frederick Norton's famous air.

His production which cost £1,000,000, is the biggest British super to date. Its exteriors were made in Algiers, though acres and acres of realistic Bagdad streets were put up in a huge studio near Berlin. The huge gate of Bagdad contained thousands of tons of material, and was as large as St. Paul's Cathedral. An artificial river, with temples in the background was constructed. Like the play which ran for five uninterrupted years at His Majesty's, the *Chu Chin Chow* film is very spectacular. One interior set, a fine example of studio art, represented Kasim's Hall of a Hundred Pillars.
as the Chinese mandarin, the Water Seller, the Fakir, the Oil Merchant, and the Indian Prince gave him great scope for his finished and impressive art. Jameson Thomas, the "Omar," has a larger part in the film than George Parker in the play, since the early life of the heroine is fully told in the film version. Eva Moore who plays "Acolom" (Alice D'Orme's part in the play), is well known to stage and screen lovers, and looks very stately in her magnificent Oriental costumes. Randle Ayrton, a Shakespearean actor of note, makes an excellent "Kasim Baba," whilst Judd Green as the lovable "Ali Baba" has a rôle after his own heart. Ballet dancers from France, Italy, Vienna, and Russia under the leadership of "Dacia," about the only member of the original play cast of Chu Chin Chow.

Below: Herbert Ulicier teaching Betty Blythe how to hate.

**Herbert Langley and Randle Ayrton**

Below: "Zahrat al-Kulab" the dancing slave.


Many wonderful costumes as "Zahrat," the role Lily Brayton played at His Majesty's Theatre, one of which was designed especially for her by Accent. To Herbert Langley, sometimes called the British Tolin Chaney, falls the title rôle, created by Oscar Asche, part author of Chu Chin Chow. Langley is a man of Kent, Rumsol's being his birth-place, and is certainly very witt as versatile as the American star referred to above. He is well known in the operatic world, where his characterisations range from "Valentine" in "Faust," and "Sparass" in "Madame Butterfly," to the broadly comic "Brick Top" in "The Three Stooges." In England he is famous for his master character studies in "The Wonderful Story," "Flames of Passion," and "Chu Chin Chow." In the last named his various disguises, to appear in the film, are seen in the slave market and dancing scenes. "Dacia" appeared in the oasis scene of the play as a dancer. Olaf Hytton, almost hidden behind a long and flowing beard, is also in the cast and Jeff Barlow's "Mustafa" is another good character study. "Abou Hassan's" band of forty ruffians were genuine Eastern types, recruited mainly from Kurdistan, near which province the desert scenes were photographed. Acting in a film appealed very much to these wild spirits, and they flung themselves realistically into their roles, performing unexpected feats of horsemanship which delighted the producer though sometimes startling the other players. Hardly any stage properties figure in Chu Chin Chow. Instead, museum and antique shops were ransacked to find furnishings, carpets, and costumes. Herbert Langley's "Short, sharp scimitar," with which you remember he cut and shed his symmetry, to fit him for the cemetery, was a beauty and was insured for £100. Kenneth Tyler, in colour and in costume, rebuffed its character, this romantic fab of the East looks like repeating a stage success in filmland.

J. L.
Evelyn Brent wishes she were twins. Extraordinary wish isn't it? But there is a reason. As Evelyn herself put it, "If I were twins, one of me could be in America playing in pictures and the other could be in England doing the same thing."

It appears from a recent chat with Miss Brent, that she was born in Tampa, Florida, U.S.A., removing therefrom shortly to take up her residence in New York City, where at a very early age she commenced dancing under various tutors, until she had run the gamut of all the best dancing teachers of New York rapidly absorbing everything they knew, until she reached a point in her career as a dancer where she ran out of dancing masters to conquer.

In fact she had learned all any of them had to teach.

Naturally Miss Brent turned to the stage, always as a little girl, with her hair in a braid.

From the stage, the pictures lured Miss Brent, but always as a little girl, playing what she terms as insipid ingenues until she reached a point that she hated the sight of a young girl.

One day she determined to take the world of pictures by storm, so she piled her hair on top of her head, lengthened her skirts several inches and sailed forth to hear the producer in his mahogany-lined den.

Evelyn Brent was a big laugh, to the producers, but not to Evelyn, she had reached a point where she wanted to take herself seriously, and wanted others to do likewise.

"Go home and let your hair down, and pull up your skirts," said one producer, "you are nothing but a child, long skirts and a high head dress do not make a grown-up."

Rather a sad reception to a youngster anxious to grow up, but Evelyn simply wouldn't be nonplussed, or whatever it is folks refuse to do, when they have made up their minds to do something else.

Somewhere Evelyn Brent had heard, or read an old saying which says something or other about a "prophet not being without honour save in his own country." So she determined to move.

Meanwhile romance had entered her life, just a few years before, but that is another story, which will be told just before the final fallout.

Looking around for some place to go, Evelyn Brent decided that England was the place for an ambitious girl who had been laughed at by producers in her own country. So she took ship, and sailed away from the States to tempt the fates in England.

Arriving in London, as a grown up, for she still had her hair up, and her skirts lengthened, Evelyn Brent was for the first time in her professional life taken seriously. She had hardly gotten rid of her "sea legs" when she was engaged to play a leading role in "The Ruined Lady" at the Comedy Theatre, which had a tremendous run and placed the erstwhile ingenue on the topmost rung of the ladder.

Following this, offers poured in from motion picture producers, and for a period of two-and-one-half years, Evelyn Brent, more or less damned to perpetual curls and little girl roles by American producers, was playing the roles she loved for English producers.

So that is why Evelyn Brent wishes she were twins.

During her two-and-a-half years in England, Miss Brent appeared in Sonia for Ideal; The Door without a Key for Alliance; Laughter and Tears for Anglo-Hollandia; and in Spanish Jade for Famous Players; in all this little lady who wanted so hard to grow up, appeared in over 15 pictures during her stay in England.

Why did she return to America? Ah, that is the other story. When Evelyn Brent was 12 years old, living in New York, Romance or something or other took her by the hand and placed her in the path of a white-haired boy who fell in love with her; and she fell in love with him, if love can be spoken of between a pair so young. Be that as it may, love or whatever it was, is the thing that brought Evelyn Brent back to America, for hadn't this white-haired lad stood on the dock as she sailed away, his eyes filled—but enough of that, anyway, Evelyn came back, and they were married and are still married. His name, oh, yes, it is B. P. Fineman, an independent producer in America, and he may yet produce a picture with Miss Brent in the stellar role, for he says, "in the studio, on the set, is one place where a husband would have the last word."
"Can't you see we're filming." "This is a scene from The Great Gay Road." "Spoilt a fine take." Grins from the minion who served the meal. Groans from Stewart Rome, who played chief tramp. "I've taken the edge right off my appetite" he said, as they cleared the decks for fresh action.

They repeated their performance of ordering, and fell to again with great fervor. "Hey! Stop!" yelled the producer in frenzied tones. "You can't be a tramp in a wrist watch. And just look at Stewart Rome's shiny boots! Mess 'em up somebody."

For the third time the hungry (?) men greedily grabbed the food a patient servitor supplied to them and ate with every appearance of keen satisfaction. But the producer wasn't pleased.

"You aren't savage enough," he grumbled. "Just try that scene again without the camera."

Stewart Rome loosened his belt. So did his friend. They wrestled manfully with more and fresh food for another ten minutes. Then they made one supreme and final effort and got the filming over. "Fine!" said the producer. "Now we'll stop and have something to eat!"

The Great Gay Road is Stewart Rome's favourite film, but he says he'll never forget the anguish that eating continually and at that rate for over an hour caused him, both mentally and otherwise. But that is the way of a movie. A leading man who has just finished a good square meal may have to eat and keep on eating for a day should his role demand it. Whilst some poor extra, whose meals are few and far between has to toy languidly...

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"The Song of the Soup."

You are hungry, remember. Famished. Both of you. And when they bring you the square meal you've ordered you fall on it, like wolves. Now, are you ready? Camera . . ."

Two men dressed in rags swaggered into a wayside hotel room. "Bring us the best you have. And bring it quickly. We're peckish," ordered the tall one, in tones which contrasted oddly with his appearance. He and his shorter companion had hardly seated themselves before the first course of their meal arrived. They literally flung themselves at the food and were well away with its consumption when a man in a straw hat walked up to them. "Hello, what's up here," said he. Words, not many but charged with meaning, hurried through the air at the unlucky interrupter's head.

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Above: Dorothy Gish
French fried bannock
Left over cakes; Bebe Daniels refuses food

Above: Sampling mother's cakes—Mary Alden and Albert Hackett in "A Woman's Woman." At
Island scene—Dick Cruikshanks and Doris
Winston in "The Blue Lagoon."
all have a cabaret scene in which the food means little but the trimmings mean a lot. Producers seize this opportunity to introduce dancers and special lighting effects.

Whole domestic dramas have been written around food. For instance, *Old Wives for New*, in which Sylvia Ashton was so strong upon the “cats” that she thought of nothing else, grew very stout, slovenly and careless and so lost her husband’s affection. Said husband used to go out for his meals, after a bit. There he met a wicked vamp and the rest you know. A meal in a De Mille film is a kind of sacred rite and is always the very last word in gorgeous table decoration, unique favours, and glittering silver and glass. Not so in a Mary Pickford play. There we get scratch meals of all sorts and much comedy. Call to mind the milk that Mary shot into her eye and someone else’s in *The Eternal Grind*. Also the chortles of mirth her rough and ready cookery (one sausage and an egg that had seen service!) in the first *Tessiebel of the Storm Country*. But she extracted much pathos from her first meal in her new home in *Rags*, and gave a subtle lesson in subjugation to all who cared to profit by it in the well-known picnic scene of *Daddy Long Legs*.

(Continued on page 65).

Frosty fare in “The Golden Suare.”

suppers for two, or for two hundred, you see them all on the films. There you may also learn how and what to eat. Also when. And why.

Emotional stars can express a whole number of things when they are seated at the dining table. For instance, He will pettishly push aside dish after dish and when She coaxes him with glycerine tears in her beautiful eyes to “Try a little of this, dearest,” and he pushes more pettishly than ever and finally gets up and goes out, the answer is “A Vamp in the offing.” And so on ad infinitum. The latest movies
British Studio Gossip

Famous Film Firms Combine.

A n interesting announcement is this one. From now on, Hepworth films will be handled and released by Ideal Films, Ltd. This will give Cecil Hepworth and Henry Edwards far more time for producing than they have hitherto had. For there are countless details and business duties connected with the distributing side which Hepworth and Henry Edwards, who has been for some time a director in the Company's offices as well as in the Company's studios, will be not at all sorry to dispense with. Fewer films than usual have come from the Walton Studios this year. This is partly because of the extensive alterations, but you may look forward to a more extensive output henceforth.

More Indian Love Stories.

Inspired, no doubt, by the approval expressed by the critics of Stoll's Indian Love Lyrics film, a company of Indian players are going to make an absorbing screen romance. Its story concerns the well-known Taj Mahal, one of the most wonderful sights in India. This glory of white marble and gold and lacquer is one of the world's Seven Wonders, and was built by the Emperor Shah Jahan in memory of his beautiful wife, the Empress Mumtaz Mahal. For the benefit of all and sundry, I had better add here that the film has nothing to do with racing, or the Aga Khan's famous racer, "Mumtaz Mahal." It deals extensively with the love romance of the Indian Emperor and Empress, and the settings will be the real thing in Indian interiors. Indian Love Lyrics strikes the beholder as being not so much Indian as Eastern and Oriental. It is an elaborate movie, and will delight all lovers of the tuneful and well-known song-cycle.

Robey's Roving Whiskers.

George Robey has finished his work as the hero in Don Quixote, and is busy on The Story of Mudder, taken straight from the "Arabian Nights." Robey plays "Widow Twankey," and seems to be giving a great deal of attention to his role. George and his heard provided a lot of fun in the studios during the early stages of the production of Don Quixote. It was a stubby little affair, because everyone agreed that the Robey features were too good to camouflage. But it is whispered that George got playing tricks with it, at any rate it came off after the first four days, and the scenes were all re-taken. The change is all to the good, for the comedian's features have now full play.

George's eyebrows haven't lost any of their strength, though.

About Bertram Burleigh.

Bertram Burleigh, who plays "Carrasce" in Don Quixote, ("Carrasco") is a nephew of the hero, who amuses himself and others at the expense of the deluded "Don" and his faithful "Sancho," was originally a stage artist. Not a conjuror, though conjuring is his hobby and an effective side-line. He was invited to play a film by the author of a West-end play, in which he had a part at that time, and, more to oblige his friend than for any other reason, accepted and was lost to the stage for many years. He has been seen recently in "Partners Again," at the Garrick.

Adventures in Africa.

Molly Adair, who was so charming in The Blue Lagoon, has been away on location with African Productions for a long while. They have been filming another De Vere Staempool story, The Rock of Stars, and have been working on the spots selected by the author. It is a story of love, jealousy, and piratical adventure in Africa and the tropics, and Molly Adair has a dual rôle. Harvey Braban is the leading man and Dick Crunkshank has a distinctive rôle.
**Condoences.**

Picturegoers and others will join us in offering sincere sympathy to Ivy Close, one of our most charming film stars, who has lost her husband, Elwin Neame. He it was, who took the famous "Daily Mirror" photograph that established Ivy Lillian Close as England's loveliest girl and gave her great public prominence. He afterwards photographed several of the early short films in which his lovely wife appeared and I believe, appeared himself in one concerning Lancelot and Elaine. He was killed in a motor-cycle and motor-car collision in Hyde Park. Another death recorded the same week was that of Saba Raleigh, who has done much good work on the stage and screen. She was in the British-made version of *Kismet*, and has been seen in various other society screenplays made at the Famous-Lasky London studios since. She died of a chill.

**Benson-a-Becket.**

I have no absolute proof, but I strongly suspect there is a great deal of truth in the report that when Sir Frank Benson, who plays in "Becket," heard that the company were going to Canterbury for exteriors, he moved Heaven and earth and George Ridgwell (the producer) to get down there for cricketing week. Anyway they have now made the necessary scenes outside and near the Cathedral. Canterbury, more perhaps than any other Cathedral town has retained its atmosphere and old-worldliness. It seems to dream in the mellow Kentish sunlight and so peaceful are the purities of the great church (when the charabancs have departed!) that one can stand there and readily conjure up Pilgrims and dignitaries of the Age of Romance. "Fair Rosamond" and all the other characters associated with Thomas a Becket figure largely in the screen play.

**Marjorie's Safe Bet.**

Marjorie Benson, whose photograph appears on the opposite page told me an amusing story anent her latest film rôle. "I played 'Tony Sheldon,' you know," she said, "The jockey who wasn't a jockey but a woman, and we used to argue a bit as to whether what happens in the film could happen in real life. The author of the story said that it could, provided that the apprenticehship papers submitted to our Jockey Club in England weren't English. Because a woman cannot register as a jockey, as everyone knows. Then we argued about disguise, and I was told, much to my disgust, that if I went into the paddock of a race-course in my jockey kit I should be spotted at once and ordered out. I bet him a bet to the contrary. Well, Miss Hopson, James Lindsay, and I went to a certain course for certain scenes, and we decided the bet there. Arrayed in my jockey clothes, I had to walk up to the course for a scene in the film— I did this, and just as I got near the gate, a Race Course Official ran up to me, "Wrong door my lad," said he, "Over here's the jockey's enclosure!" It spoilt the scene, but it won me— no, I shan't tell you how much. Yes, he did pay and look pleasant and so did I."

**Some Beaver!**

Like Samson's, George
AL WILSON

A star with Fred Thompson and Ann Little in "The Eagle's Talons" serial. He is one of the screen's most fearless stunt aviators, and has doubled for many famous film stars, so that you have seen him oftener than you may suppose.
EVELYN BRENT

Known as "The Florida Enchantress" because she was born at Tampa, Florida. Evelyn had the courage to cry off her contract with Fairbanks because he didn't start work soon enough, and was rewarded with the star role in "Harbour Bar."
EDWARD HEARN

This had a varied screen career extending over a period of eight years. He played opposite Ruth Roland in "The Avenging Arrow," and other of his pictures are "The Lure of Luxury," "Idle Wives," "Down Home," and "The Things Men Do."
HELENE CHADWICK

MARJORIE DAW

With leading lady with Douglas Fairbanks in the early stages of her movie career. She has starred in several Marshall
Vicker productions, including "Don't Ever Marry."
Above: Mary Beth Milford displays an attractive black and white sports suit.
Centre: Vola Vale's gown of brocaded cloth of silver.

Above: A bizarre Mae Busch creation topped with a white sequin gown worn by Jackie Saunders.

Screen Plate

Fashion Plate

A black georgette sleeveless afternoon gown by Blanche Sweet adorned with an attractive trimming of blue taffeta. Flowers.
A game that screen stars play.

Miss Hartje left the millions flat on their backs, drawing interest, and she invaded California to take the motion picture world by storm. She took it too. She was engaged for one picture after the other, but there was always a period between engagements which threatened the young lady with a relapse into the social butterfly thing, so she took the matter up with Derlys Perdue, and Warner Baxter, both Powers Stars with whom she had appeared in pictures, and they decided that something had to be done about it.

So the three of them laboured, and the modern game of "Aquatic Golf" was brought forth to further complicate the "golf bug disease" which has many million victims in America.

The game of "Aquatic Golf" is played in any well regulated swimming pool, and the modus operandi is as follows. A heavy rubber ball is used, one that will stand a good wallop from an iron club. The drive is made from the edge of the pool into the water, and the object is to make the round of the course in the least number of strokes.

Floating on the water are nine discs of wood, about three feet in diameter in the centre of the disc is the hole or cup, rising from this daunt. The game looks easy, but try it over to your favourite swimming course someday and see how complicated it can be.

The drive is easy, but it is the approach and the putting that is difficult, particularly when some person not keenly interested in the game takes a high dive from the spring board, just as you are about to make a three or four foot put.

The splash of the diver makes miniature waves, and the same miniature waves cause the otherwise well behaved rubber ball, to slip or from under your club, and the chance you will fan the air and probably to under yourself.

The illustrations were made during a match game at the Ambassador Hotel swimming pool, with Swimming Director Frank Horbow, acting as judge of the course, referee or, I think, according to which ever position happened to be most useful in at the time.
If You Believe it, it's so
by JOHN FLEMING

Chick Harris was a leader of men.
If you could call them men.
Chick picked them better
than anybody; hence his leadership.
Throughout New York he was
famous.

Chick had a favourite ground
for the practising of his art, and this was
the Grand Central Station. He would
mingle with the vast crowds, wait his
moment, indulge in a gentle touch
here and a gentle touch there, yawn
maybe, stroll away as if nothing had
happened, and count it all up in some
quiet spot afar. One day, in this
excellent place, he met Mr. Ezra
Wood, who looked like his name and
came from where a man with a name
like Ezra Wood would come from.
Fut of whiskers on the chin, glasses,
appe, slow walk—you'll know. The
hidden corners of the world are full
of Ezra Woods. They have soil on
their boots and good straw in their
hair.

Chick found him as he had found so
many other simple souls—wanting to
know the way to somewhere. Chick
old him the way to somewhere at the
same moment that he was tucking a
thousand dollars of Ezra's savings
away into his pocket. But even then
Ezra seemed not too inclined to go.
"I've heard a lot about the city's
honesty," he said. "Back home I
was warned against the hotels. You
don't know, I suppose, of a nice quiet
latch where a countryman like me
would put up for a night or two?"
"You mean," said Chick, "where
you won't be robbed."

Ezra shook his head.
"I'll not be robbed," he said. "I
ave that much faith in human nature.
Do unto others ... I treat the
world well, my boy. Why should it
treat me ill?"

Chick was struck with the extra-
ordinary faith and simplicity of the
old fellow. He did not immediately
make his way off. He stayed to talk
to the old man and learn more of his
extraordinary trusting viewpoint of
life.

"But it is a bad city," he said.
"There are people here who would
take every cent you possess, you
know."

CHARACTERS:

Chick - THOMAS MEIGHAN
Alvah - PAULINE STARK
Ezra Wood - JOSEPH DOWLING
Sky Blue - THEODORE ROBERTS
Col. Williams - CHARLES O'LE

But Ezra shook his head again.
"Why should they?" he asked. "I've
done then no hurt. I reckon if I let
them alone they'll let me alone. If I
was to start rough with them, now,
I guess perhaps they might start
something on me. But I'm a peace-
able old sort. I 'spect they'll let me
be. Men ain't so bad, if ye have faith
in 'em. We're all of one big family,
you know."

"And you have faith in them?" said
the amazed Chick.

"Why, you bet I just have," said
Ezra. "What's the use in goin' on
livin' if you ain't no more faith in
your fellow men. Why, even the
worst of 'em ain't so worst. He's got
a chance, somewhere . . .

Chick puckered his brow and stared
at old Ezra in dumb surprise. After
a minute or two had passed silently,
he took the old man's arm and said:
"Look here, I'll put you on your
way to a good little hotel. There's all
sorts and you might pick a loser. I
know just the one. You'll seem like
being back home in it."

He took Ezra round to a quiet little
hotel of which he knew—one of his
unofficial resorts, a place quite honest,
and when the old man insisted on
Chick's accompanying him to his new
quarters he had no chance of refusal.
Not that he particularly desired to
refuse.

Ezra's first action in his new
quarters was to take off his coat
and case the laces of his boots. Then he
felt for his pocket case and put it on
the table. But some suspicious light-
ness about it caused him to
immediately take it up again and open
it and look at Chick and gasp:
"'Gone! My savins! Every cent
on it—gone!"

And then, before Chick had time to
utter a word, this extraordinary old
man was down on his knees and pray-
ing to the Lord to forgive the thief
and show him the error of his ways
and let some good come of the money
after all...

Ezra sat up and looked at Chick.
"It's took me an' my wife thirty
years to save all that money up," he
said. "We'd made such plans about
what we was goin' to do with it, an'
now it's gone. Well, 'praps the Lord
planned it so. 'Praps it's better to
have gone. It may do more good where
it's gone to . . .

Chick gasped.
"You sure are the trusting sort,"
he said. And then Ezra looked up
and caught a queer glance stealing over
his face.

"What's the matter, boy?" the old
man asked.

"I don't know," said Chick. "I
don't know. Everything . . ."

"Something wrong?"

"It's the way you're so trusting
and—friendly—to everyone. The way
you believe in things, and all that . . .
I don't know. You're sort of making
me feel silly. Saved the money up all
these years, eh? You and your
wife?"

Ezra nodded and sighed.

"There's some people," said Chick,
"it's a duty to steal from. But you're
different." He put his hand in his
pocket and took out a purse. "Take
your money, old man," he said. "I
haven't the heart to rob you. You've
made things seem all different. Good-
bye. I hope you have luck. Take my
advice and don't be so trusting.

He went out leaving a gasping Ezra
behind him, and sought a retreat in
the Grand Central Station again. But
the touch—or the wish was gone. He
could not pick pockets again to-day—
or he had not the wish to. He left
the station and made his way back to
the haunt of the gang. He thought very deeply on the way. It seemed such a little thing to alter his view of life—the robbing of this country simpleton—and yet it had altered it completely. The spice had gone out of this kind of adventure for Chick. He didn't want to rob again. It was the trusting manner the old man had had, the way he prayed and bore no resentment at all. Why, he was happier losing the savings of a lifetime than Chick himself was in gaining them. Chick thought and thought and thought a very great deal on his way down town and out of his thoughts something came very clearly to him in the end.

"He was straight and he was having a good time. I'm not straight and I'm not having a good time. Some people'd call it a good time. But not happy. And he was happy. I don't trust a soul and he trusts everybody, and he's happy. Happy and straight..."

It was not the first time that Chick's thoughts had run on these lines. For a long time a growing discontent had been creeping over him, and it had wanted but one little thing in the balance to weigh down his whole career far across the scales. Now this little thing had come—in the person of a sharp-witted countryman who had not minded being robbed. Chick strode into the saloon that was the headquarters of the gang with a crown on his brow and at first sat apart from the boys. They noticed something was on him. They thought that perhaps he was hatching a new one and preferred to be left in peace, as was sometimes the case with him, but after a while he rose and crossed to them and said:

"Boys, I'm quitting."

"What?"

Someone began to titter.

"I tell you it's right. I've had a lesson. I needed it and I've had it. Well, I reckon I can learn. I'm going where there is no more graft and crookedness. I'm clearing out."

The suddenness of it gave to the happening the quality of a joke. Someone else began to titter. But Chick waited for no further comment. New York's leading counterfeiter of money, Sky Blue, got in his way and attempted to make him see reason, but he shook off the other's grasp and strode to the door. He looked back a moment and smiled at them.

"You think it's a joke," he said. "Well, I'm on the right end of the joke. I can afford to laugh..."

He went out.

St. Clare was a little way back town of no account. There was money in it but not much fame. When Richard Davies came first to it he was impressed chiefly by its quietness. It seemed a pleasing town in which to settle.

Richard walked along its Main Street on the look out for some homely place in which he might get lodgings. Its one hotel seemed a little too pretentious for his modest purse and the kind of place he was wanting would have to be a little house or cottage where he could feel he was at home and not a lodger. It was many years since last Mr. Davies had had a real home.

He was passing a saloon, and trying to decide which of the many inhabitants about would be the most likely to set his feet in the right direction, when suddenly the saloon doors swung back and an old gentle-

man staggered out and collapsed in the gutter. Richard started from where the old man had fallen to where a burly bartender stood between the swinging doors. The bartender's hands were big and his shoulders were broad. He had the fiercest eye in St. Clare. "Get me," he was shouting. "And the next time you show your face in here out you go again. See? You come here when you've money. When you ain't no money, keep away. This ain't the poorhouse."

Richard helped the old man to his feet and then strode across to where the bartender surveyed the earth.

"You threw him out?" he gasped.

"An old man like that!"

"I sure did," grinned the bartender. "What of it? You want throwing out too?"

Richard did not answer. Raising his right fist before even the thought of such a proceeding had entered the mind of the sharpest-witted there, he sent the bartender spinning across the pavement. The big man was soon on his feet and coming on with a rush, but sooner still he was sprawling across the street again. The second time he rose with more deliberation and came on a little more unsteadily. He stood before Richard and waited, then raised his fist and dashed. But he dashed back again and went down for the third time. Then Richard broke loose and came at him that this thing could have happened. In St. Clare he had a reputation for hitting. How did it come about that he was the one now to receive the hits? He closed with the strange now to save another fall and the fell to in grim earnest, collapse together, rolled here and there across the road at the feet of the cheering crowd. Richard broke loose and clambered to his feet and waited.

The bartender staggered up, came of went down to a cracking blow, trie it again, liked it less than ever an this time lay still. A little chee arose in the crowd and the old man whose fall had brought the mood about made his way through to shake Richard by the hand.

"Steve's asked for it for years said somebody. "He's deserved and he's got it. Young man, we'll all friends of yours. Anything can do for you, you've only to ask."

Richard led the old man away from the crowd, and in a moment of it was learning his life story. He was Colonel Williams and I had fallen on evil days. The fame fortune was gone, the family estat were shrunken to the extent of remaining shabby mansion with grounds worth noticing, and the old Colonel lived alone with only a niece to care for him.

"And you?" he asked.

"Come to the town to set up little business," said Richard. "New York firm has sent me to do here to represent it. Selling so
Richard was interested. He asked if he could help in any way, and Alvah said that it was her father's wish he should have the organising of the local fund. He had so impressed the townsfolk with his honesty and his capacity for business that they were agreed there would be nobody in the place better fitted for the task. It was supposed to be a little surprise being kept for him, but she just had to tell him. She couldn't keep it back.

"Why?" asked Richard.

Alvah's only reply was a blush. But Richard seemed well satisfied.

The reception of Professor Culbertson, of London, was the grandest event that had ever taken place in St. Clare. The mayor was present and with him the old Colonel and Richard, with Alvah very close to Richard's side and looking proudly up into his face. The train steamed in, the little local band struck up a lively air, the carriage door opened, the eminent Professor stepped out, a general handshaking commenced and Richard Davies felt suddenly giddy and knew that the colour was draining from his face.

The Professor was introduced first to one and then another of the local celebrities. As he shook hands with Mr. Richard Davies his eyes narrowed for a moment but he said no more than "Good afternoon. How do you do?" The party adjourned to the only hotel for the pre-arranged banquet, and the Professor proved to be the very soul of mirth. He was genially interested when he heard that Mr. Richard Davies was the treasurer appointed for the collection of the local fund. He suggested a little conference between just the two of them a little later in the evening, and then he fell to telling funny stories the like of which would not in the normal course of events have reached St. Clare inside the next three years.

Richard and the surly bartender closed out fell to in grim earnest.

The opening of the campaign was an undoubted success. A meeting was arranged for collection in the Town Hall upon the evening of the following Friday, toasts were given, a song or two was sung, the Professor was voted by everyone to be one of the best, if not indeed the very best, and then the little party broke up for the day.

That evening, according to the made arrangement, Richard Davies made his way to the hotel, and sought out Professor Culbertson in his private room. The Professor greeted him with a grin, asked him in and closed the door suddenly.

"Chick Harris," he said in high glee, motioning his guest to a chair. "Otherwise Mr. Richard Davies, eh? Very good boy, very, very good."

And the last time I knew Professor Culbertson he was known to the boys. "Sky Blue," retorted Richard. "At least Richard Davies is my real name."

"Well, well, we'll say no more about that," said Sky Blue. "It is lucky we have met. It will make my task much easier."

"What's your task?" asked Richard. "You must know. They're raising a few thousand dollars for an orphanage here. I'm the orphanage. Of course, there'll be pickings for you. I'm willing to split."

"I'm not," said Richard. "What do you mean?"

"What I say. What I said the last time we met. I've quit the game for ever, that's all. Count me out."

"You mean you won't organise this fund for me?"

"I sure do."

"Ah," Sky Blue rose and towered above the other. "That's it, eh? Well, well. Listen Mr. Chick Davies, or whatever your name is. You stay on the job with me. You collect the doings. You hear that? Stand out and I expose you to the townsfolk here. Have you got that down?"
Alva gently slipped a hand across his lips and smiled at him.

"I reckon the townsfolk wouldn't mind," said Richard. "They'd stand by me whatever my past."

"Maybe. But what about the little bit of goods you're trailing?"

Richard shot a sharp glance, but said nothing.

"I kept my eyes open at the feed and I've asked a thing or two since." Sky Blue went on. "I reckon you wouldn't like Miss Alva Williams to know a thing about Mr. Chick Harris, eh? Now you run along and think out some bright ideas for getting money out of these hayseeds and bring it along to me after the meeting next Friday, or you'll know what's what. Run away and play now. I'm tired after my long journey from London."

A world seemed to have crumpled to bits over the head of Richard. He dared not meet the wondering eyes of Alva. He kept away from the house as much as he could, and stayed at the little store where he was building up his business so steadily. He tried a hundred devices for cheating time, but the week seemed to pass like a phantom flash. Almost before the blow had fallen, Friday seemed to be here. Almost before Friday had dawned, it was Friday evening, and the little town was dressing up for the great meeting when their wonderful local organiser was to hand over the fund to the wonderful Professor Gilbertson.

Such was Richard's local popularity that a tremendous sum (for St. Clare) had poured in for the orphanage. Richard had banked the lot at his own bank and drawn a cheque for the full amount. At the very moment when St. Clare was dressing for the Town Hall meeting, the cheqne was reposing in Richard's pocket case, ready to be presented.

He rose and went slowly down stairs. In a little nook by the garden, Alva was sitting waiting the appearance of Richard and her uncle. The family carriage stood at the gate in readiness to drive them to the Town Hall. Lines were on Richard's brow. That he would not betray the little town that had befriended him he was resolved, and yet how he could save the place without having all his hopes dashed to the ground he could not see. Unless he turned over the money to Sky Blue, Alva would immediately be informed of his past. There seemed no way.

And then, as in a flash, the way was clear. What happiness he had known had come through honesty. That was the way that old Ezra Wood had shown. His future happiness, too, would depend on his honesty.

He crossed the little lawn and sat beside Alva.

"Alva," he said, "there is something I want to tell you—a something I should have told you long ago. I came to you all here a perfect—or an imperfect—stranger. None of you knew a thing about me. You thought me an honest man. But my past—"

Gently she slipped a hand across his lips and smiled at him. "Never mind the past," she said. "The past, you know, is always dead."

"This past, however, has come to light again," said Richard.

Colonel Williams came down to that moment and Richard beckoned him across.

"If you'd sit down," he said, "and listen...

The Colonel sat, and Richard, disregarding all the girl's protests, told everything from the days when he had been leader of the gang in New York, of his meeting with Ezra Wood. "Funny old man he was," he mused. "Looked the regular hayseed. Manny whiskers, spectacles. Simple. You've said it. When a fellow walks around New York City with his wallet sticking out of his coat pocket and his wad sticking out of his wallet, he's past praying for. In New York City, I took his wad. Then he asked me to tell him some place to stay. Me, I took him to one of my own lays. Somehow I kinda liked the old Mutt. Then when he found his savings all gone the funny old stick knelt down and prayed for the crook who'd got 'em. Asked the Lord to forgive the thief. It fair got me. I slung the money at him and left him there gasping." Richard mentioned his resolve to go straight, and of the appearance of the bogus Professor Gilbertson of London. When he had finished, the old Colonel reached out and clasped his hand, but Alva could only sit and stare and stare with great moist eyes.

"Believe me," said Richard, brokenly. "I did this to save you good folks here. You—you don't know how hard it's been for me. But—but now you know, and he has no further hold over me. I can turn the tables on the Professor and run him out of town. The money will go to the cause for which it was intended. St. Clare shall have an orphanage.

But—but you don't know how hard it's been for me to—to do this. To—smash up all my hopes... wreck everything like this..."

He rose and stood waiting a moment.

"I'll go on first," he said. "I want to see the Professor. I don't think he'll appear at the meeting after I've interviewed him. The cheque is here, Colonel. If you'll see it in the proper hands..."

"Richard!" said Alva.

He turned.

"Where—where are you going then?"

"I don't know. Away somewhere.

... Anywhere. ... Nowhere."

She rose, too, now and came to his side.

"After this—this revelation... I understand that you never could," she said with a little smile.

"Never could—what?" he sat down with a start.

"And so I will, Richard—I do."

He felt his heart beating and could hardly find breath for his next words.

"You do—what?"

"Love you."

He held her at arm's length for full minute, while the old Colonel transferred his interest to a curtailed bush. Then he said brokenly.

"You—mean that? A—a crush like me?"

"Richard," said Alva, "I think you're the most honest man in the world."

"You believe that?"

"Indeed I do."

"It rested with you," he said as he gathered her in his arms. "If I believe it, it's so."
Amongst other claims to recognition, petite Viola Dana enjoys the distinction of being the first movie star to bob her hair. After which she bade farewell to serious drama forever, and became the screen's brightest comedienne in her own particular line. Viola, who commenced her screen career with Edison at the tender age of eleven in Molly, the Drummer Boy, was known there as the youngest stage star in New York. She was playing the title rôle in "A Poor Little Rich Girl" (play), and aspired then to be an emotional actress. Picturegoers will remember her early four reelers were all heavily dramatic offerings. Then she met and married John Collins, a Metro director, who starred her in Satan Junior, as a vampish flapper, a type which she has made peculiarly her own ever since. Viola is an excellent dancer, both privately and professionally, she does most things well and is always near the top in popularity contests.

She has been with Metro since 1918, and is one of their best-liked stars. Viola is the middle one of the famous Flugrath sisters, and rivals the one and only Mary in the excellence of her child characterisations.
A Willesden Night's Entertainment

by W. A. Williamson

My new season's hats are for sale at half price, for they are no earthly use to me now. I have been mistaken for a movie star in the half-light, and my pride is the pride of the beautiful and damned.

"We are shooting some night scenes for Squibs, M.P.,” said Thomas Welsh to me one afternoon. “Come to Willesden at nine o'clock and watch us.” So I borrowed a car and went.

There was a big crowd watchfully waiting outside the Welsh-Pearson studios, and my arrival created quite a sensation. Audible whispers: "Here comes the star!” assailed my sensitive ears, as I ran the gauntlet along the side entrance. “It is, I tell you; they'll soon be starting now. Who is it, d’you know?” “Search me!” “Fancies himself a bit, anyway.”

"Fred Groves will be jealous when he hears about this” said I to myself, as I scuttled through the doorway like a shot rabbit. “I wonder if those people would have made the mistake in full daylight?"

Inside the studio I found Thomas Welsh, George Pearson, Betty Balfour, Hugh Wright and Fred Groves feverishly playing the game of "Yes; No; I don’t know,"

"Internal," said Hugh Wright. "My inside is slowly solidifying. It’s a fact. Plaster of Paris. We have being taking some comic bill-posting scenes this afternoon. Betty had the poster pail, I had the paste. I swallowed about a quart of it. That paste contains Plaster of Paris, and I contain the paste. Internally I am now a plaster cast.”

"Don't listen to him," said Betty Balfour, "read this letter. It’s the funniest thing I’ve ever seen.”

She handed me a letter just received from a Continental admirer. An amazing farrago of broken English, in which the sender claimed kinship with the star, and stated that he had "great expectorations" of her reply.

"I wonder what’s the nationality of the writer,” said Fred Groves, looking closely at the complicated calligraphy; and Betty Balfour, who is going to grow up into a whilst waiting for the shades of night to fall. Next to “Shove-Halfpenny” this is their favourite studio pastime, and they are all experts, particularly Fred, who holds the London-to-Paris record.

I thought that Hugh E. Wright was looking more melancholy than ever, and when I asked him how he was he replied politely: "Thank you, I’m dying.”

"What’s the trouble?” I asked him.
genuine election meeting. I'll give half-a-crown to the first man who lands on Frank Stanmore, and half-a-crown to the first six men who throw the chairman off the platform. Don't spare him; there are plenty of mattresses about. Get ready for the whistle!"

From which you will see that George Pearson asked for it. He got it. So did Frank Stanmore, who stopped three chairs with the back of his neck before the echoes of the whistle died away. In three seconds there were so many bashed-in hats floating about that it looked like a Dunn's Benefit Night. Then the crowd got hold of Frank Stanmore, and it took ten minutes to stop the riot.

At this juncture the Assistant Director stopped further reminiscences by announcing that the lights were ready, and we trooped outside the studio, one door of which had been converted into the entrance to an election hall. A large crowd of several hundred people, five dogs and half-a-million moths awaited us.

We stood round and cheered as Squibs drove up in her milk-cart accompanied by Fred Groves and Hugh Wright. There was a little trouble at the door with some professional bashers, who did not want to admit Squibs to her rival's election meeting, but the resourceful Betty managed to elude their vigilance. She entered the door carrying a basket of eggs, which indicated that somebody was in for a sticky time.

The first rehearsal went off all right, but on the second attempt the five dogs jumped in, barking joyously, and gave us an unrehearsed effect. Knowing the futility of reasoning with the screen-struck, George Pearson gave orders for them to be impounded, before shouting "Camera!" The next scenes taken showed the chucker-out being chucked out by the friends of Squibs.

The two bruisers at the door were splendid types, and they put many deft, comedy touches into this scene.

It was now about midnight, and even a movie producer is entitled to some sleep, so George Pearson decided to call it a day, much to the disappointment of the onlookers. "Who is it, d'y'know?" said one girl to another, as I passed them on my way back to the car.

"Frank Stanmore, I think. The chap who got bashed about so the other day."

"He looks it," said the girl.
Putting the Lean in Helene

By James J. Tynan

Helene Chadwick makes acquaintance with the high cost of reduction.

"You are twenty-two pounds over weight, and you must get rid of that excessive poundage. And that's that!" And so saying, the speaker, who was none other than Rupert Hughes, world-famous novelist and motion picture director, now associated with Goldwyn, turned on his heel and walked off.

Nice way to greet a young lady who had just reported for work following an eight month's vacation due to a lawsuit over a contract, and who was full of pep and ambition to go on with her work.

But that is the way Helene Chadwick was greeted by Rupert Hughes, who is directing his own story, *Late against Late*, which has something to do with divorce laws in the United States, where it is possible for a man and woman to be legally permitted to wed in one State only to be guilty of bigamy in another.

However, Helene Chadwick was, and is to play the leading feminine role, but when she reported for work, Mr. Hughes spoke to her in the words at the beginning of this yarn.

Did Miss Chadwick immediately go into tears, and call Mr. Hughes a horrid old thing? She did not, she simply hopped, that is, she hopped in so far as that extra 22 pounds would allow her, to the telephone and called up "Pep" Kerwin, well-known California physical director, and engaged him to put her through a course of sprouts that would remove that excess weight in a big hurry, and she agreed to pay him so much per pound for each pound taken off.

If "Pep" has his way, Miss Chadwick will soon be a mere sylph, for she is adhering to a schedule that would put a pugilist in the "pink," in fact it is exactly the same course, that Kerwin gives ambitious boxers who come to him for training.

At six a.m., Miss Chadwick arises, does "sit ups" and "dips," takes a run of a mere five miles. Takes a tepid bath, a rub down and a very light breakfast.

She then rests, but only for a short period.

After that comes a period of rope skipping by rounds. Miss Chadwick skips three minutes, rests one, and continues this until she has skipped ten rounds. This makes thirty minutes actual skipping with the rope.

A short rest is then permitted. Then comes a half hour of tossing the heavy medicine ball.

You would think that by this time the twenty-two pounds would have taken their departure the very first day, but such is not the case. Kerwin estimates it will take at least three weeks to get rid of that terrible "22 pounds."

Skipping is excellent exercise.

But wait a moment, now comes the most strenuous part of the whole exercising plan, that is the six rounds of actual boxing indulged in by Miss Chadwick and Mr. Kerwin.

Helene is dappled up in a leather head gear, with heavy leather and rubber guard for her nose and mouth, while a heavy protector for the body is placed under her sweater.

She now goes to it with Kerwin, and confesses that she really likes this part of her daily grind better than anything else, because it is competitive, and not merely performing a lot of stunts that at first glance mean nothing.

By the time this article is being read, there is little doubt but that those twenty-two annoying pounds will have gone the way of all surplus poundages that are attacked in the right manner.

And with the passing of the pounds, will return the smile of Rupert Hughes, and the "lean" will return to Helene."
Don't Call her Beatrice

Her correct name is Leatrice Joy, but people still say "What a funny misprint for Beatrice."

"And if you'll come along right now," murmured a clear soft voice, whose pretty modulations and attractive slurring of vowels even a telephone wire could not disguise, "I have a full hour to spare and you may do your worst."

So I came along. Along, that is, from the outer portals of the huge Paramount studio, past a stage or two, and through a big door. Past the Gothic chapel in the very centre of the studio wherein the omnipotent Cecil B. De Mille was, 'twas whispered, even now chasing a sudden inspiration into a corner so that he might capture and embalm it in celluloid. Hence, I was told, the fact that Leatrice Joy was accessible at this hour and at this place. Her dressing room was ajar. And from within a merry voice trilled, "Yes, there'll be no emoting—There'll be no emoting to-day," breaking off to bid me "Come right in. Leatrice Joy is refreshingly direct and natural. She laughed as she asked me whether I had fully appreciated her music. "Because," she said, "I've just heard that I'm through for to-day and I felt like bursting forth into melody. I very seldom do that here. It's rather against the accepted rules. You know what I mean, I suppose?"

I registered negation as I accepted her hand.

"Well, y'know, it's supposed to be the thing for a De Mille leading lady to be very dignified and rather aloof during business hours." Leatrice's dark eyes fairly radiated fun and mischief as she drew her small self up to her fullest height and simulated aloofness in her best "Lydia Thorne" manner.

"But I do like to be natural in my leisure hours. Mr. De Mille thinks one should act all the while. When one's dining out or dancing or lunching. He calls it 'maintaining the illusion,' and really some stars do it awfully well. "Some again," she paused to give me a I-could-a-tale-unfold glance that spoke volumes, "Don't. This one has never tried it. I love acting, but only in the studios. Minnie made-up box I'm just Leatrice Gilbert, that's all."

"Leatrice, not Beatrice, please. I like my uncommon name though no one else seems to, else why should everybody persist in labelling me Beatrice the way they do?"

"I thought," she continued, after a moment, "That we wouldn't waste this lovely afternoon indoors, but drive out to Laurel Canyon and call on Jack, my husband. He'll be so mad. 'He's told everyone he's out of town because he's busy growing whiskers for his next film and he really does look rather dreadful.' How long has this interesting growth been going on," I queried.

"Oh, about a month now," said Leatrice, "and it's very black and not at all beautiful." She slipped her arms into a natty little navy coat, gathered up a few necessary possessions and we sought the open air once more.

A camera study of Leatrice Joy.

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Leatrice as a lady from the Land of Lacquer. Note the tortoiseshell finger-nail sheaths.

I am not going to try to reproduce Leatrice Joy's accent in print. It would mean misspelling many words in a fashion that would look ridiculous, and give the printer-men convulsions,
"Of course you know I come from Way down South," she continued. "I was born in New Orleans on November 7th, I went to school at a convent there, and afterwards to High. I was still attending High when I was lucky enough to be elected Queen of the Mardi Gras. Oh those jolly days and nights. Shall I ever forget them! Then a day or two after the final ball, the director of a film company working in New Orleans rang me up to know whether I'd consider joining the cast of his next film as leading lady."

"It wasn't a big concern, of course, but it was a big opportunity. My dad had been ill for a long time, and though none of the women of our family ever had worked for their living, I determined that I'd be the pioneer. So, with the help of my brother, I arranged to go down to the studio for a test."

Early next morning she slipped away, and found herself one of half-a-dozen other pretty girls, two of whom had figured prominently in that same Mardi Gras procession. "Had any experience?" asked the Director—in French—he had only recently arrived and couldn't speak any English. Only one voice answered, also in French, the others didn't understand. "Non, monsieur—etc., etc. (I don't speak French myself) you must take the rest of the conversation for granted.) However, Leatrice was the chosen one of the bunch, she went home ablaze with enthusiasm and spent the rest of the day persuading her family that being a motion picture star was rather a fine thing and that the pay was good. What there was of it. Salaries were small then.

"The next day," reminisced Leatrice, her expressive dark eyes looking straight ahead at the long white road our car was eating up so rapidly, "my photo was in all the newspapers. I had certainly become a somebody. The Nola Film Company wasn't a very big one, neither, alas, did it flourish. After three dramatic films, it hazed out. Mother warned me to give up acting then, but I couldn't. So, like the dear, darling person she is, she sold up our home and we all, she, my little brother and I went East to make our fortunes. At least I was going to make theirs, we fondly believed.

You would instinctively like Leatrice Joy for her way in which she speaks of her mother. She says the word with a capital "M" always, and when I remarked upon this she said:

"Down South, one's Father and Mother are on quite a different plane to oneself. Whatever they say goes. Mother gave me my quaint name, you know, our
name's Zeidler, which is Austrian, and too long for a professional, so she re-christened me Leatrice Joy and told me to live up to it.

"I think I had quite a lot of good luck in pictures. Roscoe Arbuckle happened to be watching us at work once and told me to look him up if I ever went East. So when we went to New York I wrote him, but he was away. I was a "trouper," extra, y'know, for a month or two. There were a bunch of us, all friends, but, Vola Vale and Mary Anderson (Sunshine Mary Anderson they called her) were my especial friends. We were all terrible lie-a-beds, and anytime you took a stroll past the line of extra ladies you could count upon seeing Vola, Mary and Leatrice at the end of the queue. Mary landed most of the parts, though.

"My first acquaintance with Famous-Players Studio came that year," she told me. "Do you remember the Victor Moore comedies? Well, I made comedies there at the same time, and mine were released alternately with his on the Paramount programmes. I don't know how on earth I managed to get up early and be on the "lot" in time. I'm sure.

For early-to-rise is still Leatrice Joy's bugbear, she has never grown fond of getting up with the lark.

After that she went out to California with Roscoe Arbuckle's company and played in comedies. She worked at Inceville in several pictures, then there was a slump (it was War time), and Leatrice made a little money by posing for a big Art school at a dollar an hour.

"I spent it on car fares to and from the Studios looking for work," she confessed. "And I used to take in carefully every word the master told his pupils because I drew and painted myself. My early ambition was to be a magazine illustrator. I believe that a certain amount of knowledge of art and art values I acquired there and at different times later have been a lot of help to me in my picture work. Ah, times were had then. I lived in a tiny hall bedroom and I ate just when I could. When I couldn't—well—I didn't. That was when I found it difficult sometimes to live up to my surname."

She did it, though, and it was her never-failing optimism and high spirits and that irrepressible "pep" of hers that obtained for her a position in stock with a San Diego company. Leatrice Joy had eight months' experience there and between times, she played lead in a Warren Kerrigan picture, ingenue in a Dustin Farnum film, and a character part opposite Walter Melville in a George Loane Tucker cast her in his Ladies Must Live, and then advised her to go back to stock again to "tone down a bit," as he phrased it.

"When I had finished a year's work (in all), playing a different part every week, I went up to Inceville after a part in a Charles Ray film and got it. Lead, actually lead! I was congratulated on all sides and then—plunk. Like a bolt from the blue came a note, courteous but irrevocable to the effect that an artist already engaged on a long contract would be at liberty, and that, of course, she would play the part. To add to my sorrows, I'd had an interview with Cecil De Mille, under whom I'd always longed to work, and he had decided that I was too inexperienced to appear in his productions. George

With Tom Meighan in "Moulinet"
Loane Tucker was ill, and I was almost in despair.

"I think disappointment brings out many dormant qualities, though," she went on with a wise smile.

"For failure spelled success in another studio. Goldwyns, where I obtained a contract and spent some very happy years."

The car had pulled up before a charming bungalow set between two high hills and nearly smothered in greenery. Following her across a stone pathway that led to the back of the dwelling, I was in time to hear an exclamation more forcible than polite, and to catch just a glimpse of a tall dark-haired form flying precipitately round the corner.

Leatrice joy came back, laughing.

"Johnny refuses to be seen," she said, as we seated ourselves under a gaily striped awning in lounge chairs.

"Johnny," of course, is John Gilbert.

"To Her," with "God's Ideas," published in Scribner's, a close second. I noticed a somewhat frayed and thumbed newspaper clipping carefully enclosed in a small hammered silver frame. Leatrice followed my curious gaze. "That's my motto," she enlightened me. "I've had it since I was a child. I cut it out of a magazine, but I had it for years before I framed it, hence its dilapidated condition."

She read aloud in her delightful voice, "Oh God, help me to win, but in Thy inscrutable wisdom, if thou wiltst me not to win, then, O God, make me a good loser"—Ali Baba. It's a bit fatalistic, isn't it? But then, so am I." And I believe she is, too.

"I ought to be a vamp with my colouring," she laughed, "but I've steadfastly refused. It isn't in me. I can't trail and slither and slide."

She's right. She has none of the so-called Southern languor despite her rich Southern beauty. She speaks and gestures while she speaks with the same nervous intensity which you've doubtless noted on the screen. The sincerity is there too, all of it, and there is great depth to her personality. She bade me a cordial "Adieu," as the evening shadows began to gather. "I must go and make my peace with my husband," she called, as her car swept me back whence I had come. I shouldn't think that would be very difficult. For though John Gilbert is as serious as she is joyous, they are a well-matched and happy pair.

Joan Drummond.
Continental Gossip

By Oscar M. Sheridan.

While down at Deauville a few days ago, I came across Fanny Ward, the famous American cinema actress, who communicated to me exclusively for Pictures and Picturegoer the extremely interesting news that she has decided to return to film-work.

Miss F. Ward, who was looking as pretty and as young as ever, said that she was tired of doing nothing, and that the prospect of going back to the screen proved too great a lure for her, and she finally came to the conclusion that her return to the life of a film-star was bound to happen sooner or later.

Although absent from the silent stage for many many months, Fanny Ward is still the recipient of thousands of letters from her countless admirers, all of them imploring her to make some more films. Hence the decision.

"I may tell you," said Miss Ward to me, while sipping orangeade at the Pottinère, "that I am not going back to America to produce films. It will either be France or India; which country I am not quite sure yet. At all events, I am looking forward to going back to my work, for the cinema has always been, and is still a greater attraction than ever—the most important thing in my life!"

"And now," said Miss Fanny Ward, with a fascinating smile, "you may take a picture of me!"

And I did.

When these lines appear in print Pearl White will be back again at her original work of looking for revolvers in drawers, dropping out of aeroplanes into automobiles, and threatening villains, to say nothing of making the life of the hero worth living. In other words, the "serial queen" will be making one of her famous mystery stories; this time in a French studio, Eclair, at Epinay. Pearl, too, has been long absent from the screen, but here again the attraction has been too strong.

Pearl White is painting the whole of her studio black, for she believes that the best results are achieved by the use of artificial light for the "shooting" of the scenes. Many thousands of pounds are to be spent on this film, and Pearl herself believes that it will be the best film she has ever made. José, the well-known American producer, will direct.

Rudolph Valentino, the Sheikh of Sheikhs as one American newspaper called him, has taken Paris by storm. This is rather astonishing, considering the fact that "Rudy" is not too well-known in the French capital, as only the Four Horsemen, and three other films of his have been shown here. Notwithstanding this, however, thousands of letters from all over France, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Algeria, and Morocco began to arrive the very day of his arrival.

The same scenes that were enacted at the Carlton in London, took place here, and hundreds of callers disturbed the rest of the handsome film idol.

"That!" said the pretty little Parisian midinette, the Society beauty and the gay Boulvardier "is the World's Most Beautiful Man!"

And so the popularity of the screen Adonis grew so much that to-day he counts many hundreds of thousands more admirers and neither he nor Mrs. Valentino can walk down the Champs Elysées without being recognised by everyone within a mile of the Arc de Triomphe.
Every day, etc., etc., the high cost of movies is getting higher and higher. Nineteen-twenty-one saw nearly a million dollars spent on single photoplays and since then many have topped the million. Whether they ever brought it in again is a vexed question. Several did. Griffith’s *Intolerance,* which was a failure financially, cost nearly three-quarters of a million. Then came Fox’s *Daughter of the Gods,* for which Mr. Fox paid four hundred and fifty thousand dollars and spent half as much again on exploitation and advertising in America alone. But he made a profit on it eventually. Griffith’s *Birth of a Nation* is quoted as the first picture to bring in a million dollars in its first season. In nineteen-twenty-one, its total profits were nearly three millions and by now the sum total must be nearer five. But this does not go to the producer, more’s the pity. It is high time that the mind which conceives and carries out these really worth while pictures should receive a percentage of the total profits. England paid £15,000 for the British rights of *Intolerance,* but the money came back very quickly. Another money maker was the famous *Tarzan of the Apes.* Neither the producer or the buyers had the slightest idea of their gold mine. The picture was made as a novelty, and it proved a pioneer. It also brought Elmo Lincoln well into the spotlight. But it is interesting to note that nearly all the really big money-making films have no particular star. *Traffic in Souls,* which was made by the late George Loane Tucker, who spent eight thousand dollars on it, was originally scheduled as a two-reeler. This was made in 1913, and the aspiring young director was somewhat staggered when he found himself with ample for a seven-reeler when he’d finished shooting. However it brought Universal over half-a-million net profit in its first year, perhaps the most ever made by a film in proportion to its cost. For the enormous amount of dollars poured into productions to-day, seldom, if ever, come back again. If the exact figures were revealed it would be found that most of them, even the most artistic, show a loss. The profits were higher in the early days of the movies, in proportion to the outlay, that is. For at the present moment films are being made at Hollywood alone to the value of £3,000,000 (not dollars). Amongst these, *The Ten Commandments,* *The Thief of Bagdad,* *Roxita,* and a couple of Goldwyn productions account for a good deal of it. Chaplin’s comedies are the surest money-makers in the market to-day, Charlie is still the screen’s biggest drawing card, with Mary Pickford a close second and the Talmadges next. Charlie’s *A Dog’s Life,* for instance, earned 13,000 dollars in a week in one theatre in New York when it was first shown. And *The Kid*’s popularity and “pull” will continue ad infinitum. Colleen Moore and Jane Novak were the highest paid stars of last year, 1923 however, sees several freelance players exceeding Colleen’s respectable fifteen hundred dollars a week. Claire Windsor, perhaps equally popular, however, receives only three hundred and fifty a week, she made a long-term contract with the company for whom she stars during the great slump, and is still bound by it. The same applies to Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Nita Naldi. The most expensive luxury in the way of leading men is undoubtedly Conway Tearle, whose modest little honorarium stands at 2,500 dollars weekly. Wallace Beery beat him on one occasion, for Wally charges 1,500 dollars for his services, and once worked on three pictures simultaneously; thus drawing a total of 4,500 dollars weekly for six weeks. So that salaries alone account for some of the cash that goes to make movies. To conclude with a few further statistics, ten thousand men and women are regularly engaged in film production in America and their total salaries will amount to over eight millions in the year. We, in England, cannot come near anything like this. But then there are only thirty perfect filming days in an average British year, whilst America, particularly California can truthfully boast of two hundred and seventy. Which is probably the reason why ninetenths of the U.S.A. Studios work by artificial light!

Elaine Hammerstein dreams of wealth untold
NOW that Winter is at hand it behoves every woman to give careful thought to her complexion and to the means she shall employ to counteract the harmful effects of exposure to cutting winds and extremes of temperature.

If you have not yet tried EASTERN FOAM you owe it to yourself to put this famous Vanishing Cream to the test. You will be surprised and delighted at its soothing and protective properties; its stimulating and refreshing action; its dainty and distinctive fragrance. EASTERN FOAM is an entirely non-greasy preparation of exquisite refinement. It cannot grow hair and it does not dry the skin. Excellent as a basis for powder.

EASTERN FOAM is sold in Large Pots (Price 1/4) by all Chemists and Stores.

FREE DAINTY BEAUTY BOXES.
Dainty Aluminium Boxes of EASTERN FOAM—ideal for pocket or handbag—are being distributed free. Merely send, enclosing 1½d. stamped addressed envelope for return to The British Drug Houses, Ltd. (Dept. J.D.B.), 16-30, Graham Street, London, N.1.
John Joseph Mulhall (which is another way of describing Jack Mulhall, the twenty-eight-year-old, brown-haired, blue-eyed, "matinée idol") ought to be a thoroughly spoilt star, for he is one of the handsomest and most sought-after leading men, and his mail-bag never contains less than 80 letters a day from devoted admirers. He isn't tough; on the contrary he is singularly modest and unspoilt, with the romantic temperament inherited from his Irish ancestors. Counterbalanced by more than the average share of sound common sense. He began his career as an actor at the age of fourteen—by doing odd jobs at the Whitehead Opera House at Pasac! It wasn't long, however, before he had got "inside," and he was soon doing vaudeville work with James K. Hackett, who recently took London by storm with his "Macketh." He didn't take long in getting on to Broadway in good productions, and once there two years proved sufficient to make him the matinée idol of American flapperdom.

It was Rex Ingram who made Jack break into pictures—to the delight of thousands of English fans. Rex met him at the studio of an artist when Jack was posing for book illustrations (Oh Jack!), and talked him out to the studio forthwith. His very first job at the old Biograph was to make a picture in company with Blanche Sweet, Micks Nelan, Lionel Barrymore and Antonio Moreno. Not a bad start for a beginner! With

Biograph he played leads for four years and then other people began clamour for the services of such popular young man.

For Universal he made, among many others, Madame Spy, which caused male fans to lose their heart to handsome Jack masquerading as a woman!—The Midnight Man, High Speed, and that popular serial, The Brass Bullet. Metro claimed him; play opposite dainty Viola Dana and The Off-Shore Pirate. This was the first time he had appeared under Metro's banner. Previous to that he had played opposite Alice Lake in Should a Woman Tell? and appeared in one of the leading parts in a production of The Hope, the film version of the Drury Lane melodrama.

Rex Ingram having been responsible for Jack's entry into pictures, kept his eye on him, and when he had part that just fitted him was after him like a shot. This was "Joe," a leading male role in Turn to the Right. In this film Jack played opposite Alton Terry, in company with Raymond Hatton and Edward Connolly. Recently he has just finished a series of "shorts" for Universal, film versions of Jack London's famous "Tales of the Fish Patrol." To see his athletic six feet of wiry manhood in the stirring stories of the sea, makes difficult to realise that he was once rather delicate boy! Now he weighs 176 lbs., and rides, fishes and swims with the best of them.

Lucky Jack! He is one of the few who have come from the stage to screen who have no desire to go back to it. He confesses that he misses his audience, but he is perfectly satisfied to play the triple role of screen star, husband and father. For there is the young Jack, who, like his father hopes, is one day going to develop into a first-class engineer.
Hair wash must have olive oil

Never wash your hair without Olive Oil. This is the urgent advice of high-priced hair specialists. They say that Olive Oil is absolutely needed to keep hair soft and pliant—to give the lustrous sheen which makes it beautiful.

You can use Olive Oil in the most delightful form of shampoo now, at home—and very economically.

Palmolive Shampoo gives you Olive Oil in its most perfect form for your hair. By using it thousands of women are learning how really beautiful hair can be.

It leaves hair wonderfully soft and pliant, gleaming with that beautiful sheen. And with all dandruff removed.

Send coupon for the free bottle.

Note the astonishing effect on your hair. Then get a regular bottle from your chemist.

Get our Free Test Bottle

It will show you an amazing improvement in your hair. Use the Coupon below.

Palmolive SHAMPOO

P. 87C. 8d. Trial Bottle Free


Please send me without charge an 8d. trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo.

Name

Address

Please send the free bottle.

Pictuergoer, October
MY CHOICE.

Rudolph, 'tis not of you I sing—
You much acclaimed young movie king—
Nor Ivor of the Grecian nose,
Nor Thomas Meighan's rugged pose.
No young Adonis claims my praise,
But he to whom I pen my lays
Has charms more plentiful by far
Than any youthful movie star.
He holds my heart and he alone—
My movie hero, Lewis Stone.
EROSYNTRUDE (London).

TO BUSTER.

I go to all the cinemas,
I know the stars by name,
And if I met them in the street,
I'd know them just the same.
But Buster Keaton beats the lot—
He really is a sight—
So, if you're feeling blue, see him;
He'll cheer you up alright.

D. N. (Folkestone).

A RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in "Ethel" but not in "Clayton,
My second's in "Lewis" but not in "Dayton,
My third is in "Doris" but not in "May,
My fourth is in "Albert" but not in "Ray,
My fifth is in "James" but not in "Knight,
My sixth is in "Pearl" but not in "White,
My seventh's in "Tom" but not in "Min,
My eighth is in "Richard" but not in "Dis,
My ninth is in "Agnes" and also in "Ayres,
My tenth is in "Owen" but not in "Nares,

My eleventh's in "Billie" but not in "Dove,
My twelfth is in "Bessie" but not in "Love,
My thirteenth's in "Fannie" but not in "Ward,
My fourteenth's in "Francis" but not in "Ford,
My fifteenth's in "Doris" my last in "Keane,
My whole is the handsomest star on the screen.

ANSWER—Herbert Rawlinson.
F. M. S. (Brighton).

CONSTANCE TALMADGE.

I'm tired of childish charmers,
The vamp, the tragic queen,
Who occupy so large a place
 Upon the silver screen.
But now I'm never bored because
 In spite of all remonstrance,
I only go to pictures when
 They're showing bright-eyed Constance.

J. T. H. (Liverpool).

OCCUPIED.

Twas only just a while ago
I had no favourite star—
I didn't like the perfect saints
That some film heroes are.
But now I've been to see "The Sheik"
And Rudolph I've espied.
My heart's no longer marked "To Let"
—
I've put up "Occupied."
C. R. (Manor Park).

THE ONE AND ONLY.

Say Charlie, you're a "stunner,"
Your antics are unique.
It's worth while going twenty miles
To see you every week.
If you could see your pictures here—
How well they always take—
You'd have to laugh to hear the noise
Both "kids" and "grown-ups" make.

A. Kim (Calcutta).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTUROGEOER.
In it we deal each month with ridiculous
incidents in current film-releases. Entries
must be made on postcards, and each
reader must have his or her attempt
witnessed by two other readers. 20c
will be awarded to the sender of each
"Fault" published in the PICTUROGEOER.
Address: "Faults," the PICTUROGEOER
93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

One of the "Secrets of Nature!"

Most of the scenes in The Breaker, featuring Frank Mayo are
laid in a lumber camp, far up the river
and "miles from anywhere." There
are no roads and the only means of transport is by the river or by horse
yet during part of the film a motor is
seen in the distance. How did the
driver manage to pilot it through the
trees?
S. R. S. (Balham).

Don't Ask Questions And . . . !

In For Big Stakes, Tom Mix stated to have a six-shooter revolver.
But when he is shooting at one of his enemies, eight consecutive shots come
from his six-shooter, although Tom has obviously not had time to re-load.
Can you explain this?
M. P. (West Ealing).

Tell Me The Old, Old Story!

The villain in the film Pages of Life is knocked down and horse
whipped by the hero. When you see the villain on the ground, his
flannel trousers are decidedly dirty and only a second later he appears outside
the building with his trousers clean and well-pressed.
D. J. (Wallasey).

Aunt Jemima Makes a Bloomer.

In a film called Aunt Jemima's Telegram, "Aunt Jemima" addresses his telegram to "Holly Lodge," but the
destination is called "Kingswood."
G. N. (Briddlington).

Hence The Title!

Lewis Willoughby, the hero in Blue
goes into a very dark attic on a very
dark night. He lights a piece of
candle, about an inch in length, and
immediately the room is flooded with
light. Such a candle must be worth
having!
D. W. (Leicester).

Who Healed the Hero?

In A Woman's Place, featuring
Constance Talmadge, the hero, who
the hooligans are raiding the hall
where the final women's meeting
is being held, gets a blow on the head
with a brick which makes
nasty bruise. The very next morning
the bruise has miraculously
disappeared.
C. P. (Preston).

A Meter In The "House"

House Peters in Rich Men's War
blows up a balloon for his little son
His wife ties up the end whilst it
is still in his mouth. On releasing it
the balloon is blown sideways by the
strongest of the wind, as it is on
the other when filled with gas! Does Roy
Peters breathe gas? E. H. (Sheffield)
A Perfumed Velvety Cream that removes Hair like magic

1. Spread Veet on just as it comes from the tube—
2. Wait a few minutes—
3. Rinse off with water—
4. And the hair is gone.

For sale everywhere at 3/6
Also sent postage free in plain wrapper for 4/- or a trial size for 6d. in stamps. Address: The Health Laboratories, 68, Bolsover St., London, W.1.

IMPORTANT WARNING. Veet is being imitated. Do not be deceived by advertisements which are made to look and read like ours. Veet is the original and only genuine cream hair remover. Beware of imitations and harmful substitutes which stain and inspire your skin.

You can't be Beautiful if you use Harsh Soap

The very foundation of beauty is a perfect skin and no skin can be perfect if it is subjected daily to the corrosive effect of harsh soap. If your skin lacks something of perfection, just recall how your face feels after washing with the soap you use.

Don't you recall a stinging, drawing sensation?

That's the sign of harsh soap—also the sign of beauty being destroyed. Harsh soaps eat away bits of live cuticle, exposing the tender under-skin to become rough and wrinkly.

Palmolive Soap, on the other hand, takes away all the foreign matter that ought to be removed—but never harms live skin. In addition, Palmolive has a soothing, lotional effect due to the cosmetic properties of palm and olive oils from which it is made. By using Palmolive Soap you retain or renew "that schoolgirl complexion."

Flora Le Breton and her "Watts" Watch

"The dainty little Wristlet Watch I had from you is giving the greatest satisfaction. Its workmanship is wonderful and it is a splendid timekeeper. I do not know how you can sell watches so cheaply—"

Flora Le Breton.

Record Bargain Offer


Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded. Each watch is sold under the Picturegoer Guarantee. Do not delay—Post your Order to-day.

A Fine Art Catalogue of Clocks, Watches, Brooches, etc., sent free on receipt of postcard, to

5/- Deposit. Special Offer.
In order to bring this amazing bargain within the reach of every Picturegoer reader, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.,...
Every film-fan hopes in her heart of hearts to one day become a film-star herself, but it is given to very few to realize this ambition. Gertrude Astor, is, however, one of the fortunate few. She was an exceptionally pretty and gifted child, playing piano and violin well at the age of seven. Four years later she toured all over the United States with a company for thirty-six months, and on her return to New York went on the stage. It was about then that she became a film-fan. She used to spend every spare evening at the Movies, and her screen idols were Maurice Costello and John Bunny. And it was not long before she forsank music and the stage for the cold bare studios of that time.

The romantic screen career of Gertrude Astor.

A short and sharp experience as a serial heroine followed, and Gertrude has many an amusing tale to tell of the hardships, some faked, some real, which were hers during that time. With Marie Walcamp and Thomas Lingham, she did desperate deeds and emerged scathless in the final close-up. Gertrude Astor was in The Price of a Good Time, the first Mildred Harris feature, indeed there are few famous stars with whom she has not worked at one time or another. Mitchell Lewis, Bill Farnum, Lew Cody, Mahlon Hamilton, Richard Dix, and Reginald Denny, are some of the famous "heroes," who have made love, violent or otherwise to the pretty gentle looking girl with the large, soft eyes whose expression is very reminiscent of Mary Pickford's. Perhaps it was for this reason that she was chosen to play Mary's mother in Through the Back Door, which is her favourite role. Gertrude Astor is a tall girl, taller than the average movie star, for she registers five feet seven and a half inches without her pointed high heeled shoes and fully an inch taller with.

Gertrude Astor in her dress.
This month's most interesting announcement is that Kipling has consented to allow his "K'In" to be filmed. This story, more, perhaps than any of his other long ones has great film possibilities, and speculation is still rife as to who shall have the title role. Our vote goes to Wesley Barry with Gordon Griffith as second choice.

Charles Christie, brother of "Al" of the same ilk, was in London recently and is thinking about bringing a hand of fun-makers over to make comedies here next summer. Charles declared that his first day in town gave him sixteen comedy ideas and that England's capital holds unending opportunities for comedy "shots."

Marjorie Daw has now joined the bobbed-haired brigade. She sacrificed her locks on September 25.

The leading lady in Woman Proof will be Lila Lee, who is among the newest of the film colony's newly-weds. She and husband James Kirkwood separated almost at the altar. So James had to go to Georgia for Goldwyn's Wild Oranges, and Lila will have to go to "Frisco quite soon with Meigham's Co. But his new home in Benedict Canyon, Beverley Hills, will be about ready for them by the time they are back in Hollywood again. Lila has no intention of giving up her screen career.

The three principal roles in Anna Christie, will be played by Blanche Sweet, William Russell, and George Marion.

Now that his Paramount contract is nearly ended, Theodore Kosloff announces that he will spend the next few years of his life in trying to help his native Russia. He has formed a five-thousand-dollar film corporation in Los, for the purpose of bringing peace and plenty to Russia, and Kosloff will go to Paris as soon as he can to confer with his brother-in-law upon the subject; for the organisation will have its headquarters in Paris.

"Russia to-day needs two things," says Theodore, "Bread, and happiness, and the movies will help to bring both. We mean to make films, and also exhibit films other countries have made; and we shall have English actors, French designers, and Russian directors, whilst our corporation embodies Russians, Americans, French, and Germans." Kosloff himself will have a unique position, as he will be director, actor, producer, and exhibitor.

He came to America as practically a war refugee, though with an international reputation as a dancer, becoming a dancing teacher and film director and actor, he is now a very rich man.

Hollywood has its own Big Four these days. Consisting of Tom Meighan, Al Green (director), Tom Geraghty, supervisor, and George Ade, author. This team are working hard upon Woman Proof, their joint Paramount production. George Ade, whose "Fables" are well known both sides of the Atlantic has written several screen plays for Tom Meighan. This last one has a delightful title, anyway.

Lubitsch has now completed The Spanish Dancer, with Mary Pickford as "Rosita," and goes to Warner Bros., this month. There he will produce Deburau, with possibly John Barrymore in the title role. It is good news that Barrymore will make at least one other film besides Deburau. He was in London for four days in September but vigorously denied himself to interviewers.

Pola Negri returns to costume drama again in her new film The Spanish Dancer. It is set in the Velazquez period, and Pola plays a peasant girl who fascinates a king. One of the most picturesque sets ever created was the reproduction of the well known "Square of the Galloping Charger" in Madrid. It was put up on the Lasky ranch at Hollywood, where the hills formed a natural and beautiful background.

Eighteen hundred people assembled there when the procession scenes were filmed. The heat was intense that day and Pola and Tom Moreno enlivened the occasion with picturesque remarks in their native tongue about the state of the atmosphere and the weight of their seventeenth century clothes. Tony sports a little black moustache for this film, like the one he used to wear in his earliest Vitagraph days, and Wallace Beery is a more than usually wicked villain.
Mary Clare is playing two Queens these days. She is the "Queen Eleanor" of Stolls Beckett film, and also the heroine, "Sally" in that clever cockney play "The Likes of Her," at the St. Martin's Theatre, London. "Sally" is a kind of uncrowned queen of Bridewell Court, Stepney, a rough and ready young lady with a ready wit and a decided general tongue on occasions. Mary Clare gives a very fine performance, though she looks very much unlike her screen self in the velvet and "fevers" of the coster heroine.

Flora Finch has just made her reappearance on the New York stage. Flora is British, and was on the stage for some years before Vitagraph made her name and John Bunny's a sine-qua-non for mirth when the movies were young.

Hope Hampton is in Europe. She will be the heroine when Irene is filmed, and will work at Hollywood in Warner studios.

At last Mary Miles Minter's The Little Cabin has arrived and will be released next month. Enquiries have continually reached us about this ever since the first pictures of Mary as "Pat" appeared in these pages, and "fans" will be glad to know that it is an exceeding pretty story and a charming film.

Lydia Harding is playing in Marion Davies' new film Valaida. She returned with her from Europe. Marion had no time to spare for London, after all, but promises faith fully to pay a visit there next summer.

Harrison Ford, despite his name, is the only film star in Hollywood who does not own or drive a motor.

George K. Spoor (the S of Essanay films), has just perfected a wonderful discovery. Ever since the birth of the film industry, producers have sought after the third dimension in motion pictures. Now, it seems, they have, or at least one of them, got it. Eleven pictures were shown to a private audience, pictures which had not only height and width but depth also, and were free from distortion at all angles.

Then came the new projector, which projects pictures "in the round" upon the spiral screen. This screen has a transparent curtain placed some 135 feet away from the camera lens. This is part of the projector and is actually "interference lines." But the effect is wonderful and will revolutionise the industry. (We seem to have heard that phrase before somewhere?) Essanay are going into the business again, and will handle the whole thing, making the equipment and the films, and releasing them direct.

The figures walking into the screen seemed to stand out from it, and when one actor passed another there was a distinct impression of distance between them. The process is complicated and necessitated the construction of a special screen and a new camera about four times the size of an ordinary one. Using two lenses, one picture is super-imposed upon another on a film, two and a half inches wide. The ordinary movie film is one inch and a quarter across. This camera box took years to perfect.

The successful play "East of Suez" is about to be filmed. Allen Holubar is to direct it and has already retitled it Life's Highways.

One of the best short stories of the year, "Broadway Broke," is being filmed, with a fine cast including Mary Carr as the actress heroine, Gladys Leslie, Percy Marmont, Sally Crete, Doré Davidson, and Edward Earl.

The Borrowing Fever from which movie studios are suffering shows no signs of abating. Claire Windsor was loaned to Universal by Goldwyn's; Malcolm MaGregor is working for Fox studios for one screen play, by kind permission of Metro's. Maurice Tourneur has sent an S.O.S. for Jane Novak, who is under contract with Chester Bennett productions; Laskys have lent one of their prize screen "rotters," Clarence Burton to Associated Authors; while D. W. Griffith has leased Lloyd Hamilton for a while from Hamilton White productions.

Ernest Torrence is playing with Glenn Hunter and May McAvoy in West of the Water Tower, at Paramount's, Long Island studios. May had a slight difference with her unit on account of what she considered an unsuitable role, and severed her connection with it. But apparently all is peace once more.
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OCTOBER 1923

Pictures and Picturegoer

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Miss Flora le Breton,
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Miss Flora le Breton,
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Try on this Corset in your own Home

I will send you my New Model "A" Ambron Corset "on Approval" 1/- for Deposit of

A hurried shop choice in corset purchase is never a happy one. You need the privacy and leisure for a home examination. That is why I am willing, with Bust 2 inches above waist line as present to your feminine instincts are doubt pleased. If you find it is the price either in one or weekly as you prefer. By sending this Coupon below at is your service, Just fill in and forward NOW.

The new Ambron Model "A" is cut from the famous Ambron Super Corset Cloth, a fabric of wonderful strength — a Home Approval choice plus 6- to- 14 inches Corset comfort and satisfaction and the form of Baraun ever offered. Your feminine instincts are doubt pleased. After a critical time, your opinion balances before you can find the price either in one or weekly as you prefer. By sending this Coupon below at is your service, Just fill in and forward NOW.

A14 11 Ambron Corset now reduced to 8/- 11.

Thus you have two great advantages — a Home Approval choice plus 6- to- 14 inches Corset comfort and satisfaction and the form of Baraun ever offered. Your feminine instincts are doubt pleased. After a critical time, your opinion balances before you can find the price either in one or weekly as you prefer. By sending this Coupon below at is your service, Just fill in and forward NOW.

HOME APPROVAL COUPON

By which you get a 14 11 Ambron Corset for 8/- 11

Please send me a 14 11 Ambron Model "A" Corset at the reduced price of 8/- 11 on approval. My measurements are...

Name...

Size of Waist...

Bust...

Height...

Send 1/- Deposit and 6d. post age payment, and if I do not immediately return the Corset, I will either complete purchase in one lump of 8/-, or by weekly instalments of 1/- each. Please crease P.O. thus

Sent in full and complete this exquisite dainty Ambron Corset, which is easily washable without removal of bust, trimmings or supports.

The Ambron HYGIENIC BUST BODICE

Sent on Approval for Deposit of 1/- only.

The Ambron Hygienic Bust Bodice is the only garment of its kind which can be worn with comfort on all ordinary occasions, and for domestic, the theatre &c., because it allows free ventilation and prevents excessive perspiration.

Made of soft tinned cloth with material lining, flannel under armpits. Colours: Pink or White.

Send 1/- only as Deposit to Charles, 177, Allen Street, London, W. 8.

The Largest Mail Order Corset House in the World.

NOW that Jack Warren Kerrigan has come back so triumphantly in The Covered Wagon, he is not going to be allowed to retire again in a hurry. He will be seen next as the hero in the George Barr McCutcheon story "The Man from Broadneys." This will be a Vitagraph special with Alice Calhoun opposite Jack, and Wanda Hawley, Miss Du Pont, and Pat O'Malley in other prominent roles. It is a romantic story after the Graustark pattern, and the action takes place in Europe and the South Seas.

During nineteen hundred and three and four, Ernest Torrence was playing romantic roles at the Savoy. London. He has been in America since 1911.

Four Goldwyn players "got it hot" in Yellowstone Park last week. Rupert Hughes took Lew Cody, Helene Chadwick, George Walsh, and Carmel Myers up to Yellowstone geysers to film scenes for Law Against Love there. Whilst the camera was turning, the geyser apparently became screen and struck for it unexpectedly sent forth a stream of steam and boiling water over the unsuspecting stars, who were fortunately more startled than hurt.

After one more feature under Rex Ingram's guidance, Ramon Novarro is to be given his chance to stand alone. Metro will star him in his own productions.

Sentence of death has just been passed upon "Charlie," the famous movie elephant of Universal Zoo. Three months ago, this herculean, peaceful pachyderm suddenly turned upon Curly Seeker, his trainer, and nearly killed him. Curly was Charlie's best friend for the past dozen years, and now that he can no longer control the great animal. Charlie will have to go west. Since he came to America, 28 years ago. Charlie has killed five men, and injured about ten. He used to wreck his shed and go out in a wild joy rampage once every eighteen months or so.

Together he has played in 180 movies, and is a born leader of his tribe. In Raleigh (N. C.), and San Francisco, Charlie has been known to lead other elephants in wild stampedes through the towns, trampling everything in sight, and pulling down any telephone poles they encountered. He was struck by lightning once, and lost the sight of his left eye. He saved Curly Seeker because the howdah he was wearing in The Brass Bottle had become loose and the swaying of it irritated his lordship. Had not a carpenter distracter his attention at a crucial moment, Curly would have been his sixth victim. Conferences between his owners and the N.S.P.C.A. have resulted in Charlie's number going up.

Gerald Ames asks us to state his address for some time to come is C/o Haymarket Theatre, London, W.C. Gerald is playing there in "The Prisoner of Zenda," which looks like having a long run, and would like to address your letter to the parties instead of to any movie studio. Ames will not be able to do much filming during the run of the play, in which Fay Compton plays "Flavia."

Loveliness At Its Best.

Beauty is one of the "Open Sesame" of Screenland. Without it, unless you are a distinct type, you can never hope to please the casting director's eye. But the trained eye of the Beauty Specialist detects loveliness where many a casting director has failed to note it. On the screen a lovely skin is valueless, but in real life it is an attraction that often counterbalances defective features. And to keep your skin in good condition you need pure toilet preperations, such as Vivaudon's Mavis Specialties, particulars of which you will find on another page. An attractively got up sample beauty set can be obtained for 2/6 containing sufficient of each preparation for testing purposes. Read the announcement of this special offer on page 53.
How to be pretty though plain

Marie Rose
DAYLIGHT TINT
Instantly gives a beautiful natural transparent bloom.
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INDETECTABLE, harmless and unaffected by weather or sea-water.
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instantly produces a lovely soft white skin. No powders
or pomades or shaving cream needed. Does not rub off. Keeps
the Face, Neck and Hands cool and white under all conditions.
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Whitens the reddest skin, leaving it smooth
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but rich lustrous waves that curve softly on to the cheek
giving a contour of feminine charm.

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The actual process takes but 6 minutes and is as comfortable as a scalp massage.
PAMOIL WAVING requires NO HEAVY TUBES, SACCHETS, STRING, SCISSORS, PIZERS or BORAX.
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Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/-, or post free 2/3.

Dr. Mackenzie's Laboratories, Ltd., Reading, England.
Adam's Rib (Paramount; Oct. 1).
A Cecil de Mille movie in which the mechanism, though perfect, is painfully
apparent, and the plot is as old as Adam. Jungle and jazz settings, also
Elliott Dexter, Milton Sills, Theodore
Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson, Pauline
Garon, Clarence Geldart, George
Field, Robert Bremer and Geno Cor-
rado. Spectacular social drama.
Across the Continent, (Paramount;
Oct. 1).
A coast to coast motor race story,
featuring Wallace Reid as a stunt
motorist. Excellent subtitles, produc-
ing and acting by the star; Betty
Francisco, Mary MacLaren, Theodore
Roberts, Walter Long, Lucien Little-
field, Jack Herbert and Guy Oliver. A
pleasing romance.
Across the Deadline (F, B O; Oct. 1).
Frank Mayo in a weak melodrama
about a Western feud. Contains good
storm scenes and some hard fighting
Fair entertainment.
The Altar Stairs (Europaean; Oct. 29).
South Sea island romance with an
interesting story, and some unusually
picturesque seascapes and storm scenes.
Frank Mayo stars, supported by Louise
Lorraine, Lawrence Hughes, J. J.
Lambe, Harry de Vere, Hugh Thomp-
son, Boris Karloff, Dagmar Godowsky,
and Nick de Ruuz. Good entertainment.
All That Glitters (General, Oct. 3)
Old fashioned Western drama featur-
ing a new star, William Farbanks.
Plenty of riding and fighting and an
adequate supporting cast. For con-
tinued cowboy lovers only
The Amateur Widow (Feature, Oct. 8)
Zena Keefe in a pleasant little comedy
drama about a girl who poses as the
widow of a man who isn't dead, which
leads to amusing complications. Pauline
Dempsey and Hugh Sullivan, Jack
Drumier, William Black, and Charles
Ascott lend capable support.
A Motion to Adjourn (Pearl, Oct 15).
Effective light comedy concerning a
black sheep who was not so black as
he was painted. Marjorie Daw and
Roy Stewart star, and Harry Ratten-
bury, Evelyn Nelson, Norval McGreg-
or Charles King, and Peggy Blackwood
support. Good entertainment.
A Noise in Newboro' (Jury; Oct. 18).
A typical Viola Dana movie in which
a very much snubbed girl gets her own
back on her hometown—with interest.
David Butler, Allan Forrest, Betty
Francisco, Malcolm McGregor, Alfred
Allen, Joan Standing, and Bert Wood-
ruff support the star. Good light fare.
A Prodigal Knight (Paramount, Oct. 29).
Somewhat pointless social drama
suggested by Schnitzler's play, "The
Affairs of Anatol." Wallace Reid
meanders through four love episodes
supported by a wonderful cast. Cecil
de Mille directed, and the other players are
Glora Swanson, Elliott Dexter,
Rebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda
Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes
Ayers, Polly Moran, Raymond Hat-
ton, Julia Faye, Charles Ogle, Winter
Hall, Shannon Day, Elmore Glyn, Fred
Huntley and Ahna Bennett. A better-
ever-than-late movie; we can't recom-
end it.
A Self Made Man (Fox; Oct 15)
William Russell in an ordinary
comedy-drama with foolery, his
financial fights and bright titles. Renee
Adorée, Mathilda Brumage, James
Gordon and Richard Tucker support.
Breezy entertainment with the star at
the top of his form.
Backbone (Goldwyn, Oct 22).
None whatever in the story which is
of the mystery persuasion, well acted,
and with a big fight climax and good
North West Canadian settings. Edith
Roberts and Alfred Lunt head the
cast. Good production and photo-
graphy and quite good entertainment.
Wild Boy 13 (Ass. First National; Oct. 22).
Douglas MacLean, Margaret Loomis, John Stepping, Jean Walsh, and Eugene Burr in a fast-action comedy with several original touches. Good comedy fare.

The Belle of Alaska (Walkers; Oct. 15).

The Beloved Blackmailer (Walkers; Oct. 21).
How a spoon-fed youth suddenly wakes up and changes into a man of muscle. Well played by Carlyle Blackwell, Evelyn Greeley, W. T. Carleton, Isabelle Berwin, Jack Drumier and Rex MacDougal.

The Blue Lagoon (L. V. T. A.; Oct. 8).
A very good British-made screen version of De Vere Stacpoole's famous novel, starring Dick Crichton, Mollie Adair, Arthur Pacey, Val Chard, and Doreen Wonfer.

Bringing Up Betty (Walker; Oct. 8).
Evelyn Greeley, Reginald Denny, Morgan Wallace, Lyster Chambers, Ben Johnson, and Grace Carlyle in a rather feeble comedy about a father who foists bankruptcy on his daughter's fortune hunting admirers. A mediocre movie.

Calvert's Folly (Fox; Oct. 22).
John Gilbert in a powerful though depressing mystery romance about a man and his conscience.

The Case of Becky (Realart-Gaumont; Oct. 1).
The acting is the chief attraction in this dual-role story of hypnotism and near-tragedy. Constance Binney stars, and Montague Love, Frank Mc Cormick, Glenn Hunter, Margaret Sedden, and Jane Jennings support.

Chu Chin Chow (Graham-Wilcox; Oct. 15).
A Herbert Wilcox production of the popular play. Read about it on page fifteen of this issue. Stars Betty Blythe, and Herbert Langley, supported by Randle Ayrton, Judd Green, Jeff Barlow, Olaf Hyttin, Dacia, Eva Moore, and Dora Levis. A British made Super. Don't miss it.

Crimoline and Romance (Jury; Oct. 25).
Pleasant light comedy about a secluded girl who rebels and runs away to be a jazz baby. Viola Dana stars, with Claude Gillingwater, John Bowers, Allan Forrest, Betty Francisco, Mildred June, Lillian Lawrence, Gertrude Short, Lillian Leighton, and Nick Cogley in support.

Dawn of the East (Realart-Gaumont; Oct. 15).
An intriguing story of China with good dramatic situations and excellent characterisation and acting by Alice Brady, Kenneth Harlan, Michele Itow, America Chedister, Betty Carpenter, Sam Kim, Frank Honda, H. Takemi, and Patricia Keyes.

(Continued on page 58.)

... the cares that infest the day shall fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away." Charm away your cares in a soft billow of Miranda's smoke. Feel your strung-up nerves relax under its spell and enjoy divine restful content.

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Cigarettes are indeed exquisite."--Mlle. Valia.

Miranda's Cigarettes are so popular that they can be obtained at all leading dealers, but if any difficulty send P.O. and we will see that you are supplied.

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Manufactured by FAIRE BRO'S & CO., LIMITED, LEICESTER.
A typical Jack Hoxie Westerner which will please lovers of open-air fare. Helen Rossm, Wilbur McGough, and Arthur Mackley support the star.

The Deuce of Spades (Wardour; Oct. 4)

Charles Ray in crock story, with a somewhat jerky scenario and a fair supporting cast.

Do and Dare (Fox; Oct. 29)

Adventure, in ancient and modern times, treated farcically, with Tom Mix in two roles. Two stories in one movie, and many new thrills and stunts. Supporting Tom are Dulcie Cooper, Claire Adams, Claude Payton, Jack Rollens, Hector Sarno, Wilbur Higby, Bob Klein and Gretchen Hartman.

Drums of Destiny (Reolart-Gaumont; Oct. 18)

Mary Miles Minter playing a grown-up role in an African romance of intrigue and adventure. Cast also includes Bertram Grassby, Maurice B. Flynn, Robert Cain, George Fawcett, Casson Ferguson, and Noble Johnson. Excellent entertainment.

The Face Between (Jury; Oct. 29)

Self sacrifice on the part of a devoted son, to his over-romantic father forms the keynote of this movie in which Bert Lytell plays father and son and is supported by Sylvia Breamer, Andre Tournier, Hardee Kirkland, Frank Brownie, Joel Day, and De Witt Jennings. Good entertainment.

The Famous Mrs. Fair (Jury; Oct. 1)

Not unlike This Freedom in theme, though not so well characterised. How a woman’s career wrecked her home life. Efficiently acted by Marguerite de La Motte, Myrtle Stedman, Huntly Gordon, Cullen Landis, Ward Crane, Carmel Myers, Helen Ferguson, and Lydia Yeamans Titus.

Flesh and Blood (F. R. O.; Oct. 1)

Lon Chaney in a sentimental drama in which a man breaks prison in order to wreak vengeance on the man who wronged him, but finally renounces the idea for his daughter’s sake. Too many close-ups of the star mar an otherwise good drama. Edith Roberts, Jack Mulhall, Ralph Lewis, and Noah Beery head the supporting cast.

For the Defence (Gaumont; Oct. 8)

Ethel Clayton in a good murder mystery drama of circumstantial evidence and a hypnotist villain. Vernon Steele opposite, also Zasu Pitts, Bertram Grassby, Mayme Kelso, Sylvia Ashton and Mabel Van Buren.

Fortune’s Mask (Viagraphe; Oct. 8)

A colorful adaptation of O. Henry’s “Cabbages and Kings” with Earle Williams and Patsy Ruth Miller in the star roles, supported by Milton Ross, Eugene Ford, Harry Hebert, Arthur Tavares, Frank Whitson, Oliver Hardy, and William McCall. Spectacular and good on all points.

The Golem (F. R. O.; Oct. 22)

A picture of medieval magic and mystery woven around a legend of ancient Prague. Fantastically produced, but this is in tune with the subject. Made in Germany by Paul Wegener, who also plays the title role. Excellent entertainment.

Great Expectations (Jury, Nordisk; Oct. 27)

An interesting Danish adaptation of the Dickens novel, though much diluted and not too convincing. Well cast and acted by Gerhart Jenson, Ellen Roosing, Martin Herzberg, Harry Komdrup, Olga D’Org, Peter Nielsen, Emil Helsengreen, Marie Dinesen, Egill Rostrup and Ellen Lilien.

Her Gilded Cage (Paramount, Oct. 22)

Gorgeous Gloria Swanson in a gorgeous gilded stage romance with ultra-lavish settings and good story and acting. Cast includes David Powell, Harrison Ford and Anne Cornwall.

Hitting the Trail (Walkers; Oct. 22)

Carllye Blackwell and Evelyn Grecy in a strong drama of love and redemption, supported by Joseph Smiley, Geo. MacQuarrie, Mabel Bunycia and Murid Ostrieche.

Hornet’s Nest (Butcher; Oct. 1)


(Continued on page 80.)
Learn
Fashion,
Sketching
and earn big money

If you have any drawing ability at all we can teach you, either personally
at our Studio or by post in your own
home, to produce the sort of Fashion
work that Editors want. You can earn while learning. Sketches bought
and sold. Positions found. Write for particulars — The Secretary.

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A new, scientific, painless method
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Before. After.

In this day and age attention to your appearance is an
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Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for
your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well-worth your efforts, but
you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly,
by your "looks"; therefore, it pays to "look your best" at all times.

Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare!
Upon the impression you constantly

of your life. Which is to buy your ultimate destiny?
My newest greatly improved
superior Nose Shaper, "TRADOS
MODEL 25" British Patent,
corrects all ill-shaped noses
without operation, quickly, safely,
comfortably and permanently.
Diseased cases excepted. Model
25 is the latest in Nose Shapers,
and has six adjustable pressure
regulators, is made of light
polished metal, is light, and fits
every nose comfortably. The in-
side is upholstered with a fine
channels, and no metal parts come
in contact with the skin. Being
worn at night it does not interfere
with your daily work. Thousands
of unsolicited testimonials on
hand, and my fifteen years of
studying and manufacturing Nose
Shapers are at your disposal,
which guarantee you entire satis-
faction and a perfectly shaped
nose. (Above illustration rep-
resents my "Trade Mark" and
shows my first and oldest Nose
Shaper. It is not a replica of
my latest superior Model No. 25.)

Write to day for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped
Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 153, Rex House,

Ruth Roland, the famous screen star, says:
"Oatine Face Cream is an invaluable toilet preparation.
I can thoroughly recommend its soothing and beneficial
effects on the complexion."

OATINE is so different from ordinary
Face Creams. Its extraordinary qualities
are apparent after the first application. It
cleanses the pores, softens the skin and, used
regularly, it makes the complexion clear and
radiant despite the exposure to wind, rain and
extremes of temperature.

Hints for Massage.

No. 1. You can develop your face, neck, and bust very
tightly by very simple methods. — 1. Gently lift up
and downward. — 2. For the bust, stroke the chins
downwards. — 3. For the bust, manipulate from the lower
part upward to the shoulders. Perspiration or tapping with
the finger tips is invigorating.

No. 2. A wrinkled face is a
warped face. Waste of tissue
causes the lower tissue to
contract, and skint, leaving the
cheeks covering like a loose
mantle. To plump the tissues
and eradicate wrinkles, apply
OATINE with the finger tips
until absorbed. Gently stroke
the wrinkles inwards with
the tips of the fingers. Do this
once a day for ten or fifteen
minutes.

No. 3. A wrinkled face is a
warped face. As the lower
layer of skin is invigorating.
No. 4. A wrinkled face is a
warped face. Waste of tissue
causes the lower tissue to
contract, and skint, leaving the
cheeks covering like a loose
mantle. To plump the tissues
and eradicate wrinkles, apply
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minutes.

No. 5. A wrinkled face is a
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cheeks covering like a loose
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and eradicate wrinkles, apply
OATINE with the finger tips
until absorbed. Gently stroke
the wrinkles inwards with
the tips of the fingers. Do this
once a day for ten or fifteen
minutes.

No. 6. A wrinkled face is a
warped face. Waste of tissue
causes the lower tissue to
contract, and skint, leaving the
cheeks covering like a loose
mantle. To plump the tissues
and eradicate wrinkles, apply
OATINE with the finger tips
until absorbed. Gently stroke
the wrinkles inwards with
the tips of the fingers. Do this
once a day for ten or fifteen
minutes.

No. 7. A wrinkled face is a
warped face. Waste of tissue
causes the lower tissue to
contract, and skint, leaving the
cheeks covering like a loose
mantle. To plump the tissues
and eradicate wrinkles, apply
OATINE with the finger tips
until absorbed. Gently stroke
the wrinkles inwards with
the tips of the fingers. Do this
once a day for ten or fifteen
minutes.

No. 8. A wrinkled face is a
warped face. Waste of tissue
causes the lower tissue to
contract, and skint, leaving the
cheeks covering like a loose
mantle. To plump the tissues
and eradicate wrinkles, apply
OATINE with the finger tips
until absorbed. Gently stroke
the wrinkles inwards with
the tips of the fingers. Do this
once a day for ten or fifteen
minutes.

No. 9. A wrinkled face is a
warped face. Waste of tissue
causes the lower tissue to
contract, and skint, leaving the
cheeks covering like a loose
mantle. To plump the tissues
and eradicate wrinkles, apply
OATINE with the finger tips
until absorbed. Gently stroke
the wrinkles inwards with
the tips of the fingers. Do this
once a day for ten or fifteen
minutes.

No. 10. A wrinkled face is a
warped face. Waste of tissue
causes the lower tissue to
contract, and skint, leaving the
cheeks covering like a loose
mantle. To plump the tissues
and eradicate wrinkles, apply
OATINE with the finger tips
until absorbed. Gently stroke
the wrinkles inwards with
the tips of the fingers. Do this
once a day for ten or fifteen
minutes.

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Oatine Preparations you will use them in future. That is why
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The Indian Love Lyrics (Stoll, Oct. 15). A British spectacular film written around the popular song cycle. An Eastern story of Court intrigue and romance starring Owen Nares, with Malvina Longfellow, Catherine Calvert, Fred Rames, Fred Raynham, Shayle Gardner and Daisy Campbell.

The Lady Owner (Butcher, Oct. 15). Violet Hopson in a racing story told in an interesting and pleasing way. The star is well aided by James Knight, Warwick Ward and Fred Rames.

A Wells handled domestic drama starring Katherine MacDonald, with Orville Fitzgerald, Sydney Paxton, Donald Searle, Gladys Jennings, James Reardon, and Celia Bird. Good entertainment.

The Lonely Road (Col. First National, Oct. 29).

A well handled feature which lives up to the expectations aroused by its title. Betty Balfour stars, with Harry Jones opposite, also Frank Stroome, Anne Esmond, Harding Shoemeter, Audrey Ridgewell, Gordon Hopkirk, Nancy Price and Eric Strange. Excellent entertainment.

Mary of the Movies (F. B. O.; Oct. 15). Not so pretentious as Souls for Sale, and with a very poor story, redeemed by excellent sub-titling, several novel angles, and glimpses of forty famous stars at work and play. Cast includes Marion Mack, Bryant Washburn, Rosemary Cooper, Creighton Hale, John Gough, Raymond Cannon, and John McDonnell. Excellent entertainment for star worshippers.


The Millionaire (F B O.; Oct 15).


My Wild Irish Rose (Rex, Oct 15).


The New Teacher (Fox, Oct 8).

Shirley Mason in an appealing role, playing about a society girl’s work amongst the poor in the slums. Opposite the star appear, Allan Forrest, Earl Metcalf, Pat Moore, Olga Norman, Otto Hoffman and Helen Stone. Saccharine, but quite up to Shirley’s usual standard.

The Old Homestead (Paramount, Oct 15).

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HERE is an extract from a most interesting letter recently received by Messrs. Chappell:

"The leading dancing instructress here, Mlle. C——, told me that she used a gramophone in her class room, but that when a dozen people were dancing it could not be heard. With the 'Cliftophone,' however, it was very different; when

80 people were dancing at once—the tune could be heard in all parts of the hall. Everyone was most enthusiastic about it, and I shall certainly hold a series of dances. I shall be given no peace by the keen dancing folk here unless I do."

"'It is so much better than a gramophone in every way, the tone is so much clearer and the volume, with a good needle, so much greater. 'Better and cheaper than a band,' one enthusiast said. For dancing alone there should be a future in the machine.'"

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CHAPPELL
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to realise that these wondrous gardens, these panoramic views of a city of mosques and towers, these shadowed archways and seemingly solid palace walls are not what they seem. Actually, the whole action of the movie took place against black velvet curtains on a little stage at the back of Ferdinand's Pinney Earle's studio, which he calls his "cyclorama." Then this action which is, of course, photographed with absolutely mechanical precision, is introduced into the small black and grey pictures by several processes invented and patented by Mr. Earle. Double exposure is one of them. A very fine cast interpret the film, headed by Guy Bates Post, and including Virginia Brown Faire, Nigel de Brulier, Noah Beery, Maurice B. Flynn, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Edward Kimball.

Below: Death to the Infidel

Right: "Shireen scorps the proffered gift"

When the Persian poet-philosopher Omar Khayyam wrote his famous Rubaiyat, he little thought that one of its most quoted quatrains was an intelligent anticipation of the motion picture or that he himself would one day form the subject of a film play. A realistic drama has been woven around the life and love affairs of Omar by Richard Walton Tully, who spent three years writing it, after reading every available line written about this hero and his times. Intimate scenes of Persian life and customs are shown in the film, which is a pioneer movie, for it inaugurates Ferdinand Pinney Earle's beautiful painted backgrounds instead of studio "sets" or actual locations, a series of remarkably lovely paintings in black and grey, all of one size, were made by Earle in his Hollywood atelier. Watching the screen play, it is difficult.
The Old Nest (Goldwyn; Oct. 15)
A re-issue of the popular sob story of motherlove featuring Mary Alden and an all-star cast. Excellent entertainment.

Omar the Tentmaker (Ass. First National; Oct. 1)

Only a Shop Girl (Walturdaw; Oct. 15)
Stock-pot melodrama, turning the spotlight upon New York's slums and gaming houses, restaurants, etc., and very finely acted by Mae Busch, Estelle Taylor, Wallace Beery, Willard Louis, and Josephine Adair.

Over the Border (Paramount; Oct. 8)
A Royal-North-West-Mounted Police love drama, starring Betty Compson and Jack Holt, supported by Casson Ferguson, J. F. McDonald, Sidney D'Albrook and Jean de Briac. Excellent entertainment.

Passion (F. B. O.; Oct. 8)
The much discussed German "Du Barry," a spectacular entertainment, well acted and characterized, starring Pola Negri. Historically incorrect in parts but interesting always.

The Shock (European; Oct. 16)

Souls for Sale (Goldwyn; Oct. 1)
Kinematized from Rupert Hughes' novel, making a melodramatic movie, interesting because of its glimpses of studio life and stars at work. Spectacular fire and storm scenes, and a good cast headed by Eleanor Boardman, Richard Dix, Barbara La Marr, Frank Mayo and Lew Cody. Excellent entertainment.

Trouble (Pathé; Oct. 1)
Specially written for Jackie Coogan. Wallace Beery and Gloria Hope play the chief supporting roles. Excellent entertainment.

What Fools Men Are (Wardour; Oct. 8)
A film with a moral, though exactly what moral is a mystery. The heroine is a flirt, excellently played by Faire Binney; the cast also includes Mary Fox, Joseph Striker, Huntly Gordon, J. Barney Sherry, Florence Billings, Templer Saxe, and Harry Clay Blaney.

When Danger Smiles (Vitagraph; Oct. 1)
A very wild Western story set in New Mexico with William Duncan and Edith Johnson in the star roles supported by James Farley, Henry Hebert, Charles Dudley and William McCall. Exciting entertainment.

Where the Pavement Ends (Jury; Oct. 15)
Rex Ingram has neatly filleted a John Russell story of the South Sea Islands. Features Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro, also Harry T. Morey, Edward Connelly, and John George. Excellent entertainment.

Wolves of Society (European; Oct. 22)
Jack Mulhall and Margaret Livingston in a novel serial all about a fictitious kingdom, a princess, and a young war-hero who assumes the role of a top for his father's sake. Very well acted and photographed.

The Woman of Bronze (Jury; Oct. 29)

Women Who Wait (Victor Savile; Oct. 22)
Drama concerning a conflict between two brothers, with a thrill climax, featuring Creighton Hale, Margarette Clayton, and George McQuarrie. Fair entertainment.
Let George Do It!

I'm sorry for you. I'm afraid it's not likely to be realized at the present time—too many professionals out of work as it is. Sorry to dish on your youthful ardour, but you'll get over it. They all do. Mac Marsh is married, and has a little daughter, Mary. Her husband's name is Louis Lee Arms.

P. M. (Newmarket).—Glad you have had such nice photos from your two favourites. You certainly have a varied correspondence!

V. B. (New Malden).—The little girl with Wyndham Standing in July "Picturegoer" was a little neighbour, not his daughter.

Another New Reader (Haslemere).—You might write to Famous Lasky's, 166-170, Wardour Street, for a photo of Rudolph in The Sheikh. Regarding the stamp question, I, too, have known—but like you, I see the error of my ways.

Beachcomber (West Hartlepool).—I'm really sorry to disappoint one who signs himself "yours fraternally," but we have no record of Yvonne Shelton. The Greatest Love seems to have been the only film of any note in which she has played. If I get any news of her at a later date, I will let you know through these columns.

Valentineite (Shoreditch).—We now have four different postcards of Rudolph. The latest is an extra special signed glossy one, which is voted the best yet. Send for it.

A. H. (Transtad).—That "Fault" appeared in Picturegoer a short time ago.

Strathmore (Further).—1. The Covered Wagon is released now. (2) Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm afraid your friend was right. (3) Cast of This Freedom. "The Rev. Harold Aubyn," Fewlass Llewellyn; "Mrs. Aubyn," Adela Haydon-Coffin; "Rosalie," (their daughter at the age of six), Bunty Fosse; "Rosalie" (at 17-40), Fay Compton; "Hilda," Joan Maude; "Flora," Faith Carden; "Aina," Iris Delany; "Harold," Percy Field; "Robert," Mickey Branton; "Gertrude," (the maid), Gladys Hamer; "Aunt Belle," Gladys Hamilton; "Uncle Fyke Poonce," Charles Vance; "Aetria," (their daughter), Julia Harry; "Robert," ("Keggs," ("Keggs"), Athene Seyler; "Harry Oceleva," Cive Brook; "Mr. Sturgiss," Myddleton Evans; Mr. Field, Robert English; "Rosalie's Children," "Huggo, at 8," Maurice Hopkins; "Huggo, at 22," John Stuart; "Doda, at 6," Betty Gardner; "Doda, at 20," Nancy Kenyon; "Benji, at 3," Tony Lang; "Benji, at 17," Albert Branton; Richard Ford; "Prescott, the Governor," Sylvia Young. You're certainly one of the lucky ones. You Scotch certainly have a way with you!

A Critic (Calcutta).—Thanks for all the nice things you say about Picturegoer, and my encyclopaedic self. (1) Violet Hopson's married to Walter West. (2) Some people will do anything for half-a-crown! (3) Rob Roy was released in England last April. (4) Quite right—the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, are amongst the biggest in America, but Rob Roy wasn't produced there. It was shied by the Gaumont Company in England. Best wishes!


Margaret (Tourcoing).—Glad you've had a signed photo from Rudy, ma petite. (You see, you're not the only one who understands French). The best way to send that money is to get an International Coupon for the amount from the post office. Merci, pour l'eftre de French papers, mais je get 'em sent over chaque semaine. (This sounds well if you read it quickly). May your Santa be as good as my own!

Queenie (Cheltenham).—(1) Those allegations were quite unfounded, so you may still allow your favourite his daily portion of hero-worship. (2) At present Carpenter is going in more for boxing than for picture work. (3) Them's my sentiments, too.

Charles Chaplin, too, is fully aware of the mirifull values of the meat-ticket. Observe his catering in "Shanghaied." The food he gives these unhappy sailors is enough to kill anybody—with laughter. There is also a classic moment in "The Pilgrim"—when our gent (consisting of our gent's bowler hat chasteiy covered with custard, and beautifully iced), refines to be cut, and an indignant visitor discovers his long lost hat. Jacky Coogan usually strikes the note pathetic at meal times. Nobody who has seen his "Oller Twist" will ever forget his request for 'More,' and the wistful look which went with it. It is strange that Jackie can put over things like that. The little fellow has such a chubby, round face, yet he can absolutely wring the spectator's heart when he looks at food with covetous eyes. His culinary efforts in "The Kid" deserve a page to themselves. "We may be poor," he seemed to say as he gave his finger nails their daily pre-meal manicure and said, "But we like the customs which mean so much to us."

One artist, Wallace Beery, will always be remembered for his "King Richard Courde de Lion" in "Robin Hood." He and the great big bone which he gnawed with ferocious, if a little unkindly enjoyment. Beery and his bone were an outstanding feature of "Robin Hood." Another kind of movie meat is that common to interviews. Read carefully the interviews that adorn the movie magazines. There's usually a tea in each. If it's a male interviewer it's sometimes something stronger than tea. Most movie stars when safely cornered by the insistent interviewer endeavoured to soothe his savage breast with scribes baked meats. Some of a certain pair of charming sisters who visited London a couple of years ago. The editor of this journal sent his star interviewer to tackle these ladies, who proved rather difficult of access. At length it was arranged that he should meet them at an hotel at 2.30 p.m. He did; went there straight from lunch, wearing a most ingratiating smile that faded a little as the girls confronted him across a groaning lunch table. Of course all stars believe that all interviewers must be grooms enjoying. This one had to make pretence of eating, and do his questioning as best he could, whilst the girls made an excellent and professional display of their talk. That their replies were mostly nods, and the interviewer tore his hair. They had to hurry away immediately the meal was over and the poor scribe was left lamenting. Finally, the interview was cut down to one page instead of two, and all was well. Now turn up your Pictures files and find that interview. Yes, there will be no prizes.

JONIE P. LIMBER.
A perfect hurricane of letters, anonymous and otherwise has engulfed the Editor and staff this month. And the burden of their abuse. You have told us what you think of Pictures and Picturegoer and of us in no measured terms. Now I'm going to tell you what I think. Firstly, I think you should not kick the Editor, nor George, nor me for what is, after all, not our fault, but the printers. The Editor etc., as above, feel worse about it than you do. Secondly, if you compare this issue with last month's, I think you'll find a very big improvement. Thirdly, I think, no, I'm sure, next month's issue will be better yet, and will give you a really pleasant surprise; and lastly, I think that's enough about that. What do you think?

A very interesting point is raised by Tandy (Golder's Green). "To how many of the living personalities in England may the word Genius be truthfully applied? I have been trying to make a list of twelve, but I am three short. Here's my list: Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Jackie Coogan, D. W. Griffith, Eric von Stroheim, Henry Edwards, Betty Balfour, Guy Newall, Rudolph Valentino. Were he living I should unquestionably include Wallace Reid, that many-sided personality who possessed, among other things, a perfect genius for pleasing and making unseen friends everywhere. Whom do you suggest for the other three?"

My selections for the others are George Pearson, Victor Seastrom, and John Barrymore. But I disagree with certain names on Tandy's list. What of Nazimova, Ernst Lubitsch, and Ferdinand Pinney Earle, to name only a few. There are others, too. What do you think?

"I strongly protest against the screening of 'Charley's Aunt.' Much would have to be added, the humour of the dialogue lost, and 'Lord Babberly' Kinematization is being chased by Desecration! "Spectigre" over several feet of film, won't be half so funny as across the stage. Besides, those who have never seen the play would be reminded of American slapstick work, and the play would possibly suffer in consequence. If film producers want to create something else, what about that nursery classic, 'Alice in Wonderland' and its companion 'Through the Looking Glass?' Every child not educated at a Flim-flam hothouse has read it; it could be a screen pantomime, and the fashion would not have to be altered. Ten needles has 'dressed' Alice, and there it can stick." "Phrynie" (Yokohama), Alice in Wonderland has already been Kinematized. It was released at the end of last December. But both Alice books are perennial favourites, so bring your thought to the notice of your pet producer.

"WHY do producers borrow stars?" asks Merrythought (London). "And who started that game, anyway?" Nobody knows who started it, but I agree with you that it has reached its zenith these days. It is also a little unfair upon many quite good players who remain idle whilst certain favourites of the moment work on three films at once. The reason for this borrowing is probably because producers, rather than give a big part to a hitherto untried player, prefer to pay a bonus for the services of some well known star to the film Co., with whom he or she is under contract.

SAYS Super-Struck (West Kensington), "I am a very old Film Fan; I can remember the first Hepworth moving pictures. What a difference between those days and now! When films were just an item at the end of a music hall show, and this month of September when no less than eight 'Supers' are being shown as a full evening's entertainment at West End Theatres. There are If Winter Comes, Cradle of the World, Enemies of Women, Chu Chin Chow, Little Old New York, The Covered Wagon, Where the Pavement Ends, and Climbing Mount Everest. I must say I've enjoyed them all, and I think this an emphatic reply to those killjoys who say the film industry is on its last legs."

"WHY is it that producers, or whoever is responsible, cannot all agree to put on every sub-title the name of the film? Several of our English firms do so, and one or two Americans, but if one happens to 'drop in' during the screening of a film, whose title does not appear, it is very annoying. Some firms kindly put it at the end, and if the operator is good enough, we may perhaps catch sight of it then, but if each sub-title contained it, our interest in watching it would be doubled, especially if we had come purposely to see that film! The same applies to casts, which I think should be shown twice. Once at the beginning of every film, and once again at the end, thus giving all a chance. What do you think?"

Blanco (Cheapside). I think you're quite right, but the Powers that Be always have their weather eye on footage, hence your complaint.
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MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE  In the early days of last month, the convict inmates of Dartmoor Prison sat enthralled, as foot after foot of this remarkable story of a family of rogues redeemed through the power of music, was unfolded before them. Thus for the first time in England, was a motion picture shown to the inmates of a convict prison. The picture was Mighty Lak' A Rose in which Dorothy Mackail is seen as a blind violinist, who by a stroke of fate redeems a band of underworld habitués by the sublimes music of her melody and turns shadow to sunshine with the sweet strains of Mighty Lak' A Rose. Based on the famous song by Ethelbert Nevin, the picture holds a wealth of heart-appealing moments. There is a tear trembling on the eye-lid at every jest, yet they are tears that you will love to shed. As an example of genuine true-to-life drama, it is a picture that you should certainly make a point of seeing.

The cast is all that could be desired, one of the outstanding performances being that of Paul Panzer in the comedy role. Edwin Carewe, a rising young director was behind the meca- phone.

Dorothy Mackail

Potash and Perlmutter On the Screen at last! Brim me to it all their subtle fun, their clean, clever, chuckle-creating comedy. Potash and Perlmutter have arrived! One rocks with delight at the amazing and amusing adventures of these kings of comedy. Maurice and Abe, the ever-querrelsome business men, yet ever fast friends, whose business worries are only equaled by their family troubles, are delightful. There is a splendid love story, too, to entrance and hold one spellbound. Spectacular settings, mirth-making moments, delightful dancing and dynamics drama, combine to make Potash and Perlmutter, one of the big screen successes of the season. The original stage stars have been engaged for the production, in Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr, and Vera Gordon (mother of "Humoresque"). There are, too, the Ziegfield Folies and Music Box Revue beauties, nor must one omit to mention the "Fokine Dancers."

The success which the original stories and the stage plays met is almost certain to be repeated, and we advise readers to make a point of seeing the screen version.

The battle on the Isle of Lost Ships

The Isle of Lost Ships

With the arrival of the dark days and drawing in of the evenings, one's mind naturally travels to firesides, ghost stories and strange imaginings. A particularly happy release, therefore, is Maurice Tourneur's new First National production, The Isle of Lost Ships, a fantastic tale of the sea, which rivals in its adventurous and imaginative story, even the weird fiction of Jules Verne himself. Telling in a series of dramatic scenes of the adventures of three castaways, who find themselves thrown upon a strange island in the mysterious Sargasso Sea, where the hulks of century-old galleons are homes of a band of shipwrecked sailors ruled over by a Czar-like captain, it is packed with moments of dramatic intensity, seldom surpassed on the screen. For on The Isle of Lost Ships, a strange law obtains, whereby a woman is forced to choose her mate within twenty-four hours. A terrific hand-to-hand fight—the escape in the submarine, and the battle on board ship are moments of action which you will love.

Abe and Maurice disagree again

And she played him "Mighty Lak' A Rose"
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MAE MURRAY

Universally acknowledged as the butterfly-girl of the screen. That screen butterflies are not lacking in large-heartedness is demonstrated by the fact that Mae recently paid for all Hollywood's crippled kiddies to go to a special concert at the Bowl Auditorium.
Pictures and Picturegoer

Our November Movie Calendar

1. British film companies begin exterior work.
5. Author Movie Calendar burnt, 1923.
6. Bill Hart goes to Sweden to produce comedies, 1924.
8. First film to be like posters outside, 1980.
11. Producer with sense of humour offers Sam Mayo film contract.
12. Public complaint that lighting at Ifit Picturedrome so bad pictures cannot be seen.
13. E. A. Baughan sends little gift manager Ifit Picturedrome.
15. Owing to scarcity of ideas on part Author Movie Calendar geraniums should now be planted.
16. Daisy Dash, eminent star, celebrates majority, 1923-4-5-6-7.
17. Eternal triangle takes monkey-gland course.
20. Children under ten no longer allowed in picturedromes, 1930.
21. Children under ten no longer allowed to produce movies, 1940.
22. Queen Anne gets Censor's job, 1925.
23. D. W. Griffith produces his twelfth world's greatest, 1924.
24. Justice Darling asks "Who is Charles Chaplin?"
25. Moving pictures compulsory in jails, 1928.
26. Daily Mail declares happiest men in movie business are commissionaires outside.
27. Educational films still fail to teach their producers anything, 1930.
28. Join Blinketty's Christmas Club. (Advt.)
29. America produces it greatest yet. (No advt.)
30. Approach of Christmas brings boom to seaside kinemas. Now open two nights a week.
With Seastrom in Culver City

by Frank A. Tilley

An impression of Victor Seastrom, the great Swedish Director, at work on his first American picture, "Name the Man" in Goldwyn Studio.

Patry Ruth Miller as "Fenella"

When it was announced that Victor Seastrom, the great Swedish director, was going to California to make pictures, everyone interested in the progress of the screen took heart afresh.

"Now at last," they said, "America has realised that something beyond her own wonderful mechanical perfection is necessary in picture-making is to advance. She has given us all she has to give—technical advance beyond all imagination—lavishness and spectacular effect. But she has given us in her pictures no soul, no meaning, and very little heart. Because she cannot give what she has not got. But now she has realised the need for these things to be added to her own material perfection. America should give us pictures which come close to the realisation of all that as well as a manufacture of the best."

So they went with the greatest interest to see how her first work in America was accomplished. When it was announced that Seastrom was to choose his own story and his own cast, he chose as his first story Sir Hall Caine's "Master of Man." Now the picture has been completed, it has been changed in the typical fashion which renamed Barrie's "Amiable Crichton," "Male and Female" to "The Judge and the Woman," and changed again to "Name the Man." In justice to Goldwyn, however, it needs to be said that another film with the title of "Masters of Men" has recently been shown, and there is consequently a better excuse for renaming the story.

Originally Joseph Schildkraut, who was the hero in D. W. Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm," was "chosen" by Seastrom, but after part of the picture was taken it was decided that Schildkraut had been miscast. Conferences were held, everyone on the executive side was in a state of anxious bewilderment, and by diplomacy—mostly on the part of Seastrom—Schildkraut was persuaded to realise that he had been miscast.

After much testing and discussion, Conrad Nagel was put into the part and the scenes retaken—which necessitated a journey to San Francisco and several days' extra work.

Seastrom had some little difficulty in acclimatising himself to America. There the methods are almost exactly opposite from those in Sweden, where perfection of them, and convincing sincerity of story, direction and acting are the first considerations.

He found the atmosphere of the American studio entirely different. There the first consideration is putting the "movie stuff" into the picture—which invariably means casting the story in a stereotype mould. Casting, against type, is in a big organisation not guided by the suitability of the artist, but by the fact that he (or she) is under contract.

When I saw him it was in the early morning. He was due in at Los Angeles station from "Frisco at seven thirty and was leaving again at nine.
mental difference between his temperament and methods and those of a typical director.

Seastrom was taking a scene in which a terrific storm is going on outside a cottage. The door opens and an old man staggers in. He has just seen a newly-dug grave—and he believes that it is for his daughter’s unwanted baby.

In spite of the fearful whir of aeroplane propellers producing the storm effects and the slash of the water as it was blown heavily through the doorway, Seastrom’s voice never once rose. He walked about the set and spoke quietly to the artistes, he stood equally quietly by the camera and watched them rehearse till he was satisfied and ready to take.

*Mae Busch (Bertie), in a tearful close-up.*

While this was going on there came from the other end of the studio a loud noise of shouting—hoarse voiced shouting, with stamping of feet and many objurgations to Heaven and the reverse.

Anticipating that here was at least a violent murder scene in process of being taken, I walked down the big stage till I reached the screened-in set from which the megaphoned voice proceeded.

Inside the screens I saw—a director at work on a close-up of a transparency of a cathedral window. No actors, no action—nothing but a piece of camera work. And the director was directing the lights and the photography!

As I said, that is the difference between Seastrom and a typical American film director.

What that difference produces will probably show.

*Mae Busch, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Creighton Hale, awaiting the Judge’s verdict.*

with him are bewildered at his manner. For he is a gentle man and a gentleman, and thus Hollywood finds him a new type.

While I was watching Seastrom direct a very intense scene in his picture, I saw an example of the funda-
And PictvveK

November 1923

Scotch!

Josie P. Lederer

Is real—Fiiic

If not, don’t try it; the sensation is most unpleasant. This is disinterested advice from one who has.

Knowing your fatal fondness for bad language,” said Gaumont’s Studio Manager to me, barring with his body the door of the place, “which extends even to reporting it when it doesn’t occur, I must ask you for your word of honour to write the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth before I let you in this morning.”

“This to a journalist,” I asked you.

“Journalists never lie,” I replied.

“If I mentioned bad language, then you may be I heard some. Since it was a thin story, I should think it was bare,” my companion hastily put his hand over my mouth. “This,” he said, “it was Bess and Blotters last time.”

I was only going to say it he was already anyway. “You can’t fool a journalist,” I told them. “Flora 1
out your rope to tie him up, then looking up, see the figure on the stained-glass window here, and have an attack of conscience. See? Now we'll rehearse that." "It's really too bad," said Ivor Novello, plaintively. "Here have I been standing nearly fifteen minutes wearing 'Flora's' bustle and no one has even noticed me." Gladys Cooper hastened to collect her property. "Goodness only knows where he found it," she laughed. "I shall need it this afternoon."

We watched "Flora" help the staggering "Prince Charlie" up the aisle. Midway he fell, exhausted, and she dragged him to the foot of the altar, tearing off her bonnet to make him a pillow. "Camera," said Calvert. "Saturday night," said Novello gaily, giving a realistic imitation of intoxication for my special benefit. Bernard Bromhead raised his hands in horror. "Now she'll report drunkenness on the part of the leading man," he shuddered. "Why did we let her in?" After the scene was filmed, Calvert forbade Ivor Novello to move from his none too comfortable position on the floor until they had taken some "close-ups." Ivor grinned and waggled one foot at us. Then someone brought cups of tea all round. The real studio manager arrived at about quarter to twelve in the person of Miss Pamela Bromhead, aged 17 months, and work ceased on the set for fully three minutes while

(Continued on page 34).
Pearl in Paris

by OSCAR M. SHERIDAN.

Paris always welcomes Pearl White with open arms, for the daring Serial Star, is first favourite with our neighbours across the Channel.

If there is anything I particularly dislike it is ringing people up. Especially when they are cinema stars. I am quite agreeable to unhook the receiver of my telephone when it rings, but I draw the line at asking for the wrong number to get the right one, waiting ten minutes for it and being told that the subscriber in question does not reply. However, the exception proves the rule and after listening to a conglomerate of weird noises I was put through to Pearl White.

"Who is it?" enquired the famous American cinema star, rather annoyed at being rung at one o'clock in the morning. Yes, that was the time, Greenwich.

"The King of Spain," I replied, politely and modestly. "Will you lunch with me tomorrow, or rather, to-day? I shall call for you at the studio at midday . . . Have you noticed, by the bye, that this telephonic conversation rhymes . . . ."

She hadn't. But that did not matter as she accepted my invitation. The next morning a fast Voisin brought me to the studio, an hour late. Pearl White awaited me, but she was not yet ready. Another ten or twelve minutes, I was told.

At last Pearl White rushed off the "set," and brandishing dangerously a couple of revolvers, calmly informed me that she was ready. "I am sorry," she said, "that I cannot lunch with you; we have to go on 'location' this afternoon; but I hate to disappoint you . . . won't you lunch with me at Enghien?"

"Yumph," I said.

"That," remarked Pearl White, "probably means yes!"

"It may mean anything," I muttered darkly. I handed the Serial Queen into the luxurious limousine, the Picturegoer's modern and expensive means of travelling around the French studios, and as we bumped and jolted along the battlefield-like roads to Enghien, the American serial-star confided to me a few of her plans.

"First tell me, please," she commenced, as we lighted some excellent cigarettes, "whose car is this?"

"Thank you!" I said, "the shit told."

"I think that this film I am making now will be the most interesting picture I have ever attempted," ruminated Pearl White, gazing detachedly at the flying telegraph poles and trees and other cars, the result of a dare-devil chauffeur. "It is called Terror, and it is a mystery drama in six episodes but to be shown in a complete film. In other words, it is a complete serial, which will be exhibited at one performance. The story is the best ever attempted . . . seven men wrote it . . . but then I am telling you too much . . . ."

And as she undoubtedly was it was extremely fortunate that we had arrived at our destination, the Thermal Establishment and Grand Hotel of Enghien-les-Bains, once described as a "Parisian
Monte Carlo" by either a joker or a fool. The introductions were astonishingly informal. "Please meet Mr. What’s-his-Name!" I shook hands heartily with Mr. What’s-his-name.

"I think you’ve already met HIM," I had, but I shook hands all the same.

The third introduction had me beat. "Mr. Sheridan, this is Greumnullumph, he is a very great Humphrumph."

At the lunch table I had a better opportunity to find out who my companions were. Mr. What’s-his-Name, I soon discovered, was no other than Edouard José, the American producer, who is directing Terror. "Him" was Robert Lee, the well-known American film star.

It is expected that the new Pearl White production, Terror, adapted from the scenario by Felix Orman will be completed in about three months. The picture is being produced at the Eclair studios at Epinay-sur-Seine, a suburb of Paris. Pearl much prefers working entirely by artificial light and therefore the whole of the studio has been painted black. The company is at present working on 2,200 amperes, which is a record lighting power for any French studio.

For a very long time interesting offers of engagements by leading French film companies were made to Pearl White. At one moment it was agreed that she was to play in a one-reel thriller with the inimitable Max Linder, but that, also, fell through. However, Pearl White surrendered to Reginald Ford and A. Ullmann, for Fordys Films, a new but ambitious firm, and to-day she is playing for the first Fordys film, Terror.

M. Edouard José, is undoubtedly one of the best-known of American directors, having directed a veritable galaxy of “stars” during his stay in California.

Some of the most daring stunts yet attempted on the screen will be enacted for this picture, and Pearl White will be supported by Henri Baudin, Paoli, the French athlete, Marcel Vibert, Arlette Marchal, Mme. Delacroix (the French Mary Carr) and many others.
It is a fact that Mildred Davis made Harold Lloyd promise never to make another Safety Last before she would consent to name the day. But all the stunts shown on the screen in Safety Last are not quite what they seem. Risky enough, though, for there is not an inch of trick photography anywhere. Then how was it done? Like this.

In Los Angeles there is a business district, and very close to this area several hills rise very abruptly from the street. From the top of any of these you can get a fine bird's eye view of the whole district. One of them, which interrupts a main road that leads to the street. Accordingly, the storey upon which his most hairbreadth feats were performed was erected the other side of the street and about three stories off the ground at most. The angle from which the scene was shot, lighting, or rather chiaroscuro, and the mind of the spectator did the rest. By chiaroscuro is meant the colour of the "set" which was darker than the colour of the real buildings, caused to fall back a trifle in perspective in comparison with them. But the sameness of colour or "lighting" at the points where the camera saw them joined made them merge one into the other when photographed. It is really a marvellous optical illusion. Lloyd actually built fake corners on the tops of real buildings and photographed these so that the protecting roof did not show. If you watch the distances between the clock and the cornice you may be able to spot something. But it's doubtful. Harold used the same kind of illusion for High and Dizzy, one of his earlier comedies, and so did Douglas MacLean in Bell Boy 13.

Hollywood has hotels and office buildings on each side and is a particularly happy hunting ground for movie makers. For the street goes under the hill by way of a tunnel. Therefore, on a little elevation immediately above this tunnel, a set can be built which, when photographed from the hill, with the camera looking towards the level, gives the illusion of great height from the ground. The false building on the plateau appears to be part of one of the skyscrapers in the street, and anyone standing on a window ledge there, looks as if he were disporting himself on the fifty or sixty-storey instead of only a very few feet above the ground. Therein lies the secret of the comparative safety of Safety Last. Lloyd chose for his location a building not far off a corner, which when photographed appeared to stand slightly detached from the other buildings in the

All High and Dizzy
Adam Triumphant

Jackie Coogan, the one and only Kid.

Every little doggie has his day and these must be the dog days judging by the size and the volume of fan mail received by the masculine movie stars of the moment.

Emphatically this is the day of the Male in Movies. Past are the times when a fair lady's name is upon every film-fan's lips and her picture upon his dressing table. For since such stars as Pauline Frederick and Nazimova rose and set, no others have appeared who have soared to quite such spectacular and universal heights of popularity. Players like Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge, Chaplin and Fairbanks, are not so much stars, as institutions, so they hardly count. Nowadays the He-bird is undoubtedly precocious child with a host of sweet little ways and pair of velvet eyes. He is a thoroughly finished actor, with a fine sense of style and an instinctive flair for doing the right thing in the right way. Jackie has by sheer force of personality tided over two very weak scenarios. Given a good sound story, he is irresistible. True, he had for his first director, a man who is amongst the greatest in filmdom, Charles Chaplin, and everybody predicted that without Chaplin, Coogan would be negligible. For once everybody was wrong. The influence of Chaplin was distinctly noticeable in Peck's Bad Boy and in My Dad. But by the time to the lesser rôles of leading woman, scenario writer, art director, and similar positions, rather outside the beams of the spotlight.

No other star, not even Mary in her heyday, or Wally, the Wellbeloved, ever evoked such a wave of absolute adoration as Rudolph Valentino, the Sheik of Sheiks. Rudolph came at a time when the screen was crying out for novelties. He was a new type, with his olive skin and sleek hair; his Continental style of acting, and certain alternations of elemental he-man stuff with an almost boyish appeal, went straight to the heart of susceptible America, and Europe followed suit. Rudy is graceful, can wear clothes that would make an Englishman or American helplessly self-conscious, dances divinely, and is blessed with more than the average share of good looks, plus acting ability and obvious sincerity and love of his work. This has kept him in his place, despite three bad films to every one good one, and despite a prolonged and enforced absence from the studios. Then there is Jackie Coogan. Jackie is our favourite screen actor, and we are apt to enthuse about him. The little chap is something more than a...
really clever acting won him featured roles in his first year before the Kliegs. Peter Janss was very nicely, and is unusually intelligent, but, alas! he's growing very fast, and his days of short socks, long curls, and satin suits are numbered.

Britain, too, boasts of Ivor Novello, a Welsh boy who won fame at a very early stage as a singer and composer.

Ivor is a most romantic-looking fellow, with blue-black hair, dark brown eyes and the most perfect profile in the British Isles. He has, also, give the chap his due, a strong sense of humour, and, since he went to America, has quite lost that somewhat detrimental shyness of his. Ivor is a good-natured, cheerful soul, and his antics on the Studio floor are always worth watching. After convulsing a party of press people one afternoon during the filming of Bonnie Prince Charlie, Ivor suddenly turned serious, and drew forth really wonderful music from a harmonium to help Gladys Cooper's tears to flow for a few necessary "close-ups." Jack Holt, another film favourite of the hour, is a reformed screen-rake, and you know (if you are a woman) how fascinating such characters are. Jack made a good thing out of bad deeds, but found eventually that the straight and narrow was the better way after all. He appears as a clergyman this month in When Satan Sleeps, as a sort of exhortation to all bad movie men to go and do likewise. In Merry-Go-Round, which Eric Stroheim commenced and Rupert Julian completed, Norman Kerry gets his first big chance. Norman is extremely good-looking, and has been on the screen a full five years, without heretofore doing anything very startling. From now on, though, his career should be worth watching.

The gentleman with the soulful expression is James Kirkwood, the ideal strong, silent man of the movie.
domestic drama. Kirkwood has had a varied and interesting career. He is an Irishman, whose first bid for film fame was as a director. Then he played opposite Mary Pickford in The Eagle's Mate, as "The Picturvery Ramon the many director, either actor, with thought-provoking stage he is a sterling Milton The good evergreen Right: a Ethel screen charac-

true. J. K. next reverted to directing again, and made all Mary Miles Minter's first features, playing in many of them himself. Then he returned to the stage and retired from the screen for several years. The Luck of the Irish brought him back again, and a succession of James Oliver Curwood stories followed. He alternates between stage and screen these days.

Fox Films inform us that their prize offerings in the way of movie men, are Tom Mix, John Gilbert and Buck Jones. Tom Mix deserves his title of the Cowboy King. Originally a U.S. sheriff and Provost Marshal, he drifted into Movies by accident and stayed there by universal desire. One of the best is Tom Mix, straight riding and straight dealing and as fearless as only a screen stuntsman can be. Buck Jones is younger; a nice personality, and a Right: Bryant reader and stuntsman. John Gil-
bbert has only just recently been starred. He has made St. Elmo at the moment, a refilming of the favourite novel. He, too, was originally a director, at Goldwyn's and other studios. Monte Cristo gave him stardom, and St. Elmo is his next big release. John is a serious earnest actor, he doesn't specialise in comedy, leaves that to his wife, Leatrice Joy, but has a steady and ever-growing following, both sides of the Atlantic.

Harold Lloyd is too well-known to need description. He made good long ago in Pathé two-reelers, made history with

Left: Ramon Novarro
Below: Rudolph Valentino.

Grandma's Boy, and can be counted amongst the "steadies" in making consistently good and original comedies.

To Walter West goes the credit of introducing Clive Brook to picturegoers. Clive was just back from the war, a sterling actor, who soon graduated from sporting drama into powerful and thought-provoking character studies such as those he gave us in Sonia, This Freedom, Reverse of the Medal, and Woman to Woman. Please, Clive will you give us your idea of The Dop Doctor, some time?

Gerry Ames is a "London-er" both by birth and by profession. He was one of the best of the old London Film Co.'s stars and is alike excellent as either hero or villain. His "Rupert of Hentzau" is evergreen in the hearts of British picturegoers, unclipped by even the spectacular Ramon Novarro's. A fine fencer and rider, Ames is also a versatile stage
actor and puts in some time behind the footlights every year. If Winter Comes was the
whether it be in frivolous trifles like The Man on the Box, or sinister studies like his “Hyde,” in the
Jekyll and Hyde photoplay. He is making DeBureau at the moment. Whether he ever will make a Byron film, or a screen version of Wilde’s “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” we do not know. We’d rather like to. Rex Ingram says that Lewis Stone is amongst the only four people on the American screen who can wear period dress as it ought to be worn. Rex is a pretty good judge so we’ll say he’s right. Lewis has other claims to fame. He is a polished easy actor, his good looks are most decidedly not of the pretty variety, and he is a right down regular fellow. Space forbids detailed mention of the rest of the stars whose photos appear here. Likewise of Chaplin, Matheson Lang, Owen Nares, Lionel Barrymore, Matt Moore, Sessue Hayakawa, Monte Blue, Harrison Ford, Guy Newall and many others. But sufficient has been set forth to prove that Adam is well on the top these days and has, as usual, proved that when he puts his mind to anything, he does it well enough to give Eve points. Still, the screen is a great see-saw and probably half-a-dozen years will find scribes and others lamenting the dearth of really good screen stars male, and pronouncing the movies a “Woman’s Game!”
She was unceremoniously picked up and laid on her back across her daddy's knee, while he proceeded to make her face up, in the manner that one would paint a Dutch doll.

"Just as if I wasn't a real star," she wailed.

"Warwara La Marr isn't put on any daddy's knee to be made up." I rose to go.

"Do you want to be an actress when you grow up?" I asked finally. The wails ceased.

"No," said Baby Peggy, emphatically, "I want to be a lady!"

I am still wondering what she meant!

E. R. T.
British Studio Gossip

Helen of Stolls.

Since her fine work in Rob Roy, Gladys Jennings has come very much to the fore. She went back to Stolls again for Young Luchin-ter and Becket, and is now at work upon another film in the same studios. Gladys is much fairer than she looks on the screen, but her golden hair has a reddish tinge, and this makes it photograph many shades darker than it is. "I've always admired you, but I've never had the chance to portray the sweet and gentle 'Lady Rosamund,' and of course working with Benson was delightful. I've always admired him. Sometimes we used to stray on to the other set where The Royal Oak was being made and amuse ourselves by stopping out of century."

Our American Invaders.

Betty Compton hoped to be back in time for the premiere of Woman to Woman when she broke her farewell in September. She means to do some more film work in England. To cap all she lost her address. However, we have some Hayakawa and his wife, and Miss Maria Dorro, who is playing "Sally Bosco," the part rumoured as assigned to Linaup Herrick. Then Nazimova. Thurston Hall is still with us, and is playing at Fox Studios in The Great Gatsby. Thurston was busy at his farm until recently filming when I saw him at a party in London. Hall (who was Caddy in "A Room with a View") made a valiant step into industryCompton with a paper. Comedily, I cannot but think a blood thirsty man worth's play. During his thirty-six months in England, Clift produced eleven pictures, the most successful of which were Sonja, A Bill of Divorce-ment and Out to Graff. His journey will not be direct, but will be via Paris, Vienna, Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Inda, China and Japan, Honolulu and 'Frisco. Denison Clift told us recently that he is a staunch believer in the future of British pictures and will surely return to work again this side. Everybody will join us in wishing him all sorts of good luck.

Flora's Farewell.

Flora Le Breton, who sailed on the "Mauretania," on the twentieth of last month wishes you all An Revoir, and will be pleased to hear how you like I Will Repay, and Tons of Money when you see them. Write her c/o this journal. Flora is bound for Hollywood via New York, where she is at present domiciled under the chaper-ange of Madame Clara Novello and Lady Doughty. "I feel," Flora told me a few days before she sailed "that dearly as I love to work in my own country, I have come to a sort of deadlock there. I want to do big things. Very big things; and America has been tempting me for a long time. So I am going to make my working address California for awhile. But when I do come home. Ah!" And she let me into the secret of a really charming project of hers, of which more later.

Betty Compton in "Woman to Woman" and Gladys Jennings in "Mary, Queen of Scots."
Pictures and Picturegoer

An All-Star Cast.

Owen Nares has just finished work on *Miriam Rozella*, which boasts of one of the most wonderful casts of the year. This comprises Ellaine Terriss, Moyna Macgill, Gertrude McCoy, Mary Brough, Ben Webster, Russell Thorndike, Gordon Craig, Henrietta Watson and Marie Vinten. It is being made at Alliance Studios.

Wonderful London.

I had a preview of some unusually interesting short films last week. Titled as above, the series of twenty are the work of H. B. Parkinson, and depict phases of well-known and little-known London life. Fleet Street, the fire brigade, the river, London's free shows, theatreland, dockland, the markets, the bridges, etc., etc., are all cleverly and entertainingly snapshotted. One of the best is *Unknown London*, which shows the foot rule in Trafalgar Square, the pair of "desirable residences" in the Arch at the top of Constitution Hill, the little known Holborn Square, where the night watchman still follows his calling, and various other similar localities. Look out for these two-reelers early in the coming year.

The Fair Maid of Perth.

This favourite Scott novel is being kinematized by Edwin Greenwood with a fine cast of players headed by Sylvia Caine. You will remember Sylvia as the good fairy of *The Soul's Awakening*, which starred Flora Le Breton and David Hawthorne. Other players are Wallace Bosco, Kate Gurney, Donald Macardle, Leal Douglas, Benson Kleve, and Lionelle Howard.

Picking Winners.

Adrian Brunel feels very proud of his powers of perspicacity these days. Two clever girls he picked out of a crowd for parts in his own productions have recently achieved stardom, and all three are very pleased about it. "Annette Benson, Brunel averred "was chosen by George Pearson to play "Squibs" sister in two *Squibs* screenplays, after she had appeared in one good role for me. And Nina Vanna, whom I starred opposite Ivor Novello in *The Man Without Desire*, has since been playing leads in several Stoll productions. Both these girls have just been engaged by Commonwealth Films of America to appear in a new screenplay with Clive Brook. They will work this side." To which I will add the fact that Brunel had Ivor Novello under contract when Griffith "discovered" him. Ivor is at present starring in *The Rat*, his original story, with Constance Collier and Gladys Cooper.
PETER DEAR

A slightly undersized, curly-haired, six-year-old boy will appear against an ever-looming hero in "The Wandering Jew" and "The Glass of Dreams." You will see him next year in "The Real Oak."
ESTELLE TAYLOR

Who played "The woman who did not care," in "A Fool There Was," and has gone merrily onward from bad to worse on the screen ever since. Her home wrecking career seems to agree with her.
LEWIS STONE

He is "an actor's actor," and very much admired by fellow members of his own profession. Born at Worcester in 1879, he has been a soldier, cow-puncher, sailor, big game hunter, and actor.
CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Now making her initial costume picture "The Dangerous Maid."
Constance's charm lies in her vivacity and gaiety; she is also a prize ballroom dancer, plays a fine game of golf, and swims like a fish.
HOPE HAMPTON

"She is proving herself extraordinarily this year, with hits nothing of the least note and some... Hope's latest film is "Fateful Harvest." When she has finished seeing Europe, she will be starred in "Tree."
Above: Mary Philbin's mole-skin wrap. Centre: A magnificent kolinsky coat worn by Margaret Livingstone.

Above: May McAvoy wearing a cape of eastern mink. Note the large collar, and diagonal stripes.

Above: An evening wrap of beige ermine, appertaining unto Mae Busch. Its sleeves are formed by flaring panels, which can also be worn draped round the figure.

Above: Beige caracul, with cuffs and collar of beige fox fur forms this wrap worn by Mae Busch. Centre: Claire Windsor's ermine shawl-cape, edged with white Spanish fringe.
A Little Hero of the Movies

"Freckles," Barry celebrated his seventeenth birthday just recently.


The small boy who asked his father how many legs a caterpillar had certainly started something! But if he'd enquired how many freckles Wesley Barry has, there'd probably have been a funeral! It is certainly a clear case of his face being his fortune, for Marshall Neilan couldn't resist a sight of those freckles when he saw them one day in Los Angeles. The result was that he straightway took Wes under his wing, and by dint of careful coaching made him into the popular young star he has become.

It seems only yesterday that he was playing the part of the freckle-faced kid in Daddy Longlegs, but even then it was obvious that better things than minor roles were only a little way ahead for Wesley. And they were—Penrod, Dinty, Bob Hampton of Places, and Go Get It quickly established his right to stardom.

Being a star before he was thirteen, and having already earned enough money to live on comfortably for the rest of his life, if he wished, has not spoilt this typical American boy. He is still the same thoroughly human bundle of energy and mischief that he was when, as a schoolboy, he had a healthy dislike for clean white collars and cuffs, and infinitely preferred mixing with good clean dirt to keeping his nose inside his schoolbooks! In fact (let us whisper it!) he is still a regular "boy" outside the studio, and positively hates school and Saturday-night baths in the way every right-minded boy should.

Even a boy star can't earn big money without a good deal of real hard work, and although Wesley's days are full of interest, he is kept at it, for Marshall Neilan is determined that his discovery shall do him credit. Wherefore he gets up at seven in the morning, and, unless the studio claims him, spends the time in being taught all the tricks of the regular movie star—riding bucking ponies, branding, rope-throwing, boxing, swimming and fancy diving. Exciting? Yes—but distinctly work when it is done in earnest and every day! In the afternoons he goes riding with his tutor, and in the evenings he reads—just sits and reads. All right, of course, but sometimes a great trial to a healthy human boy!

Wesley has two real troubles. One is that his freckles are real! He considers they don't go well with caroty red hair and eyelashes and sort of bluish-grey eyes! Those who saw him in Rags and Riches and Heroes of the Street will agree that it isn't a trouble anyone need worry about!

His other trouble is that in the eyes of a stern law he is still a minor. As this means in America that he is forbidden to appear on a public stage he is considerably worried by the knowledge that thousands of American fans keep demanding to see him. He tried to meet the difficulty by making a personal tour of the picture theatres, but the authorities said this was a breach of the law and arrested him. In fact they arrested him quite a lot of times, till he began to complain that he was a thoroughly-going jailbird! However, time will settle this trouble for him, for he'll grow out of it! In spite of all it all he has just finished a six months' tour of personal appearances throughout the United States, so probably, as in the case of Prohibition, there are ways and means of doing things which Uncle Sam says you mustn't! Now he is back at work (Wesley says nothing would ever tempt him to venture out of Hollywood again!) making The Printer's Devil in which he has a five-man job all rolled into one. "Freckles" Barry will positively appear as the chief engineer, janitor, reporter, assistant editor and printer's devil of the Briggsville Gazette! Some job!
Remember! Remember!
The Fifth of November!
The Gunpowder Treason and Plot!

ALL the little boys but one were chanting it; all the little boys but one were dancing round the guy or lighting crackers at the great bonfire. Red lights and green lights turned the houses around the big square into mysterious palaces. There was the jolliest, most wonderful cracking and fizzing and spluttering everywhere. One little boy alone was aloof. At a window high in the tallest house, far above the square, he gazed at the scene with wide-open eyes of longing, and when his father came into the room he asked: "Who's your Guy Fawkes, Daddy?" "A naughty man who tried to blow up the King!" was the reply. "Why?" "Because the King was a Protestant and Guy was a Catholic." "You're a Catholic, Daddy," said the little boy then— "why not blow up King George?" "Because nowadays," replied his father, "everyone is allowed to worship in his own way." And what an avalanche of "Why, why, why's" did that call forth! At last the father sat down by the little boy's side and told him the story of Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot.

In a low tavern in a small coast town of Holland, a gentleman of fortune sat making merry. He was a tall, handsome figure of a man, with pointed beard and black moustache; unscrupulous, maybe, easy of occupation, but likeable wirthal. There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he raised his glass aloft and toasted any passing stranger who happened to get in the way of his glance. He laughed at the landlord and laughed at the serving maids and even he laughed at a little white cat that rubbed against his legs and seemed to find in him its only friend.

"Though, to be sure," he said, "I find small reason why I should laugh at you. White pussies mean black luck. Is the future to be uneasy? What comes, I wonder?"

What came immediately seemed to offer little cause for alarm. It was but a woman, lowly and hopeless of countenance, who appeared to be seeking long after her last hope of finding had gone. She came noiselessly across the tavern to the handsome stranger's side and took a seat at the table.

"You are an Englishman?" she asked in a whisper.

"I am an Englishman," he replied.

"I married an Englishman!" she said then, with the trace of a snarl.

"It has been done," said the other carelessly. "But I, Madame, am not your Englishman. Why do you come to me?"

The woman laid upon the table a miniature portrait and a marriage certificate, made out in parchment in the cramped handwriting of some country priest.

"I know no other Englishman to appeal to," she said. "This man is my husband. He married me and deserted me. See, here is the priest's certificate. I would have heard of him. I would know where he is. How can you help me?"

"Heaven knows!" said the Englishman carelessly. "But I can try. Leave these things with me. I may be in England very shortly. If I trace
"Danger," said Fawkes laughed. "does not frighten a soldier of fortune!"

Listen. Salisbury has persuaded the King to pass a new law against the Catholics, and James, like the weak fool he is, has consented. From now, all who give shelter in England to a Catholic priest must pay the penalty of death! The members of our party have met in secret to consider the position, and as James and his Parliament have decreed death against us we have decreed death against James and his Parliament. We are almost resolved upon the plot. We are already resolved upon the man. Will you undertake whatever our party may ask of you?"

"We cannot over-rate the danger," added Tresham. Fawkes laughed.

"Danger," he said, "does not frighten a soldier of fortune. He lives beneath the hand of Fate. Well, I will undertake your task. Why not? Nothing else offers: Life is dull here, with the wars over.

"Then," said Radcliffe, "come to Ordsall Hall one week from to-day?"

Fawkes nodded and the conspirators shook hands and parted.

The moon was shining on Radcliffe's home, Ordsall Hall, the stronghold of the Catholics, when Guy Fawkes came to it a week later. It was shining, too—and smiling, for it seemed to understand—on two lovers, a Protestant man and a Catholic maid. The girl, Viviana, was the daughter of Radcliffe; the man was an exile who had risked his very life to come thus and say farewell to his sweetheart. Guy Fawkes, coming into the garden on his way to the Hall, saw them in their embrace, and heard the girl declare that rather than marry another man she would take the veil. Guy understood perhaps better than the moon; he understood too that she dreaded that messenger, and he hurried the lover away and escorted the girl to her home.

The conspirators were already assembled on Fawkes' arrival. There was Radcliffe and Tresham, Catesby the fortune hunter and a dozen others, with Father Garnett, a Catholic priest whom Radcliffe was sheltering. No words were wasted in formal greetings. The plot had already been hatched. Catesby's fortune, fame, and Catesby it was who had now explained it.

"Beneath the Houses of Parliament is a vault," he said. "I have taken a lease of it and me it we shall store gunpowder. The King and his Parliament will assemble on the evening of the fifth of November. We will set fire to the gunpowder and blow it up. Fawkes is the man who will do this, and Fawkes will take up his abode in the vault twenty-four hours before the appointed time.

The others looked round in the direction of the soldier of fortune, who merely smiled grimly and nodded his head.

The details of the scheme were gone into and made watertight; then one by one the conspirators slipped away as furtively as they had come, leaving Guy alone with his host and his daughter. The hour was late. When Fawkes was shown to his room he stood a moment at the window gazing on the glory of the moonlit scene below.

Then he slipped from his belt the miniature that had been handed to him by the distrest woman in the Dutch tavern, and a sly smile spread over his features as he looked at it. It was a portrait of Catesby!

The days sped by and waiting was dull. Exciting only to one were the events of those times—to the oldest of them all, to Radcliffe, the father of Viviana: The strain of the plotting and waiting proved in the end too much for him and on a day, but a little while before the appointed time for the culmination of the plot he suddenly died, and Viviana was left now without father and lover; almost, it seemed, without friend.

"My father dead and my lover in exile!" she sobbed when the old man was laid to rest in the churchyard. "'Tis better now that I enter the convent..."

Only Catesby and Father Garnett were with her at this moment.

"Your beauty is for warmer embraces than that of the church," said Catesby, suddenly, taking her in his arms. But the girl indignantly repulsed him.

"Dare to molest me again," she cried. "I will acquaint his Majesty with all I know!"

She left them, and when they were alone, the priest turned warmly to Catesby.

"She holds our lives in her hands," he said.

"Then," said Catesby, "marry her to me! The law decrees that a wife cannot testify against her husband!"

He was a little wild. He was not, however, wild enough to think that Viviana was intent on carrying out her decision to enter the convent and that she was to go there by coach. Approaching the position a moment or two before the departure, he whispered, handing gold to the man: "When you pass my manor your horse will cast a shoe..."

And so, as it had been arranged, the horse refused a shoe quite near to the manor of Catesby, and Father Garnett, who was accompanying the girl gave it as his opinion that there was nothing to be done but to put up for the night at the home of friend Catesby. He took her hand and led her to the house.

But they had not been five minutes within its walls before the signification of all these sudden happenings was very plain to Viviana.

"Here shall your honeymoon be spent," said Catesby with a smile; and when in terror she looked for explanations to Father Garnett, the priest nodded.

"You must marry this man to safeguard the Cause."

She protested. She even sprang to the door and attempted an escape. But
Catesby thrust her back, pressed her against the wall and thrust a ring upon her finger while the priest mumbled phrases from the marriage service that scared her soul like hot iron. Struggling free at last she fell back panting against the door and cried that the priest must know that this could be no marriage—this brutal farce.

"Then," laughed Catesby, "you shall be my wife without a wedding."

With a shriek of terror she sped across a room, through a door and by dark ways to a room above. Just in time she stumbled within and closed the door and turned the key...

Below, Father Garnett sighed and shook his head and looked appealingly to heaven and seemed to be quickly reaching the decision that his act had been a mistaken one. He was wishing, now that it was over, that what had been done could be undone. Nearly he was hoping for a miracle.

He went out and down the long road to Ordsall Hall. And no sooner were his feet upon the way than he met with Guy Fawkes, urgently speeding to the Hall with important news for the conspirators. Quickly to him, as relief for his agitated soul, Father Garnett told all.

"And—and he is now married to her!" he faltered. "I married them myself.

"Ha!" cried Fawkes. "But be not too sure. The fellow is already married, and here in my belt is proof of it. Come!"

They sped back to the Manor House. The door was locked but this afforded Fawkes no agitation. The old place was covered with ivy. He gripped the thick branches and began to climb.

Viviana, meanwhile, was on her knees behind the locked door of the upper room, praying that she might be delivered from the hands of Catesby. But even before her lips were still from the prayer, a sliding panel slid back and Catesby was beside her. Laughing at the terrified girl he seized her in a rough clutch, and she had already drawn a slim dagger and was preparing to defend herself when the casement flung back and Fawkes was in the room.

"Ha! ha!" cried Guy, leaping forward with flashing sword. Viviana with a glad cry ran towards him.

"I demand to be told the reason of this intrusion," said Catesby. And for answer Guy held forth the marriage certificate and the miniature that had come with him all the way from Holland.

"A reminder from—your wife!" he said.

"Ah!"

Catesby clutched savagely, and the next moment the miniature and certificate were upon the blazing logs, and Catesby before them sword in hand.

"Get them if you can!" he cried.

"And I can!" Guy laughed in retort.

Savage thrust met savage thrust. The room echoed with the clash of steel upon steel. Slowly but surely Catesby was pressed back, and when at last he was at the other's mercy, Viviana ran forward and rescued the scarcely-charred certificate from the flames. Then Guy lowered his sword.

"I have no wish to kill you," he laughed. "You are too valuable to the cause. Go!"

And Catesby slunk from the chamber.

When Father Garnett was at length admitted Guy Fawkes turned to the girl and said:

"Give me the right to protect you by marrying me."

And Viviana being willing, for the second time that day the old priest read the marriage service to her.

On the eve of the day upon which it was planned to blow up the King and his Ministers the conspirators gathered in the vaults below the Houses of Parliament. There was much wine in celebration, and even a little hushed merriment.

"To our last supper!" said Catesby, lifting a tankard and jesting heavily.

"And may we hope that no Judas is here," said Guy.

Biting his nails nervously and looking askance at Fawkes the while, Tresham rose and seemed to move in the direction of the stairs.

"Where would you go?" Guy asked, looking up.

"This vault is like a tomb and unnerves me," Tresham replied. "I must have air."

When he was gone Fawkes turned to Catesby.

"Do you trust him?" he asked. "I like not a man that bites his nails."

The incident passed, however, and no more was thought about the matter until some five minutes afterwards, when a low but agitated knocking was heard upon the door of the vault. Guy went to the door and opened it an inch, keeping his sword ready. Outside was Viviana.

"You!"

He admitted her, and she staggered in with her hand to her heart. For some moments she had to rest against the table before she could speak.

"You are betrayed!" she whispered at last.

Constitution showed on every man's face. Swords were drawn in readiness. Viviana proceeded.

"Tresham! I have seen him but this moment go to Mountague and the Earl of Salisbury and even the King. He has told all. Relatives of his are in the house and he must fear for their safety. As I ran here I heard the marching of the Yeomen. All is lost!"

Even as she spoke the tread of marching feet was heard. Casks were thrust against the door and the conspirators stood in readiness. The Yeomen of the Guard came down the steps and halted before the door. In the name of the King they demanded admittance.

"Never!" growled Catesby.

But Guy, who had been watching Viviana all this time and wondering how she was to be rescued from this plight was visited suddenly by an idea.

"I can get most of you away," he said. "Do as I comand and hope for the best. Viviana, throw open the door and step behind me. You others, keep your swords ready."

Viviana flung back the door, and sprang to the protecting cloak of Guy. The fight was short and swift. Outnumbered as they were, the conspirators fought as they had never fought before. Guy saw Catesby die gallantly, but he felt no pang at the death of Tresham who had had the temerity to return. On a calm which came in the fighting Guy put his plan into action. Seizing a lighted torch he held it suddenly above an open barrel and laughed loud.

"Let a man of the guard stir," he cried, "and I blow the whole party to eternity!" Then he turned to the others and particularly to Viviana. "Go!" he said.

They stumbled out between the waiting ranks of Yeomen. Guy heard the patter of their feet ascending the stone steps, he heard them gain the street and fly to safety, then with another loud laugh, watching the while the look of swift
fright that settled on the guardsmen’s faces at his action, he stooped and plunged the torch into the barrel.

"Beer!" he cried, as the light of the torch sizzled out.

With a cry of rage the Yeomen gathered round him and distanced him. In another moment they were leading him out, and the struggle was over. The great Gunpowder Plot had failed.

Guy Fawkes, gentleman of fortune, they bore to the Tower of London, and in the cell of Little Ease they shut him. Too small was his cell for him to either stand or lie in, but the jest never left his lips and the smile never left his eyes. The jailers marvelled at a man who could sing and laugh with the torture chamber and the hangman surely now before him.

Upon the day following a message was brought from the King. If he would but disclose the details of the Plot and tell the names of his fellow-conspirators he might yet go free. But he would tell nothing; and in the afternoon he was taken to the Torture Chamber and laid upon the rack. "At least," he said with a smile, glancing back to the doors of the cell of Little Ease—"at least I have now room to stretch my legs!"

The King, Mountague and the Earl of Salisbury were above in an alcove, watching the torture. At the sight of his agony the King turned sick.

"Speak, man! Speak!" he pleaded, coming to the side of the rack.

"Would you speak, sire, if you were me?" Guy asked, with a slow smile, though his eyes were glazed with agony.

And then, to the mounting annoyance of the others, the King suddenly stopped the punishment. "You are brave, and I like brave men," he said.

"What do you crave as reward for your bravery? What boon?"

The reply came in gasps from the man who sat on the edge of the rack.

"I crave free pardon for an exile and his wife," he said.

"It shall be done," said the King.

"A herald shall bring the papers to you before nightfall." And with this the King took his departure, sick at heart and sorry that Fate should have dealt so hardly with so brave a man.

And so the last evening came, and with it Viviana and the returned exile who was her lover.

"Good-bye... wife," said Guy. Viviana could not speak for the choking sobs that shook her frame.

"I have not been much of a husband to you," said Guy. "There wasn't the time! Now I have another appointment with an unpleasant gentleman and I am afraid I can be your husband no longer. But I have a little gift I would like you to accept, before we say farewell. Young man, arise, and accept—your lady's happiness."

He held out the pardon, newly-arrived from the King, with its bright red ribbon and dangling seal, and in amazement the exile took it and read.

"But—" he cried. "You—you have done this for us...!"

"Tut!" said Guy. "It is nothing. I am used to it, it is nothing at all. But I must depart. My carriage awaits and time is pressing. Good-bye."

On the last dawn, the crowd around the scaffold scooped and jostled and made their most of this, their holiday, as Guy Fawkes was brought to the hangman. But it was seen that upon his face as he mounted the grim steps was still a last wan smile.

From a near-by wall a cat looked down disinterestedly upon the strange scene, and Guy even managed a last faint laugh as he remarked its colour.

"A black pussy for luck!" he said.

"Perchance I shall go to heaven after all!"
Star of the Month

Alla Nazimova

Original to the last, Alla Nazimova, who seems to have deserted filmland of late, releases this month the first screenplay in which she appeared. After getting acquainted with all her thousand moods, picturegoers this side can now see Alla as she was when she toured America in "War Brides" with Dick Barthelmess. The title has been changed to Motherhood, and a scene from it heads this page. The other photos reading downward are Nazimova in Salome, (circle), in Camille, the man in plus fours is Rudy Valentino; in The Brat, with Charles Bryant on her right; and as the fisher-girl heroine in Out of the Fog, one of her finest interpretations. Alla the Ageless is sure of a welcome whenever and wherever she deigns to return to the silver sheet.
Above: A side view of the Talmadge - Shenck home, the first Norma and her husband have ever owned. It is built of red brick and tan plaster, and located in Los Angeles.

Right: The staircase. Note the effect of rich warmth given by the many hued stained glass window on the left.

Above: Norma Talmadge with her pet fern.

Below: The porch or sun-parlor, a feature of the typical Californian home. Its colour scheme is green and blue. Bright cretonnes, grass rugs, and heaps of ferns and flowers keep it cool and inviting.
The front of the house, which has a distinctly old-world appearance. Beautiful gardens surround it, and tiny, trimly-cut hedges, whilst carefully careless arrangements of trees and shrubberies screen it from the public gaze.

Norma Talmadge and a book of engravings in a corner of the spacious and well-stocked library.

Above: The drawing room. Its walls are stone-grey, against which curtains of rich dark blue and ruby red velvet furniture produce an unusual effect. The rare old Persian rug covering the floor is worth a fortune. Left: Norma and some of her correspondence.
Directors I Have Met

ELIZABETH LONERGAN.
No. 9.
HERBERT BRENON

Herbert Brenon holds the record for being the first director of American pictures of leading rank, who came from across the seas. I met him very back in 1913 when he put on Neptune's Daughter which starred Annette Kellerman, and was greatly impressed then by his cleverness and sincerity. This picture was the third feature shown in the States on the same status as a big theatrical production. First had come Cabiria, the wonder spectacle from Italy, and then Griffith's Birth of a Nation. Naturally the presentation of the third picture was of utmost importance because it did not deal, as in the case of the two others, with a national theme, but was rather to entertain. It really laid the cornerstone of future big features—now alas!—a bit overdone.

I asked Mr. Brenon to tell me all about himself, his early trials (if he had any) and any other items that might be of interest to his friends in England. How I wish I might tell you about the little bits I saw from his new production at Paramount, but this is strictly taboo. Until the proper time comes, you must possess your souls in patience and content yourselves with the fact that it is a wonderful picture, with a

prise visit. We had a good laugh over those early times."

Mr. Brenon's determination to become an actor made him keep at it in spite of starvation wages. Step by step he rose from little bits to long roles and was managing for Augustin Daly when this well-known manager was at the height of his glory. Later, Herbert Brenon became stock director in a number of American cities and while in this capacity in New Orleans, met Helen Oberg and married her. He remarked whimsically that he is still married to her.

Brenon's first picture for Carl Laemmle (Universal) was Leah the Forsaken; his next was Neptune's Daughter with Annette Kellerman. He took a company over to England for Ivanhoe, one of the first American pictures made abroad. The Daughter of the Gods, and War Brides followed, he was then invited to England to produce a Government film. Bad luck pursued this; first the negative was destroyed by fire, then Peace made its showing unnecessary.

At the close of the War, Herbert Brenon returned to the States and directed Norma Talmadge in The Passion Flower, The Sign on the Door, and several other films. Jesse Lasky then engaged him to direct Polo Negri, and he is still at it. He is distinctly a realist, though he has produced several fantasies. He has many, many friends and admirers, and is the sole Director I Have Met who has a Chinese photographer.

Left to right: Charles A. Stevenson, Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou, Kathryn Williams, Herbert Brenon (with script), Polo Negri, and Antonio Moreno between scenes of "The Spanish Dancer"
"It was my first long visit to New York, since I left the stage," confided Nita, who was dressed all in green, that vivid shade of jade so much in vogue this season, which intensified the glossy blackness of her hair and the almost Oriental slant of her eyes. "He bought me these," she whispered, with a sidelong glance at her husband. "These are a pair of curiously carved ivory and jade earrings. "We went grubbing down East Side. I was born on the Italian district near Washington Square, you know, and we found these there."

"I found 'Sally' still running," she declared, with her slow Mona telephoning from the adjoining room, but he did not join us.

"Then you're not Italian?" I commenced.

"Nope," said Nita, whose accents are of Broadway, frank and undisguised. "My parents came from Italy, but I was born at Little Old New York—what a pretty film that was—and I've never seen Italy in my life. My kid sister is there now, though. I miss her so; she lives here with me these days. My folks are still in New York, they're coming out to see me next spring. But I look a real Dago, don't I?"

She rose to her tall slim, svelte height, and turned herself about before my open admiring eyes. For Nita Naldi is a beauty, make no mistake about it. Her eyes are Chinese in their slant and inscrutability. The oval of the olive-skinned face is contradicted by the high cheek-bones which all but throw it out of focus. There is a suggestion of great strength and fierce intensity about her nose and beautifully curved mouth. Her hair is all-Italian, long and straight and glistening, but her tiny arched feet are French, and the rest of her is modelled in a severely Grecian fashion. She looks anything but American; seems to combine all that is alluring in the women of Andalusia and Tuscany, the Orient and the Occident in one exotic personality. No wonder Hollywood christened her Everywoman's Nightmare!"
It was when I was at the Century Roof Garden show that movies reached out a hand from Long Island, grabbed little Nita and yanked her out of the Midnight Cabaret into the Paramount Studios before she could say 'Cheeko.'

In other words John Robertson wanted an Italian type for the role of the underworld girl in the John Barrymore picture *Jekyll and Hyde,* went to the nearest roof garden to find one, and found Nita Naldi. Her name isn't Naldi, by the way, but Angelina, and her married name is different from both those. She doesn't believe in telling the world, though. Because she photographed well, and moved well, she went from Paramount to Selznick and played in several films as a feminine "heavy," opposite Eugene O'Brien.

"I paid a return visit to Paramount for *Experience,*" resumed Nita, "which was filmed in New York, and then, my name came up before those in command at Paramount's Hollywood Studios as a possible candidate for the role of 'Dona Sol' in *Blood and Sand,* opposite Rudolph Valentino. Several artists had been rejected, you remember, and when I was chosen, I felt kind of mean going out there from another unit and annexing a part..."
every screen vamp in Hollywood. But everyone was very nice to me, particularly the star. You've no idea what a delightful man Rudolph Valentino is to work with. I admire him immensely, and think he's one of the finest screen actors I've ever met.

"Sincere, always ready to assist me in the interpretation of my role and equally ready to expect assistance from me in the interpretation of his. But I needed assistance, let me tell you. I don't mind owning, now it's all over and done with, that some of my scenes were acted by numbers. Yes, Fred Niblo taught me the first principles of screen vampiring a la Sunnay Spain. It was 'At the word one, you will give him a sidelong glance. At two, you will smile, etc., etc.' But when the actual 'take' came, Rudolph put so much fervor into his work that it was impossible for me not to catch fire from his enthusiasm and so everything was all right. I think it is this enthusiasm of his that enables Valentino to get across the way he does. His love-making appears so

She is nearly 6 ft. tall.

firy, because he's so dead earnest and intense about everything he does."

"People have told me I look like Valentino. Can you see a resemblance?"

"I certainly can," I assured her.

So will you if you look at both artistes carefully. Both are raven haired and dark eyed. Both have eyes that slant and glint dangerously, at times. Both are olive-skinned and graceful of movement, and Nita looks every whit as much an Italian as Valentino.

"My 'Dona Sol' got a five years' contract for me," confessed Nita.

"And I have been playing vamp after vamp until I feel like Theda Bara's half-sister. It is because I am an exotic type, I suppose. When I go into a shop to buy clothes or

jewellery they at once trot out their most Oriental-looking gowns and barbaric ornaments. Still, I'm resigned to my fate," shrugging a pair of very shapely shoulders. "Though, personally I don't care for bizarre clothes at all. I like severe, very well-cut gowns and suits, and toques rather than hats." We reverted to the subject of La Naldi's first film.

"Of course John Barrymore is the most-admired man on the screen," she said, "and I was just a wee bit thrilled when he told me the first time I met him that I was to play a short love scene, of a kind, with him, and offered to teach me the technique of screen kissing. He helped me with my make-up, and then, in the most business-like manner imaginable, explained exactly what was to be done on the osculatory side at great length. And that's all there was to it. It was not nearly so emotional in the actuality as it looked when photographed."

Nita has made a good many films. Be-

Laceful Larceny, and You Can't Fool Your Wife, in each and all of which she has been "The Other Woman."

"But I have grown to love my work now," Nita averred. "And I want to play something deeper than a vamp. More on the lines of Pauline Frederick's roles. You know I used to like the stage best. The music—I adore music—the lights, and the applause. No one knows how I missed the applause. Besides, on the stage one always knows where one is after a few weeks of rehearsal. But there—he waved a long slender hand in the direction of Paramount studios, "you do a little bit here and a little bit there. Never in consecutive order, and one scene perhaps five times over. And those 'close-ups.' Why do they always take 'close-ups' about five o'clock in the evening when one's make-up is beginning to show signs of wear and tear? Likewise one's nerves."

We passed through Nita's library on our way out. Its shelves are well filled with a varied assortment of
literature. There are volumes and volumes of plays, some pleasant, some not so pleasant. There is Chesterton, and Gorky, Freud and Bennett. "I know what I ought to read, you see," laughed Nita. "And I do not read it." This isn't true. Talk to Nita about books and plays for five minutes and she will give herself away as a keen student of things dramatic and literary. But she doesn't "bluff" at all. She hates it. She is entirely herself and doesn't imitate anybody.

I asked her what was her full name.

"Nita is an abbreviation, isn't it?" she laughed. "If there's any more to it no one has ever told me," was her reply.

It seems a pity, Juanita, Bouita or some such glowing name would have accorded well with this tropical personality.

Somehow or other our conversation turned upon make-up.

"I have an olive complexion," remarked Nita Naldi, "which doesn't photograph well unless it's made-up all over. So I use cold cream first and then work the grease paint carefully in all over. After that I shower rather heavy powder on the top and smooth it with a tiny brush. That vampish look about my eyes I get by drawing a black line beneath them. Of course I mascara my lashes. Simply hate it. It's such a fiddley job."

"About vamping," I interrupted, "don't you think the eyes are Madame Vamp's strongest allies?"

"No," said Nita, after a few seconds' consideration. "So far as looks only are concerned, I should vote for mouths. I think one's mouth is one's most effective feature. If you're feeling sullen, why, your mouth will show it. If you're extra glad, you just can't keep the smile away. The mouth betrays one's moods, and one's—well, lots of things."

Her Mona Lisa smile

dress entirely for other women. And I think a woman's chief charm is her sense of humour. Plus poise, of course. The woman of poise is always sure of herself. She's never ill at ease, no matter what sort of people she gets amongst. Being always at her case, she's always at her best."

"Oh, yes, one thing I do believe in Earrings. I love them and I positively could not vamp successfully without them. That pair I wore in Glimpses of the Moon are my favourites. They're hammered gold with topazes. But I have sixty pairs in all. It's a racial characteristic, I think. My mother gave me some wonderful antique pairs that have belonged to my father's family for generations."

"To-morrow," she said, as we entered her car en route for the Hollywood Theatre, "I must be at the studio for a conference upon Every-day Love. Next week I shall be dragging some innocent maid down to the lowest depths of seven degradation, I suppose. Then I'm going back to New York again, I hope. To Broadway and the lights and my own home. This is only a house, this one."

The All-American Home Wrecker heaved a resigned little sigh, and flashed a dangerously seductive glance out into the night. A man driving a passing car caught it, and straight-away lost control and dashed into the side walk. But we enjoyed the movie none the less for that!"
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A Film of the Sea

A British filming-party’s adventures amongst cannibals.

The House of Skulls—one of the many interesting scenes filmed on a cannibal island.

Few British films have been produced which contain so many thrills as the new George Clark picture, “Diana of the Islands,” and so grave were the risks which the leading artistes were required to undertake for the production that the producer, Mr. F. Martin Thornton took the precaution of insuring the lives, not only of himself and his camera men, but of Nigel Barrie, Walter Tennyson, and Phyllis Lyton, who play the leading parts in the film.

The adventures of the company were not thrilling until the first exterior scenes were made. These took the form of a cruise on Senator Marconi’s famous yacht, “Eletra,” during which heavy weather was experienced and huge seas swept the deck. Quite a number of the company suffered from sea sickness, but Senator Marconi, who was on board throughout the trip, endeavoured to entertain the artistes with musical selections broadcast from the battleship “Queen Elizabeth.”

A “company” was staged on board the beautiful yacht. Also a murder and love story, in which Senator Marconi was eerily interested in the quelling of the buccaneers. It was suggested by the producer that blank shots would be fired from the revolvers at the “deserted crew,” but the famous inventor thought it would be far more realistic to use live cartridges. So lividly did the shots

On returning from their trip on the “Eletra,” the company left for an uninhabited island where the big scenes of the film were set. A duplicate of the “Eletra” had been built and awaited their arrival. “Eletra II” was a small ship which was wrecked whilst Phyllis Lyton, Nigel Barrie, and Walter Tennyson fought for their lives amongst the wrecked island. Then, having reached the island, they were attacked by the mutinous crew, and again attacked by a tribe of savages who captured and tortured them. For several days Phyllis Lyton was unable to continue her film work, owing to the severe cuts she had received at the hands of the over-enthusiastic savages, who dragged her over the rough scrub and sand of the lagoon shore.

After he had recovered from these experiences, Nigel Barrie had to engage himself in a fight with a shark whilst in the water. Phyllis Lyton, who plays the only feminine role in the film, declares she has never been more terrified than when, as arranged, the howling, shrieking mob of blacks surrounded and attacked them. The scenes were filmed at night, which made the savages look hideous in their war paint and feathers, for those who did not carry spears, swung dangerous clubs over their heads. As they could speak no language other than their own, all protests on Miss Lyton’s part were unavailing. They thought she was merely acting, although her fear was very real.

“Those blacks,” she commented afterwards, “are born actors, and when told through the interpreter to attack, capture and torture us, they did it all only too realistically.”

A domestic quarrel scene, no matter how serious, is dull after that experience.

Some of the natives appearing in the film.
Oh, do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, sweet Alice with hair so brown, Who—" "Trilby, for Mercy's sake, stop making that noise." So, for Mercy's sake, Trilby stopped. "You know I can't sing," she said, half-laughing, half vexed, "yet you boys always make me try." And the "boys," meaning three British students, domiciled pro tem, in the Quartier Latin, Paris, soothed Trilby O'Learrall of the beautiful feet into good humour again. Then the man at the piano, a weird, untidy figure in his greasy velvet jacket, rose to his full height and fixed the beautiful artist's model with a magnetically baleful stare. "Come here, my little one," he insisted. "Open your mouth once again, and let me look at it." "Don't do anything of the kind, Trilby," urged Little Billee, youngest and cleverest of the trio, and because she loved him, the girl obeyed. Yet a few days later when one of her bad headaches drove her half-crazy, she was glad enough to let the musician, Svengali, look into her great eyes and make his mysterious passes around her head, charming away the pain with his long, dirty fingers. The romance of Trilby and Little Billee was

the talk of the Latin Quarter, but the boy's relatives objected to their marriage, and Trilby allowed herself to be persuaded to give Billee up. Svengali then offered her fame and fortune if she would become his wife and she eventually went away secretly with him. What happened later is told in Trilby, the Ass. First National film of Du Maurier's well-beloved romance, released this month. If some of its charm and humour has been lost in transition, there is imaginatively beautiful photography, intelligent direction, and well-nigh perfect characterisation to atone. Trilby herself is just a man's pipe-dream, she is divinely unreal—yet

André Lafayette

"Trilby"

Arthur Edmund Carewe, André Lafayette, and Francis McDonald

I felt extremely young and horribly inexperienced as I asked for the Lee Kids at the door of their commodious dressing room at the London Palladium. For I had been in front watching the "Baby Grands" in their New Director sketch. It was about an inexperienced Director in a Movie Studio, upon whom the two irrepressibles turn their full battery of mischief and high spirits. Katherine and Jane frisked through it with such verve and naturalness that it was hard to believe it was only acting.

"Meet 'Nosey,' my dog," she continued, depositing the protesting one in my lap. I begged them to proceed with their meal, and they fell to with a good grace. Whilst I talked to "Nosey," said Jane, "I'd love to see Katherine again."

"Don't you want to see me?" I inquired. She replied, "Yes, I want to see you."

I looked at Katherine with some surprise, as I had not met her before. She was a young girl, with dark hair and green eyes, and a pleasant smile. Her voice was musical and her manner graceful.

"What are you doing here?" I asked again.

"I have just arrived from America," she replied, "and I am here to attend a meeting of the American Film Society."

"What is your profession?" I inquired.

"I am an actress," she answered, "and I have worked in several films."
"The most delicious chocolates I ever tasted—"

says Norma Whalley, the popular screen actress appearing in the George Clark production, "Conscripts of Misfortune."

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THE FILM GLOBE TROTTER.

I've never been to Old Japan, With lotus blossoms strewn, Or gazed in silent wonderment At Cairo made by night, And never for fairy blast Out in the Gobi North West, Where, on the latter a trail, Men make their golden ones, Broadway has never seen street Repertoire my face, And dear old Paris never showed Me how to go the pace!

And yes, I've been abroad a lot, In fact, all of these places, I've learned the customs of the lands And studied foreign faces. I know the way the people dress, Although I haven't been — You see, I watch them every week Upon the silver screen.

A. F. W. (Tunbridge Wells).

WHICH?

I'm thrilled by Rudolph's burning eyes, I love on Mary's curls I love Tom Meighan's rugged face — And Bennett's bathing girls! Piously Dur's comely uttered look I worship as true.

Sweet Nora Tingleays claims my soul, and I cannot bear it. I only love them all as well I don't want them to do more.

I only love them all, as well, May and never in Garth Hughes. At times, I have a longing for a pal like Will Rogers, And next is Peggie Hyland who my heart will never tire.

Now, you are very wise I've heard — Please tell me if you can What you would do if you were me — A perplexed movie fan?

R. S. (Liverpool).

A RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in "Norman" but not in "Kerry." My second is in "Alice" but not in "Terry." My third is in "Pearl" and also in "White." My fourth is in "James" but not in "Knight." My fifth is in "Justine" but not in "Johnson." My sixth is in "Gloria" but not in "Swanson." My seventh is in "Cameron" and also in "Carr." My eighth is in "Barbara" as well as in "Marr." My ninth is in "Mary" but not in "Odette." And my whole is a star of great fame you can bet.

Answer: Mae Murray.

P. M. L. (Birmingham).

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

One reads of Prince Charming in fairy tale books, But I know a chap who can beat him for looks. An actor of note, an engaging young fellow, He's always my favorite just in "North" "Connie (London)."

THE SINCEREST FORM.

Van Straten, you're an actor! Admire beyond all others, No girl ever charmed captivate Me, as they do my brothers. But day by day, before my glass, Here is my proud confession — I try to imitate you in Each smiley expression This humble tribute let me add. Every smile — quite on the level — That since I've tried to follow you, I'm growing like the Devil! FRED (Blishtown).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[This is your department of PICTURES and PICTUReDEER. As we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film-releases Entries must be made on pages 93 and 95 and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2 6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault," published in the PICTURES and PICTUReDEER. 93 Long Acre, W.C. 2.]

Cause and Effect.

In the film entitled The Adventures of Apache, the villain, a gypsy chief, receives a blow on the back with a heavy headed hammer. Later he is seen rising from the ground holding his head. Why should it affect him there?

C. B. (Arbroath).

Telepathy, Perhaps.

Mary Odette, in The Lion's Mouse goes in pursuit of some stolen pearls, telling nobody where she is going. Later, when she needs help she sends "Justin O'Reilly," the hero, a letter, asking him to come to her at once. Despite the fact that she has put no address on the note, "O'Reilly" goes straight to her. How did he know where to find her?

I. M. G. (Birmingham).

The Old, Old Story, Chapter I.

In Beyond the Rocks, "Hector." (Rudolph Valentino), rescues "Theo" (Gloria Swanson) from the sea, her boat overturns. He brings her to the shore, and both are dripping wet. Hector's hair being streaked all over his eyes. But a moment later, when he turns to speak to "Theo," his clothes are dry and he is looking as spruce as ever, with his hair neatly brushed back.

V. P. (W. Ealing).

The Old, Old Story, Chapter II.

In The Prodigious Son, "Oscar," writes a letter to "Thora," and "Magnus" unwillingly takes it to her. On reaching her cottage he seems very doubtful whether to deliver it or not. Finally he screws it up and puts it in his pocket. But when he enters the cottage he changes his mind and gives it to "Thora." It is then seen to be perfectly clean and smooth again.

M. K. (Folkestone).

What's in a Date?

Lou Charney, the crop estate agent in the film Outward Adams, receives an invitation to tea for the afternoon. The invitation is dated Jan. 3rd, but a calendar just behind him distinctly shows it to be the 26th.

V. B. P. (Harrow).

Yes, We Have No Idea!

At the very beginning of the film Pink God, James Kirkwood is in his underground palace, when a girl is shown into the room. She stands her parasol against the table and they talk together. Later she runs away from him, not stopping to pick up her parasol, but when she reaches the door she has it in her hand. Did it run after her?

C. P. (Acton).
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A Day
with
Gloria
Swanson

by BEATRICE LA PLANTE

I have been called upon to do many things, but writing has never been one of them. So imagine my surprise when I was asked to write an article about Gloria Swanson, with whom I have been constantly associated for the past five years as personal companion.

People who know nothing about motion pictures are under the general belief that the business is "all play," that those fortunate enough to be

in it receive a tremendous salary for turning their toiling shop into a playground. If such folks read this article through (and I sincerely hope they will), they will be convinced that a star's life is not a bed of roses.

Miss Swanson's day begins at seven o'clock in the morning, when her maid awakens her by bringing her breakfast to her room. This meal usually consists of one cup of hot water, fruit of one kind or another, toast and tea.

She also makes up at home, a habit she started only recently because it is more comfortable and convenient. This is a task in itself, if one takes the pains to have a smooth and correct make-up, which Miss Swanson does. About nine we leave the house for the studio, a twenty-minute ride away.

Once at the studio, she must have her hair dressed, a duty that falls to the lot of the famous Hattie, who is the only one who touches Miss Swanson's hair. Then come the dress fittings. She stands to model her new dresses so that Ethel Chaffin, chief costume designer at the studio, can make the many beautiful gowns worn by Gloria.

Perhaps in the midst of gown fitting comes a voice at Miss Swanson's dressing room door: "We're ready on the set."

Once on the set she must be prepared for work. Whether she feels like light comedy or heavy dramatic work, she must do whatever the continuity demands. At an instant's notice she must be able to display the thought and action demanded by the director.

Between scenes there are a great number of things that may require her attention. In my opinion, patience, tolerance, and a marvellous sense of humour are the only possible means of saving many ridiculous situations.

Here are a few of the things she has to face:

An errand boy will bring in a message stating that a young lady wishes to see Miss Swanson or has an important note which she must deliver personally to Gloria.

Another interruption: "When you have a few minutes, Miss Swanson," it is the photographer talking, "will you please come to the gallery for some new fan pictures."

"Oh, Gloria, we're having a little dinner at my house to-morrow night; won't you come?" eagerly asks an intimate girl friend.

"May I let you know later?" smiles Gloria. "I may have to work to-morrow night."

The afternoon is a repetition of the morning events. Then, at five o'clock, the day ends—that is, it ends on the set. Miss Swanson has another hour removing her make-up and the clothes she wears for the picture.

Many times, upon her return to her home, she finds interviewers awaiting her, people who could not get through the somewhat impassable gates of the studio. It is an art in itself to dismiss these people diplomatically and retain them as friends and admirers.

Telephone calls, household duties and many preparations for the morrow occupy much of her time at home.

Bedtime is the one time Gloria must be pampered. "I'm not sleepy," she commences plaintively. "Let's talk a little while."

And so, for half an hour, we talk, until I ask a question. I receive no answer. Thinking she did not understand, I repeat it. Still no answer. Then I realize—Miss Swanson is asleep. It is the end of a day.
It is rumoured that Jackie Coogan may visit London in the near future. His next scheduled production is *A Boy of Flanders*, adapted from Quina's "A Dog of Flanders," which is a story laid in Europe, and the director wants to film it on the spot. Jackie is rejoicing at the prospect of wearing tatters again; he wasn't a bit happy in the royal robes he wore for *Long Live the King*. "The Prince and the Pauper" would be an ideal story for Jackie, he may yet make this Mark Twain classic.

Mildred Harris and Elliott Dexter are co-starring in a new film now being made at Hollywood. Its title is *The Way Men Love*.

Percy Marmont is going to Metro's to star in one film, *The Man Whom Life Passed By*. Percy is specializing in portraying life's unfortunates these days. Jane and Eva Novak have featured roles in the same film. Jane having been borrowed from Chester Bennett for the occasion.

Emo Lincoln is appearing in Mae Murray's new feature *Fashion Row*. It is a typical Mae Murray movie, with Robert Leonard at the megaphone end, as usual.

Paul J. Rainey of African Hunt pictures fame died on September 18th, at the early age of forty-six. Rainey organized and headed countless expeditions to the Dark Continent and was a sportsman, explorer and hunter of world-wide renown. He was on his way to Africa when he died at sea, his death being predicted by a native some months before, who, when bidding Rainey farewell remarked that he would never see Africa again.

It is good news that Micky Neilan will direct Mary Pickford's next picture. This is *Dorothy Vernon of Hadden Hall*, an excellent romantic story, but hardly, in our opinion, the ideal vehicle for petite Mary Pickford, the heroine being a buxom, red-haired lass, fond of wearing boy's clothes and exceedingly self-willed and impulsive.

Lila Lee and James Kirkwood are going to play together in pictures from now on. Lila's contract with Paramount has expired, and the pair will play for Ince in *The Painted Woman*. James Kirkwood was to have starred in *Wild Oranges* for Goldwyn but met with a bad accident the second day he was on location. Frank Mayo was hurriedly substituted because it was thought that Kirkwood would be on his back for many weeks. Wallace Beery and Matt Moore will support the Kirkwoods in *The Painted Woman*.

Allen Holubar has just signed up Blanche Sweet and Malcolm McGregor for his first Metro production, *The Human Mill*. It is a story of Tennessee and the exteriors are to be made on the spot.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick (Colleen Moore) had a very brief honeymoon in Grand Canyon. They were married during the filming of *The Swamp Angel* of which Colleen is the star.

Viola Dana has gone back to her old love, heavy drama, and everybody is agog with interest in her choice of a story. For this has fallen upon Revelation, which was one of Nazimova's first Metro stories. Also, George Baker, who directed the Russian star is also to direct Viola Dana, but the film will most probably be retitled.

Ramon Novarro is filming for Fred Niblo, whilst Rex Ingram is absent in Europe. Barbara La Marr plays opposite him and the story is titled *Thy Name is Woman*.

Ernst Lubitsch is halfway through directing a Viennese story for Metro. It is called *The Marriage Circle*, and the chief parts are filled by Creighton Hale, Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, Marie Prevost, Adolphe Menjou and Harry Myers.

Sylvia Ashton who has "mothered" so many famous stars in Paramount films has retired from studio life to start a tea room in Manhattan. Sylvia used to keep a boarding house at Los in her spare time for she just loves feeding people. Gloria Swanson is much interested in Miss Ashton's little restaurant and suggested its name, "The Golden Rod".

Eille Norwood makes a handsome and impressive "Sherlock Holmes," in the play "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," at the Princes Theatre, London. It is not taken from any special Conan Doyle story, but embodies the salient features of most of them. Eille has a splendid voice, and his clear diction, not to speak of his effective disguises and sometimes caustic repartee, is a feature of the production. Hilda Moore, who plays the villianess is also a well-known movie artist; her "Paula Tanqueray" on the screen is one of her best-known roles.

Just at present there is a good deal of confusion in Hollywood because of the two Carews at First National Studios. Arthur Edmund Carewe, the "Svengali" in *Trilby*, is making *Dust of Desire* with Norma Talmadge for Ass. First National, and Edwin Carewe is one of their directors. He is at work on *The Bad Man*. The two are
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sun-kissed, old-world garden.

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D. W. Griffith has been invited to make an American patriotic film by the Daughters of the American Revolution, a well-known public institution. This is the first time in history that a film has been made by request in this fashion. Its title will be America, which was the one for which six Universities, six day schools, six clubs and six sporting clubs voted.

May McAvoy has signed a contract with Inspiration Pictures, and will play opposite Dick Barthelmess in a screen version of Pinero’s “The Enchanted Cottage” play. John Robertson will direct. Robertson directed Sentimental Tommy in which May McAvoy’s “Grizel” was an outstanding success. Now there is some hope of a delightful artist getting roles to suit her at last, May has been persistently miscast for the past eighteen months.

Dinky Dean’s first star picture, A Prince of a King is all ready for release. Dinky is the appealing youngsters who played with Chaplin in The Pilgrim.

Eric Von Stroheim took his company to Death Valley for some exteriors in Greed (McTeague), and had an adventure that wasn’t in the schedule. He is a keen sportsman, and noting some wild duck on the wing, and being also cognizant of the fact that his party were very short of food, he ordered a few to be shot, assisting himself. The provisions the commissariat had provided had gone bad owing to the intense desert heat. Von Stroheim was promptly arrested by the local game warden, but after he had explained why he shot duck out of season, was released on bail.

Mabel Forrest’s first star film will be The Satin Girl, a crook story, with Norman Kerry playing opposite, and Ben Wilson directing.

Mudge Kennedy is back under the Kliegs again, filming Three Miles Out, an original screen story. Harrison Ford is opposite Mudge.

Everybody who knew her is mourning the death of Anna Townsend, who played “Grandma” with Harold Lloyd in Grandma’s Boy.

Jackie Coogan’s adopted sister, Priscilla Dean Moran, is playing in Daddies at Warner Bros.’ Studios.

Robert Service’s novel, Poisoned Paradise is being screened and little Clara Bow, who achieved sudden fame in Down To The Sea In Ships has the role of the French amin. Gasnier is producing.

Dorothy Phillips will be the leading artist in Fred Niblo’s Thy Name is Woman.

Gloria Swanson and Mabel Normand have just joined Phyllis Haver’s new West Coast Bathing Club. It’s a strictly feminine association, composed of ex-bathing beauties who are now dramatic stars, and Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Marie Prevost, and Mary Thurman were the first to enrol. The girls have their own Clubhouse next door to the Millionaires Beach Clubhouse at Santa Monica, but Phyllis Haver declares that the club’s for women only. They’ve one lady diving and swimming instructor, and are looking for another. “They’re a bit hard on the next door neighbours,” comments the president of the adjacent club, “But we’re going to try and make them change their minds.”

Another literary classic is to be screened very soon. This is Gulliver’s Travels, which King Victor will direct for Goldwyn. This, apart from its satirical side should make a universally popular movie, and it certainly holds possibilities for some novel scenic effects.

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NOVEMBER 1923

Jack Holt in "While Satan Sleeps."

A Friendly Husband (Fox; Nov. 26).
Lupino Lane's first long picture. Slapstick comedy concerning a camping holiday. Good entertainment.

An Old Sweetheart of Mine (Jury; Nov. 19).
Based on the famous James Whitcomb Riley poem. Good, sentimental romance of a love that knew no ending, beautifully acted by Elliott Dexter, Pat Moore, Mary Jane Irving, Helen Jerome Eddy, Turner Savage, Lloyd Whitlock and Jean Cameron.

A Rogue In Love (Globe; Nov. 26).
A British screen version of Tom Gallon's novel about a man who reformed for the love of a lady. All star cast includes Ann Trevor, Betty Farquhar, Kate Gurney, Gregory Scott, Fred Rains, Frank Stannome and Lawford Davidon. Good entertainment.

Bluebeard Junior (Walkers; Nov. 22).
Mary Anderson in an amusing comedy in which a man acquires three wives in one day. Jack Connolly, George Fernandez, Laura Amsen, and Lila Leslie support the star.

Borderland (Paramount; Nov. 5).
Domestic drama, strongly flavoured with spiritualism, with Agnes Ayres in a triple role, supported by Milton Sills, Fred Huntley, Bertam Grassby, Cassi Carigton, Ruby Latayette, Sylvia Ashton, Frankie Lee, Mary Jane Irving, Dale Fuller, Walter Wills, and "Pal." Good entertainment.

Butterfly Love (Feature; Nov. 19).
Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greer, Jack Drumbar, Charles Sutton and Richard Neal in a rather weak story of a young fellow's unique inheritance.

The Broken Spur (U.S.A.; Nov. 8).

Chaplin Re-issues (F.B.O.; Nov. 26).
The Essanay-Chaplin comedies revived. Charlie's Night Out, November 5; Champion Charlie, November 12; Charlie In the Park, November 19; and Charlie's Elopement, November 26. Edna Purviance appears in these.

Catherine the Great (Walturdw; Nov. 26).
A German spectacular historical production, concerning the loves and court intrigues of the famous Queen. Good acting and direction at times, but somewhat heavy entertainment.

Cheated Hearts (F.B.O.; Nov. 26).
Herbert Rawlison, Warner Baxter, and Marjorie Daw, in a well-acted anti-drink story about a girl who loved one man, but promised to marry his brother. Pleasant screen-fare.

Cordelia the Magnificent (Jury; Nov. 15).
Money, marriage, blackmail, and an extremely intricate story about a social spy. Clara Kimball Young stars, supported by Huntley Gordon, Carol Holloway, Lloyd Whitlock, Lewis Dayton, Mary Jane Irving and Jacqueline Gadsdon. A good mystery drama.

Daddy (First National; Nov. 19).
Jackie Coogan in a soh story concerning an infant prodigy, who loses and then finds his father. In the cast are Arthur Carewe, Josie Sedgewick, Bert Woodruff, Anna Townsend, William Lewis, George Kuwa and "Mildred." Good entertainment.

Daring Danger (Walkers; Nov. 15).
A Western story old as the proverbial hills, with Pete Morrison performing amazing feats of horsemanship and intrepidity. Excellent detail work, open air settings, and acting by the star, Esther Rawlison, William Ryno, Lewis Melkan, and Robert Fleming.

The Dictator (Paramount; Nov. 22).
A gentleman who had plenty of bananas, a revolution, and plenty of thrills just fail, somehow, to make a

Environment (Pathé; Nov. 19).
A melodramatic crook story, concerning a cabaret girl, who is splendidly portrayed by Alice Lake. Milton Sills, Ben Hewlett, Gertrude Claire, Itchli Headrick, and Ralph Lewis also appear. Irving Cummings directed. Excellent of its kind.

The First Degree (European; Nov. 26).
Frank Mayo in an excellent character part in a small-town melodrama with a novel twist, and a fine climax. Sylvia Breamer opposite, also Philo McCullough, George A. Williams and Harry Carter. Good entertainment.

Fury (Ass. First National; Nov. 12).
Colourful sea-drama, with good characterisation, Limehouse settings, and acting by Dick Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, Tyrone Power; Pat Hartigan, Barry Macollum, Emily Fitzroy, Jessie May Arnold, Patterson Dial, and Lucia Backus Seger.

Gems of Literature (Walturnov; Nov. 5-26).
A series of British two-reelers based upon popular literature. The Taming of the Shrew, with Lauderdale Maidlund and Diana, November 5; Curfew Must Not Ring to-night, starring Joan Morgan, November 12; Fustuff, the Tavern Knight, with Roy Byford and Margaret Yarde, November 19; and The Dream of Eugene Aram, with Russell Thorndike and Oifie Sloan, November 26. Good entertainment.

The Ghost Patrol (European; Nov. 5).
Ralph Graves and Bessie Love in a sentimental tenement story, written by Sinclair Lewis, George Nichols, George B. Williams, Max Davidson, Wade Boteler and Melbourne Mac Dowell support. Sentimental entertainment.

The Girl From Porcupine (Pearl; Nov. 5).
A typical James Oliver Curwood romance of the North West, with beautiful natural settings, and a good cast, which includes Fair Binnie, William (Buster) Collier Jnr., Jack Drumier, James Milady, Adolf Millar, Tom Blake, Marcia Harris, and "Lassie." An average movie.

The Guttersnipe (F. B. O.; Nov. 12).
Glady Walton in a satire upon the romantic magazine stories so much in vogue. Good natural fun, very well played by the star, Kate Price, Jack Perrin, Carmen Phillips, Hugh Saxon, Walter Pfeiffer, Sydney Franklin, and Lorraine Weller.

The Good-For-Nothing (Feature; Nov. 5).
A humorous domestic story with charming rural settings and popular Carlyle Blackwell, supported by Evelyn Greely, Kate Lester, Charles Dunan, William Sherwood, Muriel Ostreich, Pinna Nesbit, and Katherine Johnson. Fair entertainment.

(Continued on page 58).
"Three is your size, but—"

A petite foot smartly shod attracts a large share of the admiration bestowed upon the well-dressed woman. Unfortunately, nine out of ten women, in order to accommodate corns and bunions, are obliged to select shoes of a more roomy size and a less elegant shape than they otherwise would.

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Guys Fawkes (Stoll; Nov. 3).


Her Fatal Millions (Jury; Nov. 9).

Plenty of laughs in this somewhat far-touched comedy of a jeweller’s assistant who masquerades as a man. Viola Dana stars, and Allan Forrest, Huntley Gordon, Edward Connelly, Kate Price, Peggy Brown and Joy Winthrop support.

Her Mad Bargain (P. B. O.; Nov. 10).


Heroes and Husband (As First National; Nov. 22).

In which a lady novelist successfully handles her own love affairs. Attractively produced and acted by Katherine MacDonald, Nigel Barrie, Charles Clary, Charles Gerard, Mona Kingsley and Ethel Kay. Light comedy-drama.

Heroes of the Street (P. R. O.; Nov. 12).

For kids of all ages. It has a dog, fights, policemen and Wes Barry, supported by Jack Mulhall, Marie Prevost, Peach Jackson, Phloe McCallum, Aggie Heron and Will Walling.

His Brother’s Wife (stag.; Jun.; Nov. 12).

Barbara La Marr and Gaston Glass in a well-made triangle drama smoothly produced and well acted by all concerned. Others in the cast are: Frank Reed, John Sampols, David Barker, Doris Pawn, Ethel Shannon and Marita Mattson.

His Mysterious Mission (Fotograph; Nov. 25).

A healthy tale of adventure, love, and intrigue in South America, starring Earle Williams, supported by Gertrude Astor, George Field, Claire Du Bois, Owen Watson Jr., James Conway, Louis Dumar and Leonard Trainer. Good entertainment.

The Hotel Mouse (Jury; Nov. 1).

Adapted from the cartoon stage-play. The characters are not very prepossessing, but the cast is a good one, and includes Lillian Hall Davis, Josephine Earle, Morgan Wallace, and Campbell Gullan. Fair entertainment.

The House of Mystery (U. K.; Nov. 1).

Another "Tex" detective story, in which a gang of crooks utilize the craze for spiritualism to aid their nefarious pursuits. Glenn White is the star, and John Costello, Ethel Russell, Harold Yosburgh, Zadie Burbank, Cecil Kern, David Wall and Florence St. Leonard also appear. Good entertainment.

The Impersonators (lea.; Nov. 12).

Four tones in a dashing romantic Western story in which the star’s personality and clever horsemanship are the chief attractions. René Adorée, Harold Miller, Charles K. French, Philo McGilvray and Sidney Pollock support. Stereotyped, but good of its class.

The Knock-Out (repor.; Nov. 12).

A British sporting coster yarn, with good humorous scenes, two fights, a horse race and Rex Daves, Lillian Hall Davis, Josephine Earle, Tom Raymonds, Guy Ballard, Ilka Royce, J. U. Frazier. Good popular fare.

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Ladies Must Live
(Paramount; Nov. 8) George Loane Tucker's last production, containing four stories, subplots galore, and all-star cast comprising Betty Compson, Mahlon Hamilton, Leatrice Joy, Gibson Gowland, Jack Gilbert, Snitz Edwards, Marcia Manon, Jack McDonald, Lucille Hutton, Arnold Gregg and Lule Warrenton. Fair entertainment.

The Leopards (Realart-Gaumont; Nov. 5) Melodrama with effective South Pacific settings, well staged and acted by Alice Brady, Montagu Love, Charles Kent, George Buanger, Marguerite Forrest and Glorrie Eller. For unsophisticated fans only.

The Little Clown (Realart-Gaumont; Nov. 20) A charming circus comedy-drama, starring Mary Miles Minter, supported by Jack Mulhall, Winter Hall, Helen Dunbar, Cameron Coffey, Neely Edwards, Lucien Littlefield and Zelma Maja.

Lost And Found (Goldwyn; Nov. 3) Exquisite South Sea island settings and a colourful and vivid melodrama, capably played by Pauline Starke, Tony Moreno, house Peters, Mary Jane Irving, Rosemary Theby, George Siegmund, William V. Mong, Carl Harbaugh and David Wing. Excellent entertainment.

Love, Intrigue, Passion (Shadows, Inc.; Nov. 12) Lacey Torrance in an expensive German production, which it is impossible to take seriously. Some beautiful sets and exteriors, but the plot is of the problem persuasion and is allowed to run absolutely wild.

Madam X (Goldwyn, Nov. 12) A re-issue of the Pauline Frederick drama adapted from the stage play of the same name. Casson Ferguson opposite the star, Pauline Frederick's finest film. Don't miss it.

The Madonna in Chains (Kindom; Nov. 5) High power romantic melodrama about an artist and two famous dancers.

The Power of a Lie (European; Nov. 19).

An everyday story superbly produced and acted by Maudie George, Mabel Julienne Scott, Earl Metcalfe, David Torrence, Ruby Lafayette, June Elvidge, Phillips Smalley, Stanton Heek and Winston Miller. This is adapted from Johann Bojer’s novel of the same name. Don’t miss it.

Remembrance (Goldwyn; Nov. 20).

Claude Gillingwater in an excellent sob story about an unappreciated father. Patsy Ruth Miller, Cullen Landis and Kate Lester support.

The Rocket Signal (Walsh; Nov. 19).

Rod La Rocque, Virginia Hammond, Albert Hart, Nora Cecil and Irving Brooks in a crook story with a novel ending. Fair entertainment.

Safety Last (W. & F.; Nov. 12).

This month’s comedy high-spot and Harold Lloyd’s best film to date. Excellent stunts, thrills and humour. Mildred Davis, Bill Strother, Noah Young and W. B. Clarke support. We heartily recommend this.

Saved by Wireless (Phillips; Nov 5).

A sensational mystery drama of the sea with a big climax and a hero who knocks his enemies down like ninepins. George Larkin and a radio set star, with Jacqueline Logan, Minna Ferry Redman, Harry Northrup, William Gould, Wilson Hummell, Arthur Arbaekle, Monte Collens, Gene Mackay, Frank Whiston and Red Rose in support. Not for the critical.

The Scandal (Granger; Nov. 19).


Shirley of the Circus (Col.; Nov. 13).

Shirley Mason’s most spectacular production, quite improbable, but containing much pleasing detail and circus work and a thrill climax. Also Alan Hale, Crawford Kent, George O’Hara, Ed Brophy, Maude Wayne. Seasonable fare.

Soul of the Beast (Jury; Nov. 26).

Another one for kids of all ages. Madge Bellamy and Ossie, the elephant, share stellar honours in this circus story which has beautiful settings and photography and Cullen Landis, Noah Beery, Vola Vale, Harry Rattenbury, Carrie Clarke Ward, Lincoln Stedman, Bert Sprotte, and Vernon Dent.

Star Dust (Moss Empires; Nov. 1).

A satisfying stage story by Fannie Hurst, convincingly told and well acted by Hope Hampton, Edna Ross, Vivia Ogden, Gladys Wilson, James Remarque, Thomas Maguire, Mary Foy, Charles Musset, Ashby Buek, Noel Tarrle, George Humbert and Charles Wellesley.

Sure Fire (F. B. O.; Nov. 5).

Complicated Western drama with Hoot Gibson as a man with a perfect genius for getting mixed up with his own and other people’s troubles. Molly Malone, Breezy Eason Jr., Harry Carter, Frizzi Brunetti, Murdoch McQuarrie, George Fisher, Charles Newton, Jack Woods, Jack Walters, Joe Harris and Steve Clements.

Success (Jury; Nov. 5).

A fascinating behind-the-scenes drama of American theatrical life, with a cast including Naomi Childers, Dore Davidson, Mary Astor, Brandon Tyan, Lionel Adams, Robert Lee Keeling, Billy Quirk, Gay Pendleton, and John Woodford. Excellent entertainment.

Till We Meet Again (W. & T.; Nov. 26).

Mae Marsh in an appealing role in a crook and society melodrama. Supporting are Norma Kerry, Martha Mansfield, Julia Swayne Gordon, Walter Miller, J. Barney Sherry, Tammany Young, Dick Lee, Danny Hayes and Fred Kalgren.

To Have and To Hold (Paramount; Nov. 12).


(Continued on page 62.)

Pictures and Picturegoer

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What Love Forbids (Walkers; Nov. 5). This movie takes some forgiving. Played by Johnny Hines, Barbara Castleton, John Bowers, Bobby Connolly, Muriel Ostrique, Florence Coventry, Joe Smiley, and Hazel Coates. It is a not too pleasant story of love of all kinds. Obvious, but excellently produced.

When Husbands Deceive (W. & E.; Nov. 20). Leah Baird wrote the scenario as well as acting the leading role in this, which is screened popular fiction of the best (or worst) type. Well produced and acted by the star, Jack Mower, Eulalie Jensen, William Conklin, Katherine Lewis, John Cossar and "Teddy." Good domestic melodrama.

While Satan Sleeps (Paramount; Nov. 19). Peter B. Kyne won't recognise his story, this is simply stuff laid on with a shovel. Jack Holt is excellent, so are Wade Boteler, Fritzi Brunette, Michel Van Huron, Will R. Walling, J. P. Lockney, Fred Huntley, Betty Francisco, Sylvia Ashton, Bobby Mack and Herbert Standing. Keep away if you're critical.

Whom the Gods Would Destroy (Reevers; Nov. 5). A war story which took eighteen months to produce. Pauline Starke stars, with Jack Mulhall, Kathryn Adams, Walt Whitman, Henry Clarke and Charles French in support. A belated release.

The Woman's Side (Ass. First National; Nov. 23). Katherine MacDonald in a long drawn-out drama of American political life. Beautifully produced and efficiently played by the star, Edward Burns, Dwight Crissenden, Orrie DeCarlo and Wade Boteler.

The World's Applause (Paramount; Nov. 26). Roba Daniels and Lewis Stone in a stage and society story, lavishly produced and well acted. Cast also includes Kathryn Williams, Adolph Menjou, Brandon Hurst, Mayme Kelso, James Neil and George Kuwa. Good entertainment.

The Woman Conquers (Ass. First National; Nov. 5). Artificial plot, but good Alaskan scenes and a real blizzard. Katherine MacDonald stars, supported by Mitchell Lewis, Bryant Washburn, June Elvidge, Clarissa Selwyn, Boris Karloff and Frances MacDonald. Good entertainment.


The Yosemite Trail (Fox; Nov. 5). Dustin Farnum in a picturesque if familiar story about two men and a girl. Irene Rich opposite, also Walter McGrail, W. J. Ferguson and Frank Capraun. An average Westerner.

Ziska (Gaumont; Nov. 19). An Italian picturisation of Marie Corelli's reincarnation story very well done with Ilena Leonidoff in the chief role. Good spectacular romance.
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Diane (Guildford).—Your letter about Rudolph was one of many, all proclaiming the same thing. It doesn't surprise me. Letter forwarded. Send stamps, Diane. I'm not a millionaire.

A. C. R. (Thornton Heath).—What! You've only just discovered Picturegoer? My dear child, where have you been? (1) Raymond Hatton's about 40. (2) Height, 5ft. 7ins. (3) Peck's Bad Boy and Salavage are two recent pictures of his. His next release is The Virginian. (4) Married to Frances Hatton.

E. B. R. (Thornton).—You're duly forgiven. Questions really don't worry me. It's a case of familiarity breeding contempt. (1) Will Rogers is married and has three kiddies—two boys and a girl. The baby of the family died two years ago. (2) Jimmy Rogers is one of Will's small sons. He's a very gifted youngster and plays in pictures with Dad. (3) Will Rogers has it in for the old making-two-reels-for-Pathe's. (4) Shirley Mason and Raymond McKeel played in Loretine. Casts take up a lot of room, so in future there ain't going to be any printed in these columns unless the film's a new one. Send a stamped addressed envelope and I'll send your one by post.

Roy (Harborne).—No, I didn't get the letter you lost on the way to the post. I regret it strongly. I was born August 12th, 1884. (2) Uncertain that she'll miss England now. (3) Read all about her in an interview in February, 1922, PICTUREGOER.

Spike (Cheshire).—You do like to keep me busy, don't you? (1) Milton Sills born 1882. (2) You'll find all you want to know about Wallace Reid in Picturegoer for February, 1921, and June and October, 1922. (3) James Kirkwood supported Dorothy Davenport in Human Wreckage.


Maureen (Corstitphrine).—Thinks it must be simply topping to be an answers man. Try it for a week and see what you'd say about it then, Maureen,—if you still retained your power of speech. (1) Send your letter to Valentine here, and I'll see he gets it. (2) You might ask Rudolph for a photo of Mrs. Valentino. (3) Beyond the Rocks, released July 7th, 1923. (4) Two cousins of Dorothy and Lilian Gish were extra girls in Orphans of the Storm.

BOBBIE SCOTLAND (Glasgow).—Yes, I'm a very easy-going young chap. Hence the title at the head of these pages, which is on everybody's lips at PICTUREGOER offices. (1) David Powell doesn't give his age. (2) Born at Glasgow, of Welsh parents. (3) Recent films of his are Spanish Jade, Outcast and Glimpses of the Moon.

R. H. (Kirkwood).—Letter forwarded on arrival. If Tom Mix intends to visit Africa, he hasn't told me about it. I'll let you know if he does. N. L. S. (Lichfield).—You mustn't burn the midnight oil for me, Nora. But perhaps you don't need any beauty sleep? (1) James Kirkwood's 6ft. in height, rather slender, with deep blue eyes. (2) He's married to Lila Lee. (3) His first films were made with Mary Pickford and Marion Leonard. Others are: Marriage of the Underworld, The Struggle Everlasting, Eve's Daughter, The Luck of the Irish, The Scoffer, Under Two Flags, The Sin Flood, Pink Gods, Human Wreckage.

Suzanne (Paris).—Always very glad to hear from all my readers, picture writers, after the English and South Sea Islanders. (1) All about The Queen of Sheba in April, 1922, Picturegoer. (2) Fritz Lieber lives in New York and at present he's playing in a stage play there. (3) One of his biggest successes on the screen, apart from The Queen of Sheba, was his "King Louis XI. of France" in If I Were King. (3) I'm going to persuade the Editor to send you a nice picture of Fritz in the Christmas number, so look out for it.

G. D. (Ealing).—Wants me to verify. It's the wrong time of year for a poet, J. D.; as all but a Scotchan with me will agree, But take this small fragment, I can't say you nay, And I hope you feel pleased now you've got your own way.

Maise (Cheshire).—You win Maise. Fifty-fifty, please! (1) "Sir Marcus Ordeyne" in The Morals of Marcus, and "Julian Rolfe" in The Law and the Woman were both played by William T. Carleton. (2) Some of Corinne Griffith's newest films are: Received Payment, Island Wives, Divorce Coupons, Six Days and The Common Law.

D. C. (Ireland).—Send to "Pictures" Salon for a postcard list. I'm sure you'll like the new postcards of Rudolph. So you're thinking of transferring your young affections to Clive Brook? What are the Wild Waves Saying? This. "We are wild because despite hairdresser's attentions we can't do Marcel credit because your scalp is in a hair way and your hair is full of dandruff. It makes any "wild" waves if you invest half-a-crown in a bottle of "Silkodone," the Magic Hair Remedy. It is a tonic and a dressing in one, and makes the hair beautifully thick and wavy.

TWO LITTLE IMPS (Continued from page 46).

child star to be featured crying and laughing together in a big close-up. She then rapidly sketched her own and her sister's careers as follows. "I was born in Scotland," she said, "and I've crossed the Atlantic twice. Jane and I are broad, but we live in New York, on Broadway. In the same place as when we left pictures four years ago. Jane's first movie was A Daughter of the Gods, mine Neptune's Daughter. Both were Annette Kellerman films. Then we were starred together in lots of Fox comedies, besides playing in other pictures, Theda Bara's amongst them. Let me see, there were Trouble Makers, Two Little Imps, Dixie Mauds, and Hickiville Terrors. Our last was "Swat That Spy."

We discussed Hollywood versus London, and various theatres the children have visited. I think they've seen more of London during their brief stay than was dreamed of in the olden days. "We liked the Old Curiosity Shop," said Jane. Then, after another penetrating glance at me. "Kather-teen. Who does she look like?" Then Mamma Lee came in. Mrs. Irene Lee, once a noted classical dancer, is a young, slight, fair haired woman, dressed ever so simply in black. Watching her it was easy to see where came Jane's winning smile and Jane's "pep" and sense of fun. She had to be assured that her babies had entertained me nicely. "Like all things feminine," she smiled, "my girkies go by contraries, for they really are obedient, well-behaved kiddies in real life, nothing like their stage or screen selves."

They are dead serious in their work too. I was allowed to stay and listen to them rehearse a new ukulele number, on my promise to be very quiet and good and not interrupt, and listened with great enjoyment to their clear young voices. This over, they danced about the room in great glee and we had chocolates all round. At last I rose to go. "Jane, who DOES she look like?" whispered Katherine desperately. Again two pairs of eyes scrutinised my reddening countenance. (Mother was safely out of the room). "I know," shouted Jane triumphantly. "She looks like—", naming a certain cinema star, to whom, for her sins I have twice before been told that I bear a great resemblance. "Yes," said Jane, with great satisfaction. "You really are like Miss Dash Blank. "Um-m-m," she mused, lifting up her piquant face for a kiss. "Miss Dash Blank's getting awful stout and oldish looking these days."

Which three-blessed remark restored at last my banished years and dignity, and proved conclusively that, talented and precocious beyond their brief span of days though they may be, Jane and Katherine Lee really are, as the caption on their latest photograph aptly assures us, "Just Kids, that's all."

J.L.
WITHIN the December issue of The Picturegoer you will find many more pages than usual, some of them in colours. It is to be the best issue we have ever published, and will be packed with seasonable articles and stories. A special feature is a Complete Guide to Beauty, specially compiled by a number of leading art editors; there are also interviews with Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, Gladys Cooper, George Arliss, and others; the story of Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood; Dancing Time, by Flora Le Breton, and a beautiful two-colour frontispiece of Rudolph Valentino as "Julio," in The Four Horsemen. This last in response to many requests. The charming coloured Christmas cover has been specially posed for you by Ivy Duke.

MABEL Forrest (Mrs. Bryant Washburn), sends us a thought upon the six essentials of a good movie. "These are," says Mabel, "(1). Action. (2). Directness. The old adage 'how to the line' is a good one to follow, and counterplots only distract. (3). Naturalness. Whilst every effort should be made towards originality, naturalness should never be sacrificed to gain that end. (4). Beauty. Too much contrast is a mistake, and the repulsiveness should never be allowed to submerge the beautiful. (5). A definite object. What is the theme? At what is the author driving? He must have a clear motive and aim for it by the most direct route. (6). Clearly defined characters. Inconsistent people exist in real life, we know, but they do not count very much. Leading figures in a drama must stand out with cameo clearness." Excellent. What do you think?

In the January issue one or two old features will be discarded and many new ones inaugurated. Some of these are suggestions sent in by yourselves. Let's All Be Editors! Amongst them were the following, and I should like to know which of these find most favour in the eyes of everybody. You can have until the end of this month to make your choice and advise me which suggestions to adopt and which to discard. It will be a lesson to you in the arduous task of editing a movie magazine, and if you know of any better suggestions, why, go to it, and send them along. Here are those waiting your approval:

A critical article upon the best films of the month, pointing out high lights in acting, lighting, direction, etc. Publishing the full casts (with the film names as well as your Choice, those of the actors) of the month's releases in a separate column to Picturegoer's Guide. A full analysis of a movie star each month by an expert phrenologist and character reader; Their Planets and Yours, a monthly article about the famous moviemakers and their guiding stars. Astrology is a fascinating science, and many firmly believe that the planets influence the character of those born beneath their rule. A series of articles by famous stars upon Health and Beauty. These are five ideas which appeal to us. What do you think?

SPEAKING upon Art and the Kinema recently, George Pearson, the famous Welsh-Pearson director, defined Art as "A suggestion through Great material means of great thoughts. Feelings which are formless."

"That much abused word 'Art,'" he declared, "is popularly supposed to refer to some rarefied form of pleasure to be enjoyed only by cultured minds. But Art is something far greater. By Art alone is the imagination nurtured, the soul fired, and the whole of life invigorated. It is in a resemblance between the feeling conceived by the Artist and the feeling produced by his work that the poetry of Art lies. And the moving picture is a thing of moods. Not of words, of eye play, built up emotion by emotion, not action by action; it means tremendously more than the mechanical moving about of figures. The capture of emotion is greater than the Euclidian logicality of story so much beloved of 'Continuity' writers." I wish I could quote the whole of the speech made by this British genius. I think we ought to feel very proud that Pearson is a Britisher. What do you think?

HERE'S a Cheshire correspondent's views upon the same subject "Phyllis (Yorkshire), is right!" We do want more pictures of high artistic quality," writes Art and the Kinema Thinker (Cheshire). "Films too often have a commonplace theme which is far from interesting, for, as Phyllis says, it is no use paying to see the things we witness in our everyday lives. There are plenty of wonderful stories in history, which would make splendid films, if done by a competent producer. What we want in films is artistic quality. The word Art is largely associated with Beauty (and who does not like beautiful pictures?). More attention should be paid by film producers to pictorial composition. But in some pictures we do see an attempt made at composition, as in Griffith's Orphans of the Storm, Nazimova's, Mae Murray's, and Swedish films. The film could and should be one of the highest and most ennobling of arts."
Rich Crêpe de Chine Lingerie

PRINCESS PETTICOAT in good quality Japanese silk, an exact copy of a Paris model, long-waisted bodice, daintily trimmed with cream lace and hemstitching. In white only.

Price 45/9

In pure silk crepe de chine. In ivory, coral, black, yellow, mauve, and cyclamen, 49/6.

Lace Boudoir Cap, trimmed satin ribbon, 21/6.

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In rich quality silk georgette. In pink, black, yellow, coral, ivory, lemon, jade, ochre, and champagne, 59/6.

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You always help a blind person across the road, don't you? Well, here is a splendid opportunity to help the Blind, and, may be, to benefit yourself beyond your wildest dreams. Give yourself a Xmas Present of one or more 2/6 tickets in the great competition—give them also to your friends. All the Handsome cash prizes must be won and you—or your friends—stand as good a chance of winning as anyone else. Act to-day!

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By entering this simple competition you may win Five Thousand Pounds for five sixpences, and there are other prizes of £2,000, £1,000, £500—91 prizes in all. Prize-winners will be notified by post and their names published in the Press. Tickets may be obtained from any branch of the National Institute for the Blind, from Army and Navy Stores, Haymarket Stores, Harrold's Stores, A. W. Gamage Ltd., Keith Prowse & Co., Civil Service Supply Association, etc., or by posting the coupon below to the Hon. Treasurers, Blind Ballot, Palace Chambers, Bridge St., Westminster, London, S.W.1.

£10,000 IN PRIZES-

Take as many Tickets as you can afford, and in doing this for the Blind you may win a fortune for yourself. It may bring you wealth beyond your wildest hopes.

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Please write distinctly and in ink.
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Read what Miss Du Pont, the famous film star, says about La-rola. What it does for her it will do for you. If you would be beautiful and admired, always use

BEETHAMS
La-rola
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As well as beautifying the complexion it preserves it against all inclemencies of weather and helps to retain its youthful elasticity and freshness.

From all Chemists and Stores in Bottles 1/6.

Pale Complexions
may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-.

Miss Du Pont, the Universal film star, who is here seen "making up," says:
"After my face has been covered with make-up for hours, I find LA-ROLA a friend indeed. It cleanses the pigments from the pores, tones up my skin and makes my complexion look its best. LA-ROLA is wonderfully refreshing and your Rose Bloom is exquisite."

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An intriguing story of modern life

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A Great, stirring romance of the open road in the days of the Regent

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With the guidance of The Shaw Institute a person of average intelligence can make a lucrative income right from the commencement with only a few pounds capital to start.

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It makes no difference in what locality you live. You can make a very lucrative income right from the commencement with only a mail outlay. Your stock-in-trade need not cost more than a mail supply of goods—kept in a spare room—if you like, a few printed letters, and a pound or two in the bank.

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Please send me FREE and Post Free your booklet, "By Post to Prosperity," and other literature on Mail Order trading.

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Indispensable to every Lady

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By using the Daphne Mirror-holder you will be able to complete your toilet much quicker and more to your satisfaction.

The Daphne is made to hold your own hand mirror in any desired position, thus leaving both hands free for the arrangement of the hair and at the same time enabling you to inspect the back of your head in the mirror.

The Daphne holds any ordinary hand mirror, but should a large-sized mirror be used, the appliance can be easily altered to suit any size and shape.

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JOHNSON'S
RED WHITE & BLUE
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England's great home of Dancing has just celebrated its record of four years unbroken success. Since October, 1919, over two million dancers have enjoyed its "Twice Daily" sessions, and the Palais de Danse has frequently assisted in charitable causes.

Above is seen an impression of the Hammersmith Dancing Rendezvous, while in the second picture is seen Miss Flora Le Breton, the well-known British film star, at the last Ball in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. On Nov. 27th there is a Masked Carnival Ball in aid of the same cause.

Xmas time especially is Dancing Time at the Palais de Danse: there is a Boxing Day Carnival, and on New Year's Eve (Afternoon) a Children's Ball in aid of the Six Point Group, and (Evening) a Grand Ball to welcome the Dancing Year of 1924. Watch the daily press for details.

Fifty Professional Dancers always in attendance.

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There's nothing like Oatine for skin and complexion—nothing half so good! So says everyone who has tried it. It's quite different from ordinary Face Creams. It cleanses the pores, softens the skin and, used regularly, makes the complexion clear and radiant despite exposure to wind, rain and extremes of temperature.

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1. Place your fingers, dipped in OATINE beneath your chin, drawing up on each side of the face to the temple. Use the same upward movement at the sides of the mouth to below the eye.

2. For the same movement at the sides of the mouth to below the eye.

3. For the same movement at the sides of the mouth to below the eye.

4. For the same movement at the sides of the mouth to below the eye.

5. For the same movement at the sides of the mouth to below the eye.

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7. For the same movement at the sides of the mouth to below the eye.

8. For the same movement at the sides of the mouth to below the eye.

9. For the same movement at the sides of the mouth to below the eye.

10. For the same movement at the sides of the mouth to below the eye.

There are many more hints in the "Book of Beauty," a copy of which you will receive FREE to all applicants.

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I enclose 4d. to cover postage and packing.
A Xmas Greeting from Betty Balfour

Dear Picturegoers,

Just a little note to wish you all a very happy Xmas and a very happy and prosperous New Year.

I wish I could greet you all in person, but work on our pictures prevents my doing that. And when you see me in the new Welsh Pearson films "Squibs" and "Squibs Honeycomb" I want you to understand that my thoughts are with you. And I send you all my greetings to each and everyone of you.

Good luck to you all for 1924.

Yours affectionately,

Betty Balfour

BETTY BALFOUR

is appearing exclusively in Welsh Pearson Productions exclusively controlled by The Gaumont Film Co. Ltd.
LOOK at her expression. Delight isn’t the word for it! She has just looked at the clock and found that she has finished her week’s washing in record time. She is going up to dress and off to the pictures in the afternoon. IN THE AFTERNOON, MIND YOU, ON WASHING DAY!

She has never seen such spotless and stainless linen in the whole of her experience. She had been told about the famous Preservene Soap from Australia over and over again by her friends but until she tested it for herself:

SHE DIDN’T BELIEVE IT.

She knows it now, and is telling all her friends about it.

SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

Write your Name and Address, Town and County, plainly on a half sheet of note paper addressed to Dept. 275a.

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How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Instead of taking harsh or drastic internal medicines that upset the stomach, you simply inhale the pleasant harmless smoke of Dr. Blosser's Medicated Cigarettes.

These Cigarettes are made from wholesome medicinal herbs and berries, and when smoked produce an antiseptic healing, germ-destroying vapour that reaches every nook and corner of the respiratory tract. They contain NO TOBACCO, NO CUBERS, ARE NON-HABIT FORMING, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

HOW SMOKE PENETRATES

We all know the penetrating nature of smoke. As an illustration—the smoke from a leaky stove, smoke-pipe, or chimney will make its way into every nook and corner of a room, into the wardrobes, and it will even saturate the clothing. Your nose will detect it quickly and your eyes will feel it. Exactly in the same way the smoke of Dr. BLOSSER'S REMEDY, when drawn into the mouth and exhaled through the nose, will penetrate to the most remote and hidden tubes and cavities, nooks and recesses of the head. In order to get rid of Catarrh you will immediately recognise it is only necessary to secure the proper smoking remedy, use it regularly for a sufficient length of time, and success is assured.

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAMS

The same letter refers to the same part in each of the pictures.

A. Sphenoidal Sinus. A slender passage-way allows catarrh to enter here, causing a deep-seated headache. The smoke-vapour of Dr. Blosser's Remedy enters by the same passage through which the disease entered.

B, C, D. Upper, Middle, and Lower Meatus. Catarrh locates itself in these passages, giving rise to a catarrhal discharge and often causing an enlargement of the turbinates which surround corresponding meataes. Dr. Blosser's Remedy is applied directly to these parts.

E. Frontal Sinuses. Catarrh makes its way into this Sinus through a narrow tube, the infundibulum, causing neuralgic pains in the forehead. The smoke-vapour of Dr. Blosser's Remedy gets at the disease through the same passage that it entered.

F. Middle Ear. Catarrh enters through the Eustachian tubes, giving rise to deafness and deafness. The smoke-vapour of Dr. Blosser's Remedy enters by the same tubes and arrests the disease.

G. External opening of the Eustachian tubes.

H. The Nose.

I. The Throat, where catarrh causes sore throat, sneezing, etc.

J, K. The Larynx and Bronchial Tubes, where catarrh causes bronchial troubles.

HOW TO KNOW WHEN YOU HAVE CATARRH

Some of the following symptoms are generally manifested: headache, bleeding at the nose, offensive breath, huskiness of the voice; inflamed or watery eyes; impaired sense of smell or taste—either or both; scabs expelled from the nostrils, difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed; frequent spitting of white, yellowish, or greenish mucus; dropping of forehead; blowing the nose; dropping of phlegm into the throat, inducing hawking and spitting.

In Catarrh of the throat there is hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. In catarhial deafness there is failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring, popping, etc.

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(Spelling name with a pencil very very plainly.)
The one thing which has always made the British productions of the Gaumont Company, Ltd., distinctive, is the consistently good acting by capable players who entirely fit the characters they are asked to portray.

The two new Gaumont productions which are due for exhibition soon after Christmas, Bonnie Prince Charlie and Claude Duval, are no exceptions to the rule. In the former, a stirring romance of the '45 Rebellion and the handsome Young Pretender's unfortunate adventures in Scotland, the leading players, Gladys Cooper, who appears as Flora Macdonald, and Ivor Novello who appears as “Bonnie Prince Charlie” (they say in Scotland no better player could have been found for the part), are very well supported by a strong cast, which includes Hugh Miller as a very efficient villain and such other well-known players as Sydney Seaward, Benson Klee, A. B. Imeson, Lewis Gilbert, Bromley Davenport, Adeline Hayden-Coffin, Mollita Davies, Arthur Wontner, Nancy Price, Bunty Foss, Robert Laing, Ernest Douglas, Arthur Maclaglen, Lawrence Goodman, Ray Raymond, Charles Levey and Harry Newbould.

Of course Gladys Cooper and Ivor Novello are as usual entirely charming and their personalities contribute not a little to the success of Captain Calvert's picture.

Hugh Miller also appears as the leading villain, in Claude Duval, which is being produced by Mr. George Cooper. A. B. Imeson is his fellow conspirator. The gallant dashing Duval is played by Nigel Barrie, and Fay Compton is also featured in a fine acting part. Betty Faire is the heroine. Dorinea Shirley appears as a lady about town.
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In the crisp, clear air of Winter with its snow-reflected light, woollen sweaters, mufflers, caps and gloves must look their best—otherwise they will never stand comparison with the snow-clad country side.

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If you prefer a medium-sized Cigarette, ask for "Turf Derbys" (20 for 1/3), or larger still, "Turf Big" (20 for 1/5)
FILMS FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON

Amongst these are two splendid dramas from the Thomas H. Ince studios. Ince is one of the pioneers of the picture world, and has profited by his years of experience to make two capital productions for release by First National Pictures Ltd.

The first of these, What a Wife Learned, is a timely story of a girl who was forced to choose between her home, and her career; who went seeking more than marriage could give, only to learn that matrimony demands give and take, and that all the success in the world cannot give true happiness, unless added to the joys of home. In a thrilling big scene, a huge dam is burst by the flooding waters of the Colorado river, and three frail humans—the wife, the husband, and the other man—are swept into a raging torrent comparable with the flood of their own emotions.

Handsome Milton Sills, mainly John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte play the leading roles in What a Wife Learned.

The other Ince production which First National are releasing is entitled Scars of Jealousy. It has for its stars, Oval: John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte

The Escape from the Forest Fire "Scars of Jealousy"

that famous old character actor, Frank Keenan. Lloyd Hughes, whilst Miss de la Motte again plays the leading feminine role.

A gorgeous and elaborate prologue showing the courts of Old France, in the days of Louis XIV, precedes the story proper, which deals with the effect of environment on a youth of a wild mountain tribe, who is brought into contact with civilization's polish. The spirit of his noble ancestors quickly comes to the front, and reaches its climax in one of the most realistic forest fire scenes ever staged. The escape of a murderer from pursuing bloodhounds—a wild ride on a log down the timber chutes, in order to escape the blazing forest giants, which crackle and crash in a veritable inferno in the balsam ground, and many similar incidents make Scars of Jealousy a feature that is well worth while to see.
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JENNY HASSELQVIST
Made her name as a screen star in German Studios, notably under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. She appears in Swedish films now, you've probably seen her in "The Rapture of Life," and "Love's Crucible."
OWEN NAires

Is bearing up manfully under the double strain of being dubbed "England's handsomest actor," and "the man with the ideal face for a screen lover."

Owen is in "Miriam Rozella," at the moment.
ELEANOR BOARDMAN

Made a big success as the heroine of "Souls for Sale," which was, in many respects, a filmed chapter of her own experiences in Hollywood. Eleanor has starred since in "Three Wise Fools."
FRANK MAYO

A star who is working overtime these days. When James Kirkwood had one of his frequent accidents in "Wild Oranges," the cry arose "Send for Frank Mayo," which was accordingly done.
RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Whose New Year's Resolution is to make his next picture in England. Rudolph will be here early in January, and has made up his mind to play in only worth-while stories for the future.
Our December Movie Calendar

Author Movie Calendar receives notice to pack after this month. Heavy frosts expected.

1. First exhibitor to announce that films inside are like posters outside, 1931. Same files petition.
2. Suicide of gentleman at Richmond after living for six weeks next door to postal-course kinemaniac who is at five-finger exercise stage of "noises off."
3. Editor contemplates using photo "Tom Mix in his den" for fourth time.
4. Tom Mix gives away secret of forthcoming visit to Europe. Coming to personally protest against same.
5. Somebody asks Bernard Shaw why he didn't call it "Back to Los Angeles."
6. America raises cry of "Back to 2-reelers."
7. England wants to know what is meant by "Back."
8. Christmas present rush begins. Plot counter at Marks and Spencers besieged by producers.
9. Lon Chaney's face continues to be June masquerading as December.
10. American production of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" released, with Sessue Hayakawa in role of "Alderman Fitzwarren."
11. Educational frosts released as topicalis.
13. First person to get into continuous performance not in middle of picture, 1999.
15. Ghost of C. Columbus confesses to ghost of D. Whittington that he wishes he'd heard Bow Bells.
16. Christmas weather sets in. Enterprise exhibitor in Oxford St. hangs out card: "It is Cooler Inside."
17. Labour Exchange enrolls five thousand dusters of Foolhead and John Bunny films for Boxing Day programmes.
18. Enterprising grocers present home kinemas with half-pounds of tea.
20. Xmas Eve Eve.
21. Xmas Eve. All Fools' Day in home of Author Movie Calendar. Lettuce should be transplanted six inches apart, and MSS. typewritten on one side of paper only.
22. Well, can you expect anyone to work to-day?
23. Or to-day?
24. No, you can't.
25. Educational Mis-masterpieces present "The History of Barley" as a cereal.
26. Author Movie Calendar begins to pack.
27. Still packing.
28. World's greatest producers ditto.
29. Owing to drop in price of presents to-day is Christmas Eve in Scotland. Author Movie Calendar takes permanent holiday.
Christmas in Movieland

Above: The night before Christmas. Claire Windsor, Eleanor Boardman, Helen Ferguson and Patsy Ruth Miller prepare for Santa's visit.

Left: Helene Chadwick has a busy time packing Christmas presents.

Pauline Garon, although a screen star is not yet too old for dolls. Below: Lila Lee is very proud of her Christmas tree.
A five-reeler is a dwarf disguised as

giant—Re-issues are what some directors devote

their lives to, without appearing to know it.—If beauty

hides in the depth of a pool, should the man who made Ben

Turpin's cork belt have a medal?—Stockholm is the centre of gravity.

—Movies have gone a long way since the old AB days; but maybe some time

they'll come back, if they hear we're still waiting.—We should think juvenile

leads'll have the deuce of a job trying to square St. Peter.—Considering the average

film plot as the Cinderella of the arts, we should certainly say that the clock has struck
twelve.—It's a good thing Chaplins aren't produced with an ultra-rapid.—When the colour

system is perfect, 'spose we'll be getting purple, yellow and green Union Jacks from I'il old

U.S.A.—We take it that the large sums paid to celebrated authors for the film-rights of their

works are a polite way of settling it out of court.—You can tell an American by the monocle

he wears when he's an Englishman.—Speaking for ourself, we'd like D.W.'s storms better if

his tea-cups were larger.—We don't see how you can fairly throw stones at the pianiste

until the movies too have got past the five-finger exercise.—Sub-titles are literature

without Prohibition.—Italian acting is like the minute after somebody's shouted

"Fire!"—We hope to live long enough to attend the baptism of the grandfather of

the man who can find an excuse for the Movie Serial.—English Movies have the

appearance of seven Sundays in a week. The screen needs a sense of epigram.
Kinema Kisses

by W. A. WILLIAMSON

When the Editor asked me to write an article on Kinema Kisses, I wondered greatly. When I read in the Author's Year Book that all articles in the PICTURGOER must be written by experts, I wondered some more. What I know about the kinema would fill a big book, but what I don't know about kissing would make the British Museum catalogue look like a sixpenny pamphlet.

An erudite friend tells me that kissing, most probably, was practised before the advent of the kinema—but not so well. In the years B.M., kissing was in its infancy. To-day it is grown up and going stronger than Johnnie Walker. I have always maintained that the kinema is the greatest educational factor in modern life.

Once, when I was very young and kinemas were picture palaces, I made an attempt to classify screen kisses into four divisions. There were the English Chaste Saluters, the American Bunny Huggers, the French Neck Biters and the Italian Ear Biters. That was easy. But to-day, when I gaze upon the silver sheet my heart is filled with longing, and my breast is filled with dread, and I wish I had to write about blue butterflies instead. We have with us to-day fifteen hundred and thirty-seven varieties of kinema kisses. Count them up yourself. What with Vamps, Cowboys, Sheiks, Cave-men, Ingenues, Mothers, and other movie inventions, it is almost impossible to classify the screen kissers of to-day.

Take Carlyle Blackwell, for example. I've learned about kissing from 'im. For Carlyle cherry lips have lost their lure. He stoops to osculate. He is a chiropodist amongst kissers. Poets say: "I kiss your feet" and Carlyle has a literal mind. Witness his work with Lady Diana in The Virgin Queen and with Phyllis Titmus in The Beloved Pagabond.

Thurston Hall, on the other hand, or rather on the other foot, is an impatient neck-biter. Put Thurston Hall on a set with a fair heroine and the worst is always to come. I've learned a lot about kissing from 'im.

Rudolph Valentino is a poor kisser according to the best authorities. He is very earnest in his screen love-making, but somehow he never inspires me with a burning desire to go and do likewise. When he encountered a Spanish Hand-biter in Blood and Sand, I felt that it served him right. But the ladies vote for Rudolph every time, and I suppose they're entitled to some say in the matter.

Foremost amongst the Italian Ear-biters I rate Amiloto Novelli, but the Italian hero is more kissed against than kissing. You've got to hand it to the ladies in Italian films. The men take a line of passive resistance. I don't blame them.

Mac Busch told me that before the advent of The Christian she had never been kissed on the screen. Now that Mac has fallen for Glory and from grace, Violet Hopson holds the never been-kissed record for the silver sheet. Once Stewart Rome, in Her Son, kissed...
Josephine Adair and Frankie Lee in "Children of the Dust."

Violet on the hair, but that doesn't count.

Sessue Hayakawa is the worst screen kisser because he never gets beyond a look of deathless devotion. At least he has not done so up to the time of going to press. But now that he is movie-making in England we may anticipate interesting developments if our climate goes to his head.

The longest screen kiss on record was delivered in *Six Days,* which does not mean that it took six days to deliver. Only twenty-four hours. After a sub-title "The next day" we were accorded a glimpse of the hero and heroine practising the precepts of good Doctor Watts. A second sub-title intervened, saying, "And on the third day..." After which we saw the hero and heroine still qualifying for the long-distance championship of the world.

Mention of *Six Days* reminds me that the Elinor Glyn Gulp appears in this picture, as in other filmisations of Elinor's novels. Experienced Glyn Gulpers osculate thus: The gentleman kisses the lady's upper lip and the lady kisses the gentleman's lower lip. It sounds easy, but try it. I remember once—but that is another story.

Mae Murray, the Girl with the Bee Stung Lip, always turns the other cheek when saluted by a screen lover. Obviously a case of once bitten, twice shy.

Screen villains as a class are impertinent neck and ear-biters. Sometimes when they wish to appear especially gay and devilish they will kiss a lady's shoulder. But only a very hardened villain dares to do this. Shoulder-kissing is the red badge of villainy on the screen.

Ruby Miller, a British screen star, who has won additional fame in America, has some very interesting things to say about cinema kisses. Ruby says:

"I never let an actor kiss me on the screen until I have succeeded in thoroughly interesting him and engaging his personality. When the scene comes along I want him to be crazy to kiss me.

"There are many kinds of kisses. The young girl kiss is very shy, very nervous. The flapper's kiss is very calm and sophisticated. There's the mother's kiss—very ethereal, very beautiful, very sweet. There is the wild love kiss—merely the passion of the moment. It is very fierce and burns out quickly."

Harry Myers and Charlotte Merriam practise the old-fashioned Stolen Kiss in *The Brass Bottle,* whilst the Kiss of Oblivion is registered by Ben Lyon and Hope Sutherland in *Potash and Perlmutter.* The Kiss Under Difficulties is seen in *A Man of Action,* the demonstrators being Douglas MacLean and Marguerite de la Motte. Jackie Coogan's first kiss given before the camera by a girl of his own age was delivered by Peaches Jackson in *Circus Days.* An Adolescent Age Kiss is exchanged by Josephine Adair and Frankie Lee in *Children of the Dust.*

In other pictures we see the Mother Kiss, the Father Kiss, the Sister Kiss, the Brother Kiss, the Eastern Kiss, the Western Kiss, the Kiss of Renunciation, the Comedy Kiss and the Cubist Kiss.

To detail the other screen kisses would fill to overflowing the space at my disposal. There's the Chaste Kiss, the Waste Kiss, the Please-Do-Not-Kiss-Me-In-Haste Kiss; the Sour Kiss, the Dorm Kiss, the Soft-as-the-Bloom-on-a-Flower Kiss. The Nice Kiss, the Ice Kiss, the Three-Times-is-Better-than-Twice Kiss. There's the Rare Kiss, the Hair Kiss, the Girl-that-I-Met-on-the-Stair Kiss. There's the Barred Kiss, the Hard Kiss, the Over-the-Wall-in-the-Yard Kiss. There's the Park Kiss, the Dark Kiss, the Lip-Salve-that-leaves-a-Red-Mark Kiss. There's the Weak Kiss, the Sheik Kiss, the Flapper-of-Forty-Antique Kiss. There's the He Kiss, the She Kiss, the Rindy-has-nothing-on-Me Kiss. There's the Cool Kiss, the Fool Kiss, the Under-the-Mistletoe-Yule Kiss. There's the Dance Kiss, the Chance Kiss, the Wonderful-Night-of-Romance Kiss. There's the Fop Kiss, the Pop Kiss, the Sharing-the-same-Acid-Drop Kiss. There's the—

But, as I said in the beginning, I know very little about this fascinating subject.
like his long-defunct prototype, the film “Claude Duval” is putting in plenty of night work. A romance woven around the exploits of the famous dare-devil highwayman is occupying the minds of the Gaumont studio officials exclusively, for the moment. Nigel Barrie, who plays “Claude,” declares that he has never had such a good time in all his previous film experience. Nigel loves stunts, and, as most of his U.S.A. films were society stories, he had not many opportunities for indulging in his favourite occupation. The Lights o’ London gave him a few thrills, but of course the rôle of the dashing Duval of Hounslow Heath affords new angles of which Nigel is not slow to take advantage. Out the open, a couple of weeks back, on many frosty nights, work was done on a poultry farm at Egham, Surrey. This farmhouse, known as Black Lake Farm, was transformed, pro tem, into the Inn, from the balcony of which “Claude” takes a flyer on to his horse’s back in approved W. S. Hart style. The real Claude Duval anticipated Bill Hart by a century or so. The owner of the farm, the Hon. Gerald Montague, owned that his picturesque home is really a comparatively modern building. It is the fine old Elizabethan timber and the construction of it which give the illusion of antiquity so necessary for the backgrounds of a good costume film.

Hugh Miller, who plays the “heavy” seems doomed to be a villain for the rest of his movie life. Fay Compton is the heroine (“Lady Frances Stewart”) of Claude Duval, and Betty Farr, A. R. Jameson, Tom Coventry, James Lindsay and Dorinea Shirley have supporting rôles. Nigel Barrie is looking forward to his film execution with keen interest. Nobody begrudges him his simple pleasures and nobody has so far offered to deputise for their scenes.
Rex Ingram, the brilliant young Irishman who produced "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Rex must be a terribly difficult name to live up to. In three years' intensive interviewing our correspondent confesses to having met only two who answer all expectations. Rex Ingram is one of them, and he carries his credentials on his countenance.

A n interviewer's life is not a happy one. For some cinema celebrities are difficult of access, though some are easy. Some are difficult and diffident when it comes to extracting information. Some are haughty, some shy, and some (only a very few though), are disappointing. But this is not a treatise on interviewing. Lest you should think the contrary let me hasten to finish my paragraph. In America the pen-pushing sisterhood of celluloid celebrity-hunters have christened the Rex Ingram's "The Interviewer's Reward." And right here I would like to endorse their verdict.

Rex and his wife are really charming young folk; she much prettier than her pictures, he far-and-away too good-looking for a mere (?) director. And both are prize specimen members of the Not-a-bit-what-you-might-expect Brigade.

I waylaid Rex in the Lounge of the Savoy whilst a hidden orchestra played "Samson and Delilah" (prophetic selection!), and all Cosmopolis met and greeted and parted around us. I saw him first, as he crossed the large salon with long strides and I must own I liked what I saw. Rex Ingram is tall and slender, with the slight, very slight in this case, stoop of the student. Black of hair, and pale of complexion, with a straight bar of black eyebrows above deep-set dark-brown eyes. A face that is undeniably handsome, good features and all that. The face of a satirist, quizzical, intense. The face of a visionary, steadfast to obstinacy, yet with a whimsical smile coming and going and relieving an expression that might otherwise be labelled "stern."

When Ingram smiles you know he's an Irishman; they don't make that par tic u lar brand anywhere but in Erin. "She'll be down in a minute," he said, answering my unspoken query.

We sat down on a big red plush settee in a corner of the crowded lounge, and in two minutes were on the footing of old friends. Rex pulled out his pipe—he and it are inseparables—and began to talk. Not just a giving-off of platitudinous commonplace upon this, that, and the other irrelevant subjects, but talk, real talk. About films, and people, and the things that matter in the world of the cinema. About London firstly. "It thirteen years since I've seen it," he commenced. He must have been very young when he left, he's only thirty now, and he doesn't look all of that. "No, I don't find it altered much. Of course there are a few changes. New streets for old, and buildings where there used to be just houses. But the by-ways, the out-of-the-way corners and places I love, why, they're just the same. I hoped they would be. I guess I missed London a little over there. For there's nothing like it in all America. We're new out there. Splendid and wonderful, of course, but for romance and atmosphere give me the Old World all the time."

Rex Ingram speaks good American, albeit without a trace of accent. But when he talks to his father (I'm coming to him presently), he drops quite naturally into the Irish brogue. He has a way of looking at you, hard, with these penetrating eyes of his under their thick bushy brows, and you just can't look away even if you want to. Which you don't. A magnetic personality, altogether. He arrived in London on a Saturday night and made a bee line for the Tivoli, where his film Where the Pavement Ends was showing. He saw it through and then went and stood in the lobby while the audience dispersed, watching their faces and listening to their comments. Which answers once and for all the query "Are great film-directors human?"

"I tried to slip away on the quiet," he confided. "I looked our passages over under an assumed name. We meant to stay in London a couple of days on our way to Ireland to see my folks. But it got out somehow. I don't know," with a humorous twinkle in long-lashed dark eyes.

"I am casting my next films partly this side, I didn't tell anybody that either. Not that I remember. But I've been snowed under with applications these last two days."

That is not surprising. If I thought I could act . . .

However, I asked him what he meant to do next.

"The Arab," he replied, and looked a little surprised when I told him Paramount had filmed it many years ago with Edgar Selwyn in his original rôle. You may remember it; the poster of the man in the striped burqa is my most vivid recollection of that film.

"My version will be more lavish," continued Rex. "For I am going to the desert to film it. Ramon Novarro will play the hero. A part that will suit him down to the ground. You remember Ramon in Zenda? A dare-devil, first and last. So he will be in The Arab only more so. It is the story of the son of a powerful chief who lost all his wealth and became a guide. This boy was known as the greatest rogue in the East, and his exploits (I mean to show them) are both humorous and daring. Well, he was betrothed when a child to a little girl, who was carried away in a raid and brought up as an Occidental. Later these two come together, he acting as guide to her party, and he falls in love with her and recognises her as his own betrothed. Then come many complications, including a rising against the Whites, during which the erstwhile rogue, who has twice or thrice become a Christian for
reasons of his own, proves that his last conversion was a true one by risking his life time and again to rescue some little children. For which he doesn't get any credit because everyone remembers his past misdeeds and judges him accordingly. The film is going to have what I consider a really romantic ending. The girl goes back to civilization, but before she goes she asks the boy, 'What will you do?' and he answers, 'I shall stay here and wait. For you.' And she promises to come back."

Ingram has a vivid way of describing things. I wish I could give you his exact words, which made one see everything he was talking about. I asked him who would be the girl. "Alice Terry," he replied. "Here she is. And this is my father."

He presented first a tall and lovely vision in a black frock with bands of soft Alice blue and a velvet chapeau, and then a cheery looking Irishman in clerical garb. Yes, you've guessed it. Rex is a clergyman's son, and Doctor Hitchcock (Ingram is an assumed name), has a parish of his own in the Auld Country.

I believe Rex Ingram keeps his wife in a band box. Do you know the old expression: "She looks as though she'd just come out of a band-box?" Apply it to Alice Terry and you'll be right first time. Regina looks like a French girl; she has that indescribable chic and finish that is the hall-mark of the Parisienne. She talks good American, too, accent and all, and she has a very pretty voice, and a friendly, easy, manner, just like her handsome husband's. To look at, she's far more alive than her celluloid self. For though she has all the crystalline fairness you've doubtless admired in The Four Horsemen and other screenplays, she has lovely vivid colouring. Deep blue eyes, fringed with very dark curly lashes and shaded by well marked dark brows, and curling, bright chestnut-brown hair. And, though slim, she doesn't look so ethereal as she does on the screen, nor so ready to melt into tears upon the slightest provocation. She has a bright, animated manner, and her sensitive, heart-shaped face is alive with expression. And her opening remark was: "I am simply starved." (It was then a quarter past three). "If I don't get breakfast or something right away I shall start right in and eat you, Rex." That was that.

So we went to lunch. Curious glances followed us, and rested upon our table.

"Sometimes it doesn't stop at glances," said Rex Ingram. "Sometimes utter strangers come over and speak to my wife when I'm not with her."

He looked quite annoyed.

"I don't know them from Adam," murmured Alice, ruefully. "I
don't like hurting folk's feelings and I don't know how to
get away from them.
Food monopolised the conversation for the next few
minutes. In case you'd like to know with what the great
ones of the (movie) earth keep body and soul together,
mark that Rex ordered soup, then eggs and bacon. Irish
bacon fried very crisply, and then coffee. As for me I
had just lunched, so joined them in the last course
only.
They were really communicative over the
cigarettes. Rex doesn't cigarette, he pipes.
Same old pipe. You'll see it in his hand or in
his mouth always. Alice Blue Gown
whispered to Rex that she rather wanted
an onyx cigarette case. And Rex replied
that he supposed that meant another
ten years' hard labour. At which
they both laughed. They're very
happy, these two. They don't try
to disguise the fact that they're
awfully fond of each other. You can
see it almost without looking.
And now for the biographical de-
tails without which no self-respecting
interview can pass muster. Rex was
born in Dublin in 1892, and went to
college there. Also on his own con-
fession stole coins out of his father's
missionary box when he was a kid. "I
was on the stage for a bit," he con-
fessed rather unwillingly. "Only
second-rate at it, though."
Then he went to Yale; he has a per-
fected right to that cap and gown in which
he was persuaded to be photographed.
He said he first became interested in
movies through an old Vitagraph
diagram The Tale of Two Cities. The
one with Maurice Costello and Flo
Turner and William Humphreys in.
Then he saw other films directed by
Humphreys, and so he and a few
friends decided to go into the movies.
And did so. Rex denied having done
any acting, and I didn't like to tell him
what I knew of his past. But I
don't mind telling you. Back in old
Vitagraph days he played with Earle
Williams and Lillian Walker when
these two stars were at their brightest.
Also opposite Clara Kimball Young.
You may remember him as a country
boy with Helen Gardner as a country
girl. You may not, I think Rex
would like it to be NOT. Anyway he
graduated into directorship at Uni-
versal some seven years back and there
met Alice Terry who was-little more
than a child playing in a Bessie Barri-
scale film Not My Sister.
"I think I got a crush on her when I
saw her," he smiled, in his boyish, Irish
way that is so very appealing. "And
I soon had her playing a small part
for me. Then we lost touch with one
another for quite a while. You
see I was too poor to say any-
thing. Afterwards I went to
Metro's, and there we met again.
For Alice, though she'd worked
a several movies, was too shy
and retiring to push herself
right to the fore, and had taken
a scene from Rex Ingram's "Trifling Women," showing Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro.

a job in the cutting room pro tem.

"I've been a cutter too, in my time," he mused. "And it isn't all honey either. But she said she'd like to work in my picture and I gave her a part. That movie wasn't made, though."

"Because of the War," put in Mrs. Rex. "He had enlisted in the Canadian Air Service and they decided he shouldn't commence his film since he was waiting to be called up to go to Europe. But he never went. He had a fearful accident." She shivered a little at the recollection.

"It broke a few ribs, tore up one side of me and injured my spine a bit. Otherwise I wasn't hurt a nite," said Rex, a trifle grimly, I thought. He was in hospital some time and then he came out it was as one of the arts. "Tripped to earn my keep as a sculptor," philosophized Ingram. "Alice was my stand-by those days. She was also my unpaid model. I did two heads of her and somehow struggled on till Metro had an opening for me and gave me Hearts are Trumps to produce."

"I came and asked to be his secretary," Alice interrupted. "But he said I was just the type he wanted for his leading lady. I didn't want to do it. You see I hadn't been a wonderful success as a screen artist. Directors found me difficult. I was so shy that I couldn't let myself go."

"I've always found her wonderful to direct," Rex was very decided about it. "Responsive. Malleable as wax and quick in sensing exactly what I want. We were just pals, at first. But I knew better when I went my first trip to New York." That was after both had come, been seen, and conquered in The Four Horsemen.

It appears that he proposed by phone and she said "Yes." But, like the Sweetie in the song, Alice Terry said "Didn't say when. She didn't say where." Eventually they were married in November, when Turn To The Right was finished. On a Saturday,

"Sunday we went to the movie show," this from Rex with a grin. "Monday we went back to work on Zenda."

Thus did this famous pair spend their honeymoon!

Alice's favourite part is Eugenie Grandet in The Conquering Power.

"He doesn't let me do anything," she complained, her look belying her words. "I only change my clothes and play up to the hero. Scaramouche lets me have a temper at least."

She says that his films are too long.

"She helps me cut them, though," he averred. "And as I believe in building up characters gradually, perhaps she has grounds for saying that."

We talked film for a bit. Rex thinks characterisation comes first in a movie. He also thinks John Russell's last book as good as his first, and "The Passion Vine," on which Where The Pavement Ends is based, the most wonderful love story ever written. Of his travels

(RContinued on page 94)
The Old Colony Days

In the Old Colony Days

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims, dwelt one Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain, according to Longfellow's famous poem. The charming story of "John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling," whom friendship compelled to go a-wooing the girl he loved on behalf of another man is familiar to all, and everybody agreed that Charles Ray had a positive bram wave when he elected to picturise it with himself as the shy hero. So back to seventeenth-century days went the inmates of the Ray studios, and for many weeks nothing but "Thees," and "Thous" was heard on the big stages, for most of the characters were Puritans during working hours. A decided change for pretty Enid Bennett, who had previously been having a thrilling and useful time as the cabin-boy heroine of Ambrose Applejohn’s Adventure. Now she adopted a demurely bent head to match her demure caps and severely charming dresses, and not so much as a "Bother" escaped her lips.

Many historic events were re-enacted for this movie, and a full-sized model of the "Mayflower" was made. So much interest was aroused by this, and so many protests were made against its being destroyed after the scenes on it had been taken that Charles Ray has turned it into a floating restaurant, and at the time of writing it is doing "House Full" business daily.

Most of the 102-day voyage of the "Mayflower" was filmed in the studios, where the ship and a good-sized "ocean" were installed. The vessel rested on a tremendous ball and socket arrangement made of tempered steel, which could be agitated at will and so give it the proper rocking motion.

Small sections of the ship were also put up on the same principle. The scene where John Alden secures a servant was taken on the set, but the reproduction of a storm was perfect, and even the extras got a large sized thrill as they watched Charles Ray battling with the "waves" and struggling back to the side of the ship with the man on his back.

A newcomer to the Ray studios directed The Courtship of Miles Standish. This was Frederic Sullivan, a stage and film producer of many years' experience. He staged a magnificent production of Shakespeare's, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in the Hollywood Bowl, a vast outdoor theatre in Los Angeles, some months back. Charles Ray, in common with most of the movie world attended this and was so struck by the beauty and originality of Sullivan's work that he engaged him right away to direct Miles Standish when it should be screened. Frederic Sullivan is a nephew of Sir Arthur Sullivan of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan musical combination. The movie has a fine cast headed by Charles Ray and Enid Bennett as "John Alden," and "Priscilla," with Sam De Grasse, Joseph Dowling, Thomas Holding, Stanton Heck, Norval MacGregor, Sidney Bracey, Charlotte Pierce, Marion Nixon and sixty-six other players filing named roles, the longest cast, surely, to appear in any picture. Seventeenth-century men affected long hair, so a special department was set up in the studios by a well-known Los Angeles wig company to adjust the expensive wigs worn by the hundreds of Pilgrim fathers and Indians everyday and keep them in good order.

Enid Bennett as "Priscilla," and Charles Ray as "John Alden."
a to success. My father, W. H. Denny, was in many of the early Cotton and
Bollman operas. My grandmother
Mrs. Henry Lane was an actress at the
Ohio State Theatre and when my
grandmother married a famous
tragedian I was born.

I never knew much about the stage,
but after the war I was taken to see the
very famous Mrs. Neilson Hays at the
Mushroom Theatre. It was then I
realized the stage was much of
interest.

It is quite a while since any young
man recently elevated to stardom has
been as universally admired and really
liked as Reginald Denny. Reginald is
now a star in his own right and will
appear in four Universal pictures during
nineteen twenty-four. These will be
known as Reginald Denny productions.

\

Haisman then, the leading lady in the
stock company. She was seventeen
and I was—let me see; ten years ago—
I was ten years.

For all the notice Reg. took of him
the public, as with any who have
earned their bread as regrettably that
Reg. was only twenty-six now.

My daughter—Barbara's only seven
is called shyly, 'but she's the prettiest
little girl in the whole world.'

When I put out after something I go
out after a cup of tea.

Speaking of Dempsey I said
wistfully:

'We never really realized Dempsey
was in 1923. I missed it in San Fran-
cisco and play in war as stage
companies since 1907 when I decided
that I and H. K. Pemberton was going
to make up and came home to England to
join the Scottish Antipodean Rifle.

Say, buddy, in your pictures man
Reg. or his father reminds me of tell
me to remember what a picture. How
never tell you that he was transferred to
the Air Force and was made a
commander in some time. He'd never
spill the fact that he was so near with
the world's mate that when he wasn't
smallest the Kaiser he was fasting on
the champion of his friends.

Nest! How not demand modesty be
it!

Dempsey? I said hastily and
hesitatingly. Here was a real chance
To step those publicly men!
"Well, I should love to say that I went to bed at nine, never smoked or drank, and all that sort of thing; but it just wouldn't be true. I'm always fit, so what's the use of worrying. But you know, those are real fights, even if they do take place in a film studio. In one film I was knocked cold three times. So you can understand that I have to keep in pretty good trim. All screen actors need to be in weatherbeaten dial of his publicity man.

"You know I hate to have anyone talk about that," he thundered. "Didn't I sue that company for damages and make them retract those awful statements in all the papers?"

"Yes, you certainly did," soothed his near-victim, and the dimples re-asserted themselves once more.

I looked at his 190 pounds of flesh and muscle. I looked meditatively and not a little apprehensively. I decided to take a chance.

"Mr. Denny," I said severely, "speaking of Dempsey...?"

"Listen!" said Reg. his eyes twinkling. "After the war I tried to go back to the stage, but conditions were terribly bad. So I went back to the ring. In my first fight I was knocked out in the first round. I decided then and there that films were better than prize-fights for little Reggie!"

He paused, his hand on the door, before he vanished.

"Did I forget to mention I'm a real 'Lancashire lad'!" smiled Reg. before the bursting publicity man could get a word in. "I am, and proud of it, in spite of the fact that I was born in Richmond. Lancashire's the grandest county in England," he challenged. He must have known I came from Yorkshire! But one doesn't stop to argue vital questions like this with a first-class boxer who weighs 190 pounds at his bath tub. At least I don't! I must have been rattled. "Tell me about your film work," I suggested, hastily.

Reg. grinned. "O well, if you'd prefer that to talking about Dempsey," he said.

It was my own fault; but I could have kicked myself.

"Of course, having literally boxed my way round the world I sort of appealed to Harry Pollard, who was wanting a star for his Leather Pusher series. Then I played in Footlights with Elsie Ferguson, in Sherlock Holmes with John Barrymore, 39 East, with Constance Binney, Disraeli, with George Arliss, The Kentucky Derby, Cardigan, Paying the Piper, Bringing Up Betty, A Dark Lantern, The Oakdale Affair, and of course, Jack London's great yarn, The Abysmal Brute.

Do you train for your fights?" I had to stop this encyclopaedic memory flow somehow.

"He has a very attractive smile." good physical condition, and I'm keen to establish an actors' boxing club, which I believe would be of the highest value."

Reg. Denny's fighting blood asserted itself when he was seventeen and three days. He was just through college and announced his decision to become a professional boxer the day he arrived home. His mother wept but it was useless. Young Denny said he would box and he did box.

This the publicity man told me whilst Reg. was occupied selecting pictures from a big pile near us. Also that young Denny can write stories and scenarios. Also that a certain beauty parlour in Los published his picture, complete with dimples, and a long screech beneath it, in which Reg. declared he took their facial massage regularly and used their face cream.

Reg. overheard that last bit. He had to be restrained from doing a little facial massage himself upon the somewhat
British Studio Gossip

Eva Moore in "Chu Chin Chow."

The Moore the Merrier.

Eva Moore looked so much like Betty Blythe in the cobbler scene of Chu Chin Chow that a good many people noted the fact. Yet the two artistes are not a bit alike off the screen. Betty Blythe is much taller than Eva Moore, who gave a finished and effective performance as "Alelom," in the screen version of Oscar Asche's famous success. Her by-play with "Ali Baba" was excellent in this movie. Eva Moore is a past mistress of comedy on both stage and screen, and her appearances in celluloid are ever-welcome. Eva Moore's cousin plays in a good many films these days. She is older than Eva, and specializes in mature dime roles.

Flora Le Breton is far from where the mistletoe grows these days. She is spending her first winter in Los Angeles, though this is not her first visit there. Flora recalled her early impressions of Hollywood a few days before she sailed. "I was on tour with 'The Maid of the Mountains,'" she said, "and was taken ill during our three weeks sojourn in Los. Just imagine it. Me, all alone (Mother was in England), still in my teens, having to lie there in a strange room in a strange land and fearing very much that I should lose my job. I was playing Mabel Stally's part and Fred Wright was my stage husband. Dear old Fred was a perfect mother to me on that tour. Anyway I didn't see anything of Hollywood. I wasn't so interested in films then, and I only got up three days before we left." Flora has promised to keep a diary of her doings in U.S.A. and send it to me, so you may be sure of being well posted with news of the British Colony in Los.

Screening "Sally Bishop."

Come very unusual sets went up at Stoll's for Maurice Elvey's Sally Bishop production. One of these was the exterior of a London theatre, complete with roadway and pavement, and with 'buses and taxis passing in one continual stream just like they do in Shaftesbury Avenue nightly. Other typically London-esque scenes which will be played in the Studio include one inside a Lyons teashop, the where-with which is to be provided by Cadby Hall, even to the waitresses. There is also a well-known Court in the Temple now being evolved in the property room, whilst a street scene to be "shot" during a downpour is engaging the activities of another branch of the inside staff at Stolls. Marie Doro is the "Sally" and this petite star with the great haunting eyes should make an outstanding figure of Temple Thurston's heroine. Henry Ainley plays "John Traill."

Lest We Forget.

Rex Davis has a very fine role in Samuelson's new film A Pair of Down and Outs. As an ex-Service man who seems to be unable to find a job in his grateful (?) country, and who, seeing a four-footed comrade in the shape of a horse from his own former gun-boat about to be sent to Belgium for human consumption tries to rescue him. As this is impossible for one without cash, the resourceful Irishman steals him, and the further adventures of this "pair of down and outs" makes an appealing movie. Rex told me about an actress who appeared in one of the opening scenes and had to weep over the loss of her son who had been killed in action. The poor woman wept so realistically that Rex advised her to spare herself a little, since it
Peter Dear, Thurston Hall, and Betty Compson in "The Royal Oak." was only a rehearsal. But when she told him that it happened to be the anniversary of the day on which she actually had lost a dear relative in the War, he understood why the tears flowed so naturally. Rex, who holds a fine War Record, is quite at home as "Danny Creath, D.C.M." and Edna Best plays opposite him. Rex doesn't often use his full title, which is Captain Rex Davis, M.C., and he will be thoroughly Cross without the Military when he reads these lines. However, as it's Xmas time and I'm good at dodging, I think I will have to chance incurring his displeasure.

A Movie Man's Vacation.

Still "doing the dirty" in Gaumont films is Hugh Miller. After doing his worst in Bonnie Prince Charlie, he is now a villain of a little deeper dye in Claude Daucel. Hugh told me a funny incident which occurred just after the Bonnie Prince Charlie cast returned from Scotland. "As you know," he said, "I have just about had my fill of being photographed lately. Well, I hurt myself duelling with Ivor Novello. Though I broke a rib and so they sent me to hospital. I wasn't particularly pleased at the prospect of an operation, but at least I hoped it meant a respite from having my classic features photographed. But to my surprise, when they had laid me out all nice and tidy on a cot, and I asked them what I was supposed to do, they replied, 'Have your photo taken!' They X-rayed me, and found I hadn't broken anything after all, so I forgave them."

Mainly For Men.

A novel Boxing Gala is being arranged by the Kinematograph Sports Association in connection with The Kinema Club. The pick of the boxers of filmland will be "starred" opposite some of the high lights of the Ring and the affair will take place at the National Sporting Club, an old-style knuckle fight, and exhibition bouts by some of the best-known boxers versus film stars are the star turns, and film fans who are interested in this gentle pastime should write for tickets early. Address your enquiries to 9, Newport Street, London, W.C. The Gala will take place very soon after Christmas.

The Beloved Vagabond.

Quite a good, workmanlike picture is The Beloved Vagabond, Carlyle Blackwell's own British production, but it is not W.J. Locke. Excepting in the case of "Asiatic," played by Albert Chase, who is the character to the life, none of the clever artists quite realise the author's creations. Madge Stuart gives a fine performance, so does Carlyle Blackwell, very bushy about the jaw, and very American as to walk and gesture. The humour, the joyousness of Paragon is missing, and the continuity man needs a good-talking-to. Unless one has read the novel, parts of the film are absolutely unintelligible.

Another Batch of Visitors.

Associated First National are going to make a film this side in the spring. Edwin Carewe, producer of The Bad Man, Girl of the Golden West, and Mighty Lak a Rose, passed through London on his way to Biskra, and stayed just long enough to obtain the film rights of W.B. Maxwell's The Ragged Messenger from the author. This has been filmed before with Basil Gill.
Since Ex-President Wilson declared Katherine MacDonald the most beautiful film star and his favorite screen actress we may take it that she passed successfully on all fourteen points! In her five years before the Kliegs, this lovely blue-eyed blonde has played all kinds of roles, from that of secretary, personal representative, and voluntary dresser to her sister, Mary Maclaren (at the old Universal Studios), to custard pie comedies, Wild Western stuff, village maidsens with Charles Ray, and finally star roles in her own productions. Born at Pittsburg, Penn., U.S.A., "American, with a dash of Scotch," as she likes to describe herself, Katherine worked a couple of years before she attained the rank of a star. Her first big dramatic role was that of the heroine in The Woman I Love, after which she was given her own company and justified the promotion very quickly. Critics have it that Katherine MacDonald is the screen's perfect beauty but that she doesn't shine as a dramatic actress. But the public think otherwise. Katherine is restrained in her work, hence the somewhat unjust comment that she is "cool." But she can express much in her own stately fashion, by just a quiver of her perfectly shaped lips, a bend of her head, a gesture or two of her long slender hands, as much, perhaps as the most tempestuous of the "temperamental" school of picture players. Also, she possesses a very definite personality which usually overshadows any character she portrays. It is not so much a certain woman in a certain story we see, but Katherine MacDonald undergoing various adventures. She is sincere, through, and the unbiassed observer must admit that her work has steadily improved in characterization. Katherine has played in all kinds of stories, but chiefly Society and Domesticity are the themes of her films. Her present contract comes to an end this year, and her last two years' work gave her a clear hundred thousand dollars over and above expenses.

Above: "Heroes and Husbands"

A studio portrait of Katherine MacDonald

Left: A scene from "Refuge."
Below: In "Her Social Value"
The sea of lances upon the great plain before the castle of Nottingham parted, and down the avenue thus disclosed there came two knights, the stoutest knights in all the fair land of England. The armour of one was shining white, and snow-white was his steed. The armour of the other was black as a starless night, and the charger he bestrode was black as well. And well did the colour of their trappings correspond with the hearts that beat within their breasts. White as man can be was Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, and black, even to his heart, was Guy of Gisbourne. The thoughts of the great multitude were given to the feats of strength and daring of the men, but one there was that day upon the Castle walls who looked for even greater things than these. Her name was Marian, Lady Marian Fitzwalter, and it was her hands that were to crown the victor of the joust with his chaplet of roses. And well was she wishing that the victor might be Robert, Earl of Huntingdon. For the Earl was her chosen lover.

The stoutest knights in all the fair land of England . . . And yet the Earl of Huntingdon was supreme. None dare hope to unseat him in the tourney. Well did Sir Guy of Gisbourne know it, and there was anger in his heart at the knowledge. Anger in his heart, and in the heart of another, too. Prince John, brother of the beloved king, Richard of the Lion Heart, was there to see and hate. The Earl of Huntingdon plainly was the King's favourite, and against him as a consequence the jealousy of John was directed. John coveted the throne, and the power of the throne, and looked forward with evil longing to the day when they should be his. As if in some subtle measure to balance the King's power he took a favourite for himself and that favourite was Guy. That Guy might win, if only to humble for once this wonder favourite of the King's was Prince John's greatest wish.

From every corner of his domain, the King had this day assembled recruits for the Third Crusade. Whoever should come supreme through the test must be second in command of the company of knights upon their journey to the Holy Land. Prince John had deep and dark plans hatching, and it was to his advantage to have a friend so high in the camp as second in command. If in his rascality he had ever prayed, most surely must he have prayed now for the success of his champion.

A mighty cry rent the air and the sea of lances parted again and through proudly came the victor. And the victor was Robert, Earl of Huntingdon! In evil rage Prince John ground his teeth and took Sir Guy aside. Of all the vast concourse only their cheers were lacking to greet the victor.

"See!" whispered the Prince to the unseated knight, "she lays the chaplet on his brow. How the people cheer! "Tis said she is his choice and he hers. They love! This is a sorry day for us, Sir Guy."

Guy frowned.

"I wished her for myself!"

"Well, well, you did! Mayhap, knight, there are ways and means?"

"But what can you mean by that, Prince John?"

The Prince looked round. They were away a little from the cheering crowds. He lowered his voice and bent his lips to the black knight's ear.

"Though not in the place of high command, yet thou wilt accompany the King and his knights to the Holy Land," he said. "Thou wastest this fair maid for thine own? Well, well—I want but power and the throne of England. If Richard returns, and Huntingdon, where are our hopes? But if perchance they shall not return ...?"

They exchanged a sharp glance, and Sir Guy darkly smiled.

"They must not return," said the Prince.

"So I am given Lady Marian to wed," mused Sir Guy of Gisbourne, "it shall be as thou desirest!"
Robert of Huntingdon had said when he bade farewell to the Lady Marian in the early winter of the year that, when the year was done, she would return triumphant from the Holy Land and claim his heart. And for seven years that meaning woman hoped. The year passed by, but as its end drew near, that very same voice stalked close by her side, and the hope of these early days seemed as distant as ever it had been. Now, however, after seven years, his love was still as strong as ever, and his heart was as true as ever.

He was gone now, yet beneath this express came the strangest news of all. The man who was the love of her life had been captured and imprisoned, the lady's heart went out to him with a heavy heart. But still she kept up a brave face and tried to hide her sorrow. Lady Marian was a strong woman, and she knew that her love would never fail her in a time of need.

Gisbourne, jealously watching as he ever was, and supporting from the stately steps of the lady of the castle, to whose feet he had immediate access, the advances of the lady's lover, which day by day became more obvious. He was determined that no one should come between his lady and her heart's desire. Therefore he determined to bring about the downfall of the lady's lover, and so set about gathering information that would serve his purpose.

One morning, as she went out to tend to the castle's needs, she saw a man approaching her. It was a man she had never seen before, but his presence was unmistakable. She knew him as the man who had captured her heart seven years ago.

He approached her, and she approached him, her heart beating fast with anticipation. "My love," she said, "I have come to give you news of the world, news that will surely make your heart overflow with joy." And she told him of the messenger who had arrived with word of his release from prison. "And you," she said, "will you be at home when I arrive?"

He nodded, and she went on, "And now, I will tell you of the Crusaders who have returned from the Holy Land, and how they have brought with them the news of your release. And now, my love, I will tell you of the plans that have been made for your return to England."

He listened, his heart filling with hope and joy as he heard the details of the plan. "And now," she said, "I will tell you of the love that still burns in my heart for you, and how it has never wavered, even in the darkest of times."

He embraced her, his heart overflowing with love and joy. "My love," he said, "I will follow you to the end of the world, and I will never leave your side." And they stood there, holding each other close, their love and devotion for each other shining bright in the light of day.
through the land little hands of outlaws were forming, brave spirits who would not yield to the tyrant. The great forests bristled with them, for only in their depths was there shelter for the harassed people. Little bands, growing all the time, but scattered here and there, without a leader, without unity, with only a white-hot passion for freedom and justice. And then came Robin Hood to gather them in one hand beneath his rule, the King outlaw of them all, their leader. He dressed them all in Lincoln green and he kept his court in the glades of Sherwood.

And a strange outlaw, forsooth! He took, but he gave. He robbed, yet the money he took found its way ever into poorer hands than his own. The poor people worshipped him. The emotion of the wealthy and just was first one of surprise, then one of rage, and lastly, something akin to fear. The fellow seemed to be everywhere. No man's hoard was safe from him. And though the barons' retainers were a mile deep yet could they not deliver him to justice. It was even said that of those who were held up by him and robbed in the woods, fully one-half remained and domned the Lincoln Green and took the oath of allegiance to King Richard—for that was the strongest thing of all; this outlaw demanded loyalty to the King across the seas.

And at last fear seized even Prince John the usurper, and he betook him to Nottingham and the castle of the Sheriff there with the firm resolve that this outlaw bold should be made to pay the penalty at last.

Now it happened about this time that some rare and costly vessels had been taken forcibly by the barons from the little Priory of St. Catherine, which was upon the borders of Sherwood, the little church being too poor to pay the fees demanded by the Sheriff; and the barons' men, turning with their booty, had been upon the way surprised by Robin and his Merry Men. A stiff fight had ensued; but the foresters were master of their craft and very soon of the situation. Of the vanquished a few remained to join the good cause, and to confess the origin of the stolen gold.

"Very well, then," said the genial Robin, "it shall be returned forthwith to the little Priory and tears turned to cries of rejoicing. Come."

At once, Robin and Friar Tuck and Will Scarlet and others of his trusted hand made their way across the woods to recover the stolen treasures. The Priory was a peaceful place, bowered in embracing oaks; a fairer spot, thought Robin, than any on which his eyes had rested yet. Sweet-faced nuns in the care of the Abbess, treading gently the silent lawns, watched with tender eyes the work of restoration.

And when this was nearly done, one with startled manner drew Father Tuck aside.

"Yonder one, his name?" she whispered.

"Why, Robin Hood!" said the Friar proudly.

"Nay, 'tis the Earl of Huntingdon!" she cried. "'Tis he!"

"What!"

Without more ado, the goodly friar brought the pair together. Robin Hood stood silent, for the moment dazed, and the girl, too, was speechless for a breathless space. Then:

"My own dear Lord! Robert!"

"My Marian!"

And when at last he could speak again, after crushing her in his arms and covering her face with kisses: "It is truly thou! They told me thou hadst died."

"I thought my lover was dead," she said gently. "No news came from thee, Robert."

And so they sat together under the ancient oaks and each told to the other the circumstances that had arisen to keep them apart. He learnt all of John's villainy, and she of how he had fared in his prison across the seas. "But now we are together and I can claim you," he said at last. "Two things only remain ere this can be. I must rehabilitate myself in the eyes of the good King. And I must destroy John's power. This last shall not be hard. My hands are growing. Soon they will be strong enough to strike."

In a little while the outlaws went upon their way, seeing nothing of a furtive figure that slunk from the bushes where Robin and his lady had been sitting. Straight to the Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham went this spy to tell that Lady Marian Fitzwalter lived and that Robin Hood was no other than Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.

Prince John was incensed.

"The end has come," he cried. "Surround at once Sherwood Forest with my wanton valets and strike. Bring me this Earl's head that I may see him die with mine own eyes. Likewise fetch the maid from the Priory—here—bring her here."

The news reached Robin. Every other tree upon the Forest border held its watch, and when at length the Forest was surrounded it was known as in a flash.

"Get thee back," said the beloved chief to Little John, "across the woodland to the Priory. Tell the Lady Marian that the Earl of Nottingham will be at the Priory gate. I shall claim her and victory will be won!"

As he turned away he was aware of eyes watching him, the eyes of a dark stranger who had but recently joined the band, and who could give no good account of himself but who noted the less seemed faithful enough.

"Shall I put the fellow under guard?" asked Friar Tuck. "Who is he? What does he here? Methinks a little watching would be good with him."

"Nay," said Robin. "I trust the fellow. I like him, little though I know of him. For the present let him be free. He keeps to his oath."

Quickly he gave his instructions. Every man was hidden in a tree. To a stranger passing through it must seem that the woods were empty.

The Earl of Huntingdon stood in a little forest.
"Wait," he said, "until the enemy are scattered throughout the Forest, then give the signal and fall upon them. And now, as all the Nottingham guards are busy here, I will take Will Scarlett and two or three other trusty men, break through their lines disguised, and—yes! I will take the town of Nottingham myself.

And just as he was about to set forth upon this, his greatest adventure, Little John returned with the news that Lady Marian had been taken by force to the Castle.

"Come!" cried Robin paling to the lips. "Had the very gods been by his side it could not have fallen out more precisely as he had planned. Nottingham town, left defenceless, yielded at a word, and the astonished soldiers in the Forest, bewildered at having their enemies drop upon them out of sight. Heaven, were defeated! Before they had time to fight.

The news was brought by the swiftest runner to Robin and straightway he turned his steps to the Castle.

"Tell my good men," he said, "to enter the town as if they and not the Prince's guard were the captives. Change their dress, or as you will so that they are admitted to the Castle when the signal is given. With my own horn will I give this signal, and an hour from now—Be ready!"

Robin sped through the quiet streets of the empty town to the foot of the great stag wall through which the Castle of Nottingham stood. A guard or two stood at the gate, the remnant of the vast army of retainers who were now every man a prisoner. To pass them single-handed was impossible. Robin, keeping to what cover was available, made a swift detour and tried to find another way. One way lay up the sheer face of the great rock on which the Castle stood, and without a thought of hesitation Robin took it. Setting his feet firmly in whatever crack there was he began to climb, up, up, dizzyly above the roofs of Nottingham, higher and yet higher, suddenly into the very cloud. But he saw before him a steeple window, and within the window Lady Marian. That she was in the hands of one of the villains who held her captive did not surprise him; what the villain was none other than Sir Guy of Gisbourne, whom he had opposed in Palestine, did. With a sword and spring upon him he was prepared. He fought as never he had fought yet, and soon Sir Guy fell dead, the outlaw's sword through his treacherous heart, and Lady Marian was in her Robin's arms.

Short-lived, though, was their happiness. The door fell back and into the room poured the guards, drawn by Guy's shouting, from the gate. It seemed almost that Robin must be overpowered and killed on the spot; but suddenly he did a thing that was more than passing strange. From the streets below had come the faint call of a horn. Eum, but clever. Putting his own horn to his lips he blew a shrill blast, that lost his sword aside and threw up his hands in a token of surrender.

So they sat together under the ancient oaks in Sherwood forest.

They led him below, to the great hall where John held feast. And on his way down a cry arose from the gates that gladden his heart and set the blood coursing madly through every vein in his body.

"Lower the drawbridge," a hoarse voice shouted. "We are King John's men and we have captured Robin Hood's band. Admit us!"

And with what delight did the warden of the gate hasten to comply with this demand.

The men were lined up in a great square, the guards to guard, the foresters to see with their own eyes the end of their chief—or so John thought. Before the delighted grin of the tyrant, Robin Hood was strapped to a pillar, and a dozen crossbow-men stood before him with bows upraised. John paused a moment. Then he turned his arm and dropped it, and the twang of twenty arrows echoed in the air.

And echoed vainly... Suddenly a huge arm was thrust out and in it a long shield held before the defenceless Robin. The arrows clanged and deflected to the ground, and almost before thought was free the great hall was in a tumult. Robin mysteriously released, turned and found the dark stranger who had so recently joined his band.

But he saw more than the stranger and so did every man there. Upon the shield which the stranger had held forward were three lions, the arms of Richard of the Lion Heart.

"Richard," cried somebody, "Our King!" And the cry went round.

"Aye!" cried King Richard stepping forward, "twas a poor unfortunate jester of mine that Gisbourne's foul hand murdered. I am come back."

With one accord the crowd dropped to its knees and did homage to its rightful King. John too, well knew that his hour was come. Him Richard ignored, and turned to Robin Hood.

"Once," he said, "I doubted you; but now we know you for our true friend. Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, you are come into your own, once more. Remain but the reward for your services.

"Sir," said Robert, bowing, "that I had before my services were given."

He rose with a smile and took the hand of his Lady Marian.
Modern New York has nothing on "Little Old New York," when it comes to attractive bridal attire.

If you are a Constance Talmadge type, copy this brocade gown for your Fancy Dress Dance.

Above: Hope Hampton wore this gown as Queen of the recent Silk Exhibition. Below: Betty Compson's gold and amber bravery in "To Have and To Hold."

Great grandmamma complete with antimacassar, wax flowers n'everything exemplified by Virginia Valli.

Velvet and pearls, silver lace and a white pompadour wig suit Alice Terry admirably.
Rupert Julian is our only director from New Zealand. And that is not all. He is different in other ways. There is a charm and poetic touch about his things that makes you stamp him at once as an idealist; at least that is how I classed him long before we met and all because of the delicate handling of the screen version of "The Abbé Constantin." It did not seem to me that the little story could be screened. It was so simple yet so true to the life of a little French town or to one of those in the section near Montreal. Perhaps you recall "Bettina Loves A Soldier," a Bluebird of some seven or eight years ago. Delicately handled, it was written and directed by Rupert Julian, who also played the leading role.

Rupert Julian and his technical staff with the completed twelve reels of "The Merry Go Round.

His last picture, "The Merry Go Round" also brings out some of those characteristics which were notable in his early work. This is the newest of Universal specials which made Mary Philbin a star overnight. A story of old world life with its background a Vienna pleasure resort, there are many delicate notes which only he could bring out. It will be recalled that Eric von Stroheim started this picture and then after a misunderstanding of some sort, quitted the "lot." Julian was called in and it was one of the most difficult experiences of his career. Some of the scenes taken, the company loyal to von Stroheim and hostile to him, he had a terrific task before him. The result speaks for itself, one of the pictures of the year, stamping its director as one of genius and keen ability.

My impression of him as an idealist was confirmed when we met in Hollywood. Around us the atmosphere of a crowded restaurant, the music of the dance, the distraction of seeing many notables pass by, the hum of conversation, none of these things was able to bosh my conviction, made so long ago. Then, as if reading my thoughts, Mr. Julian said, "I do not consider myself an idealist exactly. I enjoy the psychology of things, the poetic backgrounds, and I realise that I am often in the clouds. Does this constitute your definition of the world?"

I confess that I was a bit startled at this almost thought reading exhibition, but I realised later that others besides myself have accused him of idealism.

"Do you consider that a director to be successful must be of this sort?"

"Yes, but I consider there must be a happy medium, a certain amount of realism is also needed."

A story about Mr. Julian must, of necessity, include Mrs. Julian, who comes from Australia, and as Elsie Jane Wilson acted on the screen and directed a number of pictures before she retired from active work. She provides the practical support for the idealist (you see I had not changed my opinion!), and the combination is a most happy one. We all chatted about England, and I confided my long desired ambition to visit Australia some time, and we discovered mutual friends in far away Melbourne.

Before he directed, Mr. Julian was leading man and star, playing with Mine. Pavlova in her first screen role, with Marguerite Clarke and others too numerous to mention. He says that he was destined for the Church and ended on the stage, that his life has been a series of dramatic incidents which have taken him all over the world. The travel and contact with other people have given him charm and a pose that stamps him as a gentleman of the world.

The Julians’ latest project centres about a little theatre movement, which they plan to establish very shortly, with their beautiful estate near Los Angeles as the location. There, in an ideal little playhouse, will be presented plays, old and new, with the best talent available. Mr. Julian will direct the productions with a selected stock company and a distinguished visiting star. And he is not an idealist.

He has directed more than a hundred pictures. Among them are: The Kaiser, The Beast Of Berlin, The Fire Flingers, Mother O’Mine, The Right To Be Happy, (The Christmas Carol), We Are French and An Indian Prince.
They aren’t labelled “Made in Germany” when they appear in the kinemas. In fact, you’ll know them chiefly because they aren’t labelled anything at all. No producer as a rule, no cast, no “Art Titles by . . .,” no “Scenario by . . .” etc. Just the title, and straight into the opening shot. That’s not how the Germans make them; if you were to see a copy as it first arrived from Germany you would have just as much reading to do as before any ordinary film, or more, because the Germans give credit to their costumier, their architect—always their architect. For he is an important man in German productions—musical director, designer, and a hundred and one other people. But all this is cut before the film comes to English screens, along with many hundreds of feet of film. There would be enough left over after the cutting of a German film to make a full-length feature! When I first saw Dr. Mabuse it took five hours to run through, and even then it was an abbreviated version of the original Berlin copy.

For the German producer, like the German musician and novelist, has such a tremendous lot to say, and he is never quite sure when to stop. He would run on for hours if his audience would let him—and in Germany they do let him, watching half his films one afternoon and half the next, as opera-goers watch Wagner’s “Ring.” Sometimes a long film is shewn in four different parts, each part equivalent to an ordinary English performance of a super film. No wonder these films take some cutting to reduce them to programme length in this country, and no wonder that, as a result, the continuity seems often a little jerky and the actions pell-mell on each other’s heels!

It is like cramming the whole of Shakespeare into a one-act curtain-raiser.

If any film producer has an excuse for being long-winded it is the German. To begin with, the stories he has to tell are so well worth the telling. They are thrilling stories, highly dramatic and packed with incident: they develop in an unexpected and mysterious way, and the most faithful film-goer in the world could not take a safe bet once in ten what is going to happen next. Then his technique is so finished, his cameramen so highly skilled. Nothing is too much trouble for the Germans. Every detail of photography, lighting and setting must be carefully considered, and nothing is too trivial to escape the producer’s eagle eye.

They are all for realism too. If the story demands a castle, a castle is forthwith built; no canvas affair, but a moated, turretted castle of stone and iron, over whose drawbridge a hundred men-at-arms can ride with ease. For a certain scene in Siegfried, a twelve-foot forest was raised in a night, an honest—

Lee Parry, a favourite Continental star.

Emil Jannings and Cordy Mullerich in
“Peter the Great.”

Top: Conrad Veidt and Liane Haid in “Iniquity.” Above: Dany Serreces in “Peter the Great.”
to goodness forest with tree trunks covered with real bark. Architects are busy night and day over the settings of the big historical dramas, consulting old records and prints, and reconstructing them with jealous care, so that not an archway nor a stairhead nor a pillar can be pointed out as an anachronism. With such stories, with such beautiful and accurate staging to back him, no wonder the German producer is moved to shoot at very great length. And he has the help of actors who know their job to the last turn of the eyelash.

You can safely say of the German actor, and even more of the German actress, that when she is good she is very, very good, and when she is bad she is... Exactly! Luckily there are few who fall into the second category, and they are of the older school, whose screen appearances are rare to-day. The chief characteristic of the German actor (one is not permitted to call them "stars," though the part allotted to them may be large or small, a hero to-day, a servant to-morrow, their importance in the film is equal), is his repose. He knows, as no other screen actor in the world knows, how to do nothing at all and yet be impressive. He knows how to sit still and make his face into a beautiful mask. And he knows so well how to convey a whole train of thought in a single gesture, a sudden turn perhaps, a movement of the wrist or a droop of the eyelid.

Do you remember Conrad Veidt, the Rajah of Above All Law, and the Caesar Borgia of Iniquity? That lean face of his is like a piece of bronze sculpture, and, somehow, as you watch him, you come to forget that he is a flesh-and-blood man at all. And yet Conrad Veidt, by means of that repose, has brought himself into the front of the front rank of German screen actors. Yes, ahead of Emil Jannings, the massive "Pharaoh" and "Peter the Great," and "Othello," for the very reason that Jannings allows himself to fret and fume, and exhausts his strength in fury.

There is only one man who can really be coupled with Conrad Veidt, and that is Paul Wegener, whom you will remember as the "Ethiopian in The Loves of Pharaoh," the old Sultan in Smarvar, the husband of Monna Vanna, and, chiefly, as the "Golem" himself. Wegener is the most versatile of all the German artists, and somehow the most lovable. He can be as jolly as Falstaff, as pathetic as a great dog, and as clumsy as Gulliver when he stumbled into Lilliput. His Golem was a thing to make you rub your eyes furtively in the dark and feel for a pocket handkerchief. He is a great producer too—the first of them all. Wegener personifies all that is best in German film production.

But besides this trio, there are at least half-a-dozen other actors, who, in any country but Germany, would have been starring for many years past in their own productions, whose name in electrics would pack a theatre up to the front row of the stalls. There is Albert Bassermann, the grand old man of the German screen, and his colleague, Werner Krauss, the creator of "Nathan the Wise." There is Rudolf Klein-Rogge, the mysterious and versatile "Dr.
Pola Negri whose best known films were made abroad.

Among the women of the German screen the headliners are certainly Dagney Servaes and Pola Negri. But Pola's day in her own country is over. America has claimed her and Paramounted her, and made a well-groomed little star of her, and the flesh and blood, tempestuous Pola of Passion, Sumurun and Carmen, has gone for ever.

Dagney Servaes is the Pauline Frederick of Germany, a beautiful woman, with a profile almost as breathing as John Barrymore's, and a fine actress into the bargain. She was the slave-girl in The Loves of Pharaoh, you will remember, and "Catherine the Vivandiere" in Peter the Great. Her greatest charm is, perhaps, the gift of laughter—but make no mistake, Dagney is a tragedienne born. In this she far outshines Liane Haid, the pretty, petulant little heroine of Iniquity and Trapped in the Mine, a young actress who has been badly cast in emotional roles throughout her career.

Then there is Asta Nielson, the Danish-German actress who made such a reputation for herself in that curious version of Hamlet in which the Prince of Denmark is not a prince at all, but a princess in disguise.

If anyone were to ask you for the characteristics of German films in general, you would be safe in replying The Unexpected. What no other country does, she will do: what every other country does she will reject. That is why German pictures, whether you like them or whether you hate them, never bore you: there is a surprise round every corner and an incident in every foot. They are unsophisticated and unconventional, with a tendency towards the fantastic.

The sad end, the masterly handling of crowds, the scarcity of titling, the technical beauty of the photography, the artistic and even futuristic settings, the burning interest in psychology and character development, are common property among German pictures. But the historical films stand somewhat apart from the rest, and below them. The best, and the majority of German films are fantasies, myths, or legends: queer, startling themes which have about them something of a nightmare quality, and which carry you on, breathless, from incident to incident.

There is Dr. Mabuse, the study of a hypnotist with failing reason, Above All Love, a story of Eastern magic, Sumurun, a chapter from the Arabian Nights, The Golem, a tale of medieval sorcery, and the weirdest and cleverest of them all, The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari. There are countless myths and folklore stories, the legends of old Europe, and still older Asia. They are eerie, these German films—no bread and butter fare about them, and not to be seen on a dark night with a long walk home ahead of you . . . . !

"Made in Germany" . . . Yes, like the fairy tales and the Christmas toys. If you want to escape for an hour or two from the commonplace and the everyday, if you are tired of shirtfronts and limousines and the powdered jazz-babies, pay your one and threepence and go in. But if it's comedy you want, light, frothy stuff and pretty dresses, dance halls or Western saloons: if you yearn for the wild and woolly, and the lure of the Great White Way . . . . why then, there's only one thing for you, my Broadway fan, and that's to git while the gittin's good!
The Wedding scene from "The Bohemian Girl."

She stole timidly through the portals of Filmland several years before the Great War. But no one had the sense to close and lock them behind her, and so she slipped out again unobserved. Her appearances in celluloid were few and far between, though she scored personal successes in My Lady's Dress and Masks and Faces. Then she became a great stage star, and it took Harley Knole's all his powers of persuasion to induce her to put her dainty foot inside Alliance Studios to play in The Bohemian Girl with Ellen Terry and Ivor Novello.

She said she didn't like Movies, yet she spent the entire Autumn of 1923 in and out of film studios, making Bonnie Prince Charlie. This time she will not be allowed to escape so easily for Gladys Cooper is a very great actress indeed, besides being England's representative beauty, and the British screen needs her badly.

She was looking as lovely as it is possible for anyone to look in a soiled grey velvet gown, a coal black tammy, and mud smeared face and hands when I met her at Gaumont's and the first thing she said was to tickle Ivor Novello into complete submissiveness, lecturing him the while upon the sinfulness of stealing a lady's bustle and wearing it under his kilt. For both were in bedraggled Scotch costumes for the fugitive scenes of Bonnie Prince Charlie. By some mystic process of her own she had de-hobbled herself, and her hair hung in its accustomed place in all its appealing golden-brown glory.

"How did you do it?" I asked her, indicating the ringlets. She laughed.

"It's so simple," she said, pulling off her velvet tam. "I just twist two of these long curls round my head, fasten them with a hairpin in front, pull this big wave over the crossroads, so, and there you are! I hobbed for 'Kiki,' not know, but I couldn't part with my hair. I felt rather tragic directly the deed was done; it's quite a relief to be able to put it back now and again."

I wondered aloud whether she would like to tell me about her experiences on location as "Flora Macdonald."

"We had a very good time," she obligingly stated, "and lovely weather. Also I had my fill of riding (I love it), and was allowed one stunt which became thrilling enough to satisfy even me. This was the scene where 'Flora' is being lowered through a window. They wished me to have a double but I refused because I wanted to do it myself. Anyway the rope broke and I fell fifteen feet upon some extremely stony stones. Everybody thought I'd broken my neck, and they were all too frightened to move for a moment. Ivor Novello said he hoped it had cured me of wanting to be a girl White, and Captain Calvert said—I'm afraid you're too young to hear what he said. I wasn't meant to hear it, but I did. I wasn't hurt either, not a bit."

"We had some fun too, the day I had to disguise 'Prince Charlie' as my maid. He burst through his dress the first time because he forgot he was supposed to be a lady and stooped suddenly to pick up a paper I had dropped. Yes, I do like this film better than The Bohemian Girl, and it may alter my opinion anent movies."

Then she went into the church, which occupied half the studio, and I had leisure to watch her at work. She is very well worth watching. Keenly interested in everything, no detail is too small to escape her notice. It was she who remarked that a certain article was missing from the attire of one of the characters, and her beautiful silvery voice reached us quite clearly and easily though we were at one end of the studio and she was at the other.

She had to kneel in prayer before the altar, and think of the danger in which her beloved, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," still was until the tears came into her eyes. This took some time until that hero himself volunteered to assist with some harmonium music. His efforts were more successful than those of Gaumont's tame studio musicians.

Before lunch I had a further chat with Gladys Cooper in her dressing room, and she talked about her stage work, which is her greatest interest in life. And Gladys Cooper, stage star, labelled Gladys Cooper, screen star, disgracefully. No one but Gladys Cooper would have dared do it.

"It's much easier to be a film star than to be an actress," she said. "All you really need is a face that photographs well and a good director. The director does all the work for you. You only do as you're told. You don't need any brains, whatsoever. It's all so impersonal. That's why I don't like films as well as stage plays."

Here I disagreed emphatically.

"The best director in the world," I told her, "Cannot call forth what isn't
A love scene in "Bonnie Prince Charlie":

This classic style would not suit everybody.

there. I grant you that the director means a lot in movies; but unless the star has intelligence, personality, and real acting ability, the camera will detect it and the result will be appalling.

But she refused to be convinced. Maybe the contemplation of her own work in a congenial screen role will accomplish what I failed to do.

Gladys Cooper only recently came in an easy first in a magazine contest as the most popular stage actress of today. She deserves it, and she hasn't won her position on the strength of her remarkable loveliness either. Most people know her beautiful face as well as they know their own, for never was anyone so universally photographed, magazine-cover-ed, and picture-postcard-ed as Gladys Cooper. But everyone may not know that those hauntingly wonderful Greuze eyes of hers are very dark grey. Shaded by long, thick, curling lashes, Gladys Cooper's eyes hold an expression of ineffable wistfulness. I shouldn't wonder if the lyric writer who delivered himself of "Two Eyes of Grey" owed his inspiration to one of her portraits. She is quite small, too, though she usually gives the impression of tall, stately grace. Very slender, very dainty, and very charming. Afterwards she came back on the "set" in an oyster-coloured satin evening dress trimmed with pearls, and with her hair thickly plastered with some shiny clay-ey looking stuff that made her look like a living statue. Drawn straight back from the forehead like a 17th century gentleman's powdered wig, it would be exceedingly unbecoming to anyone who had not a perfectly proportioned face and head.

They made many dance scenes that afternoon at "Holyrood Palace," and they had a host of pretty girls and good looking men as "guests" at the ball.

Malcolm Cherry and Gladys Cooper in the film version of "My Lady's Dress"

But Gladys Cooper and Ivor Novello were easily the handsomest couple.

Before I left, Gladys Cooper told me that her first film appearance was made in a symphony society picture, with Owen Nares and Thomas Meighan. "I was with Seymour Hicks at that time," she said, "and Tom Meighan was appearing in a play at a West End theatre. It was his first film too, though very few people know that he made his initial movie in England."

That same evening I saw Gladys Cooper in "Enter Kiki," and marvelled at her extraordinary versatility and artistry. Cast your memory backwards upon Gladys's stage career. A London girl, though confessing to some Irish ancestors, she commenced at the Gaiety in the chorus of "The Girls of Gottenburg."

She stayed in musical comedy a few years, then the late Sir George Alexander gave her an ingenue role in "The Ogre," "Beauty" at the Everyman, at Drury Lane followed, then "Milestones," "Diplomacy," their first dramatic role "The Pursuit of Panama," "The Yellow Ticket," and "My Lady's Dress." In this play her real talent asserted itself and it was during the long run of it that she made her first film. A tour with Seymour Hicks followed, after which she retired.

She returned triumphantly in "The Sign on the Door," and has gone onward and upward ever since. Her "Paula Tanqueray" equalled, some say, bettered, that of Mrs. Patrick Campbell; her "Magda" had originality as well as excellence.

Then she elected to turn from a grande dame into a gamine, bobbed her wavy hair, and gave London a big surprise with her astonishingly clever character study of "Kiki," the chorus girl who was out to get the man she wanted and "Got Him." Kiki is a Cockney, accent and all; and very odd this sounds in those silvery tones which won't be disguised, thicken them how Gladys Cooper will. Kiki is the most immense thing that ever ran about the stage in pink satin pyjamas. A nun

In "The Sign on the Door" Gladys Cooper established herself as a great dramatic star but adorably human, and marvellously true to life. The play is a comedy, but Gladys Cooper brings out the pathos underlying it. "I never had no chance," sobs to one's heart. And so one sympathises with her tantrums and wily schemes, and rejoices when she finally gets her manager for her husband.

This characterisation is wonderful, never for a moment does it falter or fade. And is not characterisation the biggest thing in movies? Therefore, I think I am voicing the sentiments of all who wish well to the British screen when I say, "Please, Gladys Cooper, now you've really entered Filmland, won't you make a long, long stay?"
Because she is of the frail pink and white type, with very blonde hair and limpid blue eyes, they christened Dorothy Mackail "The Apple Blossom Girl" when she was one of Ziegfeld's Follies. Like the pretty blossom itself, which although it looks so fragile, is tenacious and hardy to a surprising degree, Dorothy has a personality that belies her looks. She is British, for she was born at Hull and at the age of ten was class mistress at her father's dancing academy. Everybody said she was made for London and a stage career, and Dorothy hates to disappoint people so she went to the London Hippodrome. She was one of the Belles in the "Joy Bells" revue there.

An engagement to dance and sing at the Casino, Paris, followed, and whilst in Paris, Dorothy Mackail made the acquaintance of the inside of Pathé's film studio. She thought film work must be great fun, and easily secured a small part in some comedies being made at the time. Dorothy knew about six words of French, so her film adventures were both strange and funny. She says she never quite knew what she was expected to do, but she did her best. She never saw any of her work on the screen; but that was because she went to America with three other girls working in the same revue. She was unusually lucky. Sheer saxe carried her into Flo Ziegfeld's private office and he was so tickled with her pluck that he gave her a job right away. Another English girl, Kathlyn Martyn, was starring in that Follies show and Dorothy used to amuse herself and the other girls by practising Kathlyn's song and dances. Then when Kathlyn was out of the cast through illness, Dorothy understudied her.

Marshall Neilan gave her her first chance in the movies in *Bits of Life*, as the deaf barber's faithless wife.

After that Dorothy appeared in Torchy Comedies. More serious work followed in *A Woman's Woman*, *The Isle of Doubt*, *The Streets of New York* and *Mighty Lak' a Rose*. This last a really big opportunity for the young artist, whose plaintive sincerity stands out as the centre piece in a crazy-quilt mixture of sentimentality and what you fans know as "hokum." The film was shown to the convicts at Dartmoor, and one of them wrote a long poem to Dorothy, all about herself and her work in *Mighty Lak' a Rose*.

**Right:** Dorothy Mackail.
**Below:** Dick Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackail in "The Fighting Blade."
Some three years ago a certain Swedish notability visited the Chaplin Studio and spent a very pleasant afternoon watching Charlie and little Jackie Coogan making some scenes for The Kid.

Just before he took his leave, the gentleman produced a handsome leather-bound album and asked Jackie to enter his name at the foot of a page on which a number of stupendous signatures were already inscribed.

For a moment Jackie hesitated and seemed just a little bit embarrassed. The space was so very small, and if you're only five years old and can only write your name in rather goggly capitals letters, you do need a certain amount of room to spread yourself.

However, Jackie is not easily baffled. In his matter-of-fact little way, he simply turned over to the next leaf and laboriously scrawled his name in twelve huge capitals right in the middle of the following two pages!

In those days Jackie was still an unknown quantity in a world upon which a few months later he was to dazzingly rise as a star. And every time I see "Jackie Coogan" in flaming capitals outside our picture-theatres I recall that little episode at the Chaplin Studio and think how prophetic it really was. My little pal and playmate of the old days has certainly earned his right to that gleaming white page all to himself.

Three crowded years, such as Jackie must have lived, since he gave me the last good-bye kiss, make a lot of difference in a little boy's point of view. But every now and then a letter still reaches me from distant California, dictated to "Daddy's secretary" and signed "Your Boy Jackie," followed by a bewildering number of very inky crosses.

And from these letters I gather that in all the vital essentials, my "old-timer" has remained very much the same adorable young urchin as the "Kid" who used to clamber on my knee in the old days and coax me to "draw airplanes" or play at "roaring lions."

"You ask me if I'm still as fond of drawing," he says in one letter, "well, not so much. Some day I want to take you for a trip in my own special car. I'm sending you a picture. I've got a new push-skate too. It's like a regular roller-skate, only longer, and it's got bigger straps; it is about a foot long. I should reckon, and it's got ball-bearing wheels."

Then, quite suddenly, a propos of nothing at all—just the Jackie of three years ago—"I want to tell you a story about a poor horse. There was a horse and it was dead. A cop came along, it was on Figueroa Street. He took his book to write the name where the poor horse was killed, and when he started to write Figueroa, he stopped. So he took the poor horse over to Hill Street, because it's easier to spell. Love and kisses, Your Boy Jackie."
"Daddy dear," knowing my affection for his small son, sends me regular news of all his doings, and tells me that a couple of months ago they completed the filming of Mary Roberts Rinehart's big story "Long Live the King!" and that the little family recently returned from a vacation at their holiday-camp, Manter Creek in the high Sierras.

It must have been an ideal holiday for any boy. The Coogan ranch consists of eighty-odd acres of virgin forest, two full days' horseback ride from the edge of the desert. Jackie, I hear, returned from the "free open spaces" as brown as a berry and introduced himself in chaps and a wide sombrero to an admiring studio staff as "the six-gun kid from Manter Creek, and, gosh! he's a hard guy!" Which he immediately proceeded to demonstrate by holding up three harmless and necessary property-men with a rusty old six-shooter, from which all the essential parts had been carefully removed.

He also proudly exhibited two foxskins as his own personal hunting-trophies and casually mentioned that he had caught his full limit of trout within forty-five minutes "the first morning up."

"And I've brought them along too," he added, "only you can't see them, because I've got them inside me."

This extraordinary youngster has other irons in the fire besides his screen work. Practically a score of commercial tie-ups have been effected with prominent manufacturers of various toys and other articles called by Jackie Coogan's name. Jackie gets a substantial share of the profits of these things. His latest is the Jackie Coogan Special, a "push-mobile" for youngsters, made in Los Angeles, and another super-de-luxe tiny model car which has a gasoline engine and a speed of eight miles an hour.

Below: A scene from "Long Live the King," Jackie's first costume film.

In Long Live the King! Jackie for the first time since Oliver Twist discards the ragged trousers and old brown sweater which have been part and parcel of most of his screen characterisations, and appears in an extensive wardrobe which comprises a variety of gentlemanly tailoring, from Eton suits to purple and ermine. In the role of the youthful monarch of a Ruritanian kingdom, he will be given his first chance to prove his versatility. His father very rightly feels that Jackie should not be condemned to the usual movie "rut" but should be allowed every opportunity to develop his very remarkable gifts to their fullest advantage.

It is a break with one of those old screen conventions which so few directors have the courage to make, and yet which means more than anything else a definite advance for the screen from an industry to an art.

Jackie is a natural genius and much too rare a phenomenon in the stereotyped paths of filmdom either to be "catalogued" or condemned to anything in the nature of an established routine.

I can still see him with all the blissful unself-consciousness of five years old turning over that well-written page for one that was fresh and clean and inscribing thereon a new and unknown name in big capital letters.

Above: Three studies of a very human screen-genius.
Why Do Girls Go Wrong—in the Movies? Is it because they would never dream of doing such a thing in real life? Is it because it gives them a chance to work off superfluous energy? Or because they can thus "see what it's like" and then if they don't like it, leave it alone? No, Josephine, it is for none of these reasons. Fold back your ears and I will explain. Seven stars who specialize in screen viciousness, and one star who has had only one bite at it (Elsie Ferguson), all gave this same reason: Because of the glorious acting opportunities such roles offer. So now you know.

Daphne Wayne was serenely playing drug addicts and similar perverted specimens of femininity when she was barely in her teens. Daphne is a unique personality. Her tow-coloured locks which won't keep tidy, her great blue eyes, and irregular but piquant features lend themselves admirably to delineating the emotions of good girls gone bad. And so in the beginning she gave us unforgettably depraved characterizations. Followed by another and worse specimen in The Secret Orchard. Daphne was working with Griffith at the time, she was extremely young and enthusiastic, and she literally lived in her roles. And the very natural result was a severe nervous breakdown which kept her out of screenland for several years. She came back as Blanche Sweet in comedies, and mild comedy-dramas. Marshall Neilan then starred her in Quincey Adams Sawyer, and married her shortly afterwards. But time hasn't taught Blanche anything. She has now reverted to her earliest type again, has starred in Sons of the D'Urberwilles, also one of life's

unfortunates, and is at present playing in a real wrong 'un in Anna Christie. Pauline Frederick, too, confesses that her only good screen creations were bad 'uns. Zaza, The Spider, Madame X, think it over, you'll have to agree she's right. Likewise speaketh Pola Negri, to whom wickedness on the screen is second nature. She wouldn't be good if she could. And she can't.

The younger the star the wickeder she likes to be in celluloid. As they get into their twenties their screen characters grow "finer and better." Elsie Ferguson said she only made Outcast because it was such a fine acting part.

When Norma Talmadge first starred in her own Selznick productions she was about seventeen. She was allowed to choose her own stories, and she proceeded to pick out one "bad-hat" after another for her initial impersonations. Cabaret girls who'd seen the seamy side of things, tragic adventures, etc., etc., were the very breath of life to her. Norma doesn't shine in these roles, really. She's at her best as a modern girl in studies and problems of modern womanhood. She's not a good vamp; and she's too womanly and sweet to be a convincing adventuress. I think she knows it now. So Nazimova, who has never yet played a screen siren. Nazi is supremely endowed to create any of the great ancient or modern female "rotters." She did play Salome, but she converted her into a Byzantine flapper. If Nazimova ever stages a comeback into screenland let's hope it will be as a "girl who took the wrong turning."

The latest recruit to the army of screen sinners is none other than Mary Pickford, whose "Rosita" is (for her), very naughty indeed. One of the best celluloid bad girls is Barbara La Marr, but Barbara is equally charming when she's good. Her first notable role was that of Milady, but her latest "Roma," in The Eternal City is of the more sinned against than sinning type, so maybe Barbara is paving the way for a real reformation. She could do it if she wished. Some couldn't. Theda Bara, for instance. But it takes all sorts to make a film. Anyway the celluloid path that is paved with good intentions is so crowded just now that a special Police force is working overtime controlling the traffic.

J.L.
This untouched photograph shows a necklace of Mikara Pearls for £1 11s. 6d., including a charming blue-grey case.

She will be delighted with this lovely necklace.

A GIFT well chosen is a gift well given.
Give Mikara Pearls.

Mikara Pearls are the most realistic gems Science has yet produced. They do more than imitate—in purity, depth and sheen Mikara Pearls actually rival many Oriental Pearls on the market.

The beautiful necklace shown above is 24 inches in length, strung on extra-strong silk with wired and knotted ends for security. Its clasp is of solid gold. And, its price is only £1 1 ½ guineas (£1 11s. 6d).

Let us send it to you on Approval for 14 days.

On receipt of your remittance for £1 11s. 6d, we will send the necklace. If within 14 days you wish to return the necklace—do so. And we will gladly refund your money plus the postage you incur. A charming catalogue of Mikara Pearls in necklaces and all forms of fine jewellery will be sent free on request.

MISS Margery Hume pays a great tribute to the wonderful Mikara Pearls.
She says: "I could never have believed it possible to produce such beautiful pearls. The necklace is one of my most treasured possessions."

Mikara Pearls

THE MIKARA PEARL COMPANY
6, Mikara House, 48, Piccadilly.
LONDON, - - - W.1.
In this year of grace, nineteen-twenty-three," said Flora Le Breton, adjusting a soft muslin fichu round the neck of her pink velvet gown. "I have had three narrow escapes from drowning. I've learned to swim, but it doesn't seem any use. I seem doomed to a watery grave, which is a pity because an admirer of my screen work sent me a lovely sketch for a tombstone he'd designed especially for me."

We were chatting between scenes of I Will Repay, the film version of the popular Baroness Orczy story in which Flora plays "Juliette De Marny." "Such a lovely part!" enthused Flora, as she coaxed a few stray ringlets into place, and then hid her curls under a muslin and lace mob-cap. "I suppose you know the story. How Juliette De Marny swore to avenge her father's death, tracked down and denounced the man she thought responsible for it, and then found she loved him and was quite happy to be rescued with him and taken away to England by 'The Scarlet Pimpernel.'"

"We had a splendid 'Scarlet Pimpernel,'" in Holmes E. Herbert. He's British, though he works mostly in America. He's gone back again now. And the man he has to impersonate, 'Merlin, the gigantic coal-heaver' was played by Lewis Gilbert. We've kept very faithfully to the story, even to the extent of going over to France specially for exteriors.

"It was whilst working on the Channel that I had my most recent narrow escape. You remember the precious ones, don't you? The coach episode in The Glorious Adventure nearly spelled E.N.D. for little me."

"This last adventure happened just outside Dover. We were supposed to be nearing Calais, but it was so rough that the sailors would not risk our small boat so we decided to 'shoot' the Dover side. Well, the waves kept coming over into the boat and simply drenching us, and at last dashed our boat against the side of the cliff and knocked a hole in it. The men dropped the oars and took off their coats. I was dressed in a heavy black velvet dress with very full petticoats and a great velvet cloak. And I was laced into my costume too—I should have sunk most beautifully! So I just sat tight and waited."

"Mr. Kelker said afterwards he admired my coolness. But there wasn't anything else to do, was there? They sent out an S.O.S. and the Dover life-boat came out and took us off our little vessel which was just at its last gasp."

"Many of the mob-scenes were taken at Beauvais, and I of course, spoke French to the 'extras.' Afterwards when they had to 'treat me rough' they were so realistic that I got these. Look."

She showed me a bruised arm.

"I forgot all my French in my annoyance, and abused them roundly in good English. They thought I was encouraging them and manhandled me all the more. But it came out very well."

"Opposite Flora in I Will Repay is Pedro De Cordoba, who plays the young Revolutionary 'Paul Deroulede.' Since writing these lines, I have received a cable from Flora. It was sent from New York and reads: "Arrived safely despite rough passage. What's born to be hanged—you know the rest." Which is very difficult to comment upon—tactfully."

N.N.
Fay Compton writes of “EASTERN FOAM”:

“I consider it a most soothing and refreshing preparation.”

EASTERN FOAM Vanishing Cream produces and maintains that youthful freshness and soft natural bloom which are so admired in a woman’s complexion.

Used regularly—just a touch before going out—it protects the skin from biting wind and rain and exposure to extremes of temperature. After the dance or at any other time when one is feeling tired and jaded, this fragrant “Cream of Fascination” has a most refreshing and stimulating effect.

EASTERN FOAM is a daintily perfumed Non-Greasy Vanishing Cream. It disappears instantly—but its effects are felt and appreciated all the time. It makes and keeps the skin and complexion exquisitely soft and free from blotches or defects. It brings a youthful complexion and a clear skin within the reach of all. EASTERN FOAM is the only “Beauty Treatment” that thousands of beautiful women on and off the stage and screen employ.

EASTERN FOAM is sold in Large Pots (Price 1/4) by all Chemists and Stores.

FREE DAINTY BEAUTY BOXES.

Dainty Aluminium Boxes of EASTERN FOAM—ideal for pocket or handbag—are being distributed free. Merely send, enclosing 1d. stamped addressed envelope for return, to The British Drug Houses, Ltd. (Dept. J.D.B.), 16-30, Graham Street, London, N.1.
I was feeling a trifle tired, weary, as it were, after my somersaulting summer. I thought I'd make a movie or two as a sort of Rest Cure since movies were so restful. Restful! I've never worked so hard in my life. I had to protest. Something had got to be done about it. No use. They merely changed producers, and I began to lose weight. This one, A. E. Coleby, is a bigger man than I, ah's! The first thing he did was to remove the 'R' from the latter portion of my cognomen. It was "George, Obey!" from the first day he came into my life. The second day he began undressing me. He's still at it. In November, Chilly, what? I was chased in pyjamas in The Rest Cure. For miles and miles they pursued me until I thought, "Surely every ounce of superfluous flesh is now removed." But no. The producer wasn't satisfied. "We must see still more of you," quoth he, and decided to film The Prehistoric Man. Oh it's a funny film. Quite funny. But oh! my sufferings that you might smile.

"He-of-the-Knotted-Knee-cap," "She-of-the-Tireless-Tongue," all the bunch were resurrected. But "Dog's Body," he couldn't stand the pace, poor dear, so they sent him back to the Museum.

How I've suffered! My agony when we drove our prehistoric motor over Devon's frosty moors, with a biting East wind conducting a Cook's tour all over my prehistorically unclothed person. I did not like it. I had heaps of hirsute adornment, mark you. But not where I needed it. Was I not "He-of-the-Beetle-Brows," with "She-of-the-Permanent-Wave" (Marie Blanche), beside me? Yea, verily, but it was a cold journey, my masters, and though the others were allowed fleshings, I had neither but flesh. The extras got skin rights, but I only got asthma—or an excellent imitation of it.

Then there was the Football Match.

George as "He-of-the-Beetle-Brows."

"Play up Spurs." Agar Lyons and Johnny Butt (Matted Beaver) had a biting match off their own bat on the floor. Three cameras were grinding their hardest. I was grinding my teeth. There was a screech. He-of-the-Clutching-Knees and He-of-the-Knotted-Hand had clinched. When they unclenched our little Willie's worst fears were realised. He'd come unput!

It took the entire Studio staff to collect the bunches of hair, human and mine after the fray. And put back Cricklewood's missing hearthrugs. But we won. And I carried off the Cup and the Lady at one and the same time. They told me film-making was so restful. As entertainment and weight reducer in one, films may be all right. I say they MAY be. But as a Rest Cure—Shurr-r-r-up!!!
Send 2/6 to-day for the MAVIS SAMPLE BEAUTY OUTFIT containing PERFUME, VANISHING CREAM, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, COLD CREAM, TOOTH PASTE, LIPSTICK AND NAIL POLISH Sent Post Free.

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MAVIS PREPARATIONS are sold by Chemists, Perfumers and Stores everywhere.

Don't surrender when the first wrinkles come. Age is inevitable, but not the appearance of age. Millions of women now retain the bloom of youth for decades beyond what was thought possible.

Their method is easy, simple, inexpensive. It's merely a question of care and the greatest factor in their success is Palmolive Soap.

This is a penetrating soap. It cleans the skin to the depths. It leaves no clogging matter to harm the complexion. Then it applies a palm and olive oil blend. And these oils have for ages held supreme place as emollients for the skin.

Wherever women are famed for beauty you will find Palmolive Soap. Wherever women keep their youth, their chief help is Palmolive.
CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyfullest feast,
Let all the world be jolly;
Deck Hollywood with ivy leaves—Los Angeles with Holly.

Hang up wax-berried mistletoe,
And use it well, in reason;
In every set and studio,
Attune ye to the season.

Directors put your work aside,
And sing this Christmas rarely,
Fling all the doors of Screenland wide—
Let in the season fairly.

Ye camps, whose joy is breaking hearts,
Just call a brief cessation;
And villains, from their wily arts,
Should take a short vacation.

Ye film stars great and film stars small,
And every film fanum—
Remember Christmas comes to all,
But only once per annum.

George (Wiltz).

TO OUR ARSENTEE.

They have filmed a tale that is oft times told
Of a bride's sad fate in the days of old;
How poor "Lady Agnes" was hidden away.

By a villainous knight on her wedding day
Called Under the Mistletoe Bough.

It's shown in the cinemas now.

A little film star went over the sea,
To try her luck in a new countree.
She mopped her eyes as she left dry land,
And waved "good-bye" with a trembling hand.

So she's fair, far, far away now, now,
Far from the mistletoe bough.

Flora de Brotun's that film star's name,
And she's off to New York on a search for fame.

Off to the country where everyone knows
Never a morsel of mistletoe grows.
Oh, she's far, far, far away now,
Far from the mistletoe bough.

Joyce (London).

A WASSAIL FOR RUDY.

Here I come a-wassailing, a-wassailing unto you
To tell you of my screen love, a man
So good and true.
He's my pride, he's my joy
He's a very handsome boy;
May he flourish upon the screen for ever and for aye.
May he flourish upon the screen for ever and for aye.

His name is Valentino,
His acting is supreme,
His eyes are just a poem,
His hair it is a dream.

He's my pride, he's my joy;
He's the movie wonder-boy;
May he flourish upon the screen for ever and for aye.

Dolly (Slocum).

ONLY A CAROL.

Put on more films; the hall is chill.
But winds may whistle as they will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer;
We will not seem more backward here
To-day. Our Christmas-day shall be
A season of uproarious glee,
Of effervescent gaiety.
And, since old methods have grown stale,
No longer wand'reth minstrelsy:
Their songs—such as one eye on the ale. Instead, we keep our Christmas bright
By watching films with great delight
(Quite cheap at one-and-three a night).

Balmy Ux (Waverley).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

This is your department of Pictures and Picturegoer.
In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film-releases. Entries must be made on postcards and each reader must have his or her attempts witnessed by two other readers. 2½ will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault." Published in the Pictures and Picturegoer.
Address: "Faults" the Pictures, 93 Long Acre, W.C. 2.

A Gentlemanly Villain.

In episode six of Hurricane Hutch, the hero's hat falls off during a struggle with the villain. It is left on the deck of the boat when she is rescued by "Hutch," who arrives in the nick of time in a hydroplane. But when they land, and get into a waiting motor, she is again wearing it. Did the villain return it with apologies?

M. C. (Newton Abbot).

How Did She Know?

Barbara visits Rosalie (Mae Murray) in The Broadway Rose, and asks her about a paragraph in the paper, concerning Barbara's engagement. When Rosalie, in astonishment, says that she has not seen the announcement, Barbara walks into the next room, picks up a paper, and brings it back to show Rosalie. Funny, isn't it, that though Barbara had never been in the house before, she knew exactly where to find a paper?

H. D. (Highfields).

A Travelling Bruise.

In The Unusual Brute, young Pat Slendon, the hero, has to hit a man on the right cheek and knock him out before rescuing him from the sea. When the victim thanks Pat for having saved his life, he rubs his left cheek vigorously and behold! there is a fine bruise that side. How come?

P. L. (Small Heath).

Slow Motion Clock.

Will Rogers, in the latter part of The Doll of Women was to be shanghaied until 12 o'clock, so that he should fail to keep an appointment and so lose his girl. At five to twelve, Will jumped from the boat into the sea. He had quite half-a-mile's swim, and a long walk up to the house afterwards. But when he arrived, it was still 11-55.

R. F. P. (Nuneaton).

Not the Easiest Way.

The villain in The White Mouse (Wallace Beery) is stabbed in the back, which served him right for he was watching Lewis Stone fight for his life with the wolves without offering to go to his assistance. Next day when Wallace is found dead it is surmised that he committed suicide. By stabbing himself in the back? Allow me to inform you that it's next to impossible.


They, Evidently, Had Some.

The period of Peter Ibbetson is Early Victorian, and "Peter," (Wallace Reid) is taken to see a prize-fight. One of the other spectators is shown eating a banana. This fruit was not introduced to the population of England till the latter half of the 19th century.
My Ideal Xmas Gift

by

FAMOUS FILM STARS

Clare Windsor
These are the days when fair foreheads are puffed into lines of thought, and busy brains revolve at the rate of sixty-and-one-half rotations per minute. And the Thinking Cap departments of all the big stores bear the label "Sold Out." For somewhere between to-day and December 20th the vexed question, "What shall I give for Xmas this year?" must be decided. Every movie star has a lengthy list of friends and relatives whom he or she positively must remember at Christmas. Although in America, New Year and Hallowe'en are the standard times for the exchange of gifts, Hollywood follows the British fashion of keeping up Christmas in the good old English way. And of course the fans from all over the Universe seize this opportunity of showing their appreciation of their favourite star's efforts to amuse them in the past year. Gifts of all kinds simply pour in; cards, calendars, little home-made offerings, and sometimes really valuable antiques and jewellery. And, because it is frequently impossible to send similar presents in return, every star dons her thinking cap, and, pen in hand, writes down her idea as to the best Christmas box of all.

"Whether giving or receiving," declares Ivy Duke, "I think the nicest Christmas present in the world is a string of pearls. Of course, pearls are my favourite precious stone, and I like them any way, set either in rings or ear-rings or brooches or even clasps. I usually send away a great many pearl necklets, and this year they are all the rage. Worn with one of the severely simple black gowns, nothing could be more attractive. One of my many unknown friends sent me a lovely long string. It came in the middle of November and the accompanying letter told me that he had bought the pearls from a South Sea Islander last summer, and had them strung especially for me, and that every one meant a special wish from the donor. He didn't send any name or address, either, just initials, so if this should happen to catch his eye, I hope he'll accept my very hearty thanks."

"I receive so many requests for my cast-off clothing," exquisitely Claire Windsor said recently. "That I've had a special letter printed by the hundred to send in reply. I usually play in society pictures, and I think The Stranger's Banquet started the flood. I had some really lovely gowns for that film; and no sooner was it shown than letters by the hundred poured in asking me whether I couldn't lend, or give the writers "one, just one of those beautiful dresses you can't want now that the film is finished." Naturally most of my film clothes are especially made for the occasion, many in the Studio atelier, and they are not mine really. And, though I do, and it happens, give away a lot of my very own discarded clothes, I have my set of pensioners and it would be rough on them to cut off their supplies for perfect strangers. But some of the appeals I put aside, and this Christmas I have sent away a whole lot of rather pretty frocks. Some of those girls who wrote me seem never to have owned a really nice frock and so I thought they should have a Christmas surprise for once. I know the feeling, exactly, for I haven't always been able to afford nice clothes myself. I think a new dress and a silk house are my ideal Christmas presents, for girls at any rate."

Viola Dana plumped for something woolly. So did Katherine MacDonald. "Sports coat for me," said Katharine, "Hand-knitted of course. You can buy splendid hand-knitted ones nowadays." "I like to knit mine myself," confessed Viola Dana. "But I don't have the time for it. So I either have it made to order, or buy it from a catalogue. I think something knitted will be my choice this year, both for sending and receiving."

(Continued on page 70)
THE GIFT IDEAL FOR XMAS

The Gift every woman desires; that honours and gratifies its recipient, while it marks the giver’s perfect taste. Ciro Pearls are the Gift Beautiful, the Gift Desirable, the Gift Enduring. Whether in the form of a graceful necklace or set alluringly as jewels, Ciro Pearls are the offering that is always welcome, always appropriate. They are the one exact replica of the real—the Gift Ideal.

We cordially invite everyone to inspect the unique collection of pearls at our showrooms, or we will send you a necklace of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long with solid gold clasp, in any of the Ciro Pearl jewels illustrated on this page, in beautiful case for One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable, you may return them to us and we will refund your money in full.

Our new booklet 54 of Ciro Pearl gifts post free.

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THE GIFT IDEAL FOR XMAS

Bouquet, with fine single Ciro Pearl of one orient on platinum double bar. £1 10

Single Ciro Pearl Earrings, on solid gold mounts, for pierced or non-pierced ears. £1 0

Ciro Pearl Ring in platinum, with scientific rubies, emeralds or sapphires on either side. £1 10

Pretty Three Pearl Ring in gold. £1 0

Photographic reproduction of our marvellous (Irish) Ciro Pearl Necklace, with Solid Gold clasps, in beautiful case. £1 10. Other lengths at proportionate prices.
To such a devotee of dancing as Flora Le Breton, the idea of Dance Records as a Christmas offering seemed the natural thing. "It isn't always possible to go out and practise the new steps," she says. "But anyone who knows them can easily teach anyone who doesn't by means of a gramophone, a few good records and a little patient practice in the London flat."

Quite half-a-dozen stars voted for chocolates. "Because we mustn't have too many, especially when we're at work," is the dictum of Patsy Ruth Miller, "we like to revel in them just once a year and we usually do it Xmas time." "Nice large bursty looking chocolates I like best," came from Eleanor Boardman, the slender, graceful star of "Souls for Sale," "I think that, something you can bite into, Toffees, for instance."

Constance Talmadge, too, likes candies of all sorts in her Xmas stocking. She is naturally thin, so no amount of sweets, cakes, or toothsome delights forbidden to sister Norma have the slightest effect upon her avoirdupois.

Harold Lloyd always gives a big Christmas party, alone and for the Orphans on December 20th. It is held in the Studio, and over a thousand guests are invited. In his opinion the ideal Christmas-box is something of that sort. "My party is my Yuletide gift to myself," he writes us, "and we always have a grand vaudeville and circus show afterwards on a 'set' specially built for the occasion. This year the stars to be a Wild West show, staged by Snub Pollard, Marie Mosquini and one hundred helpers. I shall have a special number in which I save Mildred from terrible dangers in the shape of collapsing stairs, trick chandeliers, revolving doors, and horrible 'chinks.' "Our Gang will perform; the Hal Roach Zoo will also appear and the Thornbys give every kiddie peanuts and candy."

Harrison Ford, who is a great bookworm, puts it upon record that the present which pleased him most was a table lamp. This was a gift from an English fan; an artistic looking affair, with a charming silk shade. For the best, Harrison refuses to lay down any hard and fast rule; he selects his gifts according to the tastes of the recipient and he says since he started giving and receiving Christmas presents, the Inland Revenue have had to take on a few more workers. But he likes cigarettes. So do Stewart Rome, and Henry Victor, and Thurston Hall, and quite a few feminine stars. Valia, the favourite Anglo-Russian star, orders hundreds of boxes of her favourite cigarettes for Christmas distribution amongst her many friends. And scarcely a week goes by but one or another ardent Novello fan showers tobacco upon her favourite.

Louise Fazenda who is a clever writer in her spare moments is sending off over five dozen fountain pens this Christmas. "With most of them goes a scrap of verse," she informs us, "and the request to use my gift in writing to me. A pen is an all-round-sort of a present. It is nice to give either a girl or a man friend and I know how really useful a fountain pen is."

Glassware of some kind is Malvin Longfellow's idea of the ideal Yuletide remembrance. Herself an ardent collector, she had cupboards full of lovely antique glassware in her London flat. She likes old glass best, but does not disdain modern cut-glassware, and many a quaintly-shaped vase or pretty-cut bowl leaves her home in a snug box, labelled Glass with Care, about the middle of December.

Most of Violet Hopson's Christmas parcels go abroad. For she has a tremendous amount of foreign correspondence, and some of her Australian "fans" have never failed to send her a tiny remembrance since she made her first success in Hepworth films. But Violet has other humber friends in London, to whom she is a real good fairy at Christmas time. Just how many parcels and baskets of food and goodies she sends to certain slum streets in the Metropolis, only her secretary could tell you. Many an invalid, for instance, receives a pretty card or calendar and a parcel of tea, coffee, sugar, etc. When the recipient is an invalid, Violet sometimes adds a bottle of wine.

Langhorne Burton appreciates offerings of that sort too. He has been abroad a great deal, and is not averse to a quiet evening over the fire, with good wine, good cigars, and a few chosen companions with whom to exchange travellers' tales. Likewise Tony Fraser. "Of course one doesn't send a lady, a flagon of wine," said Tony with a grim, when we asked him to join the symposium. "One may ask her to share it, of course. But I think the most acceptable gift for one man to give another is wine, and a bright gift is a chocolate muslin tankard. Unless he's a teetotaller, in which case he has my sympathy!"

The alluring-looking star of Three Weeks, Aileen Pringle prefers scent to anything else as a Christmas souvenir. She has her own kind especially made for her, and to a chosen few friends she sends an exquisitely cut glass bottle of the rare essence she habitually affects. Theda Bara at one time held the same views, but her tastes have grown more catholic of late. Evelyn Brent and Catherine Bennett (Enid Bennett's little sister, whom you can "spot", amongst the Court ladies in Robin Hood if you're careful), also like to give or receive a little packet of concentrated fragrance. And there is just one male star who has a "weakness" in the same direction. I think I'd better not tell you his name, though he has millions and millions of admirers. Perhaps you will guess it for yourself. If you've seen him off the screen you'll know at once because he is an habitual devotee of a certain Eastern essence which suits a decidedly colourful personality.

(Continued on page 72).
Give your Home an Aladdin Lamp

In the season of gift-making, your own home is well worthy of remembrance. It will respond gratefully to the gift of an Aladdin Mantle Lamp by creating for you a brighter, more cheerful and inexpensive light.

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Ivy Duke
The popular Film Actress writes:
"Maison Lyons Chocolates are perfection. They have only one drawback—they're so delicious that they don't last long!"
"A comfy seat, some Lyons chocs, and—wow
E'en wilderness were Paradise now!"

If you want the best chocolates that money can buy, just ask for "Maison Lyons." Made in over eighty varieties—new ones are constantly being added—they have that fine rare distinctive flavour which everybody appreciates so much.

No home can be considered complete this coming Xmas without a box of—

Maison Lyons
Chocolates

At Maison Lyons, Corner Houses, Lyons' Teashops, and leading Cinemas and Confectioners throughout the Country.
"...the cares that infest the day shall fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away."

Charm away your cares in a soft billow of Miranda's smoke. Feel your strung-up nerves relax under its spell and enjoy divine restful content.

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AMBAR PERFUMED CIGARETTES

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"MIRANDA'S DREAM
Cigarettes are indeed exquisite." — Mlle. Valca.

Miranda's Cigarettes are so popular that they can be obtained at all leading dealers, but if any difficulty send P.O. and we will see that you are supplied.

Gold-Tipped, Extra Large 10 for 18
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THE ONLY BUST SUPPORTER
Adapted for all Purposes.

GUARDS against CANCER, PAIN, INFLAMMATION, TUMOUR, arising from a floppy or too bust.

For Heavy, Full, Loose Figures or Matronage, White Fine, White Satin, Material 2.6
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It is invented to prevent Muscles relaxing.
Not only gives Relief and Satisfaction, but Improves Figure and keeps appearance Youthful, also is made on tested and thoroughly scientific lines; that is why it is recommended by the medical profession.

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Gives the secret of attraction of Parisianesses. Buy direct from FRANCE. Take advantage of exchange, save middlemen's profit, the only way to get the genuine. "Price 5/- for package of four varieties."

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"Old clothes are the things I like showered upon me Christmas time, Easter time, any old time," moans Buster Keaton. "Old hats, old shoes, and the oddest things in—I can't call them glad rags, the days of gladness are all over and done with—coats and trousers. And I'll say I appreciate the kindness of the senders who figure out I'll use their offerings in my comedies and I do use them. Last January I wanted a certain kind of old hat for a movie. I sent an SOs to every old clo' peddler within reach, but no one had anything like it. Just as I was in despair the very thing arrived by mail. It came from New England from a farmer lad, who sent me the only thing he could spare by way of a gift."

Tom Meighan's Xmas mail brings him anything and everything under the sun. For Tommy is the Family Fan, the Good Luck Star and a host of other nice things. He gets candy, he gets ties, he gets samples of hair oils and hair tonics (he doesn't need 'em, his thatch is thick and curly enough for two). He gets mascots for his auto, and mascots for his desks; he gets charms and swastikas and Egyptian scarabs and South Sea Island baskets. But Tom confesses that he likes a good book as well as anything else; and his idea of the perfect offering at Christmas or any other festive occasion is a book or play suitable for a film. For Tom is finding it difficult to put his hand on exactly the type of screenplay he wants these days.

(Continued on page 74)
Delightful Gifts

Cut Glass well chosen is a lasting tribute to the good taste of the giver and a perpetual pleasure to the owner—therefore Give Good Glassware this Xmas! Here are two suggestions. —

TOILET POWDER BOWLS.—Of Murano Firefrieze. Sent 3 ins. by 3 ins. Price 2/6. Postage 1/-.

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POST FREE 21/-

Lady’s 9ct. Gold Wristlet Watches and 9ct. Gold Expanding Bracelets. Hinged cases of various patterns. Very daintily designed dials of different types. Finest jewelled movements fitted by expert workmen. Shop prices from 13/10s. To be sold now at prices ranging, according to shapes and dials from 38/6. As illustrated 45/-. POST FREE 45/-

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De Caro Pearls

—exact reproduction of the rare, real pearls of the Orient. They possess all their delicacy, shape and colouring—only the price is different.

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Order by Post.

On receipt of ONE GUINEA we will send you a necklace of DE CARO PEARLS 16 inches long, with gold clasp, in nice case, and if you are not satisfied with DE CARO PEARLS Necklet, return to us within seven days and your money will be returned in full.

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(ONE MINUTE FROM OXFORD CIRCUS)

STAGE BEAUTIES

Photo in miniature is of PHYLLIS MONKMAN, the popular actress. It is one of a series of unconventional photographs of well-known stage beauties. Photo, 5in. by 6in., is effectively printed on heavy Matt paper. Price 2/-. Post free, or for an inclusive price of 10/- we will send photo of PHYLLIS MONKMAN, and of PHYLLIS TITMUSS, LITTLE JUNE, MARY LEIGH, EVELYN LAYE, and MAI BACON. Six (6) most attractive photographs of six very pretty and attractive actresses. Send P.O. to-day. Illustrated list sent on receipt of 3d. stamp.

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It looks like silver yet has no plating to wear out. A lifetime friend. Originally 90/-, now reduced to 10/- a splendid post free (6/- singly).

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A 3 or 6-bottle Case makes a Great Gift

The true spirit of Christmas hospitality can find no better expression than in a gift of this choice wine Made just like vintage champagne—from the pure juice of the finest grapes—a wine of rare quality and flavour

Big Tree Sparkling Muscatel

Grierson, Oldham & Co., Ltd.,
25, Haymarket, S.W.1.

You cannot better "Big Tree."

Mae Murray's idea of the perfect Christmas gift has not reached us at the time of going to press. By all the rules of Screenland it should be lingerie; a sheer silk or crêpe de chine princess Petticoat, or some such other feminine possession. But more likely than not she will reply, "Something in wrought-iron for my dining room; for Mae is dead nuts on interior decoration. Last year Mary Pickford sent out two thousand Christmas gifts. And their value ranged from a dollar to one at five thousand dollars. The dollar one contained a doll for a little Canadian "fan," the five thousand dollar packet was nothing much to look at. Only a plain envelope with a Christmas label on the back. But it contained a cheque and went to Mary's favourite Orphanage. The gifts Mary receives consist of everything under the sun and she declares she loves each one of them. Constance Binney is fond of sending her very particular girl friends a hat for a Yuletide present. Usually of her own designing, for she is wonderfully clever at it. Taking it all round, December 25 really is an institution, especially designed for the expression of kindliness and goodwill, and what could be nicer than a tangible tribute, however small, to or from your celluloid companions of so many pleasant evenings.

Everybody's Business.

The nicest thing that ever happened to the business girl was the "Luvisca" blouse. It's beautiful silky sheen is permanent and it will wash and wash and wash again. It is far cheaper than silk and far more durable. A striped shirt blouse in one of the many charming colours worn this year makes an ideal Christmas present.
the mankind is more popular ever before. Superior persons sneer, critics launch weighty onslaughts, and all sorts of queer people profess to see in it something naughty and demoralising—but what do we care? Any time's dancing time for you and me! Let the superior persons and the critics amuse themselves if it pleases them. For us there is always the dance. It always strikes me as all wrong that civilization should have done its best to take away from women their birthright of natural and graceful movement. Look at any child you pass in the street and notice how naturally graceful is its walk and carriage. Notice how beautifully it moves, and notice how spontaneously it dances at the slightest provocation. The natural dancing of the little London urchins round the barrel organs would put many a stage or ballroom dancer to shame.

But how many grown-ups know how to carry themselves properly? Not one in a thousand. Shoe leather and City pavements have conspired to kill the graceful ease of their younger days. And if you see a particularly ungraceful walk and carriage be sure it belongs to a superior person! The critics are all wrong of course. Men have their physical culture—women have their dancing; and what athletics do for men, dancing does for us. Men want strength and muscles; we want beauty of figure and health of body—and we get it by dancing.

And if it comes to that didn't Rudolph Valentino gain fame as a dancer long before he ever saw the inside of a studio? What have you to say to that, Mr. Critic?

It's an interesting fact that the majority of screen stars have gained fame because they were first and foremost first-class dancers.

Mae Murray, Constance Binney, Irene Castle, Carol Dempster, Marguerite de la Motte, Jacqueline Logan and Margaret Loomis all acquired fame as either stage or classical dancers before they went into films, while such favourites as Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Lila Lee and Gloria Swanson are all skilled in the terpsichorean art.

Theodore Kosloff, the famous Russian dancer who stars in Paramount films, believes as I do that dancing is an absolute necessity for a screen actress. It gives the power of graceful movement as nothing else can, and every actress must acquire this, for the camera is merciless in exposing defects.

Next time you see Kosloff, notice that every movement he makes is a pleasure to watch—the true poetry of motion. It was his training as a dancer that did that for him.

Of course I'm willing to admit with Mr. Superior Person that dancing can be brain-addling! O, Yes! And to agree with Mr. Critic that dancing does make girls impossible—at times! That is if you allow dancing to rob you of your sleep, weary your body and your nerves, and obsess your thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. Like all good things it can be overdone, and then the results are bound to be bad.

But look at the other side of the picture. Consider first of all how dancing rids one of shyness, does away with all awkwardness and timidity and substitutes self-confidence, perfect con-

Mr. Murray who by his new methods has taught 120,000 people to dance and who is recognised as the world's foremost dancing instructor is eager to prove to you that his postal courses will positively teach you to dance all the latest steps and new dances in a few evenings. Therefore he offers to send you two valuable and instructive dancing lessons free. Just cut out the coupon below and attach it to a sheet of plain paper with your name and address and post it with threepence in stamps to cover postage and packing and the 2 free lessons will be posted to you in a plain sealed envelope. Don't miss this opportunity of getting two free dancing lessons from Arthur Murray. If you do not know one dance step from another I will guarantee that you, too, can easily and quickly master all the latest dance steps through Arthur Murray's method of teaching dancing right in your own home.

COUPON FOR 2 FREE LESSONS.
Please send in plain sealed packet your illustrated booklet and 2 free dancing lessons. I enclose 6d. to cover cost of postage and packing. Also send me free booklet giving synopsis of the Murray Dancing Courses for teaching dancing in easy-to-follow home lessons. (Attach the coupon to plain sheet of paper, on which your name and address should be written in plain letters. Applications from outside Great Britain and Ireland must be accompanied by 2/6.)

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HAVE: Good Lessons at once in all the latest dances, and so be ready for the many Balls and Parties you are sure to go to. Why not be the best dancer in the room? It is quite possible.

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The first Teacher in the World to Broadcast a Fox-Trot Lesson by Radio.

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Pictures and Pith.

trol of mind and muscle, and movement. Isn't that worth what
Charm is a queer thing. No one ever been able to define it. But 
the gable as it is, everyone recognizes whenever they see it, and dancing 
certainly helps to give a girl charm, isn't that worth while, too?
So let us have done with Critics and 
Superior Persons and talk about more exciting things.
I suppose that while I'm making fir
in America you'll all be learning dance the Blues in dear old Eng
I hope you're not expecting to
 teach you the correct steps article? I should soon have the
shouting for his blue pencil if I columns and columns of "lesson... complete with diagrams! But I do
want to insist that when you learn the Blues you learn them correctly to begin with.
If you want expert personal tuition, 
you cannot do better than go to either the Murray School of Dancing or the Crompton Academy. At either of these you can rely on being taught the very latest steps by experts, and you can go from there to the ballroom knowing that you will be able to hold your own with anyone.
And of course you will have to learn the Blues, for they will be all the rage this year. Before I sailed for America I looked in at the wonderful Palais de Danse at Hammersmith.
The great dance floor was crowded, but although the tango had a few devoted followers, the vast majority of the skilled dancers there were weaving their dreamy way through the Blues.
I just love the Palais de Danse. Of course I feel that every minute I'm not dancing is a minute wasted, but all the same it's a fascinating occupation just to sit at one of the little tables besides the floor and watch the never-ending flood of dancers pour by.
It's always the same when it's dancing time—there's life and colour, movement and music, a kaleidoscope of happy motion. Do you wonder that I love dancing?
Do you know I often think there is better dancing to be seen at Hammersmith than anywhere else in London. They're all amateurs—but they don't look it. They take their dancing seriously and they do it well; so well indeed that many a professional might envy some of the couples who flit with twinkling feet round that vast floor.
And now as to dressing—an all-important factor in the hallroom, whatever it may be elsewhere! My advice is never to wear anything that will impede free and graceful movement, no matter how fashionable it may be at the moment.
Loose ends of sashes, floating scarves, flower sprays, are all dreadful nuisances to the dancer. In fact any loose ends liable to catch and tear, not only spoil the dance for you—they simply ruin your partner's temper!
Dancing

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Miss Beverley Hill

Tuition in all branches of Dancing. Ballroom work and Speciality—Including Blues and Parisian Tango. Practice Dances twice weekly.

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Really true-to-life records at last! Absolutely faithful to the original—even to the characteristics and mannerisms of the great vocal and instrumental celebrities who record for Brunswick. Hear the Dance Records too—full of "life," and sparkle, and the true dance-rhythm. Perfect for practice— because the full dance band tone and volume are there.

Ask your dealer to play them—or write for Free Catalogue "B.P.G."

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PRIVATE AND CLASS TUITION.

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and at HAMILTON HALL, FOREST HILL, S.E.

Blues, Imperial Blues, Fox-Trot, etc.

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DANCE TEAS every Saturday at The Hall, Park Lane, CROYDON, 5.30 to 6 p.m. 25 inclusive. Excellent Orchestra. Evening 7.30.

Next Dance, HOTEL RUSSELL, Russell Square, W.C.I, Saturday, January 26th, 1924 (Fancy Dress). Tickets, 7s inclusive.

Interviews between 1 and 2 daily at the Studio, 3, Bedford St., W.C., or by appointment.

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(Second in World's Professional Championship 1923, late of Queen's Hall Roof). is now giving tuition in...

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Telephone: MAYFAIR 644.

Vacancies for artiliced pupils who will be taken on staff on completion of training if showing sufficient ability.

Mr. Gerald Davis

(Late of Queen's Hall Roof)
excited without the daily exhilaration of wireless communications I find it difficult to imagine.

And best of all is the clever way the makers of gramophone records realise the importance of dancing time to the modern girl. And realise that she needs practice—at home. So we get the best and newest dance music—often by the best dance bands in the world. What an opportunity for the shy girl!

One of my firm beliefs is that dancing has a beneficial effect on a girl’s looks. As a screen star I must perform twice and consider upon appearances—which is not vanity but real work. I assure you! My conviction is that dancing can have none but good effects, always provided, as I said before, that it is not indulged in to foolish excess. To begin with, a girl who loves dancing is sure to be of a happy, joyous disposition—one could not imagine a second old maid dancing!—and there you have at once the first essential for keeping youthful which, everyone agrees, is the real basis of good looks.

There is also the real physical advantage of good exercise taken in the pleasantest possible way. What, for instance, could be better for the girl whose occupation is a sedentary one, such as clerking or typing, than the exercise and exhilaration of an evening’s dancing?

Stirring the blood in such a delightful fashion is bound to be better for the complexion than any amount of face massage or cosmetics.

Let me tell you a secret—you don’t mind my talking about myself for a moment, do you? If I hadn’t been able to dance I should probably never have got a real chance on the screen, for my first big opportunity came in La Poupée—and I was given the part simply because I could dance. And how I loved it—that quaint doll-dance! How I loved also that little song-film Tura-tu-boom-da-way, in which for three days I danced from dawn to dusk. Again I was chosen for the leading part because I have the sort of feet that just can’t keep still if the music starts!

Film dancing has always appealed to me tremendously, far more than stage work. Stage dancing means long, tiresome rehearsals with the danger of one’s movements becoming mechanical.

How different in front of the camera! One or two rehearsals, and then the scene is filmed. Screen dancing is spontaneous, the creation of the moment, and gives one the chance to express the real joy of living in every movement. It is the most natural dancing in the world, and I love it because I can be myself and express my own feelings in it.

I’ll whisper a wee confession to you here. One of my big troubles in dancing is that I’ve got such ridiculously small feet. I actually take thirteen’s in shoes—children’s size, of course! The result is that I have to have all my dancing shoes made specially for me (and reassure you it’s no laughing matter, but often a very great nuisance indeed.

The Editor is warning me that I’m getting very near the bottom of my last column. So let me say in conclusion that if I were asked for my idea of Heaven, I should reply without the slightest hesitation: Dancing! Dancing time is the time when I really live. No worries, no troubles, just happiness, joy and a world of make believe.

If you have managed to read my article as far as this there is one word I would like to say to you before I say good-bye. Christmas time is dancing time if ever there was one. So—a Merry Christmas to you each and every one. Dance your way into the New Year and may your dancing time bring you nothing but happy and carefree hours.

A Merry Christmas to you all!
Great news for Frederick Fans! Pauline of that ilk is returning to her old haunts and is already at work on a Stuart Blackton production. Lou Tellegen plays opposite, and the film is titled Let No Man Put Asunder.

Buster Keaton transferred his entire household to Truckee for the filming of out-of-doors scenes in Hospitality, his second Metro feature. He put the whole bunch into the film, from Baby Joseph Talmadge Keaton and his mamma, to Mr. and Mrs. Keaton senior. It is a costume picture, period the early 'thirties, and Buster will appear for the first time minus his famous pancake hat.

The Film Players Club of America has just moved its quarters to West Forty Fourth Street, New York City. It has a membership of 1,500, comprising actors and actresses, directors and cameramen. Nearly all the Hollywood stars belong, for they all gravitate to New York eventually.

The exhibit that drew more comment than any other at the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, was the original volume containing the register of Mary Pickford's birth. The book was shown in a glass case, among archives and other unique documents, in the Government buildings and belongs to the Ontario Government.

aren't Movies funny? Andréé Lafeuette was specially imported from France to play "Trilby of the beautiful feet." But the "trilbies" you see in Trilby aren't Trilby's trilbies. Not in the "close-ups," that is. Alas! that we should shatter your illusions, but the horrid truth is that they belong to little Betty Roher, an extra. For Andréé is tall and big, and though her pedal extremities are very nice, they are in proportion to her size, and didn't take kindly to "close-ups." Therefore Betty obliged. Andréé is now playing the typist heroine in The Vital Question for Laval Productions.

Claire West, formerly Cecil B. De Mille's right hand in the costume and designing departments has transferred her activities to the Talmadge studios. She will supervise all Norma and Constance Talmadge's costumes for their future productions.

Priscilla Dean is going to make her own screenplays for the future. She calls her company Laurel Productions and announces Wheeler Oakman as her leading man.

William S. Hart and his old Pinto pony are doing a comeback into Movies together. Pinto had been taking it easy down at Newhall Ranch for many months and had grown as fat as Bill Hart is lean. Incidentally "Wild Bill Hickok," whom Bill Hart is impersonating in his new film was a real personage. A demon at shooting, and a lady killer—complete with long hair and a wicked moustache. But Hart drew the line there. "No face fungus for me," he declared. "And no long hair." So the film Bill Hickok will be close cropped, and clean-shaven.

Baby Peggy has divulged a state secret. Her name is really Jean Montgomery. Peggy suited her, so it was tacked on when she became a stock player in Century comedies. She is now with Principal Pictures, and her new screen contract is for three years.

Dorothy Mackail did so well in her first role opposite Dick Barthelmess in The Fighting Blade, that he has engaged her to appear in his new one, Twenty One. This is to be made in New York.

Maurice Tourneur has just finished his fiftieth motion picture since his arrival in America from France in 1914. This is at the rate of about five a year. His first U.S.A. film was Mother, other notable early screenplays he directed were The Wishing Ring (Mae Murray), The Pit, Alias Jimmy Valentine (Robert Warwick), Trilby (Clara Kimball Young) Pride of the Clan (Mary Pickford), The Blue Bird, Prunella (Marguerite Clarke) and Treasure Island. His newest are The Isle of Lost Ships, The Brass Bottle and Jealous Husband.
into a heap of rubbish when a passing cleaner had dumped there thinking the room still unoccupied. In his first scene he had to stand still and let Alec Francis punch him on the jaw. "Francis seemed in excellent fighting form," Harrison Ford said shortly afterwards. "And I got another licking from Harry Northrup in the afternoon. I was allowed to hit back this time, but Harry is tougher than I and I bruised my knuckles on him." Finally Ford slipped and Northrup, who had him by one coat tail, held on, hoping to save his victim a fall. But the coat parted from collar to tail and Harrison came a cropper. They worked till midnight and now Ford says the first seven hours were the hardest.

There was a family tea party on the Metro "lot" last month. Catherine and Marjorie Bennett called on sister Enda to watch her working on The Living Past. Edna Flugrath and Shirley Mason were similarly occupied watching Viola Dana on stage B impersonate Angel Face Molly, and Jane and Eva Novak were hard at it on the adjoining stage playing in The Man Whom Life Passed By. At six o’clock, the whole eight tea’d together on an empty stage and swapped "Do You Remember?" for two hours.

Betty Compson’s new Lasky Picture is called The Stranger, and Lewis Stone and Richard Dix will be co-starred with her. It is a screen version of John Galsworthy’s novel The First and the Last, and we wonder whether the title has any reference to Betty’s long absence from Paramount studios.

Did you know that Lon Chaney takes all his screen-characterizations from life? Lon was the star of honour at a luncheon at the Astor Hotel given by the American screen press, and in the course of a speech told them that, and many other interesting things. Lon studies mankind continually, and absorbs their mannerisms and peculiarities of every kind which he uses in his screen work. It transpired that Chaney studied a certain legless man in San Francisco for two months in preparation to delineating the role of the legless character in The Penalty. And his study of the Chinaman in Shutteries was based upon a personal friend, one "China Jim" of Colorado Springs.

Mary Astor is to be John Barrymore’s heroine in Beau Brummel. Experts declare John will look, as well as act the role to perfection.

The ancient city of Bagdad, which occupies all of the huge Fairbanks "lot" had some interesting residents recently. These were ten Bengal tigers with whom Doug Fairbanks worked for six evenings on scenes for The Thief of Bagdad. These powerful and beautiful animals were given a "royal suite" on the lot, where half Hollywood clamoured to see them. A twelve-foot wire fence kept visitors and visited from getting into too close touch with each other.

"Jekyll and Hyde" is to be filmed again, with William V. Mong in the dual role. William has taken on a formidable task, for John Barrymore’s performance will want some equaling.

George Arliss commenced a film called The Adopted Father before he left America, and declared he would come back and finish it soon. But France has decided otherwise, so they are bringing the mountain to Mahomet. The final shots of The Adopted Father will be filmed in England, the producer, Harmon Wright and certain of the cast, which includes Taylor Holmes and Estelle Taylor are on their way over now.

One of the most interesting of the Continental screenplays to be released shortly is The Devil’s Acre, which tells how a crime came home to roost. One man is beloved by three women, and he at first cares only for wealth and sticks at nothing to obtain his desires. Lya de Putti, the star, makes her first bow of British audiences in this film and is supported by Eugene Klopfer and Alfred Abel. A spectacular explosion and some fine lighting effects are salient points in The Devil’s Acre.

Ann Little, heroine of many successful serial films, is the bright particular star of the Cosmograph Film Co.’s big £3,000 Competition picture Nan of the North. This plucky little lady has enacted some strenuous roles in her time, but never has she had a more exciting succession of adventures than in this new “chapter play.” It would be unfair to give away all the exciting episodes in which “Nan” is the central figure, but she proves herself an unusually clever horsewoman—an art she learned in the early days of Wild West pictures.

Don’t waste your time sighing for what the next girl’s got, but spend it wisely in making the best of what you’re got. Every woman has something attractive about her, and you should develop and care for your best feature for all you’re worth. Begin with the skin, always, and then proceed to the hair. A free “Book of Beauty,” telling you just how to set about it can be obtained from the Oatine Co., whose preparations are world-famous. Read their announcement on page 15 of this issue.
Many people with ability for drawing have slighted this gift and disregarded the talent that has been bestowed on them. Whatever you do, if you wish to win success, you must have comprehensive, accurate, scientific knowledge.

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Continental Film Gossip

Right: Renée Gerville.

The last three months of 1923 will be a period of great activity on the Continent when nearly twenty famous American producers and double that number of stars will be at work making pictures in various parts of Europe—that part of Europe which is found on this side of the Channel.

Rex Ingram at the moment of writing is producing a new film, the scenes of which are laid in Africa, Spain and France. Alice Terry is the leading player, and Ramon Novarro heads an important list of well-known artists.

While Fitzmaurice is making a film for Famous Players with Lilian Gish in Italy, the whole Welsh-Pearson company is at work in Paris. Charming Betty Balfour, the ever-delightful "Squibs," Fred Groves and Hugh E. Wright have been "shooting," interesting scenes in the principal Paris thoroughfares.

Fanny Ward, too, is shortly returning to the silent stage. Betty Compson, now to be seen in Woman to Woman, the W. & F. production, is expected here within the next few weeks and will make an extended stay, during which time she will probably make a film.

Aubert have just finished La Bataille, with Sesnie Hayakawa, Tsun Aoki, Jean Dax, and Felix Ford in the leading roles. This new Aubert picture, I understand, will be transferred in London before Christmas.

Pearl White in a scene from "Plunder."

Pola Negri is expected in Paris where she will star, I am told, in a big production with an entirely-American company.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Griffith and Chaplin all have plans to settle down here, and so it is fully expected that there will be considerable activity in the French film world before very long. The French film industry is becoming more and more Cosmopolitan every day, but then perhaps it is better so.

I have just seen the new Pearl White film, produced by Fordys Films, with Edouard José directing, and which will shortly be released in London. It is really excellent entertainment and some very fine stunts are to be seen. The story is novel and contains a host of original scenes, such as the actual Paris sewers, genuine French chateaux with consequently genuine sliding panels, trap-doors, and the usual.

Bob Lee is the leading juvenile and some fine acting is seen in the performances of Marcel Vibert and Henri Baudin. Mlle. Renée Gerville, also, distinguishes herself in this, her first film. As a matter of fact she has just signed on an important engagement with an Anglo-American company in France. She is considered one of the most beautiful women of her particular type in France to-day and recently won a beauty competition for the prettiest film stars. Arlette Marchal is good, if a little cold, but on the whole Terror should prove most successful.

Jean Wells, known as the French Lon Chaney, because of his inimitable aptitude in transforming his features, is coming to London after winning immense success in La Legende de Sénor Beatrix. Wells beside playing a leading part in the last Sarah Bernhardt film, La l'ayante, was assistant director of that production. He also plays in the new Pearl White photoplay Terror, and his particular job in this case is to do away with the popular movie star, but didn't this first and that rather messes things up.

A really amusing story that happened in the studio at Epinay was told me by Renée Gerville. It concerned Arlette Marchal and Jean Wells and Bizeul and Agniel, the well-known American-French cameramen. Arlette was walking across the "set" when suddenly she asked and asked the "artists of the camera" "How far off are we?" "About forty feet!" replied Bizeul and Agniel simultaneously. "But that is not far," said Arlette Marchal. "Evidently not," said Jean Wells sadly, edging near to the door. "If only you knew your feet the distance is tremendous."

But Arlette Marchal did not catch him till he reached the tram lines and then "Lon Chaney only got away by taking the last tram home!"

OSCAR M. SHERIDAN.
My Golden Rule for Beauty

by FAMOUS KINEMA STARS
My Golden Rule for Beauty

Be beautiful. It's up to you. Whether your nose be Grecian or retroussé, whether your hair be dark and straight or fair and curly, whether your eyes be blue or black and your figure tall or tiny. For to be absolutely endearing nine out of every ten beauties in this beauty-loving world of ours are made, not born. For so many things go to make up that perfect ensemble which charms you upon the screen. Amongst all the lovely ladies of screenland can you name one who has nothing but a set of perfect features to offer? No, because mere doll-like perfection is not beauty at all. Never was so big a mistake made as when a girl who doesn't happen to be beautiful (if you analyse feature by feature) labels herself an ugly duckling, ceases to take any interest in her personal appearance and so becomes a dowd. All the screen stars are beautiful, each one in her different way, and each one has her own idea of what constitutes beauty in a woman. More often than not she picks upon something that is not her own strong point, for the eternal feminine is very human and nearly always wants what the other woman's got. Besides, to be a beauty does not mean to be flawless. Isolated physical shortcomings, such as one bad feature in two good ones, are not really mar- rying. Sometimes a defective feature is an outstanding feature, like Wellington's nose or Napoleon's eminence.

Types more than mathematical exactitude of feature is the thing, and a new type may create new standards of beauty. For beauty sends a few exceptions to the general rule to create new rules of their own. Most of the acknowledged beauties of the Silver Screen have one especial "golden rule," upon which their standards of attractiveness is based. One swears by a clear pale skin, another declares that lovely hands and well kept nails are all a woman needs to take her stand amongst the twentieth century Helens.

Ruth Roland's golden rule is "Get a good face cream and don't be afraid to use it." Ruth is a serial star, first and last, though she can act in dramas when she cares to, and often puts in a month or two on the stage over the winter. She is touring now, in a short play. But her usual work keeps her out in the open air for many hours at a stretch, riding and stunting, and as she would never take any risk of losing her famous good looks, you may be sure her advice is worth taking. Ruth also indulges in salt baths very freely, rough shower bath, the rougher the better." Betty is certainly a very good advertisement for her own system.

That a beautiful skin is a girl's chief attraction is also Mildred Davis Lloyd's theory. And she believes in keeping it beautiful. She, however, doesn't believe in face creams or skin foods of any kind other than soap. "Give me a good toilet soap and plenty of hot and cold water, and I'll be unafraid of hot sun and cold winds," she says. "And my golden rule is, keep your skin in good order and you'll always be healthy and beautiful. Because if something is wrong inside, the skin will show it directly, and what you have to do is to put it right."

Nazimova declares that a supple youthful figure and graceful movements make for beauty rather than a beautiful face. Madame stubbornly refuses to believe that her face, with its speaking eyes, and mobile, expressive features, has a unique beauty all its own. But, as to the rest of her person, she favours oil and aromatic vinegar massage all over. She uses little soap and water on her face, preferring to cleanse it thoroughly with a good make of cold cream. She likes her oil rub and massage, but detests any form of exercise except swimming. And even when she doesn't exert her small self; just lies around the pool in lazy contentment.

Once upon a time Lila Lee used to wear her long, black hair hanging absolutely straight upon her shoulders. She doesn't now, though. She has acquired a wave and a husband, but whether the one had anything to do with the other nobody knows. Lila has never dreamed of bobbing her hair, because her idea of loveliness lies in lovely locks. She takes very great pride in her luxuriant tresses and believes in many shampoos and a good hair tonic well massaged into the scalp once every seven days.

"The secret of attraction is really a pretty foot and a slim shapely ankle," says Helen Fergusson. "And my golden rule for beauty is "Take plenty of walking exercise." You want the right kind of shoes, of course; badly fitting footwear is the cause of no end of trouble. But if your ankles be not slim, don't lose..."
Removes all unwanted hair in one
application instantly, leaving the
skin smooth and unharmed. In
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A group of eager young men
waiting their appearance,
and more partners than she can
dance with—this makes her days the happiest
time of a woman's life. To miss this popularity is a tragedy. Yet many girls are weekly un-
successful, because of some lack of charm.

What constitutes this charm is hard to define—but one
thing we certainly know: the successful girl
has happy, all-admired girls is always distinguished by a
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heart. There are several quite wonderful
processes that can make them so.
But walking too can do a lot for you." Helen
practises what she preaches: she is an indefatigable
walker, and even when she is working, manages to
snatch at least one-and-a-half hour's walking
every day.

Gloria Swanson, too, is a believer 
in beautiful feet and ankles as a potent
appeal. Else why should she make
such a point of displaying hers in
almost every film in which she appears?
The Prodigal Knight featured Gloria's
feet and ankles in all their slim, bare,
perfection, quite as fully as the galaxy
of famous stars whose names figured
in the cast. And at the beginning of
the first reel she shows you how to
keep fasts. Gloria has something
to say upon care of the hair, too.
Her own red-roan locks are bobbed,
these days, but she cultivates big,
natural looking waves all over the head
and her advice is: "Keep your head
and your toes beautiful and you'll have
to make the rest of you match." Gloria
sends you this advice as to hair-culture.

"Nothing so bespeaks the well-
groomed woman as neat, glossy, well-
kept hair. The effect of many a lovely
frock has been spoiled because the
wearer's coiffure was unkempt or un-
becoming, or in some way detracted
from her good looks. So by all means
see to it that you are making the most
of the possibilities your hair may have
for improving your appearance.

"In the first place, the matter of
cleanliness is all important. Hair that
is greasy or dirty looking can never be
pretty. Of course there can be no hard
and fast rule as to how often one's
hair should be shampooed, partly be-
cause experts' practices differ, and
partly because everything depends on
the hair itself. If one's hair is ex-
cessively oily, it goes without saying,
that it needs frequent shampooing,
certainly as often as every two weeks,
and possibly every week. Some hair-
dressers recommend a lemon rinse to
make the hair light and fluffy. and,
particularly, when one shampoos her
own hair, this is the soap that might
otherwise be left in. Many women
find the lemon rinse very satisfactory
and it might be worth trying on your
own hair. The juice of half a lemon in
a bowl of water is sufficient unless
your hair is exceptionally heavy.

"Very dry, brittle hair that breaks
off easily is, of course, much harder
to manage, in that it is inclined to be less
healthy and sometimes presents a prob-
lem in the matter of shampooing, as
shampooing dries it out. The trouble,
anyway, lies in the nourishment of
the hair—or rather the lack of nourish-
ment—and that is something you can
help to remedy.

"The old trick of our grandmothers
of giving the hair fifty strokes before
brushing is seldom adhered to in these
modern, busy days, but it is still a good
one. It invigorates the scalp and helps

(Continued on page 88)
Miss Vanna

the beautiful Screen Star, writes:—

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POND'S Vanishing Cream is a revelation to the woman who has not previously used it. So exquisitely refined are all its ingredients that it disappears right into the skin, softening it, beautifying it, making and keeping it youthful, safeguarding it against the ill effects of wind and rain and exposure to extremes of temperature. Pond’s Cold Cream, gently massaged into the skin each night, removes all dirt from the pores and effectively counteracts all tendency to roughness, redness, chaps, cracked lip, etc., besides clearing and beautifying the complexion.

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For substitutes are often pressed upon you. Made in four grades—"Junior," without Cleaner, 3/6; with Cleaner, 8/6; "Popular" at 10/6; "Standard" at 1/-; "Extra" at 10/6 (Cleaner included with each of these), in a Carton with full instructions.

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A Clear Non-Greasy Liquid, of delightful fragrance; Cooling and Invigorating to the Scalp. Contains no Dye. Promotes Growth, Cleanses the Scalp, Strengthens Thin and Weak Hair, and ultimately Produces Thick, Luxuriant, Brilliant Tresses.

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to make the hair smooth and glossy. Try this, if your hair is thin and dry, as well as massaging the scalp with the finger tips, with a circular motion. A good hair tonic, for dry hair, or a good, oily scalp, is of great benefit when rubbed into the scalp.

"Obviously it is important to consider what kind of shampoo soap is best for one’s hair. Any good pure soap is sure not to injure the hair, but a woman with dry tresses could probably find something more efficacious in the way of soap in one of the many oil shampoos that help prevent the hair from drying out.

"Unquestionably, bobbing the hair has been of great benefit in helping it to grow; long before bobbed hair came into vogue, we were accustomed to cut the ends of our hair to singe them to even them off and help them to grow. And the bobbed hair theory is, of course, much the same. There can be no question of its benefit from a standpoint of health, all other considerations aside."

"A beautiful figure is, to me, the one vital possession," says Queenie Thomas. "And I can give you my views on the subject of keeping the figure beautiful in two words—Good corsets. I think the figure of to-day, with its free flowing grace, ever so much nicer than the fashionable silhouette of, say, the period of my last costume play, The School For Scandal. By the way, you just should have seen the corsets I was laced into every day so that I could wear that lovely brocché frock of 'Lady Tazlie's.' They were absolute torture and had to be tightened just so much and no more or else I couldn’t breathe. But, to my mind a good figure is more precious than rubies and to obtain a really nice graceful outline you should go to one of the really good firms who make corsets to order and have yours specially made for you."

Amongst British beauties one’s thoughts instinctively fly to Gladys Cooper. And Gladys Cooper, like so many others, believes that a beautiful skin is the first and last word in loveliness. "The question of cleanliness cannot be emphasised too much," she writes. "It is above all important that the skin of the face should be perfectly clean. I have known women, even in these times, though I must admit not many—who did not believe in using a face cream at all. I will go so far as to admit that it is better to use none than a bad one; but surely it must be obvious that, as women grow older the natural oils in the skin gradually dry up, partly owing to the use of face powders, etc., and partly as the effect of age itself. A baby’s skin is probably the most beautiful of all. After babyhood, the skin very gradually begins to dry up; and thus, obviously, the natural oils of the skin should be replaced by applied oils. I have used the same cream for years past. It is made by a friend of mine and I simply could not do without it."

Gladys Cooper is putting this "Perfect Face Cream" as she calls it upon the market, now. It is made of oils extracted from growing things, and she declares its effect magical.

"Do as you please," is Patsy Ruth Miller’s golden rule for beauty. But then Patsy is very young and is always "doing something," though she doesn’t follow any special beauty treatment. She tried oil massage for a time, and cream for her face instead of soap and water, but she’s discarded them and gone back to the good old bath-tub these days. Patsy has a hearty appetite; and she doesn’t refuse the chocolate layer cake either. Also, she eats candy by the hour when she feels like it, and, S-sh! There are always at least four beaux complete with sweet-offerings waiting on the doorstep for her every

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"LADY'S PICTORIAL," "As a real remedy for restoring hair of colour, it is a thoroughly reliable preparation.

There is only one satisfactory method of restoring grey hair to its natural colour. That is to revivify the pigment-cells of the hair so that once again the colour is re-created naturally from within.

How this can be done is shown in a remarkable brochure, which will be sent (in plain envelope) to every reader of this "Picturegoer" who applies for it.

This book tells of the remarkable results obtained by Society men and women by the use of "FACTATIVE." 'Factative' is not a dye. It contains no colouring matter whatsoever. Yet, under its influence, gradually but surely the hair permanently regains its original hue and lustre. Satisfactory results are positively guaranteed.

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Try This Perfect Toilet Soap.

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In this popular soap the enchanting fragrance of Lavender finds its happiest expression. Its lather is soft, creamy—its perfume lingers to the last.

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Sunday afternoon. Sunday mornings she plays tennis, when she can beg off from church. She, Mildred Davis, Helen Ferguson and Catherine Ferguson (Helen's sister) make up their own Sunday set always. And they're fearfully strenuous over it, too.

But we are neglecting the men, dreadfully. Though their golden rule is invariably the same—Plenty of exercise. Most of the male stars are athletes. Jack Holt advocates days in the saddle; he's burned dark-brown from the Californian sun, and certainly in his case, "Handsome men are slightly sun-burnt." Richard Dix believes in golf, for both men and girls. He says it's good for the figure, good for the temper, and good for the skin (the open air, I suppose he means). Dick admires a beautiful figure and graceful movements more than a lovely face, in the opposite sex. He's deserted golf for aviation, these days, and pilots an aeroplane hither and yon, with, more often than not, Lois Wilson in the seat beside the pilot.

"Go to Sea" is John Bower's slogan. He says sun and sea-breeze are the best tonics and beautifiers in the world, and his yacht is always well filled with converts to his Cult. With Jackie Coogan the case is different. Jackie is a dynamo of energy, but he cannot do anything by rote or rule. (That, by the way, seems one of the hall-marks of genius). They tried him with an exercise chart, grip dumb-bells, and even a model gymnasium, but they let his little lordship cold. So now they let him play marbles and ball with the other kids, or ride his scooter around, and trust to these and his activities at the sand pile on spare afternoons to keep him a normal healthy child.

Buck Jones is a rough-and-ready kind of guy, so is Tom Mix; it seems to agree with them. However, I confidently recommend it to all and sundry as a beauty and health recipe. I notice that Mesdames Mix and Jones seldom indulge in this strenuous pursuit to any great extent. Victoria Forde Mix was not a fearless horsewoman and stunt-act on the screen, but she is a very feminine person in real life, and does not disdain the powder puff or the lipstick in her own boudoir.

Says lovely Ruby Keeler, who has been called by a famous French artist the most beautiful American blonde, "My beauty creed is just this. I believe in massage, more than anything else, as a beautifier. I believe in shower baths night and morning. Hot or cold, whichever you prefer, hot and cold if you like. I believe in cold cream, lots of it; only let it be thoroughly good. I believe in walking, I don't like it myself, but I have to earn my living as a screenstar and I have a reputation to uphold for being—well, nice looking. I believe in going to bed early always. And I don't believe in smoking. My golden rules are these, and I think perfect health spells perfect beauty. You cannot have one without the other.

Corinne Griffith, the lovely star of Six Days, sends some original thoughts on Beauty. According to Corinne, Beauty is happiness, and the greatest beautifier in the world. "But being happy," continues this popular star, "is largely a matter of being healthy, and here is my recipe for health. Keep in condition. I do this by eating the correct kinds of food and getting the correct kind of exercise. The right kind, remember; there are sports and exercises that do not suit my personality though others pronounce them wonderful. I daresay the same applies to you.

"I believe in keeping fit, but not in making a business of it."

Many of the stars believe in diet, but all of them firmly believe that a woman's loveliness depends very largely upon herself. That "plainness" does not really exist, and that Art can and should assist nature. And though they don't often specialise in all the latest beauty fads they do depend upon one of two simple rules to preserve what is, after all, every woman's heritage and most treasured possession—her Beauty.

The Amami Girl

She has been chosen at last. Her name is Kathleen June Ponchard and her photograph appears on this page. The manufacturers of Amami Beauty Arts, Messrs. Prichard and Constable recently offered a prize of a thorough course of stage training and an engagement with Andre Charlot to the most suitable applicant. At the crowded auditions at the Duke of York's Theatre, much talent and beauty was displayed, but lucky Kathleen was unanimously declared the winner.
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Pictures and Picturegoer

DECEMBER 1923

A Chapter In Her Life (European; Dec. 17).
Clara L. Burnham's "Jewel" re-filmed by the same director, Lois Weber; with Jane Mercer in Ella Hall's part, supported by Claude Gillingwater, Jacqueline Gadsden, Robert Frazer, Francis Raymond, and Eva Thatcher. A charming child story.

April Showers (Walturdas; Dec. 3).
Kenneth Harlan and Colleen Moore indulging in lovers' quarrels for six reels, also Ruth Clifford, Priscilla Bonner, Kid McCoy and Tom McQuire and a simple story of the Police force and the boxing ring. Melodramatic fare.

Arabia (Fox; Dec. 10).
Tom Mix in the land of Sheiks and harems. Also Claire Adams, George Hernandez and Ralph Yeasley. "Good, dashing romance."

Back Home And Broke (Paramount; Dec. 20).
Tom Meighan and George Ade (of Fable fame) got together in this excellent small ten-reel comedy-romance. Lila Lee opposite Tom. A capital Meighan movie.

Brass (F. B. O.; Dec. 10).
A human and vital story of a marriage that was not made in Heaven, with Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, and Harry Myers heading a fine cast. Good entertainment.

Old Bill of Paris (Grainger; Dec. 3).
A French production featuring Jacques Feyder and Maurice de Feraudy of Atlantide fame. All about a costumemonter of Paris, and one of the best things France has ever sent us. Don't miss it!

The Cross Roads of New York (Allied Artists; Dec. 3).
A wild comedy-melodrama, consistently entertaining as hefting a Mack-Sennett movie.

Daughters of the Rich (Walturdas; Dec.)
A Gascier production involving a scheming mother, two romantic daughters, a rich youth, a titled fortune-hunter, and his affinity. All star cast includes Gaston Glass, Ethel Shannon, Miriam Cooper, Ruth Clifford, Stuart Holmes, Josef Swickard, and Truly Shattuck. Complicated society drama.

The Dauphin of France (Grainger-Vita; Dec. 17).
A thrilling story of the French Revolution featuring Tibor Lubinski, supported by Maria Lazar, Julius Barde, supported by Julius City, Julius Stoeghry, and Maria Balla. Excellent historical fare.

The Face In the Fog (Paramount; Dec. 24).

The Fire Eater (F. B. O.; Dec. 10).
Hoot Gibson in a swinging story of a forest fire. Fine backgrounds and good stunts. An attractive Westerner.

Gems of Literature (Walturdas; Dec. 3-31).
The Mistletoe Bough starring Flora Le Breton (Dec. 17), Scrooge, with Nina Vanna and Russell Thorndike (Dec. 10), The Sin of a Father, starring Madge Stuart and Russell Thorndike (Dec. 24), and Love in an Attic, with Nina Vanna, Walter Tennyson, and Russell Thorndike (Dec. 31). Little playlets founded on famous classics. Good entertainment.

The Gentleman From America (European; Dec. 10).
Rose-coloured romance which will please everybody. Hoot Gibson stars in this adventure of a "buddy" on furlough, with Louise Lorraine, Tom O'Brien, Carmen Phillips, and Rosa Rosanova in support. Excellent screen fare.

The Girl I Loved (Allied Artists; Dec. 8).
Brings back to the screen the boy we loved at his best. Charles Ray comes back in one of his old-time characterisations, supported by Fatty Ruth Miller, Ramsey Wallace, and Edythe Chapman. Excellent entertainment.

Her Social Value (Ass. First National; Dec. 17).
A shopgirl's romance, with Katherine MacDonald as the girl and Roy Stewart, Bertram Grassby, Betty Ross Clarke, Winter Hall, and Lillian Rich in the supporting cast. Fair entertainment.
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May we put it to you to take advantage of this offer now—to learn, once and for all, that there is a way by which you can be quickly and permanently cured—a treatment medically endorsed and vouched for by thousands of patients thoroughly cured?

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THE Federal Government of the Commonwealth is spending Millions of Pounds at Canberra, where the next National Parliament is to sit. (A few weeks ago the first sod was turned by the Minister for Works on the site of the Parliamentary Buildings at Canberra).

The purchase of the nearest Freehold Building Land to either of the above places represents an investment of quite exceptional safety and merit.

It is possible, at present, to purchase these building and business lots at prices ranging from £50 each and upwards, either for cash (less 5% discount), or on the above terms.
High Heels (F. B O.; Dec. 3).

All about a spilt society girl's reformation. Gladys Walton stars, supported by George Hackathorne, the De Brac twins, Jean Delsac, and Dwight Crittenden. A pleasant movie.

I Am The Law (F. B O.; Dec. 3).

A triangle story of the North West Mounted in which the cast is the interesting feature and includes Rosemary Theby, Wallace Beery, Noah Beery, Alice Lake, Kenneth Harlan, and Gaston Glass. Fair entertainment.

The Indian Love Lyrics (Stoll; Dec. 17)

A colorful western romance woven around the favourite song cycle, well played by Owen Nares, Malvina Longfellow, Catherine Calvert, Shayle Gardner, Fred Raynham, and Daisy Campbell. Good, spectacular entertainment.

The Isle of Lost Ships (Ass. First National; Dec. 10).


The Joker (Gaumont; Dec. 12).

Syd Chaplin in a Hurrianian comedy and a dual role. Fair comedy entertainment.

The Last Moment (Goldwyn; Dec. 3).

A fine sea story about a spoiled boy who ran up against life—with the lid off. Fine work by Henry Hull, Doris Kenyon, Louis Wolheim, Jerry Petersen, Donald Hall, William Nally, and Micky Bennett.

The Love Gambler (Fox; Dec. 3).


The Love Letter (European; Dec. 3).

Gladys Walton, Edward Hareme, and George Cooper in an excellent crock drama of devotion and self sacrifice.

Mad Love (W. & F.; Dec. 3).

Very. A well knitted picture of the passion, about a madman who broke from an asylum to revenge himself upon a woman who made men her playthings. Pola Negri stars. Tragic but effective.

Merry-Go-Round (European; Dec. 3).

Shows the tragic fate of a picture commenced by Strickson and finished by John. Romantic drama set in pre-War Vienna. Starring Norman Kerry, Mary Phibbs, Cesare Gravina, George Seifried, Anton Veverka, Maud George, and Dale Fuller. Interesting entertainment.

Mighty Lak' a Rose (Ass. First National, D.)

Dorothy Mackail, James Ronnie, Sam Hardy, Andrews Randolph, and Paul Panzer in the love story of a girl violinist, woven round a famous old song. Good but over sentimental.

My American Wife (Paramount; Dec. 17).


Playing It Wild (First; Dec. 3).

William Duncan and Edith Johnson in a really good Westerner with a comedy plot and convincing atmosphere and stunts.

Racing Hearts (Paramount; Dec. 3).

A happy picture, with a motor race, many beautiful women, and an intriguing plot. Dix Ayres, and Theodore Roberts. But Dix isn't another Wally Reid, for whom this story was evidently intended.

Refuge (Ass. First National; Dec. 6).

Katherine MacDonald, Hugh Thompson, Eric Mayne, and Arthur Edmund Carewe in a Hurrianian melodrama, excellently and lavishly produced.

Scars of Jealousy (Ass. First National; Dec. 24).

Brilliant acting and scenery in a splendid story of Old France and Wild Alabama. Frank Keenan, Patrice Harip, and Marguerite De La Motte and Lloyd Hughes support.

Singed Wings (Paramount; Dec. 10).

An excellent stage and underworld love drama with Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel, Ernest Torrence, Mabel Trunelle, and Adolph Menjou doing finely.

The Stranger's Banquet (Goldwyn; Dec. 3).

Technical excellence marred by a poor story, which is odd in a Marshall Neilan movie. All star cast includes Hobart Bosworth, Claire Windsor, Rockelife Fellowes, Fred Sterling, Eleanor Boardman, Tom Holding, Nigel Bari, Stuart Holmes, Claude Gillingwater, Margaret Loomis, William Humphrey, Aileen Pringle, Cyril Chadwick, Hayford Hobbs, Dagmar Godowsky, and Lucille Ricksen.

Temptation (Western Import; Dec. 24).

Triangle drama which proves that money is sometimes a curse as well as a blessing. Excellent story, production, setting, and acting by Bryant Washburn, Erskine Childers, Van Nest, June Elviage, and Phillips Smalley.

Tents of Allah (W. & F.; Dec. 31).

Monte Blue in a Sheik story, very well photographed and characterised. Mary Alden, Mary Thurman, Charles Lane, Sally Crute, and Mercy Halam support.

Vanity Fair (Goldwyn; Dec. 10).

Thackeray's novel refined fairly faithfully, but Mabel Doll is not the ideal "Becky." Excellent support by Hobart Bosworth, George Walsh, Harrison Ford, Earle Fox, Eleanor Boardman, Willard Louis, and Robert MacK.

The Village Blacksmith (Fox; Dec. 10).


What Happened to Jones? (Realart-Gaumont; Dec. 24).

A film version of a popular farce about the adventures of a take retomer. Bryant Washburn stars, with Margaret Loomis opposite.

While Justice Waits (Fox; Dec. 17).

Dustin Farnum, Irene Rich and Yankie Lee in a strong story of adventure, a woman's frailty, and a man's devotion.

The Woman Who Walked Alone (Paramount; Dec. 31).

Romantic, shivery thrills and a fashion show in this melodrama. Also Dorothy Dalton in a fair wig, Wanda Hawley, Milton Sills, Charles Ogle, Mabel Van Buren, and Maurice (Leuty) Flynn. Good entertainment.

PARISIENNE LINGERIE

NOT a shop, but just a few rooms at 110, Charing Cross Road, W.C., are occupied by Lingerie and Supplies, where ex-officers are conducting a 'mail order' business for the sale of perfectly beautiful lingerie.

The foregoing is an extract and appreciation from "Even" of March 24th, 1923.

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REX AND REGINA
Continued from page 39.

whilst making that movie, he told me at
great length. But I haven't the space
to tell you. I wish I had. It was
mighty interesting. He is going to do
The World's Illusion shortly, a very
spectacular anti-War story, set in
Europe, to be filmed on the spot; next
Balzac's Toilers of the Sea, and then
an Irish story to be made in Ireland.
Regarding his stars, he thinks Lewis
Stone and Ramon Novarro two of the
only four men on the American screen
who can wear costume as it ought to
be worn. Also that Ramon Novarro
is a better actor than Rudolph Valen-
tino. So do I. So if there is any
uprising of indignant fans, and
subsequent massacre, Rex, Ingram,
Alice Terry, and I will die togeth-
er.

The Ingrams brought Scaramouche
with them in a neat tin box, and it will
be shown in January. They had much
that was enthralling to tell about the
making of it. I think we're going to
like Scaramouche. Rex is enthusiastic
about the work of his actors and
actresses. George Neismann is in it,
and William Humphreys, Lewis Stone,
Novarro, and of course Alice Terry.

"I shall never let her go to another
director," he concluded with conviction.

"I don't want to go," amended Alice,
gently.

Alice comes of old Vincennes
stock, which accounts for her French-
iness, and that extraordinary poise of
hers, so fascinating and so strangely
sympathetic.

They're a nice pair, Rex and his
Regina. I hated saying "Goodbye"
to them. For they haven't any affecta-
tions although they've lots of perfectly
good ambitions. And Rex lives up to
his name, which is saying a good deal.
Interviewing is my favourite indoor
sport. I've had three years of it, and
I've only met one other Rex who
answered all expectations. But that's
another story. Rex, Ingram and Alice
Terry are a delight to operate upon.
They talk to you, not as though you
were PICTUREGOER and they were
doing their duty, but as though they
did it because you were you, and they
liked to.

This Little Drink Won't Do You Any
Harm.

Beware of strong drink, but don't be
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Doctor's China Tea is fragrantly
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makes a pick-me-up that can be in-
dulged in as often as you please with-
out serious results.

What's Yours?

Let it be a toilet powder bowl this
Xmas, a cut glass one, and get it at
Reeves in Aldersgate Street, London.
Or if she doesn't care for a bowl send
her a pair of frosty looking vases.
Nothing is more elegant than good cut
glass and silver for the dining room.

DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

DOCTOR'S China Tea
is the finest China
Tea obtainable—with all
excess tannin eliminated.
It is of exquisite flavour
and may be enjoyed by
invalids and dyspeptics
without any ill-effects.

1 lb. sent FREE
Send 3/4 for a pound of Doctor's China
Tea today. We will include 2 ozs. of the
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All the Fans (Anywhere and Everywhere)—I wish you all a very Bright and Merry Christmas—so long as you don't spend it thinking out work for me!

BUNNIE (Penketh).—Were it not for the kindly tone of your letter, which belies the accompanying libellous drawing I should shut you out of my life for ever. As it is, I'll forgive you, but don't repeat the offence. I haven't a weak chin, Binnie—in fact I've been likened to one of Ethel M. Dell's "strong, silent, heroes." (1) That film hasn't been titled yet. (2) The Young Rainh released next January. (3) Rudolph is surely re-visiting England.

Morry (North Wales).—(1) Gloria Swanson, born 1899. Ruth Roland, 1892. Nazimova, 1879. Bebe is pronounced Bee-Be. It precedes Daniels. (2) Betty Blythe played the title role in The Queen of Sheba. Next please?

GERTREDE (Manchester).—Your cail isn't quite enough to print, but try again and don't forget to make it rhyme.

GROOFS (Southport).—Certainly, I've a wonderful sense of humour. I said "Yes, We Have No Bananas" regularly. Now I'm looking round for a new joke.(2) Nazimova has been doing stage work, her future is very undecided. (2) Gilda Grey was the dancer in Lovelorn Lovers, (3) Susse Hayakawa and his wife are in England making a film for Stoll's.

JOYCE (Golders Green).—Have forwarded your letter to Ramon. (1) If you wrote to Rudolph at the Carlton after he had left England, your letter will have been forwarded to him. (2) Ivor Novello is making a film called The Rat in England, before returning to America.

Don't worry your head over Picture-play problems. We employ a man to worry for you. His name is George, and he is a Human Encyclopedia for film facts and figures. Readers requiring long casts or other detailed information must send stamped addressed envelopes. Send along your queries to "George," co. "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

NELSON (Greenwich).—Letter forwarded to Eugene O'Brien. If all my readers asked me as few questions as you, life would be one long holiday.

TOSCA (Aberdeen).—Sad news, Tosca! No more casts to be given in these columns. They take up too much room. You'll have to send a stamped addressed envelope if you want that one. Hope you're feeling happier these days.

DAVIS (Newport).—(1) A picture is "released" when it is shown for the first time in the ordinary cinemas. Sometimes, though, there is a pre-release show in one of the larger cinemas. I expect you saw the film...
you mention at one of these. (2) Tom Mix is coming over to England soon. Among his film appearances, he appeared in September, 1923, PICTUROGEO. Two pages of photos of Tom at home in March, 1922, issue. (3) No interview with Lewis Willoughby. I'll present your bouquets to Tom and Lewis but you may rescue your own brickbats. The Twelve Farnum Fans are strong in numbers—and I'm a prudent man.

PHILLYS (Birmingham).—Glad you like your "Carols" prize. (London).—Read all about Jack Holt in August, 1922, PICTUROGEO. (2) An article in August, 1923, issue tells you about Walter Tennyson. Some of his films are: Diana of the Islands, Lend Your Children, The Call of the East, The Virgin Queen, Conscripts of Misfortune, She Stoops to Conquer, The School for Scandal, and The Bells. Don't apologize for making your letter a little longer. Send me regular "serials," with the fullest possible number of episodes!

P. S. (Lancs.).—(1) Pat Moore was the little prince in The Queen of Sheba. (2) Ralph Emery and Jack Dempsey's fiancée in Dared-Devil Stage. (3) John Sainpolis was "M. Lourier," Alice Terry's screen husband in The Four Horsemen.

(Ancient Arms).—All faults must be witnessed, pleases.

JOAN (Sheen).—(1) Interview with Rudolph appeared in last September issue. (2) You'd think him quite as nice, if you met him, I daresay. (3) The Youth Raids released next January, I wish you luck in your search for Screen Fame, and I hope you are an Optimist.

ANOTHER READER (Hove).—I thought everyone knew my name by now. Cast your eye on the top of the page. (1) A page about Pauline Frederick appeared in July, 1923, PICTUROGEO; interview in February, 1922, and an art piece in January. PICTUROGEO (Bristol).—Hope PICTUROGEO has re-established itself in your good books. If you don't like this month's issue your issue very hard to please. For you, I think films "an invention of the devil." She's missing a good life thing.

PETER (Bristol).—Theda Bara's married to Charles Brabin. She's coming back to the screen, but at present she's resting. Glad your office appreciates PICTUROGEO. Circulate my best Christmas wishes with this month's issue.

TWINKLE (Kensington).—Your sketch of the "trick" is a wondrous likeness, and the attitude of despair quite life-like. It shocks me to hear that you have only just discovered PICTUROGEO—but that is your misfortune, and ours! (1) Douglas Fairbanks released last November, 1923. He's married to Mary Pickford. Harold Lloyd, born 1893, at Nebraska. Married to Mildred Davis, his late leading lady. Harold's glasses are as innocent of glass as are those glasses of whose whereabouts unknown.

W. F. (Southend.).—(1) Teddy is the name of the comedy dog. Not Teddy in that photo you mentioned. It's another dog, belonging to Earle Williams. (2) Herbert Edward married to Chrissie White. No, your letter hasn't bored me, so take courage and write again.

KATHY AND VIOLET (Limpley, Stoke).—Glad you think PICTUROGEO "simply great." I hope you'll think this number greater than ever. I've forwarded your letter. If you hope you get this photo. Of course I'll wish you luck if you think it will help.

BERKLEY.—Tom Meighan's film history is a tall order, but I'll try to give you a few details. Tom was born at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1888. Father Irish. Intended for a doctor, but went on the stage at the age of eighteen instead. When playing a leading part in "The College Widow" he met and married Frances; the same company that produced Famous Lasky Company as leading man for Laura Crews. Played in Don't Change Your Wife, Civilian Clothes, Conrad in Quest of His Youth, Husbands, and Unmarried. The City of Silent men, The Miracle Man, M'Liss, Capt. Ricks, The Prince Chape, The Easy Road, The Conquest of Canaan, The Man who saw Tomorrow, and many others.

V. B. (Sheffield).—Apologies returned with thanks. My name's "George" so why not use it? (1) I'll do my best to get an art plate of Wyndham Standing for you. Did you see the one in April 1922 issue? (2) Price 1s. 6d. August 23rd, 1920. (3) He's not married to your personal. MIXITE (Bristol).—Don't be so perlite. I'm not used to it. (1) Art plate of Tom Mix in Pictures June 19th, 1920. (2) One of Butch Jones, released March 12th, 1921, Bebe Daniels in PICTUROGEO November 22nd 1922, Wallace Reid in PICTUROGEO December, 1921. (3) Ethel Clayton born 1890, and Bebe Daniels in 1901. (4) Buck Jones is married and has a little daughter. (5) Frances Faye's stage name in Desert Love. Glad you like PICTUROGEO and are joining the ranks of the "regulars."

CHERRY (Birmingham).—Now that you've written, I hope you keep in the swim. I'm no Bluebeard, I assure you. (1) Joseph Schildkraut born in Roumania October 9th, 1890. He's married to Elsie Porter a New York actress. He is considered a star in America and has lately been appearing in the title role of "Peer Gynt." B. D. (London).—Always glad to help a lady. Charlie Chaplin's Champion Chopside was turned on you; you won those chocolates. I like soft centres best.

ARTISTY OFF THE SCREEN

This is for all PICTUROGEO readers under sixteen. Would you like a £5 note? Would you like a Kodak Camera for your very own? A Hawk-eye? Or a jewelled pencil case? Yes? Then all you have to do is ask Mother's grocer for a Wright's Prize Painting Book, read the instructions contained in it and get to work. You also need a wrapper from a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Ask Mother for that. She'll give it to you, because she is sure to be the Wright sort.

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Sheer Silk Lingerie is something every girl loves. Her social position, loves to own. There are some who say she's satisfied in the consciousness of its possession, even though one cannot possibly "wear it on top." Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's are making a special Xmas offer to the readers of PICTUROGEO of lingerie at extra special prices. Turn to page 3 and read all about it.

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WE pause on the threshold of the New Year to look back, with some measure of pride, on the PICTUREGOER of 1923. You will agree, I am sure, that this extra-special Christmas issue forms an attractive tail-piece to the old year, but this is to inform you that the best is yet to come. Nineteen-twenty-four promises to be a memorable year for the movies in this country. We are threatened with an invasion of the world's greatest film stars, and don't be surprised if the centre of the movie-making industry is shifted from Los Angeles to London. The January PICTUREGOER will deal fully with the promise of 1924, whilst our February issue, a special All-British Number is going to be bigger and better than anything we have done before. Keep your eye on the PICTUREGOER in 1924.

There is no necessity to hold voting competitions or collect coupons upon the subject of who is the most popular British screen star. If there were any doubt about it before, no doubt whatever! One who heard the spontaneous and prolonged outburst of cheers and clapping that greeted the entrance of the Prince of Wales at the British Film League's Luncheon last month could have had any left afterwards. His Royal Highness was cheered to the echo again when he rose to reply to the Chairman's speech. "There are two ways of looking at films," he said. "One is down the muzzle of a thing that 'shoots' you, the other is seeing them on the screen. I know both sides, for though I am a bit of raw material, I am no stranger to films."

His speech was brief and pleasantly humorous, he concluded by saying that he had the greatest possible pleasure in associating himself with the Film Industry, and wished it every success. And then he left, to the music of three hearty cheers from five hundred throats. I have never seen such enthusiasm. The gathering comprised notabilities from the World's of Art, Letters, Politics, and fashion, besides representatives of every branch of the Kinema Industry. All sane, sober, middle-aged persons; and the sight of them and the sound of them will remain in my memory for a long, long time.

I don't think I am really interested in the sort of thing the public likes to know—about artists' private lives, etc. But then, I suppose, I am a highbrow," implores H. M. the Highbrow. (London, W.C.). I take much more stock of those who think eventfully than of those who live eventfully, and I only hope I may see the making of eventful minds brought to the screen. An instance of the misuse of an eventful mind is The Prodigal Knight. There the beautifully ironic Schnitzler story is Broadway-sed, and peopled with ponderous performers. It is positively painful. As produced in this American version, I thought Anatel the height of vulgarity. I hate vulgarity almost as much as I fear sentimentality, which Meredith reckoned the most dangerous thing in life." [Self confessed highbrow you may be, but you are an Old Thinker, and as such I am very pleased to welcome you to our gatherings on this page.]

In the October number of the PICTUREGOER, I see that 'Tandy' gives a list in which The Choice she considers of the Fans: the Genius of the screen. This is mine:—Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Jack Coogan, Betty Balfour, Lilian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Lon Chaney, Richard Barthelmess, Nazimova, Matheson Lang, D. W. Griffith and Rudolph Valentino. "Tino (Winchmore Hill).

As a film fan whose memory goes back to 1909, I am interested in your list of living personalities to whom the word Genius may be applied.


I gather from the letters printed on your page, write 'June Paget,' (Ealing), that I'm not the only girl who has an affection for Rudolph Valentino. In A Girl of the New Brigade you are getting a little tired of us all! But his acting really is fine, isn't it? He is most certainly my favourite, although I have to admit that I don't think he is as good-looking as Ramon Novarro.

I have been more fortunate than some of the other 'Rave-over-Rudy's' in that I have seen him myself. I was spending a day on the River last August, and stopped at Hampton Court to look over the Palace. I found it a very interesting place until I saw Mr. and Mrs. Valentino. Then they surely had all my attention. I was glad to find that Rudolph looks just as nice off the screen as on. And Mrs. Valentino is perfectly lovely!"

This is the season of the year, When old friends gather round, When joy and mirth is everywhere, And Peace and Love abound. So here's to friends both old and new, Cognition. Your Health! (though I'm no drinker). From all of us to all of you, A Christmas Hail. The Thinker.