

MOTION PICTURE  
*The* Director

DECEMBER


25 CENTS



WILLIAM A. SEITER

**JOHN BARRYMORE** in *"The Sea Beast"*

Articles by JUNE MATHIS · PAULINE FREDERICK · AL CHRISTIE · MARGARET ETTINGER  
Stories about GEORGE MELFORD · WM. SEITER · HAL ROACH · WARNER BROS. · WILLIAM DE MILLE



I am Life and Death . . . Love and Hate  
. . . Heartbreak and Happiness. My voice is  
the voice of nations, my soul is the soul of  
ten million men.

I am the joyous laughter of the girls of  
France, the mirth of men who died smiling,  
the gay murmurings of lovers . . . and the sad  
whisper of Flanders' poppy fields.

I am the thunder of guns whose message  
spells destruction, the merry sound of popping  
corks, the heady music of love - songs . . . and  
the funeral march played for soldiers.

I am the shining mirage of glory, the  
black muck of the trenches, the white heat of  
battle, the bitter gray of pain - racked dawns  
. . . and the softly - tinted rainbow of love.

I am Pain, I am Terror, I am Romance,  
I am made of blood and tears and heroism  
and happiness.

I am the story that will never die while  
men have tongues to tell it.

I am

## "THE BIG PARADE"

Such is the tribute paid to King Vidor, the director, John Gilbert,  
the star, and Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer, the producers, by William  
N. Counselman, the noted author, after seeing the supreme master-  
piece of all time.

*Presented with*

**Sid Grauman's Mighty Prologue**  
with 150 People on the Stage

Sunday Seat Sale at WURLITZER'S, 814 So. Bdwy, or Egyptian Theater, HOLLY 2131

# GRAUMAN'S EGYPTIAN

2:15 TWICE DAILY 8:15

**HOLLYWOOD**

ALWAYS GOOD SEATS MATINEES.

# *The* MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR

Volume 2  
Number 5

December  
1925

BERNARD A. HOLWAY  
*Managing Editor*

J. STUART BLACKTON  
*Editor*

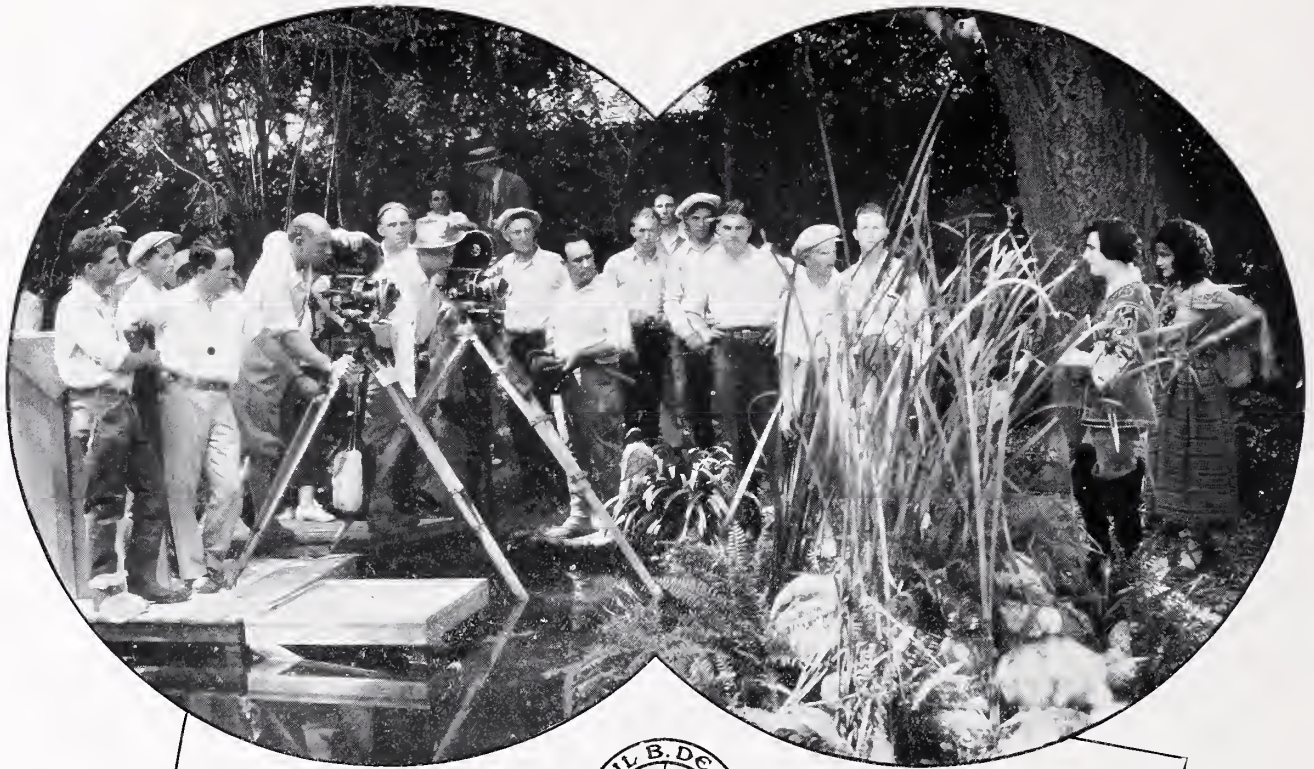
RICHMOND WHARTON  
*Business Manager*

## CONTENTS

WILLIAM SEITER ( <i>Photo by Melbourne Spurr</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Cover</i>
RUBBER STAMP PICTURES . . . . .	<i>Robert Vignola</i> 4
IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR . . . . .	<i>J. Stuart Blackton</i> 5
JOHN BARRYMORE IN "THE SEA BEAST" . . . . .	<i>Fred Applegate</i> 6
SCREEN PERSONALITIES . . . . .	10
THE FOUR WARNERS AND BENNIE ZEIDMAN . . . . .	16
BEHIND THE CAMERA FOR WILLIAM DEMILLE . . . . .	<i>L. Guy Wilky</i> 20
SALLY, IRENE AND MARY . . . . .	<i>Margaret Ettinger</i> 22
SCHOOL DAYS IN MOVIELAND . . . . .	<i>Sam B. Jacobson</i> 28
THE MAN ON THE COVER . . . . .	<i>Tom Engler</i> 29
SYMBOLISM IN THE SILENT DRAMA . . . . .	<i>June Mathis</i> 31
SEEING AMERICA FIRST IN AUSTRALIA . . . . .	<i>Pauline Frederick</i> 33
FACES AND FANCIES FROM THE FILMS . . . . .	35
GEORGE MELFORD GOES TO ALASKA . . . . .	<i>Whitney Williams</i> 36
HAL ROACH'S REVOLUTION . . . . .	<i>Arthur Q. Hagerman</i> 38
ON LOCATION IN A STEEL MILL . . . . .	<i>Billy Leyser</i> 39
SHOOTING IRONS FOR SHOOTING STARS . . . . .	<i>Val J. Oldshu</i> 42
DIRECTORS HONOR KING VIDOR . . . . .	<i>Pete Smith</i> 44
SELLING PICTURES WITH PICTURES . . . . .	<i>Al Christie</i> 45
ANGLE SHOTS . . . . .	47
WAMPAS DOINGS . . . . .	50
WASP WHISPERINGS . . . . .	51
THE BARNSTORMER (Conclusion) . . . . .	<i>Frank Cooley</i> 52
THE NIGHT BRIDE (Part VI) . . . . .	<i>Frederic Chapin</i> 55
WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING . . . . .	60
MEDALS AND THE MAN . . . . .	61
IT CAN BE DONE—BUT . . . . .	<i>Sylvano Balboni</i> 62
CALIFORNIA WOMEN DISCUSS PICTURES . . . . .	64

Published monthly by The Director Publishing Corporation, 1925 N. Wilcox Ave., Hollywood, California. J. Stuart Blackton, president and editor; Frank Cooley, secretary-treasurer; Richmond Wharton, business manager; Tim Crowley, professional advertising, Blanchard, Nichols and Coleman; general advertising representatives, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle. Single copies 25 cents, yearly subscription, \$2.50. Entered as second class matter, October 1, 1925, at the postoffice in Los Angeles, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



IN ASSOCIATION WITH  
CINEMA CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA



DE MILLE STUDIO  
CULVER CITY  
CALIFORNIA

RELEASED BY  
PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING  
CORPORATION

Sept  
10th  
1925

Mr. G. R. Richards,  
Bell and Howell Company,  
6324 Santa Monica Blvd.,  
Hollywood, Calif.

My dear Mr. Richards:

The Bell and Howell Camera has been used in my service for several years with very satisfactory results. Your camera was one of the real pioneers in the field and I feel it has kept pace with the remarkable expansion and development which has taken place on the photographic side. There are several Bell and Howell cameras in our organization which are like very old friends to me - I have looked through their finders so many hundreds of times!

Yours truly  
*Cecil B. de Mille*

I know—

You know—

Everybody knows—

*It Pays to Publicize*

Let's talk it over!

**GEORGE LANDY**

PUBLICITY . . . . . EXPLOITATION

6683 Sunset Boulevard

→ [ SUITE 3 ] ←

Hempstead 2893

# Rubber Stamp Pictures

By Robert Vignola

WHO is responsible for good pictures?

"The producer," answers the man with the money who manufactures and sells them.

"The actor," answers players and public.

Who is responsible for bad pictures?

"The director," answer producer, player and public, in chorus.

And there you have a story.

Here is the way a photoplay is made today:

The story is purchased from a popular playwright or author; rewritten at the suggestion of the producer; put into script form. The sets are built, the lighting is arranged, the cast is chosen—and then the director is called in to make the picture according to preconceived notions, with suggestions from everyone on the lot from producer to office boy.

The motion picture director of today has lost his individuality in great part. He is compelled to barter his soul for a job.

And the public is to blame.

It will patronize novelty in any other art, or business, than that of the motion picture. It will shout its encouragement to the pioneer in literature, painting or playwriting. If an unknown playwright in New England gets a work of his produced in an abandoned barn in one of New York's back alleys he can be assured that it will be on Broadway and his name will ring round the world if the play shows genius. If a poet has something to say worth while, his lines may first be printed in a weekly paper in St. Louis, but soon after they will be read in a book available in Kokomo and London.

The public demands that its bookstores, its theaters, its art galleries bring it what it wants. It allows its motion picture theater owners to choose its own entertainment fare. "The Covered Wagon" is a success. It makes money for the exhibitor. So he books all the Western he can find. And the public, which still in great part goes "to see a picture," keeps on filling his theater and complaining

because the motion picture is just a repetition of the same old stories.

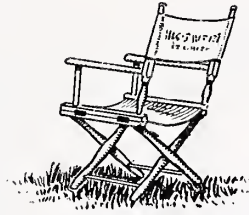
Meanwhile "The Last Laugh" is on the exchange shelves, losing money for its owner. And the man who could make an equally interesting snapshot of life is trying to make Westerns!

The public shops for its books, its magazines, its plays, its music—for every form of entertainment but its pictures. It still goes, in large part, to the nearest theater, or the one with the cleverest publicity man, or the one with the most comfortable seats and most imposing lobby, or the one with the best music. It doesn't buy its motion pictures with the same fine perspicacity that it buys its plays or its literature. The man who wants to read Mencken or Cabell won't buy a volume of Harold Bell Wright just because he can get it in a more imposing store. The woman who wants to hear a philharmonic orchestra doesn't go to hear a jazz band because it plays in a more convenient auditorium.

If the picture-going public would exercise the same discrimination they would rapidly find better films on the market. There are many men directing pictures today who are pulling at the leash, anxious to exert themselves in the improvement of the motion picture, anxious to show the public what can be done with this new art. But they can get no encouragement.

The director is at the mercy of the producer, who pays him his salary and provides him with the cast and equipment needed to make a picture. The producer is at the mercy of the theater-owner who buys his pictures. And the theater-owner will not buy a type of picture which has not already had the stamp of public approval. Give him Westerns after "The Covered Wagon," Bible pictures after "Ben Hur," costume pictures after "Robin Hood" and he is happy.

Let the public show a curiosity as to what can be done with the motion picture. Let it flock to theaters showing the original, novel things which it says it wants and keep away from the theaters showing the lurid picture of moth-eaten plot and the future of screen entertainment will be solved.



# *In the Director's Chair*

## The Open Door

**I**N SEPTEMBER, 1922, upon the invitation of Will H. Hays, sixty-two national organizations—educational, recreational, religious, civic and near governmental—delegated representatives to the formation of a single national committee which should undertake the reflection of public opinion on the broad subject of Better Pictures. This reflection of public opinion was conceived as being interpreted by the views of the individual members of this committee and the organizations which they represented. These views were passed on to the producers as constructive aids for the development of screen plays which should conform to expressed wishes of the people.

Out of this committee's action grew "The Open Door" with its motto, "The Public Be Pleased."

The functioning of the committee received but little publicity and recognition of its existence was slow in coming. But then, any educational movement is usually slow in gaining recognition, its progress invariably being measured in direct proportion to its ability to establish good faith.

The organized work of the public relations committee has had its effect, however, and national organizations with memberships mounting into the thousands, as well as single individuals representing only themselves, have stepped through the "Open Door" and have registered their opinions on the subject of better pictures.

But one important thought has been overlooked by the 40,000,000 theatre patrons who are reported to attend the 18,000 theatres of this country every week.

The "Open Door" swings both ways. If it obligates the producer of motion pictures to the acceptance of the voice of the people, it also imposes upon the theatre patron the obligation of acquainting himself with the problems of the producer and giving constructive thought to their solution. Without this co-operation the "Open Door" cannot become truly effective, and may even automatically swing closed because of the indifference of the public.

It is not enough that national committees be appointed to inquire into what may be done, or to work with the producers. It is not enough that the national organizations, the women's clubs, the Parent-Teachers' Associations and similar bodies pass resolutions endorsing this picture, condemning that and favoring in broad, sweeping phrases the development of "better pictures." There is an individual responsibility that must be met if the ambitions of those who are earnestly and sincerely concerned with the men and women who constitute the American theatre-going public owe it to themselves to do their part.

At a recent meeting of the motion picture department of the Los Angeles district of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, this phase of the situation was forcibly illustrated in the brief talks made to the assembled women by representatives of the motion picture industry. Sol Lesser summed up the situation very aptly when he said:

"You are our co-partners in this and your part of the job is not only to make the better pictures pay, but to elevate the taste of the public—to awaken civic consciousness. If the public will not come to our pictures no matter how good they may be, there can be little use in making them." Mr. Lesser cited several instances where productions were endorsed and sponsored by the women's clubs but to the showings of which very few members of those organizations attended.

Mrs. Wallace Reid touched on another phase of the situation when, in discussing pictures suitable for children, she said, "You would not think of turning your child loose in a great library and saying to him, read anything you wish. You must choose the pictures for your children and should not expect the industry to do it for you."

Passing resolutions endorsing some pictures and condemning others will not bring about the desired result. Only in the same proportion that the theatre-going public will assume their responsibility can the producer recognize their right to a voice in the production of the entertainment they pay to see.

Viewed from any angle, it is a big thing—an epochal thing—this opening of the door by the producers and their saying in effect: "Express yourselves freely and as often as you wish, and so long as you are fair in your demands and sincere in your opinions, we shall be glad to work with you in the development of American motion pictures for the benefit of all who see them."

It is the responsibility of every man and woman who looks to the motion picture theatre for entertainment, recreation and instruction, to play a part in building to that goal. If you sincerely want better pictures, work for better pictures, and attend the pictures that typify the films you want.

We of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR are endeavoring to meet you half way. We are striving to effect that better understanding between those who make and those who see motion pictures which will help to bring about the result desired. One way in which you can help us is in writing us freely and frankly, expressing your views.

The door is open. Will you enter?

# John Barrymore in The Sea Beast

By Fred Applegate

IT IS a peculiar attribute of the screen that it frequently affords to those who have followed the speaking stage and have risen to great heights in the spoken drama, opportunities for expression hitherto denied them. In the heart of every great actor there burns the desire some day to portray some great part or to appear in a character completely at variance with stage roles which have hitherto been theirs.

Such an opportunity has been afforded John Barrymore in the Warner Brothers classic, "The Sea Beast."

In this virile production of the sea and of the old whaling days of 1840 his Titan soul has found expression he has long craved and in his delineation of the character of Ahab Ceeley he has found the fulfillment of a magnificent dream.

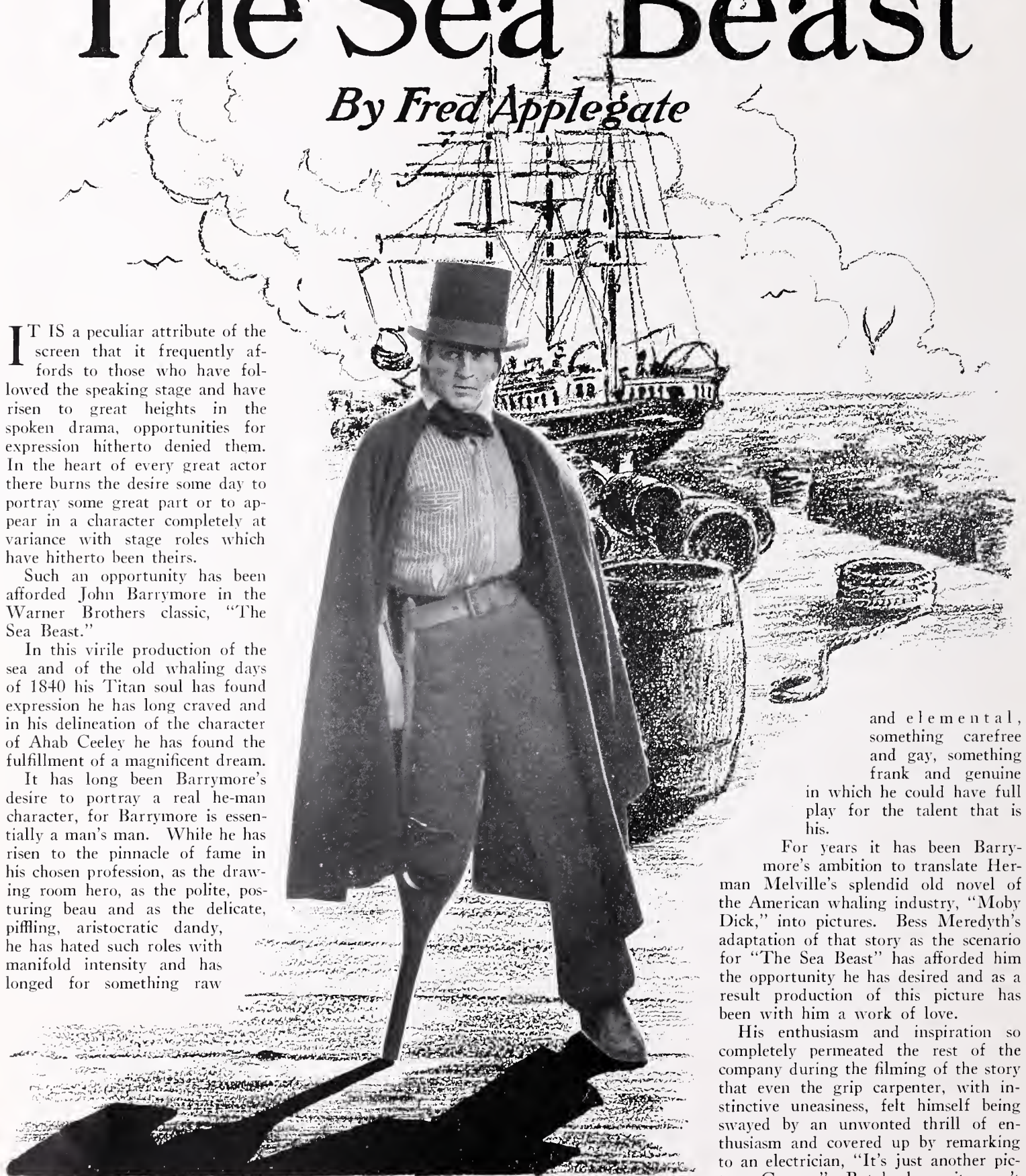
It has long been Barrymore's desire to portray a real he-man character, for Barrymore is essentially a man's man. While he has risen to the pinnacle of fame in his chosen profession, as the drawing room hero, as the polite, posturing beau and as the delicate, piffing, aristocratic dandy, he has hated such roles with manifold intensity and has longed for something raw

and elemental, something carefree and gay, something frank and genuine

in which he could have full play for the talent that is his.

For years it has been Barrymore's ambition to translate Herman Melville's splendid old novel of the American whaling industry, "Moby Dick," into pictures. Bess Meredyth's adaptation of that story as the scenario for "The Sea Beast" has afforded him the opportunity he has desired and as a result production of this picture has been with him a work of love.

His enthusiasm and inspiration so completely permeated the rest of the company during the filming of the story that even the grip carpenter, with instinctive uneasiness, felt himself being swayed by an unwonted thrill of enthusiasm and covered up by remarking to an electrician, "It's just another picture, George." But he knew it wasn't





and so did his auditors. It is the culminating masterpiece of a glorious life work.

Ahab Ceeley, the blithe and ardent lover, the intrepid harpooner, the game sportsman, the rustic gentleman, is Barrymore's best loved character, the favorite child among his many great creations. No studied affectation here. Just a salty young New England sailor-man of 1840, full of life and love and laughter, from a hardy, God-fearing, self-respecting, sea-faring family.

The story begins in old New Bedford with its windy streets of neat, frugal, weather-beaten dwellings and its clean salt smell, from which, on board the three-masted schooner "The Three Brothers," Ahab and his brother Derek (George O'Hara) are shipping for a whaling cruise of a year or two. There Ahab bade his betrothed (Dolores Costello) a glad farewell for she and her missionary father were shortly departing for the island of Java where all would meet again in a few months.

And then begins the typical whaler's life. In those days whaling was at its prime, and had been developed

into a fine art. Although hunting, killing and rendering the hugest of creatures into oil to fill the lamps of the world was then one of the principal industries of New England, it was still the most perilous and exciting of sports, the most exacting of stamin, steady nerve, lightning action and constant courage.

**"THE SEA BEAST"** covers every phase of the strange and adventurous lives of the whalers, the training school in which was laid the foundation for the valorous exploits of the American marine in the Revolution, the War of 1812 and other affairs of glory and honor which commanded renown and respect for the American flag on all the seven seas.

With marvelous fidelity and interest are reproduced the scenes of life aboard ship, the weeks of fair weather and lazy inactivity seasoned with yarning, horseplay, and preparation for the final chase; the prayers for success; the dangerous passages, and days and nights of man-breaking hardship and toil, during the great storms; the final sighting of the whales; the breathless, straining pursuit in the eight-oared boat, the planting of the iron in the quivering flesh of the huge mammal, the long weary fight before the killing, often ending in tragedy—men playing a great fish twenty times the size of their cockle-shell of a boat—the cutting up and drying out, the reeking blubber on the ship's decks; the triumphal entry into port laden deep with the precious casks of oil; the glad greeting of dear ones, or the debauching spree in the grog-shops and sailors' roosts.

All this called for much strenuous and dangerous action on the

part of the star. There was a double but always when the time came, "I'll do this. I don't need anybody for this." In the long shots as well as the close-ups it was Barrymore who ran up the ratlines, stood watch in the crow's nest, slid down the mainstays, was knocked out of the speeding whaleboat, or was deluged by tons of sea water as a wave swept over the quarter-deck. The respect of the company progressed to love, veneration and in some cases actual worship as despite chills, drenched clothing, cramped and comfortless dressing quarters, cracked ribs, infected rope burns on arms and legs, and plunges into the icy ocean, Barrymore persisted in being his own stunt man.

**T**HE story of how he went down twenty feet below the sea surface with the boat dragged down by the sounding whale when all the stunt daredevils in it had leaped before its nose had dipped beneath the water, came up under the overturned boat, fought his way out, and gasped with his first breath, "How did it look?" will live for many a year in studio lore.

"The last I saw of Jack," said John Ellis, "was his hand, still acting."

Then there is quaint and beautiful Java, the peerless gem of all the seas, with its exotic tropical gardens, a land made for love. Here the betrothed meet for a brief, sweet space of delicate and idyllic happiness, then Ahab is gone again in eager quest of "Moby Dick," the great white whale.

He finds him only to lose him, and is terribly injured through Derek's unrealized treachery. Maimed, in terrific agony of soul and body, his super-sensitive mind played upon by his perfidi-

ous brother and rival, he gives up all hopes of Esther and concentrates his great powers on the destruction of "Moby Dick." He acquires the captaincy of "The Pequod," and his bitter, malignant, feverish energy makes of it a hellship in which only the devil's own crew will ship.

The accident which had cost him his great love perverts his pride, ambition, and fair gifts of mind and body into deadly poison, distilling in his ingrown thoughts a brew of malice which he spews forth upon a world he hates.

In one characteristic scene which would grip and twist the emotions of a stone idol, he struggles with the spinning wheel from which a roaring billow has just washed the steersman overboard. The storm of wind and rain beats past him, tugging furiously at his sodden seaman's clothing. His peg leg slips and for a moment the wheel escapes his grasp like a struggling fiend.

The ship swerves into the trough of the enormous seas as he quickly catches himself and a mountainous billow sweeps over it, completely obliterating him for a long moment. He emerges waving his free fist and hurling curse after curse at the raging night. His cap is gone, his sodden, gray-streaked hair whips in clammy strings about his awful face. He laughs a laugh of maniacal scorn and triumph at the impotent fury of the elements. In this terrific conflict his soul finds relief from its racking grief.

This is one of the great dramatic scenes—powerful, gripping, intense, a crashing crescendo of wild, flaming emotions and straining elements.



Millard Webb has wielded the megaphone on many notable productions, but it is doubtful if any have afforded the opportunities presented in the screening of Herman Melville's splendid novel of the sea and the whaling days of 1840.



the screen, the wrecking by a monstrous waterspout of "The Juno," the ship on which the broken-hearted Esther and her father are returning in company with the execrable Derek to New England, and the final accounting of the two brothers.

This great tale, an epic of American sea life in its most virile and vigorous period, is Barrymore's supreme contribution to the classics. It has given him the finest opportunity for the expression of his great spirit and the exercise of the limitless versatility of his incomparable dramatic powers of any role he has ever created on stage or screen.

"The Sea Beast" is not only a great Barrymore picture, it is in every truth a screen classic. In addition to the marvelous opportunity it affords the star for the realization of cherished dreams, it affords comparative opportunity for a new star just rising above the horizon. As Esther Wiscasset, Dolores Costello is the sweet, charming maid of the early forties, playing up to Barrymore's heroic qualities throughout the production. From this daughter of that celebrated screen actor — Maurice Costello — much may confidently be expected, promise of which has been given in "The Sea Beast." George O'Hara, as the perfidious brother of the hero, is immensely realistic in his villainy and true to type.

**I**N "The Sea Beast" has been created what in truth may be considered an epic of the sea and of the men who followed the whales over the seven seas. And through it runs the story of Moby Dick, the wise old granddaddy of all whales, victor in many an encounter with human foe.

In this vivid, realistic depiction of whaling life, John Barrymore's characterization of Ahab Ceeley stands out dominantly.

This was not Ahab's first whaling voyage. Already he had won the coveted honor and danger of harpooner or "boatsteerer." The "boatsteerers" were picked men, of whom there were usually three to a vessel with the rank of petty officers under the captain

and three mates, one to a boat, the captain remaining on the ship.

In "Moby Dick," Herman Melville says of the harpooner: "Now it needs a strong, nervous arm to strike the first iron into the fish; for often in what is called a long dart, the heavy implement has to be flung to the distance of twenty or thirty feet. But however prolonged and exhausting the chase, the harpooner is expected to pull his oar meanwhile to the uttermost; indeed, he is expected to set an example of superhuman activity to the rest,

not only by incredible rowing but by repeated loud and intrepid exclamations. No wonder that some of them actually burst their blood vessels in the boat."

This is the sort of character that Barrymore creates, vivid, intense.

Season after season the great winged ships braved the perils of Arctic seas, bearing on their decks the best and the worst of America's manhood. Whaling ships and whaling men pushed into the far unknown corners of the earth, braving all weather and all danger to follow wherever the whale might lead. Here was engendered that dogged determination, ready ingenuity, and unflinching sportsmanship which is the foundation of modern America.

It was rugged, eventful life, full of ever-present danger and sudden death. Crew-killing captains ruled with the closed fist and belaying pin. Ships fought each other for disputed

quarry. A few turned pirate or smuggler but in the main the officers and men of the whaling fleet were upright, hard-working, and honest.

A particularly colorful spot in the picture is the grand ball in the quaintly and curiously half-European, half-Japanese palace of the Dutch governor-general. The approach through the garden with the long fountain in the center and the soft, mellow lights of the Chinese lanterns is particularly delightful.

The ballroom was a gala kaleidoscope with the officials in their bright-hued and decorative uniforms and their ladies, veritable



John Barrymore, as Ahab

pyramids of lacy ruffled, feminine loveliness dancing the graceful redowa and the sprightly Berlin polka.

Strange to occidental eyes are the crooked tortuous streets of the Javanese seaport town teeming with life, a queer intermingling of native and European fashions, customs, buildings, conveyances and people. Street vendors vied with little hole-in-the-wall shops almost in the street filled with food, queer confections, and miscellaneous curios and nick-nacks from all over the world.

At one place one sees a native woman haggling with a squatty dealer over a string of dried cutlefish. At the next stall a pretty European girl in fluffed hoop skirts and poke bonnet is pricing cabinets from China.

Mutual enjoyment of these strange and interesting experiences and then Ahab is gone again in eager quest of Moby Dick, the great white whale, the demon and the quarry of all brave whaling men.

Out upon the clean blue tropic seas again, a fair, warm wind out of a cloudless bowl of blue pushing them on toward Moby Dick and destiny. On a lazy day when the crew were sprawling about the deck, came the cautious but exultant cry from the lookout, "She blo-o-o-ows! Thirty degrees on the port bow! It's Moby Dick!"

At last! Moby Dick, the boat-smasher, the man-killer, the mad whale. The crew made a wild dash for their boats, each one eager to have the honor of planting the first iron. Ahab's crew with their eager, muffled oars reached the huge mammal first, the iron was planted. A shudder and a gasp like a geyser spouting, then the heavy line leaped taut with a singing whine as it burned through the smoking groove in the bow. Now all held fast as with a jerk the boat followed. But this was the Berserk whale, and as Ahab and Derek changed places according to whaling usage Derek bumped against him. In a moment he was in the water. Moby Dick was completing a wide circle. Suddenly he turned back, charging

down upon the unfortunate Ahab, to leave him maimed for life. Moby Dick escaped and Ahab, crippled for life, in terrific agony of soul and body, his sensitive mind played upon by the perfidy of his brother and rival, gave up all hopes of Esther and devoted his life to the destruction of mad old whale.

With this directorial achievement, Millard Webb, a vigorous young man just turned thirty, has projected himself from the ranks of the promising young directors into the exclusive inner

circle of the master craftsmen. His rise has been phenomenally rapid for although he has been in the picture business since 1915, it is only in the last season that he has possessed the megaphone. His career has been that of extra, lead, assistant director, adapter, co-author, scenarist, co-director, and director.

Bess Meredyth, who so successfully accomplished the difficult task of adapting "Moby Dick" to the screen, has achieved one of the most enviable positions in the picture world. Besides the "Sea Beast" she has to her credit a splendid string of artistic and financial successes, among which are "The Red Lily," "Strangers of the Night," and finally "Don Juan," the next Barrymore opus now in production on Warner's Vitagraph lot.

An account of the picture would be incomplete indeed without mention of the artistic cinematography of Byron Haskins.

He is another youngster who has grown up with pictures and although he had just risen from a long and wasting illness he strove with a creative fire and tirelessness which would have done credit to a man of much stronger and more robust constitution.

In "Moby Dick" Herman Melville created a novel that has found wide favor. In "The Sea Beast" Warner Brothers have created a screen masterpiece which may confidently be predicted to achieve the same wide popularity. At the first advance showing given the production the finished picture exceeded all expectations.



Dolores Costello as Esther



Photo by Warner Bros.

Kenneth Harlan, although under contract to Warner Brothers, where he has just completed a featured role in "The Fighting Edge," will next appear under the F.B.O. banner as featured lead in "King of the Turf," returning to Warner Brothers upon the completion of that engagement.



Photo by Warner Bros.

Marie Prevost, having just completed the feminine lead in Warner Brothers' "His Jazz Bride," is now being featured by that same organization in "Other Women's Husbands," in which she appears opposite Monty Blue and Huntley Gordon.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

As Mrs. Dugan in Edmund Goulding's adaptation of "Sally, Irene and Mary," Kate Price has again scored with her unfailing regularity when cast in roles which allow her full play for her genuine characterizations.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

After many years of sterling characterizations on stage and screen, Tom O'Brien's masterly portrayal of the corporal in "The Big Parade" has elevated him to the foremost ranks of character leading men.



Photo by Witzel

Johnny Harron has celebrated the conclusion of his first year as a Warner Brothers' contract star by completing the featured role in J. Stuart Blackton's "The Bride of the Storm," adapted from "Maryland, My Maryland."





Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Laura La Plante, who has just completed a brilliant characterization of "Honey" in Bill Seiter's production of "Skinner's Dress Suit," is one of whom great things are expected during the coming year. Her next picture will be "Poker Faces," opposite Edward Everett Horton.

*Off Screen*

# The Four and B Zeid



Albert Warner

*You're as welcome  
as the flowers in  
May.*

*And I love you in  
the same old way.*

**L**ITTLE twelve-year-old Jack Warner warbled from a corner of the stage of the old Dome Picture Palace in Youngstown, Ohio, to the tinny accompaniment of a tired pianist as appropriately sentimental, hectic-hued pastoral chromos were flashed upon the screen. It was just twenty-one years ago that Jack, youngest of the famous Warner quintet began his career as a public entertainer by singing illustrated ballads at the little theatre that now forms the lobby of the big, new, modern Dome Theatre seating two thousand people recently added to the Warner chain.

Although he had made such a promising start in the theatrical profession, he was fated to first follow the siren songs of other callings, taking flyers in several unprosaic enterprises before answering that of the shadow-screen. Despite the fact that he is the youngest of the Warners, Jack was the first to venture into the field

of entertainment in which they were all destined to play such important parts.

The next theatrical venture of the Warner family involved all four boys. That was in 1903 and since then their fortunes and histories have been so intermingled that they really become one, an admirable tribute to their good breeding and the sterling qualities of their brotherly relations.

In Newcastle, Pa., they leased a store building, furnished it with rented chairs from a local mortuary, put up a sign, "Bijou, 5c Always," and began a thriving show business.

Of course when the undertaker had a

case they had to do without chairs, but in those primitive pioneer days, chairs were merely incidental as one reel running twelve minutes, and an illustrated song requiring three constituted a performance. One reel contained several complete stories. When the show was over the audience of two hundred or less filed quickly out assisted by a burly usher. As soon as the audience was out the next filed in, many being "repeaters." When things were going well there was a performance every twenty minutes—so many a day that they didn't bother to keep track of them.

So well did the Bijou succeed with a seating capacity of ninety-eight that they opened the Cascade.

**I**N 1904 the four brothers entered the distributing arena with the Duquesne Amusement and Supply Company of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Norfolk, Va. This flourished and expanded until in 1910 the General Film Company, a syndicate of the then leading producers caught the D.A.S. in a corner and pinched it into a bargain sale.

Undaunted the four joined forces with the Film Sales Company, of Pittsburgh, just entering the field against General Films, but after a shortlived and florid splurge it also passed into the rapacious maw of the moving picture limbo. After one such adventure the average person would have let the infant industry severely alone, and even the stickers would have wavered after two, but the Warners, still four, were more enthusiastic about the future of the new industry than ever and they were determined no matter how fre-

Jack  
Warner

# Personalities

# Warners

# ennie man



Bennie  
Zeidman



Harry  
Warner



Sam Warner

quent the disappointments to become a significant part of it.

So in 1911 they began operations in New York with a new idea, that of longer feature films. Besides buying and selling pictures to the open trade, Warner Features manufactured and distributed the first feature length films of from two to six reels. This innovation came years before its time and so it suffered the fate of most pioneers, martyrdom. Exhibitors were afraid of pictures longer than two

reels. Two reels was too long. The Warners couldn't give them away, and so they went down to defeat again trying to teach the exhibitors what they were soon to find out by sad experience. It was at this time that they inaugurated the now universal use for picture exploitation of colored lithographs which first appeared in three, six, and eight sheet sizes.

The intervening period was filled with exchange work then the Warner clan sounded their piebroch and after a war council of all four brothers prepared to renew their assault upon the stronghold of the movie industry. Accordingly produc-

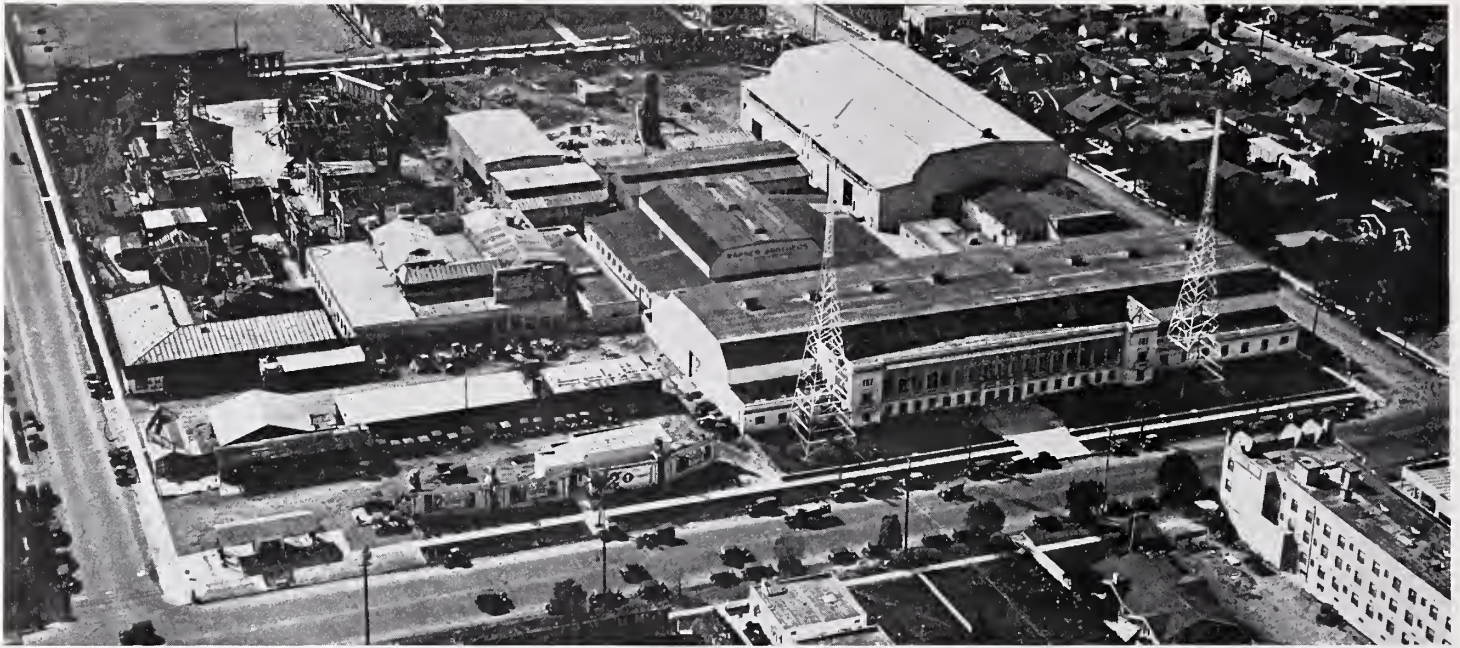
tion was recommenced in a small way at the old Astra studio in Glendale.

**M**OST of the present department heads were then recruited at a time when a department consisted of hardly more than one man, an instance of the Warner judgment and the other qualities that could inspire such loyalty. Before he went to the war "Doc" Solomon, head of the property and transportation depart-

ments, was a salesman at the Warner exchange in San Francisco. He quit a good job as a ranch foreman to become a department head, the office force and incidentally the janitor, the office boy, and almost the night watchman.

Today, Frank Murphy, "The Wop," rules an iron hand over the electricians and a \$500,000 electrical equipment including the 500-Watt broadcasting station of KF WB, the only broadcasting station operated by a moving picture studio. In 1919 he was borrowing lighting equipment from theatre acquaintances to be used in comedies featuring Al. St. John.

Louis Geib started in 1918 with Warner Bros. as technical director. That is still his title but the job has changed some since



Warner Brothers' West Coast Studio as seen from the air, showing in the foreground the new main stage and in the middle distance the original stage around which the new structures have been built.

then. In those days Mr. Geib designed the sets, helped build them, dress them, paint them, keep them clean, and then helped tear them down. In his own words he did a little of everything and he was the only man in his department. In 1922 he planned and built Stage Number One of the Warner Studios, at that time the largest in the world, approximately 325 by 145 feet. It was there that the Wampas held their second annual frolic as the dedicatory exercises. Then a thousand people were assembled on it at that time.

When these first efforts met with success the present Warner Bros. Pictures was incorporated in New York. This fourth attempt to break into the movies proved to be the charm. They began at once production of increasingly lengthy feature dramas and comedies. Then they made their master move. They bought the screen rights and filmed Ambassador Gerard's, "My Four Years in Germany." It was released at the psychological moment. Its immense popularity set the company substantially on its feet and gained for it a host of faithful friends and patrons.

**J**ACK and Sam Warner, by their talents had quite naturally by this time gravitated toward the production end of the firm as Harry and Al had toward the business and financial office and the distributing departments.

In 1918 Jack moved the nucleus of a production organization which now numbers on an average of seven hundred persons with a payroll of \$150,000 a week to the present thirteen acre Sunset Boulevard site in the very heart of the moving picture capital. In the early part of 1920 the

"old stage" was constructed and each succeeding year has seen another stage or major building erected, until now it is completely built up. It is one of the busiest in Hollywood and is proudly pointed to as the model lot of the movie city, containing everything necessary to picture production including the newest and finest laboratories. Recently when Warners absorbed the Vitagraph Company of America, the nineteen acre Vitagraph Studio lot where John Barrymore is now creating *Don Juan*, was added.

Warner Bros. re-entered the production field in 1917 with a new ideal. In 1922 when well on the way toward the establishment of a lively and world-wide system of exchanges they began its realization in Warner Bros. Classics of the Screen, a yearly program exclusively composed of big feature productions. The first season there were seven, the next eighteen, the next twenty-six, and this last season forty. These are adaptations to the screen by competent directors, and proven scenarists of the famous fiction classics of modern authors. Such books as Sinclair Lewis' "Mainstreet," and "Babbit," and Charles Norris' "Brass," translated to the screen not only vindicated their producer's acumen and foresight but introduced a new idea into motion picture production which has since been widely followed.

Early in the present year when Warner Bros. started their theatre interests, Sam took over these exhibiting activities and consequently Jack found himself facing alone a program larger by fourteen pictures than that of the year before. After careful consideration Bennie Zeidman was selected as associate with Jack Warner in

the production of the forty pictures of the 1925-26 schedule at Warner Bros. West Coast and Vitagraph Studios. They have completed a most successful year keeping the schedule moving at a rate that has set a record in promptness, smoothness, and steadiness of delivery for other producers to aim at.

**S**EVERAL years after little Jack Warner at the age of twelve began singing illustrated ballads in Youngstown, young Bennie Zeidman at the age of thirteen was intoning in suave and dulcet tones, "Lubin studios. Mr. Carewe? Just a moment please. Yes sir. Mr. Harry Meyers to see Mr. Carr. Just a moment please. Office. Mr. John Ince to see Mr. Arthur Johnson."

Seventeen years ago this enthusiastic little boy with the nerve and ambition of a Napoleon walked out of the fifth grade of a Philadelphia grammar school and plunged with zest into his chosen vocation, motion pictures. He made a very modest beginning at the old Lubin Studios in Philadelphia as an office boy at four dollars a week. He was not long satisfied with this, however, and threatened to quit if a raise was not forthcoming.

As four dollars a week was top-notch pay for office boys at that time the management saw nothing for it but to find a higher paid job for Bennie, and so he was installed by special arrangement with H. A. D'Arcy, who died recently but was then publicity director and author of "The Face on the Bar-room Floor," as a switchboard operator in the publicity department at the munificent salary of seven dollars a week. Here he quickly learned the habits of the genus, press-agent and was soon

handling on the side the publicity accounts of eight screen luminaries at five dollars each, which increased his earnings to the enormous sum of forty-seven dollars a week. At this time William Carr, Mary Carr's husband was director-general of Lubin.

In the early part of 1915 one of the Lubin companies started around the world under the leadership of Romaine Fielding. When they reached Phoenix, Arizona, the funds very conveniently for Bennie, gave out. Conveniently because he would probably have deserted anyway when he reached Los Angeles. He was California-mad and D. W. Griffith, who was then producing at the Triangle-Fine Arts, formerly the old Reliance-Majestic Studio, was his religion. Mr. Zeidman foresaw with a prophetic eye the future of Southern California not only as the picture-producing center, but as the pleasure-Mecca of the world.

**A**RRIVED in Los Angeles he immediately joined the Griffith publicity forces under the directorship of William E. Keefe, and was virtually head of the department during the time his chief was road-showing the Griffith masterpieces. By this time a successful star of the legitimate stage named Fairbanks had established himself as the screen idol of millions of fans. Fretting under the yoke of corporate control he finally declared his independence and with him went Bennie Zeidman in the capacity of personal press representative.

From 1916 to 1921 Mr. Zeidman continued very effectively to keep the Fairbanks name and the Fairbanks exploits before the eyes of an appreciative world by wild west rodeos exhibiting the finest talent to be had, a baseball game between Fairbanks and Billy Sunday, pictures and stories of the famous Pickford-Fairbanks-Chaplin trio, and similar big calibre "stunts."

In 1921 at the age of 26 years—half of them spent in the picture business, he began to draw rapidly down upon his objective—production, when he forever deserted the haunts of the press agent and became Mary Pickford's production manager. After a year in this capacity he gratified his ambition of becoming an independent producer by making seven successful pictures. In 1924 a tempting offer from Universal gained his acceptance and he remained there in a high executive position until his affiliation last January with Warner Bros.

At the age of thirty, just seventeen years after his first job as a switch-board boy, Bennie Zeidman occupies one of the most important executive positions in the entire moving picture world. His career is an object lesson in steadfastness and tenacity of purpose for he has never once wavered in his devotion to his chosen work.

In summing up this revelation of the careers of the executives of the Warner organization mention should be made of the success of the Warner ideal of Classics of the Screen. In its furtherance they have not only drawn on the modern novel but on the play as well. After years of solicitation by motion picture producers it was Warner Bros. who finally induced David Belasco, dean of American producers not only to allow the translation of his

stage successes to the screen but to advise in production matters.

Almost three years ago Warners brought Ernst Lubitsch, great director, to their Hollywood Studios where he has exercised an enormous influence on photo-dramatic technique through his production for them of *The Marriage Circle*, *Three Women*, *Kiss Me Again*, and Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windemere's Fan*.

In the early part of 1925 the Warners brought into their organization that pioneer producer, J. Stuart Blackton, founder of Vitagraph and from the earliest days of the films actively associated with the production of worth while pictures. Commodore Blackton, as he is affectionately known will produce four pictures a year, to be known as J. Stuart Blackton productions and to be released in the Warner Brothers Classics of the Screen. Commodore Blackton has just completed the filming of *The Bride of the Storm* adapted by Marian Constance Blackton from James Francis Dwyer's *Colliers Weekly* story, *Maryland, My Maryland*.

William Beaudine, who was loaned to the Mary Pickford Company to direct two pictures for Mary Pickford, has completed work on *Little Annie Rooney* and *Scraps* for Miss Pickford and has returned to Warner Bros. where he is engaged in preparing for his next contribution to the Classics.

Although the schedule of forty pictures for the season of 1925-1926 is rapidly nearing completion, and although there has been no definite announcement of the program for the season of 1926-1927, there will be no lull in the the production activities at the Warner Bros. West Coast studios. Work on six big specials is scheduled to start immediately upon the completion of the present program. In fact actual shooting on the first of these, John Barrymore's *Dou Juan*, is already well under way.

—F.W.A.

Executive offices of Warner Brothers' Studios facing on Sunset Boulevard with the twin masts of KFVB, the only exclusively motion picture broadcasting station in the country, flanking the main entrance.



**R**EGISTERING the psychological qualities of a director's genius on celluloid, getting just the right shading, the proper balance between high lights and low lights, translating onto the film the underlying spirit of the story and the director's conception of its treatment—these are some of the problems which must be met and solved by the cinematographer. Upon him devolves a responsibility commensurable with that of an artist working in oils or in stone, for no matter how much feeling is expressed by the principals and members of the cast, no matter how much artistry is developed by the director in his treatment of theme or scene, unless feeling and artistry are adequately caught by the camera and registered for all time on the film with the same appreciation of artistic qualities their value is utterly lost. L. Guy Wilky, who tells here of his experiences as cinematographer for William DeMille, shares with that director the artistic honors accorded deMille productions.

**T**HERE is no set form of cinematography. Perhaps that is why it has earned the right to be termed an "art". To attempt to standardize it strictly would deprive it of its expression, and it would soon become rigid and inflexible, slow to progress, rather than being the extremely facile medium that it is today.

Any effort to classify or designate the various standards of cinematography, is, therefore, extremely difficult, outside of indicating, in the most general way, the kind of photography that is used for the outstanding types of motion picture direction.

The cinematographer who has a theme of rousing action with which to work—costume stuff, with plenty of sword-play and back grounds of castles, and the like—possesses the opportunity to blossom forth with kind of motion photography which, if properly done, must command the attention of even the casual layman. He has, it has been said aptly, a "photographic picture to work with. He is enabled to conjure results which are as spectacular in their own way as are the direction and action which they help so much in "putting across".

On the other extreme, we encounter comedy cinematography, replete with "special effects", necessary in aiding and abetting the spontaneous registering of the endless array of "gags" on which the average short comedy thrives. Strangely enough, this branch of cinematography has proved the training ground for cinematographers who have later been retained to utilize their knowledge in putting the intricate action of some of the greatest dramatic productions on the screen—as witness Fred W. Jackman, who, though now a director and a member of the Motion Picture Directors Association, is still acclaimed for his mas-



William DeMille in his famous crouch immediately in front of the camera when directing a scene, where he can see the scene exactly as viewed by the crank. L. Guy Wilky is at the crank.

tery of "trick" cinematography and who has continued to be an active member of the American Society of Cinematographers. The work of the comedy cinematographer, in short, is such that it, too, stands out for recognition to all those who view motion pictures.

Between the foregoing two extremes then, there lies a field of cinematography wherein the highest compliment that could be paid to the cinematographers, who are giving forth their efforts in it, is that their work, in a given production, is scarcely "noticeable." By that is not meant that the cinematography fulfills its mission in such instances by being inferior or merely passable—by no means; it must, on the other hand, be just as conducive of attaining the end of action and story that the director has in view.

The writer knows of no better means whereby to identify this sort of cine-

matography than by referring to the productions of William deMille, with whom, if the personal mention may be pardoned, he has been associated for the past six years during which time he has been chief cinematographer on the twenty-five productions which Mr. deMille has produced for Famous Players-Lasky.

As is readily recognized, Mr. deMille's productions have not been of the swash-buckling action sort; nor have they been, on the other hand, of the strictly comedy type. Hence there was no call for the two extreme "types" of cinematography as have been heretofore mentioned. Far from it—this director's touch, required a treatment all of its own, and it was in this direction that the writer immediately bent his efforts as soon as he became associated with Mr. deMille.

For the purposes of this article, Mr. deMille might be referred to as a "psy-

*Behind the*  
**Camera**  
*for*  
**William**  
**De Mille**

*By L. Guy Wilky*

chological" director. His action is not expressed via the medium of violent action. If the keynote may be struck at all, his story is told by suggestion—subtly, as the critics seem to agree. Now, then, if Mr. deMille's direction is subtle, his cinematography must be all that, and more. Above all, it must be unobtrusive. The bold, hard effects cannot be gone into. They might jar with the story, rather than working along with it. That is the point that the writer reasoned out at the beginning of his association with Mr. deMille; the diagnosis proved correct and is only more emphasized at each script reading which Mr. deMille holds with all the members of his cast and staff at the beginning of each production, at which time he tells the story of the picture in his own words with recommendations to the cinematographer as to "key" in which the cinematography is to be struck.

It must be admitted that there is no hard and fast cinematographic rule for direction such as Mr. deMille's. As had been said heretofore, this matter of motion photography is difficult of standardization. Then how, it may be well asked, may Mr. deMille's direction be exemplified in cinematography, if that direction is recognized as being distinctive in its own right? To such a query it must be answered, that the cinematographer who would be successful in the portrayal of direction such as that of Mr. deMille must, basically, view the entire production exactly from the perspective of the director himself. He must put himself "in the director's shoes". His viewpoint is that of the cinematographer, to be sure; but not exclusively so. He must, briefly, look at the matter from a dual promontory—from that of the director and the cinematographer both. If he can put on the celluloid what the director has in mind,

then he is successful; otherwise he isn't. If he thinks exclusively cinematographic, then there is apt to result that "jarring" which Mr. deMille has so endeavored to avoid in his productions.

If the writer were able to suggest a formula—what kind of light to use and where to place it, what sort of lens to use and how to expose it, and so on—he would only be establishing an equation, the correct answer of which would be that after all cinematography is standard. However, it isn't. Therefore, knowing what the deMille "idea" is, the cinematographer must literally sense the best manner in which to handle the photographing of any one given scene. Mind you, it is not said that he gropes about wildly for ideas. If artists have souls and if cinematographers are artists, then it might be ventured that the camera artist's soul is susceptible to inspiration when he endeavors to crystalize some scene in this subtle kind of direction. But behind that inspiration there must be thorough and basic knowledge, not only of the fundamentals of cinematography but of the working methods of the director whose "style" is universally heralded wherever motion pictures are shown.

For instance, in Mr. deMille's "Grumpy", the theme revolved about Theodore Roberts in the role of a grandfather. There was a great deal of grouchiness about the characterization, although it radiated its share of humor in the aggregate. The cinematography for this production may be said to follow the lines of something definite and sharp, to use a technical designation. It is severe and conventional, whereas that of "Midsummer Madness", a production made by Mr. deMille some six years ago, struck the chord of softness, of moonlight, and of the romance of youth. That of "Only 38", while it had to fit in with a decided love theme, called for something less vague and more mature. The lighting and the exposures had to be conducive of something more substantial, more sophisticated. Then we come to "The Fast Set." The cinematography properly was light and airy—"fast", as it were. There could be no sombreness about it, such as in the stark "Grumpy" and, more recently, "The Splendid Crime", just completed. The latter production called for an atmosphere that is gloomy, with long shadows and thin rays of lights. There is much action in semi-darkness. There is the extinguishing of all lights but that coming from the lamp on a table in the center part of a room; then that too is put out with a resulting darkness that is to be pierced by a flashlight. And so it is that we arrive at a treatment in cinematography that represents the other extreme from something breezy and rollicking as that in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" which Mr. deMille produced.

# How Sal



*Three Girls of The Dainties -- Sally, Irene and Mary*



# Jimmie Dugan *Brought* *ly, Irene* *and* *Mary* *to Hollywood*



Edmund  
 Goulding  
*The Man Who  
 Discovered Jimmie*

By *Margaret Ettinger*

IN selecting stage plays or books for adaptation to the screen, very often it is some one bit of action, some dynamic episode, some dramatic situation or some intriguing character that first attracts attention and points to the screen possibilities of such a play or book. Sometimes perhaps it is the title, but there must be something back of the title, some determining factor that stamps play or story as possessing screen possibilities.

And very often when the play or book has been acquired for photo-dramatization it is found that in order to make an effective picture the whole story may have to be completely revamped, twisted around and what amounts to practically a complete new plot woven around the characters, situations or episodes which first attracted attention. In this refocusing of interest, the appropriateness of the original title is frequently lost and for this, or other reasons, a new title more thoroughly suited to the revamped story, is selected.

All of which bears more or less directly upon Edmund Goulding's selection of the stage play *Sally, Irene and Mary* for adaptation to the screen.

It was neither Sally, Irene nor Mary who focused Goulding's attention when he first saw the play, but, interestingly enough, the character of Jimmie Dugan. Jimmie Dugan fascinated Edmund Goulding. The screen possibilities in that character were so interesting and held so much of promise that it may be truth-

fully said that Jimmie Dugan is responsible for Goulding's adapting the play to the screen.

Around this one character he wove an entirely new story, retaining such of the essential qualities of the stage play as fitted the re-focusing the story and introducing new characterization, new incidents, new situations and new crises; broadening, vitalizing, photodramatizing the story with Jimmie Dugan as the initial focal point. In the adaptation have been retained, in addition to the character of Jimmie Dugan, the original title and the names of the three girls in the title roles. Characterizations of the three girls have been completely changed to suit the new motivation of the story, additional characters have been introduced to vitalize the action and to develop that higher degree of realism which is the perquisite of the screen.

It is quite one thing to keep the interest of an audience centered upon three girls when the play is presented on the limited area of the spoken stage, and quite another to keep a screen optience interested in the lives and actions of three girls, particularly girls of such widely different types as Sally, Irene and Mary, at the same time insuring a smoothly flowing continuity and sequence. In the screen version of *Sally, Irene and Mary*, Edmund Goulding has accomplished a herculean task and has followed clearly and concisely the lives of these three girls. Each is outstanding and interesting. Each is individual and has been established as a



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Constance Bennett as "Sally"

distinct entity. Throughout the action of the story the girls move smoothly and interestingly as situations develop into crises and crises swell to the crashing crescendo of the climax.

Jimmie Dugan is the hero of the story, but can hardly be said to constitute the star role. Nor do any of the three girls merit in their characterizations such designation. *Sally, Irene and Mary*, as a matter of fact, is one of those stories best described as being an "all-star" production. The story transcends the import-

ance of any one star and becomes the main feature of the production. Here is an instance, where in all verity the "play is the thing."

An interesting sidelight on this phase of the screen version is found in the fact that if the scenes in which the three girls appear were to be measured, it would be found that footage has been so evenly divided between them that there would be only a few feet discrepancy between the space given to each character.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Joan Crawford as "Irene"

The background of the story is the theatre. The three girls are members of the cast of the rollicking musical show "The Dainties."

Sally is the gold-digger type of show girl, living in luxury in an apartment "on the drive," supported by Marcus Morton, a financial wizard, club man and man about town. Sally is cold and self centered. She is interested only in herself and in holding the love of Morton because of what that love brings to her.

Irene is sweet and sentimental, and her characterization is aptly summarized in the comment that she is the daughter of Officer O'Dare. She is the premiere dancer with "The Dainties" and is enamored of an artist chap, a blase man of the world to whom women are merely passing fancies. For a time his interest and attentions have focused upon the wholesomeness and youth of Irene. Then his interest fades and he passes on to another.

Interest in the character of Irene is increased by the adoration



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Sally O'Neill as "Mary"

of a college kid—a weak youth who has more money than sense and who trails her around doggedly.

Mary is the simple Irish kid, and is—just herself.

She and her mother live in a tenement. Across the way lives Jimmie Dugan and his mother. Inevitably Jimmie and Mary are sweethearts.

It is axiomatic that there can be no drama without conflict and

so with characters thoroughly established complications develop when Marcus Morton in following through with his attentions to Sally inevitably meets Mary at the theatre. While Sally has dazzled with her glitter, the sweet wholesomeness of Mary attracts, and conflict enters with Sally doing all in her power to divert Morton's attentions back to herself. This situation climaxes when Morton declares his love for Mary and Irene elopes with the college youth.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

William Haines as "Jimmie Dugan"

But Jimmie Dugan—well he is Jimmie Dugan, lovable, interesting and appealing, and Mary refuses to be dazzled by Marcus Morton's wealth.

Throughout the picture are bits of comedy and contrasting ones of pathos that are little classical gems in themselves, indicative of Goulding's masterly treatment.

In the M-G-M production of *Sally, Irene and Mary* from the adaptation by Edmund Goulding, Sally is portrayed by Constance

Bennett, Irene by Joan Crawford and Mary by Sally O'Neill.

The lovable Jimmie Dugan has changed not a whit in being transported to the screen and is played by William Haines.

Morton is cleverly characterized by Henry Kolker; the artist chap is portrayed by Douglas Gilmore; Ray Howard plays the college youth; Kate Price, Jimmie's mother; Aggie Herring, Mrs. O'Brien; Lillian Elliott, Mrs. O'Dare, Sam De Grass, Officer O'Dare and Edna Mae Cooper, Maggie.



A corner in the completely equipped school room at Universal City, where Mrs. West presides as a regular schoolma'am.

**T**HE question, "What about the schooling of children in the movies?" has often been asked. There seems to be an impression that once a child enters the gates of a studio, all instruction is laid by the board in the frantic efforts of gold-grabbing producers to capitalize on the child's more or less histrionic ability.

It is not generally known that there is a drastic state law in California which provides for the education of movie children. Not a moment of the child's tuition is lost. Competent teachers are provided by the School Board. These instructors usually have a permanent place in large studios, where children are used practically all-year round. And those studios which only require the services of minors occasionally, have instructors provided for them by the day. Several hours a day are devoted to schooling. No matter what the exigencies of the scene in which the children are supposed to appear, the teacher has final supervision over the matter of instruction and all production, as far as the children are concerned, ceases.

The regular primary, grammar and high school curriculum is the standard. Lessons are given according to the corresponding grade of the child in the public schools and papers are marked with the same care and



At the Hal Roach Studios the school atmosphere is more informal and "Our Gang" finds it as much fun to get their lessons as to work in comedies.

attention. They are promoted or "left back" exactly as their fellows in the outside world.

It is a fact that children who come under the supervision of instruction on the lot are, as a rule, much brighter than those not in the cinema world. This is due mainly to their receiving more individual instruction on account of classes being smaller and partly, no doubt, to their precocity and

their greater contact with their elders.

When companies go on location, if there are children along, teachers accompany them, no matter what the distance. There are instances of units traveling as far as Hawaii or Cuba with an instructor as part of the official personnel.

Universal is one of the great producing companies that has devoted considerable at-

(Continued on Page 64)

# School Days

## In *Movieland*

By Sam B. Jacobson

# Bill Seiter

*The Man  
On the Cover*

By

*Tom Engler*



IT was a lead at the Griffith studio opposite Loretta Blake in a two-reel drama, in which he wore the uniform of a Royal Northwest Mounted policeman, that gave Bill Seiter his first real part. This seems to everyone now to have been a role ideally suited to Seiter's fine physique and bearing. Perhaps, however, the cameraman on the two-reel drama had just been enticed from his work on the laundry route to turn out this picture, and didn't do right by our Bill. At any rate, it all happens for the best, for Mr. Seiter came out of the projection room in which he saw himself as a member of the "Royal Mounted"—resolved that his work in the cinema field was to be that of a director!

However, Bill has no regrets, and the picture-going public should have none, for while there are plenty of handsome leading

men, there is a real scarcity of directors who could develop the full gelastic possibilities of the tremendously popular comedy-drama vehicles in which Reginald Denny has been starring for Universal. *The Fast Worker* was the first of these, and it established a high mark for sure-fire snappy comedy. Following this hit, Bill equalled it with *The Teaser*, in which Laura La Plante has risen to her greatest heights as a comedienne, and which has proven to be one of the biggest box office winners of the year. With the starting of Bill's second year with Universal, his association with Reginald Denny was renewed, and it is this association of star and director which is proving one of the finest things in pictures. They began with *Where Was I?* which registered a hit, but

those on the inside claim that *What Happened To Jones* and *Skinner's Dress Suit* yet to be released will mark the highest marks of their respective careers.

However, before taking up the megaphone, Seiter, in collaboration with another man who is now also a noted director, had made an important contribution to the mewling infant industry of the films. He and Sidney Franklin invented the position of "assistant camera-man". Today no cinematographer is without his assistant to lug the heavy cameras from point to point, to hold the slate and perform like chores; but in those days the cameraman "carried his own"—and the "boxes" were heavier then than now.

It wasn't an eagerness for exercise that drove these two budding geniuses to get themselves appointed to do the heavy work;

it was because, armed with their commissions as "assistants to the camera-man," they could get past the gateman early each morn,—and thus be right under the director's eye as he was thinking over the work he would do,—and the people he would need,—that day. That, by the way, was the only remuneration they received: the privilege of getting in through the gate at the Selig studio, where this *coup* was put over.

Even at that time, you see, there was keen competition for every "acting" job in the movies. Although most of the extras at that time did not have the vision to see what the pictures were to become, it was a fascinating and usually an easy way to earn three, five or, occasionally, seven dollars. So Bill and his buddies did not overlook any bets. On days that there was no work at the Selig studio, he would hurry over to Sennett's at Edendale, and play a Keystone cop, falling off patrol wagons and telephone poles and risking his neck with the best of them.

Every so often, slack times would fall upon the studios, just as they do now. During one of the worst of these, Seiter slept for three nights on the cushioned rear seat of a big automobile, with the laprobe for coverlet, in a garage where the night watchman was a kindly disposed old darky. He even, on the last two days of this famine period, borrowed fifty cents a day, or, rather, accepted the proffered loan, from the same man of color, using fifteen of it for a shine or a shave, on alternate days, and the rest for food, before presenting himself in his usual debonair manner, at the studio, and asking for a job, which, on the morning of the third day, he got. Be sure that the night-watchman's loan was the first one paid back out of his check.

However, it was what he had learned about acting that brought him his first opportunity in the field toward which he now turned his efforts. When the late "Smiling Billy" Parsons became the power in the National Film Corporation, he remembered a demonstration he had seen of young Seiter's ambition and intelligence, and put him to work, under contract. To accept this offer, Bill had to go back to his acting, but it was with the distinct under-

standing that he was soon to be allowed to direct.

So he became an actor "in stock"—which meant that he didn't have to wear out shoe-leather traipsing over Hollywood, Edendale, and Boyle Heights looking for daily jobs. However, being "in stock" in those days wasn't what it is now. For example, when Norma Talmadge made her debut in Hollywood as a National star, and William Seiter was assigned to play her juvenile lead in *The Captivating Mary*



The Seiter family, Bob, Bill and Ma Seiter, at their Hollywood home.

*Carstairs*, he was not only an acting principal—but the assistant director as well. He was expected to get to the studio early in the morning, put on his make-up, then enroll the extra people, if any were working, and report to Director Bruce Mitchell that all was well,—if it was. Later, between his own scenes, he made out the pay checks for these same extra people, and distributed them. At the end of the day, he paid off the people that had finished and helped lay out the next day's work. The rest of the time, the aspiring young actor-director had to himself.

Finally, he persuaded them to let him direct, and made his debut directing "Smiling Billy" Parsons in a series of two-reel comedies. He was next assigned to direct Carter DeHaven in a series which Parsons was producing, Bill had his "hand in" by that time, and the comedies proved so successful that they landed DeHaven a big contract, and Seiter a real dramatic directorship, of *The Kentucky Colonel*. During the making of this feature, Mr. Parsons, who had sponsored Seiter's elevation to the director's chair, died, but the picture, itself, confirmed the producer's judgment, when it so interested the late

Thomas H. Ince that he sent for Seiter, and put him to work as director of Ince productions. Under Ince, Seiter won his spurs, and did work which brought him opportunities to direct, at other studios, such pictures as *The Beautiful and Damned*, *The Little Church Around the Corner*, and *Daddies*.

Bill Seiter has no pet theories, either about directing pictures, or about life. He is the practical man rather than theorist or dreamer. However, he does believe

that a training in comedy is one of the firmest bases in the foundation of success in motion pictures — whether as actor or director. It was along the path which was about the same time being traversed by Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver and others: namely, from comedy to drama, that Bill Seiter struggled for years toward his chance to direct dramatic pictures.

Perhaps the other requisite strongly exemplified by Seiter is resolution and an unwavering purpose. It must have taken that to stand the gaff in the days

of adversity, because Bill had a home, "back east," where he could, any day, have gone and lived in ease. He is of a substantial New York Dutch family of fine social standing and attainments. He had a fine military academy training, in accordance with the ideals of his father, who was lieutenant-colonel of the famous Twelfth New York regiment during the Spanish-American war. Bill had a good art education, too (his father was one of the leading chinaware and glass importers of this country) yet he chose the rocky road to motion picture fame rather than the golf links of the Siwanoy Club at Mount Vernon, of which his father was president, or the bridle paths of Central Park.

Ernest Vajda, famous Hungarian playwright, has arrived in Hollywood in connection with his contract to write original stories exclusively for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

He is the advance guard of the group of world-noted foreign playwrights signed by Paramount to write for the screen.

Mr. Vajda had four plays simultaneously on Broadway last season.



# Symbolism

*In the*

# Silent Drama

*A New Application of an  
Old Principle*

By  
JUNE MATHIS

The Character of the old Scissors Grinder as used by June Mathis in *Viennese Medley* — Below, Miss Mathis at her desk at First National.



**S**YMBOLISM in art is as old as art itself. In painting and in sculpture it has long played an important part. Its development in motion pictures, however, has been retarded by the element of realism which is so dominantly the keynote of the cinema.

And yet I am thoroughly convinced that in the Eighth Art the use of symbolic characters is even more effective than in the other arts.

We have found that the use of allegorical symbolism has rarely proved effec-

tive. While it has been artistic, the element of realism has been so utterly lacking that the effect was destroyed. Allegorical symbolism in most instances conflicts so directly with the realism of the screen drama that it is much more inclined to provoke ridicule than to stir one's emotions to a sympathetic conception of the ideal depicted.

I have in mind an instance in which one of our foremost producers endeavored to achieve a particularly striking effect and at the same time get around the awkward-

ness of frequent lapses of time, which has always been such a problem in photodrama, by the introduction of an allegory of Father Time. Time as it is most universally symbolized in the person of an aged man in flowing robes and bearing a scythe over his shoulder, marched majestically across the screen. A little later another lapse of time was denoted and again the same figure stalked across the screen to be greeted with scattered snickers. When he appeared for the fourth and fifth times the snickers developed into amused laughter and the

effectiveness of this form of symbolism was completely destroyed.

This instance occurred some years ago, but its memory is still fresh in my mind because of its utter absence of realism.

One big trouble with the adaptation of the artistry of symbolism to the silent drama has been in the tendency to allow such symbolism to be extraneous to the dramatic action of the story, and to lay undue stress upon the symbolic character. This, I think, is often apt to be the case when the technique of one art is translated to another.

Griffith has always impressed me as a master of symbolism in little touches which are symbolic of incidental emotions and bear directly upon the specific scene in which they appear. Such symbolism is effective and adds a subtle touch of realism to the particular scene in which it is used.

**B**UT it is my belief that it is entirely feasible to introduce symbolism and symbolic characters into the silent drama in such a way that motivating emotions may be symbolized throughout the action of the story without intrusion upon realism to the extent that, like the reference I have made to Father Time, they lose their effectiveness through unreality.

An ambitious writer once brought me a story in which, with flights of creative fancy, she endeavored to symbolize the spirit of evil in its conventional garb. In fact she had several such spirits capering through the story and on paper they seemed to fit extremely well. When I asked her if she had conceived a flesh and blood mortal as enacting such roles, if she had visualized any nationally known actor whose personality was familiar to every theatre-goer, she threw up her hands in despair. It is quite one thing to think beautiful thoughts, even to inscribe them on paper, but quite another to translate them to the screen through the agency of mortal man.

In "The Four Horsemen" I had a splendid opportunity to develop symbolism in a manner that was entirely in keeping with the spirit of the story. Moreover, the way had been effectually paved for symbolism through the wide popularity of the novel.

In "The Viennese Medley" I have utilized symbolic characters to a much greater degree than in "The Four Horsemen," and in a manner which I am confident will convey my symbolism more naturally and more effectually. For instance, as symbolic of the spirit of evil that is in mankind, as suggestive of war and strife, I have developed the figure of an old scissors

grinder whose leering face and disreputable form appears in the background throughout the action. He is not dominant. He is not forced onto the attention of the spectator, but he is always there. Subtly he begins to convey the symbolism which his character represents and little by little he becomes associated in one's mind with the personification of evil. And yet, he is just one of the characters in the story, one of the background incidents.

In contrast to the use of symbolism to heighten the effect of a single scene and to

and I believe that through the use of such symbolic characters as the scissors grinder I have accomplished this new method and that through such symbolism it will be possible to stimulate greater interest in motion pictures as well as more effectually to convey the underlying thoughts of which the action on the screen is the visible physical expression.

"The Viennese Medley" which Miss Mathis has used as basis of illustration, gives every promise of being one of the most notable contributions Miss Mathis had made to the screen. In many ways it is comparable to her masterly achievement in her screening of "The Four Horsemen."

Unlike "The Four Horsemen," however, "The Viennese Medley" is a vivid, throbbing, pulsating drama of the psychological effects of war upon humanity, rather than a story of pre-war conditions leading up to the hysteria of war itself. But like "The Four Horsemen" it has offered many opportunities for symbolic treatment in such a way that the use of symbolic characters achieve a very distinctive effect without in any manner interfering with the realism of the story itself or the vividness of its presentation as screen drama.

The screen production of "The Viennese Medley" is an adaptation of Edith O'Shaunessey's brilliant novel of post-war Austria. Its beginning affords just a flash of Austria before and during the World War in order to provide the necessary contrast for the vivid, throbbing scenes which followed when Austria, vanquished and dismembered, found herself confronted by the problems of social and psychological reconstruction.

The story is such a one as could only be laid in an old-world state where distinctions of class have been rigidly observed for centuries. As did the story, so does the picture probe deep into the hearts of humanity. Vividly, realistically, dramatically it portrays the post war life of Austria and in following the fortunes and misfortunes of the principals are shown, as could be depicted in no other way, just what the war has meant to Austria and to her people.

In "The Viennese Medley" Miss Mathis has put not only the experience of her years of creating writing for stage and screen, but her whole soul. In the adaptation of Edith O'Shaunessey's novel and the building of "The Viennese Medley" as a screen production she has realized cherished ambitions of years.

## THE STAR-MAKERS

By EDWIN G. HITCHCOCK

*God, in all his glory made the earth;  
He dolled it up and then gave Adam birth;  
A babbling brook to ripple by  
And little things to please the eye.*

*He scattered here and there the seeds  
For plants and flowers and wheat and weeds:  
He made the rugged mountains rise  
And painted planets in the skies.*

*He dipped His hands in crystal lakes  
And chopped the snow in little flakes;  
Created birds to chirp at dawn  
And gave them trees to perch upon.*

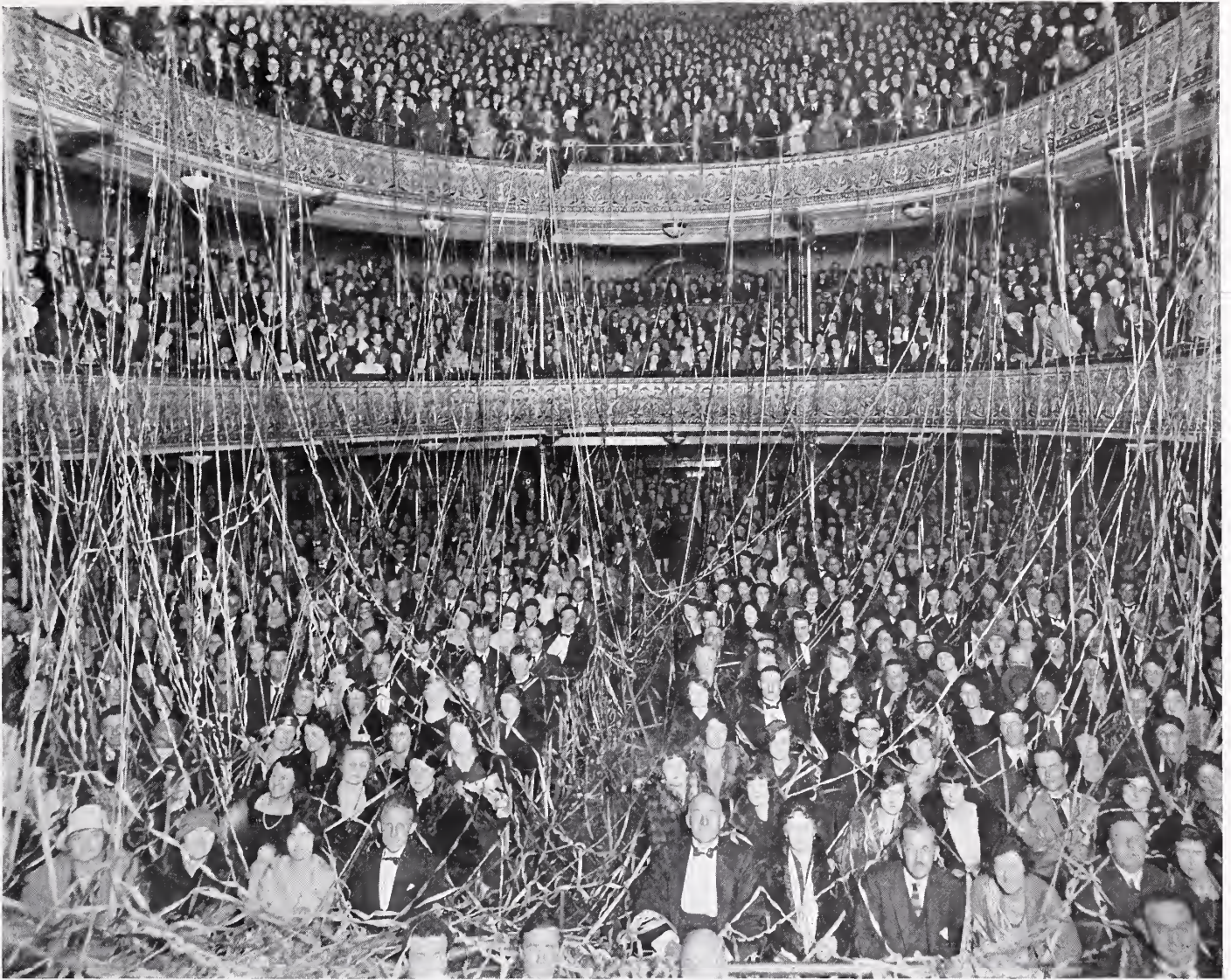
*And it is whispered now and then  
That God would not go through again  
The things He did along the route  
Without the best to help Him out.*

*For when the world was being made  
He summoned experts to His aid;  
Took all the Wampas up on Mars  
And let the boys make all the stars!*

implant the desired emotional reaction to that scene, either through contrast or a Griffithesque touch such as the flash of a kitten playfully entangling itself in a ball of yarn, the old scissors grinder is an integral part of the picture. He fits naturally and logically into story and background. And yet he is a symbol. In him Evil finds personification and in the association of ideas his symbolism is conveyed to the spectator.

Were I to use a purely allegorical character to express this thought, I am thoroughly confident that, like Father Time in the production previously referred to, the whole force and value of the symbol would be lost partly through unreality and partly through its being wholly extraneous to the action or interest of the story.

Because of the kind of a story that "The Viennese Medley" is, I have felt it necessary to work out a new method of expres-



Melbourne makes Pauline Frederick's last night in Australia a gala affair—the audience as Miss Frederick saw it from the stage.

# *Seeing America First in* Australia

by

*Pauline Frederick*

**T**HE motion picture screen is selling the United States to the whole world—selling our customs, our language, our machinery, our architecture, our apparel and, in short, all our products.

This is the outstanding impression which was indelibly stamped on my mind by the eight months' tour I have just closed in the Antipodes. Everywhere I went—not only in the big cities but even in several of the small communities in the "back bush"—I could close my eyes to the tropic foliage and, in almost every other respect, imagine myself in an American community.

A visit to Australia has always been one

of my cherished dreams, so I was especially happy when my managers arranged a tour there in a stage repertoire. Every part of my dream came true several times over! Australia is the typical frontier post of the world, so to speak, of this twentieth century; and despite its political affiliations with England, despite its large percentage of black population and despite its vast areas of still undeveloped country, it im-

presses me as being predominantly American in attitude and in social thought.

This economic lesson came home to me with especial force because of the particular time in which I visited the islands. It was during my tour that the American battle fleet, commanded by Admiral Robison—a great diplomat as well as a great naval leader—came to Australia. Through the kindness of Governor De Chair and the enthusiastic friendship of the Australians as a whole, I was privileged to participate in numerous functions which combined the social with the political. Naturally, the fleet's visit was the occasion for

parades and receptions everywhere our sailors went. Fortunately my bookings permitted me to partake in these affairs in almost every city in the islands. At all of these functions, the formal speeches and general trend of conversation invariably made some comment on the tremendous missionary influence of the American motion picture. I remember very distinctly a speech made by one of the Australian cabinet members at a reception to Admiral Robison and his officers, which quoted from an address made by England's beloved Prince of Wales a couple of years ago. In this he said:

"If the United States abolished diplomatic and consular services, kept its ships in harbor and its tourists at home and retired from the world's markets, its citizens, its problems, its town and countryside, its roads, motor cars, counting houses and saloons would still be familiar in the uttermost corners of the world. The film is to America what the flag was once to Britain. By its means, Uncle Sam may hope some day, if he be not checked in time, to Americanize the world!"

To quote from my own personal experience, I rode everywhere in the same make of car I have in the States. I replenished my wardrobe from time to time

with styles and materials identical with those popular in New York and Hollywood—I even heard much of the same slang which many of us regard as individualistically American! Naturally, I commented on this condition, and everywhere merchants and sales people told me the same story: American-made pictures had sold American products to the Australians!

There is a big English company, situated in Liverpool, which practically dominates the shoe trade in Australia. Until the Great War, they naturally sold to the Australians shoes mod-

of exactly the same type as we wear in the United States to meet this demand.

The streets of the big cities were lined with skyscrapers of the same types as we have in our own cities. The suburbs were dotted with bungalows of the so-called California type—the same kind of buildings which predominate in our pictures through the fact that most of them are made in and around Hollywood. The windows of department stores are filled with American merchandise—the easy chair and the overstuffed furniture, for example, have come to Australia with American pictures.

This economic lesson was borne home so forcibly to me—just a lay person, so to speak—that I made it my business to talk about it to several of the fleet officers, who had come from other climes during their round-the-world voyage. Every one of them told me of repetitions of my own experiences in Australia. The whole world is becoming Americanized—sociologically and economically.

For this, I believe, the American picture is almost entirely responsible—certainly it has done more to achieve the present result than any other individual factor or combination of factors.

This condition must bring the realization of the tremendous responsibility of all those who are connected with the making of the movies. We are not only furnishing entertainment to the whole world—including many of the even semi-civilized nations—we are selling the United States to every people on the globe. This great responsibility is not a depressing factor, but one which must inspire us inevitably to make our films ever finer than they are today. The renewed battle for international supremacy on the screen means much more to the United States than the supremacy of just our own motion picture industry. We must make our pictures so that we will be proud of this—not only as members of the film world, but—what is more important—as American citizens! It is a great national opportunity which we have, and it is up to us to take advantage of this most effective medium to spread American civilization over the whole world.



Pauline Frederick's admirers in Honolulu bedeck her with leis at the conclusion of her Hawaiian visit.



eled exactly according to the English type. During the war American films commenced to monopolize the Australian screens and, as the result of what the audiences saw in the pictures, they raised such a unanimous demand for American styles of footwear that the Liverpool factory had to change all its machinery and for ten years or more it has been turning out shoes

## Cecil DeMille As Producer of Pictures

WITH eight of his promised twelve pictures finished or under way, Cecil DeMille again slips within the spotlight.

DeMille's debut as an independent producer brought many conjectures. Some said the DeMille studio would never turn a wheel. With the passing of eight months, however, DeMille has completed his studio organization and to all appearances has permanently added the title "producer" to his former name as "director."

DeMille himself is now directing "The

Volga Boatman," a dramatic tale of Russia with a cast including William Boyd, Elinor Fair, Jetta Goudal, Julia Faye and Theodore Kosloff.

Jeanie Macpherson is superintending the script for Rod LaRocque's next, "Red Dice," from the story by Octavius Roy Cohen. Beulah Marie Dix has adapted "Silence," with crook drama by Max Marcini. Rupert Julian will direct with H. B. Warner featured. Warner starred in the sensationally successful New York presentation.

Leatrice Joy, now vacationing, will re-

turn in December to prepare for role, "Eve's Leaves." Paul Sloane will direct this production; been adapted by Elmer Harris.

The last production on the 1924-25 schedule is "Bachelor Brides," starring Rod LaRocque, and directed by Alan Hale. On the stage this was a lively comedy.

Next year, under the new consolidation of the DeMille and Metropolitan producing forces, production at the DeMille studio will be doubled, announcements state.

# Faces and fancies from the Films



Leatrice Joy receives some expert instruction for her new bob.



Colleen Moore as she'll be seen in her new play, "Irene."



Priscilla Dean's new bob starts at the conservative point but may finish as boyish as Leatrice Joy's.



Rod LaRocque is as Indian as they make them in "Braveheart."



Laska Winters prays to the gods of the North—a moment from "Rocking Moon."

John Bowers  
and Luke  
Cosgrove



# George Mel Goes to



**T**HIS is the tale of a man who went forth in search of the Land of the Midnight Sun and found—the Sun!

And what sunshine it was! This man obtained photographic effects more marvelous than any of which even the land of eternal sunshine can boast. This isn't slap at California either. Merely a statement of fact.

So in his quest this adventurer, this seeker after sunlight, sailed away northward on a big boat—and a large company journeyed with him. For eight days and eight nights they sailed the waters of the Inside Passage, bound for Alaska, till Juneau was reached—and their objective.

The man was George Melford, his company the members of the cast of *Rocking Moon*, the filmization of Barrett Willoughby's novel. With the action laid in Alaska, on a huge blue fox farm, Metropolitan Pictures, who are producing the vehicle, resolved that it would be decidedly worthwhile for the entire company to film the story in its exact locale—hence, the *raison d'être* of the trip.

"As we left Seattle, reports that we would see nothing but rain when we arrived at our destination considerably dampened our spirits," Melford says. "But not for long. We had not been out a day before we were as jolly a crew as ever roved the bounding main—and it was not caused by liquid stimulants, either. Rather, the smoothness of our passage, the congenialness of all on board and the extreme beauty of the panorama that continually stretched before our eyes made the trip one not easily forgotten.

"Previous to our arrival, it had rained a steady downpour for several weeks. The gods were kind to us, however, for the storms passed away soon after we landed we had about 20 days of clear shooting.

"To our surprise we discovered that days slightly foggy were vastly superior for our purpose to those on which the sun shone its brightest. This may be attributed to the peculiar atmospheric conditions of that latitude and particularly to that portion of the coast. It may be added, too, that more actual shooting hours are available than in and about Southern California, due, of course, to the northernness of the climate and the greater length of time the sun is above the horizon.

"We made our headquarters at Goddard Hot Springs, a number of miles above Juneau. Seven miles farther was the island on which the fox farm was located, and to this we journeyed daily in small launches.

# ALASKA

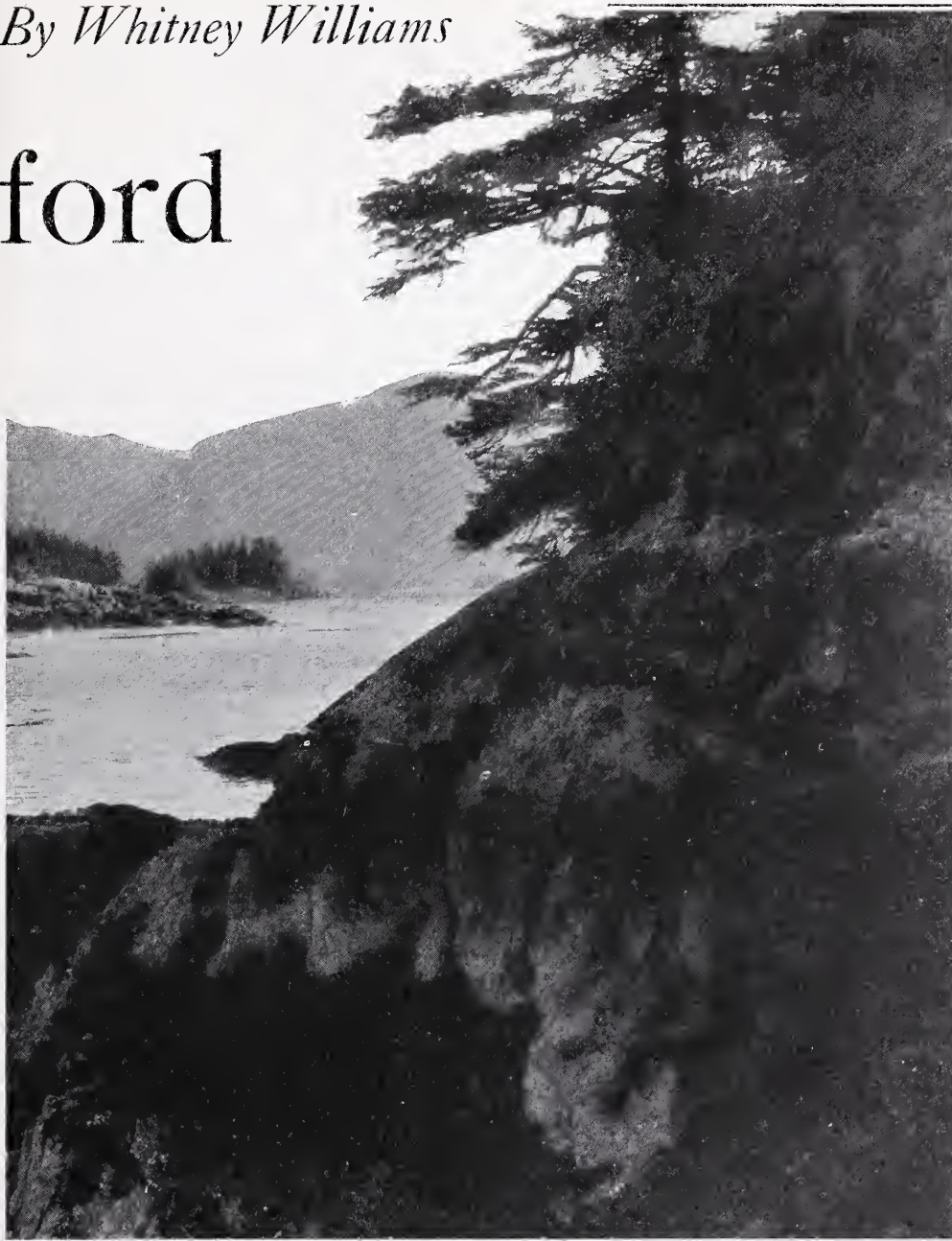
"It is interesting to note that the government will grant land free of charge to anyone desirous of starting a fox farm. Possession of several pairs of foxes is necessary, though, and the party or parties must agree to keep the property as a fox farm and not attempt to make other uses of it.

"*Rocking Moon*, I believe, is the first picture of any magnitude ever to have been made whose exteriors have all been filmed in Alaska. The first version of *The Spoilers* is a possible exception.

Then, of course, there was *The Checkacks*, but that was a comparatively small company. Why it is that producers have not before this invaded our northern territory is more than I can understand. It is beautiful beyond compare, with a glorious combination of land, sea and sky blending together in a vista not to be duplicated.

By Whitney Williams

# ford



and Eugene Pallette, were gone from Hollywood approximately five weeks—on one of the most interesting location trips on record. And, strangely enough, it was ascertained that Alaskans are little different from Californians and Iowans and New Yorkers, in respect to evincing a desire to appear in pictures. Melford had the entire northern country from which to choose his types and atmosphere—and he is emphatic in declaring of their screen ability and apparent ease.

Not in years had he received such wholehearted co-operation as that evidenced by the inhabitants of Juneau and Sitka, Melford assures. The people resent seeing Alaska misrepresented in the so-called Alaskan pictures and gave both Melford and his company a vociferous welcome. Their slightest wish was gratified, in recognition of the entry of producers into Alaska.

Then, too, the people feel that the production will exploit in an unparalleled manner the wonders and natural beauty of Alaska and serve to give the outside world an insight to the conditions that exist, the problems to be solved and the great possibilities of the country. They realize, however, that this picture will be merely an introduction to the real Alaska. It would not be at all surprising that in the near future finances were raised by the territory's capitalists for further trips to their country, as much to stimulate travel as to bring in business men.

Rockliffe Fellows and Lilyan Tashman in a scene on location near Sitka, Alaska, during the filming of "Rocking Moon."

# SITKA

"An illustration of how little people know of Alaska is found in the story of a postmaster in a small settlement in Canadian Alaska. He received a missive from the United States government, demanding a regular report from him once a month or the postoffice would be taken away. The postmaster answered the letter by explaining that he was forced to report to Ottawa, the Canadian government.

"This same lack of knowledge, no doubt, is responsible for the neglect of one of the finest locations in the world. The average temperature of Juneau and Sitka and the neighboring country in winter is 30 degrees above zero—in summer it is 50. And while the rainfall is tremendous there are certain periods of the year when the shooting is ideal. Fortunately, we struck it right."

Melford and his company, which included Lilyan Tashman, John Bowers, Laska Winters, Rockliffe Fellows, Luke Cosgrave



*Stars of the Drama to  
Shine in a Setting of Comedy in*

*By Arthur Q. Hagerman*

# Hal Roach's Revolution

SOMETHING startling has happened in the motion picture business and professional eyes are focused upon Hal Roach, watching every move the young producer makes in his new campaign to get every big feature player to appear in short length comedies.

Three months ago people in Hollywood said that he couldn't do it; that comedies less than feature length were indelibly stamped, in the eyes of public and theater managers alike, as "fillers;" and that big feature players would lose prestige if they played in comedies.

Today he has working in his Culver City studios, or under contract to appear there, such people as Theda Bara, the screen's most famous portrayer of vampire roles, Lionel Barrymore of America's most famous theatrical family, Mildred Harris (formerly Mrs. Chaplin,) Eileen Percy, Gertrude Astor, Stuart Holmes and others. The regular Hal Roach line-up of stars and featured players in comedies includes the seven youngsters of "Our Gang," Charley Chase, Clyde Cook, Glenn Tryson, Tyler Brooke, Katherine Grant, Martha Sleeper, Jimmie Finlayson and "Husky" Hanes.

"Some important name in the film world will be added to this list of newcomers every week or two," said Roach in an interview about the recent arrivals and their work on the lot. "There is no one in the film industry whom we are not likely to approach in regard to making comedies."

The dominating motive behind Mr. Roach's plan is the fact that screen comedies have never occupied their proper position as the one film product of the widest and most general popularity. While great names have been established in the literary world with short stories and brief bits of humorous writing, Maupassant, O. Henry, Irvin Cobb, etc., film comedies have been bought and exploited by exhibitors on the cheapest basis, simply as "fillers" for a program which features other things. Now, with the new contract by which the Keith circuit of famous vaudeville houses plays one Hal Roach comedy every week, and with other large circuits paying more attention to comedies than ever before, Mr. Roach believes that all exhibitors and the general public will welcome the advent of famous



Theda Bara will make one comedy in December, finishing before Christmas.

players into comedies and willingly accord the "short features" a high rank.

But many Hollywood people said "You can't do it," and declared that feature

standard artists would not play in comedies. The advent of the above mentioned players and the prospect of more is ample refutation. They are going in. Professional critics are silenced. The advantages pointed out by Mr. Roach to each star interviewed were wider distribution, each comedy having a sales possibility of double the number of theaters played by the average big feature; the fact that the finest circuits of theaters in the United States play the new Roach comedies, and the fact that each big star in the industry can make one appearance in short comedies "between pictures."

The last point is one of paramount importance. Many a big star or featured player of high reputation has been ruined eventually in style of acting by playing the same sort of roles too long without variation. Heavy emotional performances in a long succession are not conducive to feeding that one particular quality known as "versatility." Lionel Barrymore, for example, a very fine dramatic actor in the opinion of practically all leading critics, will finish his performance in a current big feature and then go to Hal Roach's and play a clever "situation comedy" role. He declares that the relaxation involved in playing this role will be equivalent to a vacation, yet will give him new ideas and new angles of technique for future performances in features. This opinion, coming from one actor of unquestionable skill, supports Mr. Roach's contention.

Theda Bara will make one comedy for Roach during the early part of December, finishing before Christmas. She believes the audiences who will see her in the performance will include a greater number of high class houses than would be involved in the release of an average special feature.

No comedy producer has attempted what Hal Roach is doing, for the simple reason that not one of them has believed it possible to convince the public, the exhibitors and the big stars themselves that the idea is reasonable. And when someone asks Mr. Roach why he doesn't make features of six or seven reels instead of the two reel features, he counters with another question—"Why didn't O. Henry write full length novels?" The answer is that more people will read a short story, ten to one, than will read a novel—and no one ever has claimed it can not be as good.



# On Location

## in a

# Steel Mill

By  
Billy  
Leyser

"JAMES HOGAN," read the bit of pasteboard which Taylor Allderdice's secretary laid on his desk one morning in September.

"Hmmm, what does he want?"

"I don't know. He looks something like an actor and says he's from Hollywood. Something to do with the movies, I imagine. He wouldn't tell me what it was."

"All right, send him in."

The vice-president of the National Tube Company leaned back in his chair and looked out upon the smoke-filled sky-line of McKeesport idly wondering what connection there might be between the steel mills of Pennsylvania and the moving picture industry of California.

He turned back to his desk as his secretary ushered in a sun-tanned chap in his early thirties who walked into the office with an air of quiet confidence.

"Well, Mr. Hogan, what can I do for you?"

"Grant me permission to make a motion picture in the steel mills of the National Tube Company," was the prompt rejoinder.

Taylor Allderdice was accustomed to

meeting all kinds of situations but here was something entirely different. So far as he knew, it had never been done before, except in the making of an occasional educational film, but this man didn't look as though he were concerned in making just the short length educational subject.

"What kind of a picture?" he asked.

"What we call a feature production, Mr. Allderdice. I have brought a company of players, including the principals and important members of the cast, cameramen and the necessary crew to handle the mechanical end, across the continent to picture in its actual locale Herschell S. Hall's Saturday Evening Post story *Steel Preferred*. The plant of the National Tube Company seems to be the one best suited to the requirements of the story."

"Hmmm, I think I recall the story, and if I remember rightly I had the impression that the man who wrote it was thoroughly familiar with the inside of a steel mill."

"That was our impression, too," Hogan replied. "In addition to its splendid dramatic qualities it impressed us as being so absolutely authentic that the only way to

film it would be to make our scenes actually on the ground.

"Now here's our plan," he went on, "I realize of course that production is an important factor with you and I believe that it will be entirely possible for us to work this thing out in such a manner as to avoid any interference with the actual work of the plant or any interruption of its activity. I have worked out a careful schedule of operation and if it meets with your approval I believe that we can plan things in such a manner that they will be mutually satisfactory to the National Tube Company and Metropolitan Pictures Corporation.

For a half hour Hogan outlined the sequences to be shot in the National Tube Company plant, sketching briefly the action of each sequence and discussing the practical ways of utilizing the activity of the mill to further the story without interfering with actual operation of the plant. At the end of that time Mr. Allderdice's interest was thoroughly aroused and at the conclusion of Hogan's presentation sat quietly studying the situation.

"Hmmm," he said finally. "I believe it can be done but before we go ahead I'd

like to have you outline the entire proposition at a meeting of department heads which will be held this afternoon."

"All right. When will that meeting be held?"

"Here in this office at 3 o'clock."

"I'll be here."

WHEN William Sistrum, general manager of Metropolitan Pictures Corporation, handed James Hogan the script on *Steel Preferred* and informed him that it would be necessary to photograph the story in and around the gigantic steel industry, he also handed Hogan a directorial problem of considerable magnitude.

Marvels can be effected on studio lots and stages, miracles can be accomplished in contriving difficult sets and in creating unusual backgrounds, but here was something that if done right presented a problem that couldn't be solved in the studio. The story itself was too big, too crammed with vivid realism to take any chance of muffing it by artificial settings and backgrounds. Herschell Hall's complete familiarity with the hundreds of ramifying qualities which are a part of the steel industry had enabled him to invest his story with a realism that inspired producer and director with the ambition to do justice to a really remarkable bit of writing.

Accordingly but one course was left to pursue and James Hogan took it. Assembling his cast and an adequate crew of cameramen and electricians, he engaged a special car and entrained with his company for Pittsburgh, with nothing more definite in mind than that in one of several plants which had been previously discussed as possible locations he would find both what he wanted as background and the necessary permission to make the picture in that plant.

Six days out of Los Angeles found the company in McKeesport, Pa. A preliminary analysis of the situation pointed to the plant of the National Tube Company as the logical location and the following morning Hogan presented himself at the office of Taylor Allderice.

At three that afternoon he appeared before the department heads representing the

general offices, the shops and the steel mills proper. Some thirty-five men around the long table listened with some skepticism and much interest to Hogan's outline of the

explained simply and in every day language what he hoped to do and how.

He explained that in *Steel Preferred* has been written a vivid romance of the steel industry and the men engaged in it. He emphasized the fact that no propaganda of any sort was contained either in the original story nor in the screen version, that no elements bearing on anything savoring of controversy between capital and labor were considered but that the whole purpose was the creation of a strong, virile production of strong dramatic power and intense realism—a story that would be truly representative of the steel mills, the steel industry and the men who are engaged in it.

Pointed, pertinent questions were injected from time to time by members of the group and at the conclusion of Hogan's talk he was assured of the co-operation of the entire plant, the entire personnel of which was placed at his disposal.

THE making of the mill sequences of *Steel Preferred* in the plant of the National Tube Company is the first instance in which a feature production of that calibre has been made under such circumstances. Securing the permission and co-operation of the executives of the National Tube Company was only the preliminary step in the solution of what has been one of the most interesting problems a director has had handed to him.

It is one thing to make a picture in the studio where all the time in the world can be taken in preparing the shot, in rehearsing it and in "setting the stage." It is quite another thing to enter a plant such as the steel mills of the National Tube

Company and produce a dramatic picture of the emotional intensities of *Steel Preferred* and at the same time not interfere with the operation of the plant nor interrupt production for even a costly few minutes. For steel mills are chronically behind in production and time is a dominant factor.

This in itself presented a problem that called for close co-operation between mill executives and director and which was effected more by the exercise of just plain



McKeesport plant of the National Tube Company where "Steel Preferred" was filmed. Walter Long and William Boyd in the foreground.

problem as he had earlier presented it to Mr. Allderice.

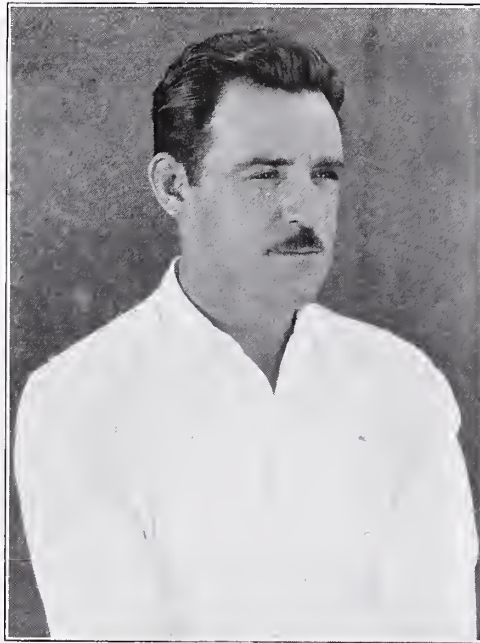
As he had summed the situation up to himself beforehand, it was a case of speak to them in their own language, and so, while he had spoken more tersely and in the language of the screen world to Mr. Allderice, to the gathering of men, from whom he must expect full co-operation if he were to accomplish anything at all, he sketched briefly the high lights of story and the underlying theme of its plot and then

common sense than through either tact or diplomacy. The fact that the picture company was not held up more than twenty minutes during their entire stay and that at no time was the production of the plant interrupted speaks emphatically of the smoothness with which things moved.

Adequate lighting was another factor that called for careful planning, for of what value is realism if the picture on the screen is lacking in definition? Added to the problem of shooting "interiors" away from the concentrated lighting facilities of the modern motion picture studio there was the problem of counteracting the inevitable smoky condition emanating from the molten metal.

The lights taken with them from Hollywood proved insufficient and additional lighting effects had to be procured from New York in order to get the sharpness of definition so necessary to motion picture photography. With these problems satisfactorily taken care of the work of shooting the mill sequences proceeded smoothly and effectively.

Inasmuch as many of the takes had to be made with conditions just as they found them and without opportunity for "staging" a scene, the element of chance entered into much of the work. Fortune was kind, however, and in practically all of the important scenes conditions proved exactly right for extreme realism. For instance



James Hogan

in shooting the thrilling episode in which the giant tongs and electrically operated crane tower are featured they were particularly fortunate in having the soaking pits—where the steel ingots are reheated before rolling—filled to capacity thus adding intense realism.

In another instance 235 tons of white-hot

steel—seven ladle cars filled with glowing, molten metal—were to be destroyed when the ladle train turned over spilling its contents down a hill side. This scene could be done just once and at first Mr. Alderdice and his associates were extremely reluctant to destroy so much metal, for once spilled in such a manner it was lost to the steel mill forever. However, his reluctance was overcome and this climatic thrill was shot with a vividness which will probably never be duplicated.

In every instance scenes were worked out carefully in advance down to the minutest detail and were discussed from every angle with the mill superintendent before any filming was done. In this way many unusually effective scenes were obtained that are truly representative of the actual inner workings of a modern steel mill.

James Hogan has tipped over the cart and spilled the apples of precedent all over the street but in *Steel Preferred* he has made a picture in every frame of which is packed dramatic interest and realism—a production that lives up to the highest ideals of the motion picture and combines with entertainment qualities educational attributes of immense value; a value that is enhanced by the very fact that they are subordinate to the dramatic entertainment of the story.



A rainy day on the North-Pacific Coast

*Providing Shooting Irons for*

# Shooting Stars

By

*Val J. Oldshu*

FROM the stone bludgeon of the prehistoric cave man to the high-powered rifle and revolver of today every chapter in the development of offensive and defensive weapons is graphically shown in the big arsenal on Universal lot.

The arsenal and its contents would delight the heart of the collector of such things, but Universal is collector not from the collector's point of view. Rather has it assembled this vast array of every conceivable kind of weapon because it needs them in its business. The arsenal is one of the many sidelines of the industry that the public never glimpses. Incidentally, it affords a lesson in the progress of civilization, for as civilization advanced, man's means of killing man kept step.

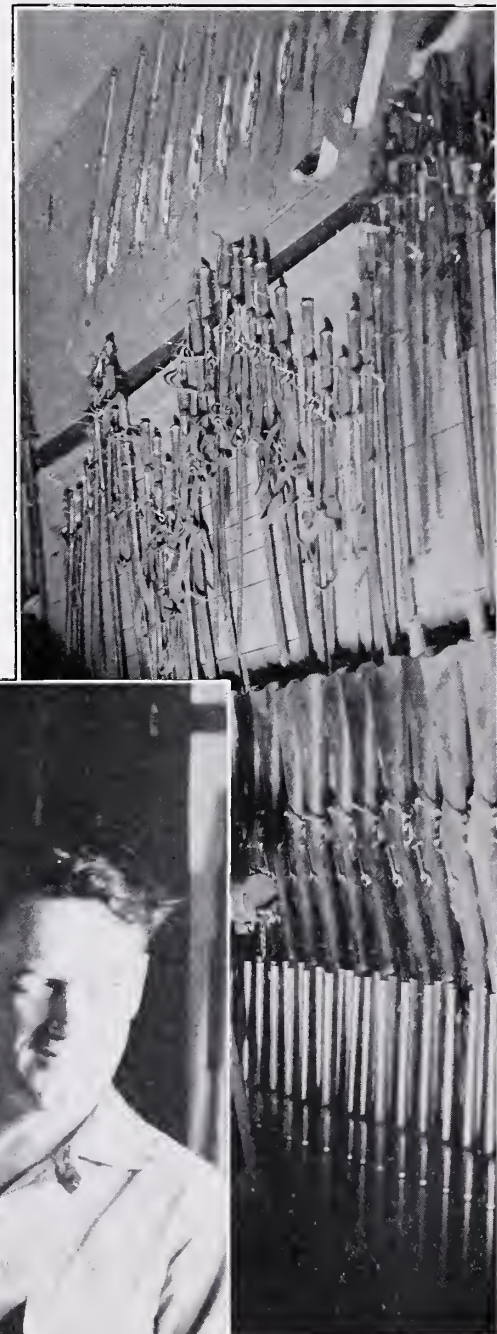
Blunderbusses of the type that brought the Pilgrim Fathers their first Thanksgiving turkey, rest in all their ungainliness beside keen-looking hunting rifles and shotguns of the present. There is something similar and equally as deadly, considering the period in which their persuasive powers were at their height, between the stone club with its knobby end and the nail-studded "potato-masher" of world war days.

Long, lean-barreled, muzzle-loading rifles of the "Brown Betty" type of Davy

Crockett's time, have their place near the flint-lock muskets of Lexington and Concord, with the richly ornamented and peculiarly shaped stocked gun of the Moor and Arabs nearby. Powder horn and flint, haversack and belt of the period, hang on the walls apparently awaiting for the men of the past to claim them. Indian bows and arrows tell their story of the plains with wicked-looking Moro bolo and Cuban machete contributing their chapters to the history.

At one end of the arsenal stands a captured German machine gun, reminiscent of the world war. Near it is its forerunner, the famous Gatling gun, which was just as effective in its day as was the machine gun of today. Armor of the Crusades and of the years following when armor was still in vogue show that after all man has not advanced so terribly far. In close proximity to it are steel-linked vest and armor-plated breast pieces worn by the Germans in the last war, German and American steel helmets, some with jagged holes in them, and gas masks of all descriptions.

The modern guns or rifles run well into the hundreds with their important adjunct, the bayonet of the period, hanging nearby. Practically every modern war since and



From vest pocket editions to man-sized guns.



Blunderbusses with which the Puritans may have shot the first Thanksgiving turkey lie alongside modern trench helmets, and cheap, nicked revolvers hang beneath pistols of Revolutionary days.

including the Civil War, may be visualized in this wonderful collection. Rifles that did their bit at Bull Run or Gettysburg, stand in friendly racks near those that shot at each other from French and German lines in the War of 1870. Rifles from Spain, Russia and Greece with the old royal coat of arms still on them show the advance of the gunmaker's art, as compared with the American rifle of Spanish War and World War days and the French, German and Austrian weapon of the latter period.

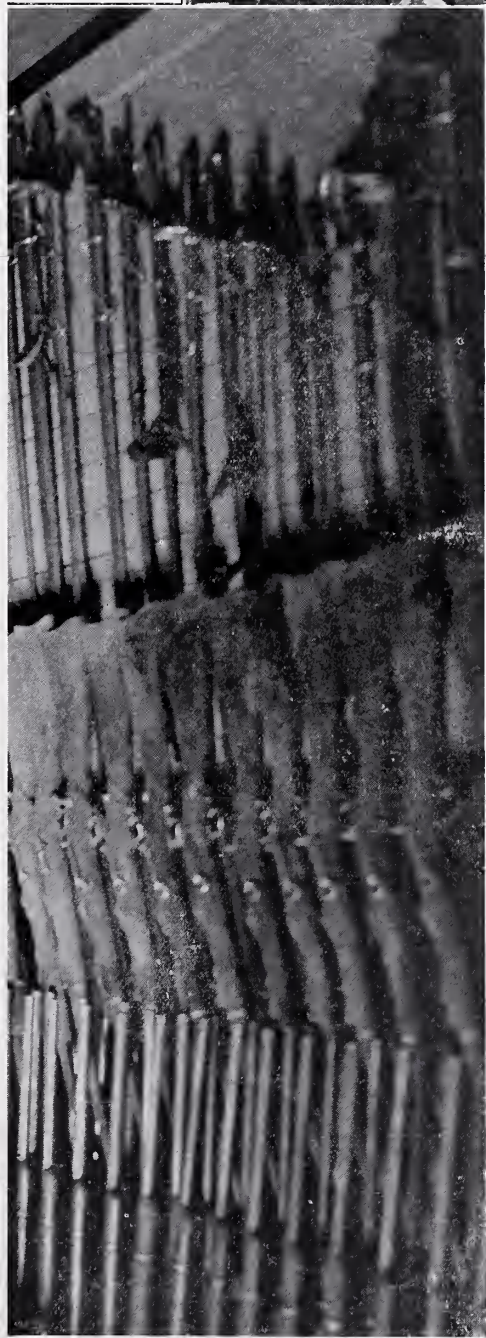
The progress of the bayonet is also pointedly told. The French still cling to their long, rapier-like bayonet of today, while the American army has departed from the three-cornered affair of Civil War times to the knife-shaped trench cleaner of the present.

The gentle art of duelling is represented by the whiplike rapiers of the epoch when gallant court dandies were ready to fight for king, country or a fair face. The great two-handed swords of the period of Richard, the Lion-hearted, and of Charlemagne, seem huge in comparison to even the clumsy cutlasses of pirate days or the unwieldy sabre of the old frontier American cavalymen. This section also boasts

a splendid collection of handsomely jeweled swords that some time or another flashed at some splendid court function.

It is possible that nowhere outside of a museum is there such a rare collection of revolvers as that housed beneath the roof of Universal arsenal. As in the case of the rifle, the history of the revolver is also realistically told. There are muzzle-loading revolvers of the flint and steel period; revolvers of the days when "bad men" roamed the West, their stocks knicked with the tally of the dead. There are old U.S. Army revolvers, heavy and unwieldy, that have come down from the days of Custer and his gallant command. And their exact opposite, the swift-firing automatics of the present, are also there in all their glory. Not the least interesting is a vest pocket revolver of European make. So cleverly made is it that at first glance it would seem to be one of those large, heavy, old silver pocket watches of a day long past. Nevertheless, its death-dealing qualities are there. Another unique weapon is a four-barrelled revolver—that is, four barrels bored in the one. And the modern brass knuckler has not been forgotten.

In charge of these reminders of war is Harry Lonsdale, chief armorer.



The Universal Arsenal supplies shooting irons to meet all needs of shooting stars.



Photo by Milligan

As a tribute to his genius in making "The Big Parade," the greatest picture of the world war that has ever been screened, his fellow directors presented him with a handsome army rifle, gold mounted and beautifully engraved. Presentation was made by William Beaudine, president of the M.P.D.A. Mr. Beaudine is seen at the left, King Vidor at the right. Others in the group are, left to right, Louis B. Mayer, David Howard, Karl Dane, Hobart Bosworth and Tom O'Brien.

# Directors Honor King Vidor

By PETE SMITH

**T**HE name of King Vidor has been added to the Motion Picture Directors' Association list of immortals.

At a formal banquet Director Vidor was the guest of honor of the association, at their Hollywood clubhouse, where he was tendered the congratulations of the directors in general for the success of his sensational picture, *The Big Parade*, which he recently directed for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Congratulatory speeches were broadcast by radio and President William Beaudine announced that it was the opinion of the assembled directors that in *The Big Parade* Vidor had given to the screen a history-making photoplay drama that in future generations would be held as a milestone in film progress.

Other guests of the directors' association besides Vidor were: his assistant, David Howard; his military technical advisor, James Ewens, Louis B. Mayer, head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio; J. Robert Rubin, M-G-M official and two of the players of *The Big Parade*, Karl Dane and Tom O'Brien. John Gilbert, star of the picture, was unable to attend owing to his hurried

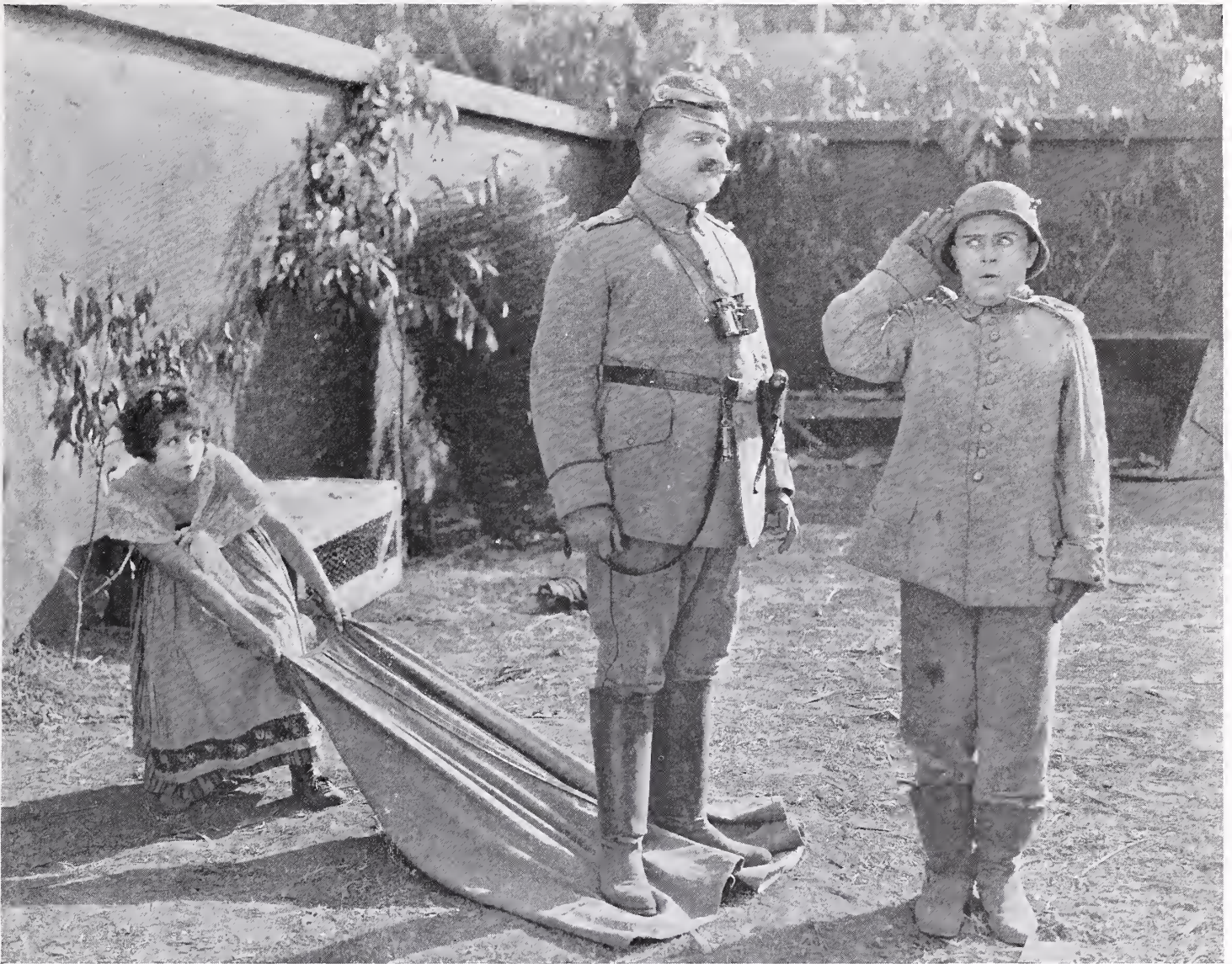
call to New York to attend the eastern premier of the film at the Astor Theater, November 19.

Practically every film director of importance on the Pacific Coast attended the banquet in Vidor's honor.

Rarely has any picture received the encomiums that have been showed upon Vidor's *The Big Parade*. Blase New York appears to have received it with unprecedented enthusiasms.

Harriet Underhill in the *New York Herald-Tribune* sums up the attitude of the New York press in her emphatic comment "The picture, without question, is the biggest hit New York has ever had. In the four days that the picture has been playing they have turned away twenty-thousand people and there is standing room only a half hour before every performance."

Unquestionably King Vidor has arrived and that little parade of a few years ago when the camera jammed has proved to have been but the forerunner of a Big Parade that has placed him among the uncrowned kings of the screen world.



A situation still in which both action and impending action are expressed has definite selling value.

## *Selling Pictures With* **Pictures**

*By Al Christie*

**F**OR an enterprise that devotes its entire energies to the making and selling of motion pictures, the motion picture industry is notorious—with the exhibitor, at least—for its utter disregard of the selling value of still pictures as an advertising medium for the animated picture on the screen.

As a producer actively engaged in the making of motion pictures to be sold through the exchange man to the exhibitor and by him to the theatre-going public, I am very frank in saying that this is a subject which has become somewhat of a fetish with me; nor are my views on this question based simply on a theoretic premise that

the man who sells the picture to the public should be provided with the means for adequately presenting his attraction to his patrons.

Back in the barnstorming days of 1908 I was connected with a theatrical company in the combined role of stage manager, advertising director and general of publicity—doing in addition any other odd job that happened along. Among other duties it was my business to see that the town was properly plastered with representative paper, and that the lobby (if any) not only

attracted attention but actually demanded it through advertising display. It was a part of my job to see that the advertising had sufficient pulling power to bring the people to the box office and into the theatre.

I found then, as now, that the most important factor in theatrical advertising was pictures and plenty of them. In those days pictures were not only scarce but too often not complimentary to the performance or the cast and were largely confined to lithographs, most of which were principally the product of the "artist's" imagination.

There was some excuse in those days for inadequate picture material—an excuse that I cannot conceive as applying today

when photography has reached its present stage of development.

Now before anyone rises with the comment, "Well, you are a producer of motion pictures, why don't *you* set the ball to rolling by selling Christie films with pictures?" let me get personal for a bit and say that I am trying to do just that thing.

I made a firm resolve back in those days that if the time ever arrived when I would be the head of a theatrical organization, one of my first considerations would be good photographs—representative character studies of the individuals in the cast—situation stills indicative of the big moments of the story and pictures which really advertised—tangible, concrete material to place in the hands of the men whose job it would be to market my product.

At the Christie studios I have endeavored to carry out that resolve and have made a concerted effort to procure from the five two-reel comedy companies and the several feature companies now at work the kind of stills that I needed so badly in those earlier days. Through the concerted efforts of our directors, assistant directors, cameramen and our still department, I am getting stills that I believe have genuine value.

Two or three negatives are made of every situation, always with the idea of "Everybody on their toes!" to put over the thought behind the picture, not just to get a certain number of negatives in the box regardless of their adaptability to press sheets, posters, lobby cards, cutouts, display advertising, trade paper layouts and the use of the exchangeman in selling the picture to the exhibitor.

And we have learned the fallacy of group pictures—of trying to get everybody in the cast on a single 8x10. That seems to me very much like using bird shot in a shotgun to score a bullseye on a rifle target. Crowds are rarely attractive but a humorous or dramatic situation between two or three players is always interesting and focuses the attention effectively. And it is just as impractical for an exhibitor to attempt to make a cutout for his lobby or other advertising from a still in which the feet have been cut off as it would be from one wherein the character's head had been cut off.

The sales value of stills in putting over the picture with the exhibitor was demonstrated quite forcibly not long ago in a chat with an old-time film salesman who, reminiscing on past experiences, related how he chalked up a sales record in New York on a big special on which there was heavy

competition, through the use of stills.

"My territory was scattered," this chap said, "and there was no chance of carting an eight-reel special around with me just to preview it to each exhibitor I contacted. and yet I had the firm conviction that if I could only get a conception of the picture before my exhibitors I could sell them on

concentrate every effort on getting the sequence on the film and consider shooting the still as a necessary evil.

Unfortunately, directors very often walk off the set to get a drink at the nearest soda fountain when it is time to shoot stills. The result is that some of the stuff looks as though it were directed by the third assistant property man and photographed by the fourth assistant electrician.

Just why the artistic soul of the director, who will work heroically to create a masterpiece on celluloid, will balk at registering the same artistry on the negative of an 8x10 still camera, I have never been able to fathom. And yet what is the use of making a picture if it cannot be sold, or to put it perhaps more concretely, why isn't it plain common sense to spend the same amount of time and effort in getting good selling stills which may mean the box office success of a production, as is expended in making the picture itself? I believe that it is and I believe that the producers and directors who will put just as much enthusiasm in directing and producing a still picture as is put into the making of the production will be the ones who will get the cream off the top of the bottle.

I have been much interested in the efforts that have been made in several studios to work out a still plot from the original script of the story with a complete schedule of the stills to be shot planned in advance. In only one or two instances that I know of has this proved out, simply because the director

or the cameraman, on the set or on location, either ignored the schedule or looked upon it as "a lot of bunk," and continued shooting stills in the same haphazard way.

One director that I know *has* adopted this system and is getting marvelous results both in stills and in trailers. As a consequence his productions are receiving unusual publicity and advertising, just because he has provided the "ammunition." He is a director with the selling sense and a sense of responsibility to his producer and for him I unhesitatingly predict a worthy future.

Following a whirlwind vacation to New York as the aftermath of a year of intensive activity in making adaptations of popular books for several of the foremost producing companies of Hollywood, Eve Unsell has settled down in her office on the Fox lot where she is under contract. While in New York Miss Unsell devoted a good bit of her time to seeing the plays that Fox has bought for 1926 screen production.



It is just as impractical from the exhibitor's point of view to cut off a man's feet as it would be to cut off his head.

it. So it happened that I was reasonably familiar with the story, even though, as was generally the custom in those days, I hadn't seen the production. But telling the story wasn't any good. It had to be visualized.

"In the early days of my drive for bookings on that production I made one of my periodic trips into the New York office and took advantage of that occasion to invade the publicity office and round up their complete set of some seventy-five publicity stills. Armed with these, arranged in chronological order, I returned to my territory and started a drive on this production, accompanying my sales talk with a running story of the picture illustrated by stills that brought to the exhibitor a vivid visualization of what the picture was actually like. I have always felt that the sales record I made on that picture was due entirely to my having these visual aids."

Getting good stills, however, calls for the complete co-operation of the production staff and too often the tendency is to con-





# Angle-Shots

Around Hollywood Studios

**H**OUSE PETERS, who is now starring in *Combat*, at Universal, believes that he has set a new record for screen stars.

In this picture, which is a rugged tale of the north woods, he has appeared in every sequence and in every one of the more than four hundred scenes in the script.

The only times he didn't work were when Lynn Reynolds, director, was shooting closeups of the other characters in the scenes in which Peters appeared in the long shots.

Fifty of the roughest, toughest men in motion picture captivity are working with House Peters in making *Combat*.

And not a woman is present on the set. Men are doing every bit of the work. To save possible embarrassment, even the script girl has been dispensed with and the assistant director to Lynn Reynolds is doing that work.

Besides the tough characters to play lumber jacks that were taken to the northern part of the state when the company left for location a month ago, an additional ten real backwoodsmen were brought back to the studio.

The story is a typical out-of-doors, he-man picture of the type that has made Peters famous. It is so tough even the film won't burn. There is a thrill in every foot.

Wanda Hawley, who is the only girl in the picture, plays opposite Peters, while others in the cast of this story of the lumber camps and a forest fire, are Walter McGrail, C. E. Anderson and Steve Clemento.

\* \* \*

**O**NE spring in Chicago, William S. Hart (who will soon be seen on the screen in his production *Tumbleweeds* for

United Artists) was playing Romeo to Julia Arthur's Juliet. It was the first night. Rehearsals had been going on steadily and everyone was weary.

"Also" says Bill Hart, in recalling the incident, "it was a very hot night and I had been dying of thirst all evening. For the parting scene, naturally a pit had to be provided for me to stand up in so that my head would come up to Juliet's window

my lips. I saw Miss Arthur's beseeching look fade into one of astonishment. I choked on the beer; she forgot her lines and the famous parting scene became almost reality for me! Thereafter I quenched my thirst after the show was over.

\* \* \*

**M**YRTLE STEDMAN recently severed her First National contract by mutual consent and now she has been signed by the same organization to play a featured role in *The Far Cry* to be directed by Sylvano Balboni, under the personal supervision of June Mathis. All of which goes to prove that it must have been a very amicable separation.

Blanche Sweet is to be starred in *The Far Cry*, with Jack Mulhall and Eugenie Besserer.

\* \* \*

**W**ILLIAM POWELL, who is now in Porto Rico disporting himself as a villain in *Aloma of the South Seas*, writes that he was slated to meet his death in the jaws of a shark, but as far as he is concerned the scene will not be taken in the shark-infested southern waters. A

tragic occurrence which took place upon the troupe's arrival was a grim lesson.

A young girl wintering at the resort, was bathing in water only up to her waist when along came a hungry barracuda. Seeing her tender fingers he nibbled one. Indeed, he bit it right off. Her escort dashed to her rescue and the fish attacked him, with the result that the girl's champion is now in the hospital with badly lacerated limbs and the girl is nursing a hand that has one finger missing.

So Bill Powell has decided against having his film demise in southern waters.

\* \* \*

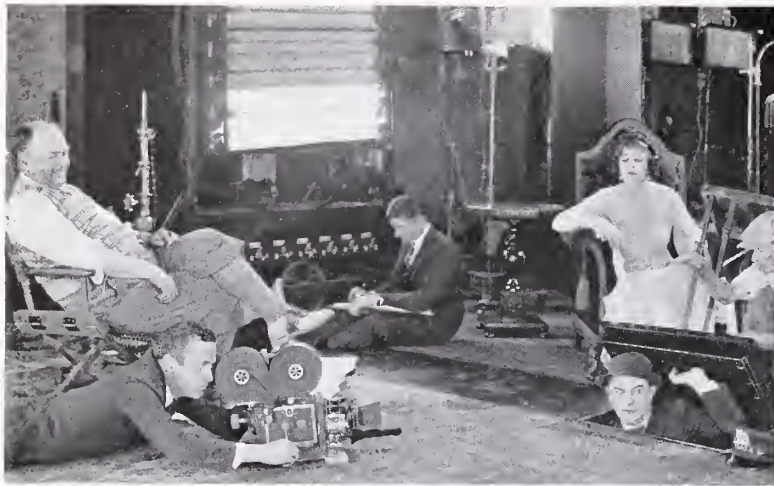
*The Black Pirate* has to date broken three bull fiddles.



"Quit your fooling and 'Let's Make Pictures'," says Director Al Rogell after a bit of relaxation at Universal City.

and we could properly enact the passionate leave-taking. Thus, while Juliet was declaiming in her bedchamber after Romeo's departure and leaning out to look her last upon him, I in my pit was visible to her while, of course, unseen to the audience.

"My thirst becoming unbearable, I had asked a stage hand to run across the street and get me a bottle of beer. Unluckily he returned with it just as Juliet was fondly gazing down upon me and what she saw almost broke up the show! For the stage hand had obligingly uncorked the bottle, the beer was flowing rapidly away in the shape of foam and I, forgetting all in the wild desire to save the precious fluid and quench my thirst, tipped the bottle to



Scott Sidney takes an "Angle Shot" at his cameraman shooting a scene in a comedy and finds both the "Angle Shot" and the action of the scene amusing.

"THE first year is the hardest" is what all the wisecracks say, and Margaret Livingston is soon to find out. No, Miss Pep-and-Personality has not slipped on the connubial ring, but has been signed to play one of her engaging vampire roles in *The First Year* which Frank Borzage will direct for the William Fox organization.

\* \* \*

TWO-GUN bad men and two-gun sheriffs are not new to Western photoplays, but now comes a two-cigarette director, which is somewhat of a novelty even in motion pictures.

Albert Rogell is the director and his smoking two cigarettes at one and the same time was not started as a fad but arose out of necessity. Rogell was directing a bar-room sequence in *Griming Guns*. The inmates of the bar-room were not puffing out enough smoke to satisfy Rogell. Some one suggested he use a smoke pot, but the director wanted cigarette smoke.

Removing two of his own particular brand, Rogell deftly placed them between his lips and danced over the bar-room floor, puffing like a two-funnelled steamer. The desired effect was secured and the cameras began clicking.

\* \* \*

SOMETIMES there is a reason behind a man's seeming impoliteness to his wife, according to Pat O'Malley. And the popular screen star proves it.

Recently Svend Gade, who will direct *Wives for Rent* for Universal, was looking about for a man to play opposite Virginia Valli. The character to be filled is that of an author who, lost in his own ideas, sometimes forgot the little politenesses demanded by a wife. Gade interviewed several well-known players and promptly rejected them.

Meeting Raymond L. Schrock on the lot one day the director confided his troubles to Universal's general manager.

"How about Pat O'Malley?" questioned Schrock.

"No, no", answered Gade. "O'Malley's all right as a gangster, a plumber, a sales-

man or a Grand Duke, but he is not the type I want".

Just then an automobile drove into the lot and halted near Schrock and Gade. Without a thought for his fair companion the man at the wheel jumped down leaving the woman to scramble out unassisted. A wordy argument followed, the woman evidently upbraiding her escort for his lack of gallantry.

Gade had seen it all and his eyes glistened.

"See", he said to Schrock. "That is the type of man I want. What he has just done is human, real. It was typical of most men. If that man was an actor I would take him at once."

"He is an actor", returned Schrock, "that's Pat O'Malley".

"But O'Malley has a moustache", argued Gade until Schrock explained that he did have, but only for his part in *The Midnight Sun*.

That O'Malley may not be misjudged, here is what really happened.

"Why Pat", said Mrs. O'Malley as, unaided, she followed her spouse from the automobile. "You've never done this before. You always help me out".

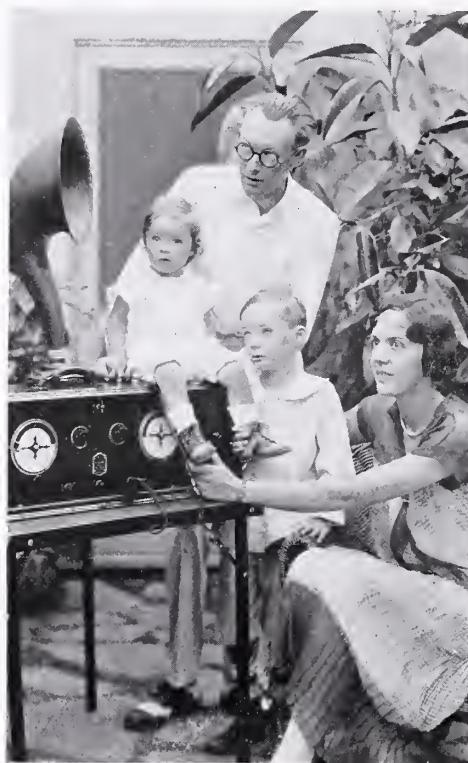
"S-s-s-h" hissed Pat. "I am only trying to sell myself to Svend Gade".

And he did, for he got the part in *Wives for Rent*.

\* \* \*

IN these days when side saddles are completely out of vogue and riding astride has become the accustomed thing it is more of a trick to balance one's self in a side saddle than one would ordinarily suppose, says Dorothy Donald who has recently returned from location at Fort Huachuca with Vic Shertzinger's *Golden Strain* company.

Now that it is all over Dorothy admits that she had only been in a side saddle once before in her life and that was the day before the company left for the Ari-



At the Children's Hour no matter what other engagements he may have, Sam Taylor is always to be found with his children at the radio.

Pistols for Two. Rudolph Valentino and Eric von Stroheim in an off scene shot made when visited Rudy at the United lot.



zona, Mexican border, when she spent a couple of hours in Griffith Park practicing assiduously. Consequently the many compliments which were showered upon her for her marvelous horsemanship were keenly appreciated. Dorothy has been riding horses practically ever since she could walk and astride of an equine quadruped she is thoroughly and completely at home. Aside one—well that was a different matter but she made good, and that's all that counts in the picture game.

Incidentally she let slip an engagement to play the lead in a Western feature in order to prove to herself and to the world that she could manage a side saddle just as effectively as though riding astride. But, says Dorothy, it is a long ways from being as comfortable.

\* \* \*

**N**ED A. Sparks wins more golf matches by default than by his achievements with the clubs. Upon learning that golf was originally a Scottish game, Sparks makes his appearance on the links only when clad in kilts.

Sparks is a good golfer and his appearance in kilts makes him a better one as his opponents usually become so disconcerted and amused at his unusual costume and form (golf) that their own game falls below standard.

\* \* \*

**T**HIRTY years of time and thousands of miles of space were bridged recently for Simon Reiser through the magic of a motion picture, and the thoughtfulness of a man.

Thirty years ago, Simon Reiser bade his mother goodbye and left the little town of Laupheim, in Wurtemberg, Germany, to seek his fortune in the new world. Reiser prospered in a certain measure in the land of his adoption. With the years he dreamed of returning home but somehow the dream never came true. Then Reiser came West and in time found himself employed on the lot at Universal City. His employer was Carl Laemmle, also a native of the little German town.

In keeping with his annual custom, Laemmle this year visited his birthplace. In the midst of his homecoming, the president of Universal remembered those of his townspeople who were at Universal. He planned a surprise for them on his return. He would have a motion picture made of the little town and its people. This was done and yesterday at Universal those from Laupheim were Laemmle's guests at a showing of the film.

As the old town appeared on the screen with its familiar scenes, the stillness in the room became tense. The town had not changed much. European towns never do. Then the person of a motherly lady of some 80 or 85 years flashed on the screen. From a corner of the darkened room came a half-suppressed gasp. It was Reiser. The little old lady was his



Edward Earle had no Christmas tree from the time he went on the stage at the age of 16 until Lux came into his life. Now he hangs spangles and candles with mutton chops and dog biscuit on a special tree for Lux every Christmas.

mother. It was the first time he had seen her in thirty years. And from the screen she beckoned to him and smiled upon him. Tears came to his eyes. With the film run off, Reiser feelingly expressed his deep appreciation to Laemmle for what the kind-hearted executive had done.

\* \* \*

**V**IRGINIA Valli mixing German with her English, Pat O'Malley struggling between Russian and English, and Svend Gade separating his Danish and English vocabulary, is part of the linguistic potporri that has developed at Universal. Add to that a touch of Hebrew contributed by Nat Carr, and a dash of Austrian dropped in by Albert Conti. Above the din of this modern tower of Babel, there is heard now and then one good hearty, bit of American slang—"Razberries"—coming from some hard-working electrician or cameraman on the set.

\* \* \*

**C**AN'T drink—can't stage a gruesome fight—can't show guns! With these things forbidden by the censors, Lynn Reynolds, wants to know how he can make a fierce, rough he-man picture of the lumber camps that will pass the censors.

\* \* \*

**T**HE film industry is one spot where dignity doesn't come with promotion. When Kathryn Perry was engaged in the series of two reel domestic comedies, Fox's "Helen and Warren" group, she was called Miss Perry. But now that she has graduated to the feminine starring role in "The First Year," one of the most coveted parts of the year, everybody calls her "Kitty."

**C**RIED OUT. Marguerite De La Motte admits it. She says she couldn't weep if the saddest thing in the world happened to her.

Miss De La Motte has just finished the starring role in the Belasco production, "Fifth Avenue," which demanded more tears than any part she has ever played.

\* \* \*

**N**ATIONAL beauty contests are successful in placing their winners on the screen, but according to Albert LeVino, many do not ever survive the screen tests. The camera frequently reverses the decision of the judges and as far as screen possibilities are concerned the eye of the camera is infallible. Many poor pictures have been put over by exploiting the name of a national beauty, but LeVino contends that pictures must succeed on the merits of the story rather than advertising a member of the cast.

\* \* \*

**S**TAGE number four at the Metropolitan studio recently turned back curious visitors by reason of the odor of the raw fish, which were being used in a banquet scene for "Rocking Moon." Lillian Tashman and John Bowers were the stars engaged with a group of Indian maidens in the dining sequence of this Metropolitan Pictures Corporation vehicle.

In order to preserve absolute realism, director Melford had real fish set before Miss Tashman and Bowers. Hot weather and cold storage fish agree for about twenty minutes. After that it's every man for himself and the one wearing the most perfume enjoys the greatest freedom from the "fish smell."

\* \* \*

**A**SMALL but very representative league of nations could be formed from the members of the company filming *Three Faces East* at the DeMille studio.

Rupert Julian, the director, is Irish, but was born in New Zealand. Jetta Goudal, playing the feminine lead, is quite French, and Clive Brook, filling another important role, was born and raised in merrie old England. Robert Ames, another member of the cast, is of Scotch extraction and American birth, the script girl is Dutch, and among the electricians and property men one finds Spain, Mexico, Austria and Arkansas equally well represented. And not to overlook the studio shine stand, the flag of Ethiopia has its place on the De Mille lot. Rupert Julian is playing the part of the Kaiser as well as directing *Three Faces East* at the De Mille Studio.

\* \* \*

**"R**EAL kisses may be a matter of impulse, but screen kisses are a matter of feet," says Theodore Von Eltz, who recently completed the leading male role in *Broadway Lady* at the F. B. O. studios.

In the love scenes of the production the kisses were measured and timed with the aid of a stop watch so that there would be no confliction with the rulings of the board of censors.

# WAMPAS DOIN'S

**P**RELIMINARY plans for the fifth annual Wampas Frolic and Ball are well underway and all "Wampasland", as Ham Beall naively expresses it, is agog with the excitement that attends the planning and development of this event which looms so big in the calendar of the Wampas and of the movie world of Hollywood.

At the November 9th meeting definite determination of the time and place was made with the selection of the new Shrine auditorium as the place and the evening of Thursday, February 4th as the date. The Wampas Frolic and Ball will probably be the first public affair to be held in this, Los Angeles' newest auditorium, which boasts the largest combination theatre and ball room in the world.

In fact the Shrine auditorium offers peculiarly suitable advantages for the staging of such an affair as the Wampas Frolic has grown to be. With a ball room accommodating comfortably 6000 couples and a completely appointed theatre with exceptional stage facilities immediately adjoining, affording seating accommodations for 6,800, the strictly entertainment features of the program may be divorced from the dancing features with resultant heightening of both comfort and pleasure of patrons. A seat for everyone and every seat reserved is thus insured.

Many innovations are being planned by the Wampas for the forthcoming affair, one of the most significant of which is the fact that Sid Grauman has been persuaded to lend to the organization the genius of his showmanship in staging the entertainment features of the frolic.

Never in the history of the Wampas, as an organization, has there been the opportunity for staging a frolic and ball of such proportions as are offered by the unusual facilities of the Shrine auditorium. The Civic auditorium at San Francisco, a couple of years ago, seemed to be ideally suited to Wampas frolicking and did offer what is probably the greatest capacity available on the Pacific coast for such an event. But the Shrine auditorium, while offering less seating capacity, affords other factors of even greater worth in presenting an interesting program of big-time entertainment. On the stage of mammoth proportions Sid Grauman will have oppor-

tunity for the exercise of his genius rarely afforded.

In tribute to Sid Grauman, as a token of appreciation for what he has done for the industry as a whole and for what he is doing for the Wampas, the organization is tendering in his honor a testimonial dinner to be held at the Biltmore hotel, Thursday evening, December 3. The committee headed by Harry Wilson has worked out what gives promise of being an exceptionally interesting program with many surprise stunts developing during the evening.

On this occasion brief announcement of the general plans for the forthcoming frolic will be made by Joe Jackson, the official after-dinner speaker of the Wampas.

Heading the Wampas organization handling the details of the ball is Ray Leek, who, as general manager, will have entire charge of the carrying out of the plans already formulated and who, in addition to his managerial responsibilities, will work in close co-operation with Mr. Grauman. In the re-appointment of Ray Leek as general manager has been evidenced a development of organization and routine which has been lacking in the past and from which may reasonably be expected a greater degree of efficiency and an avoidance of the inevitable "errors" of former years.

As assistant to the general manager and bearing the title of technical director the Wampas have appointed Bill Newbery. Newbery is a new comer in the ranks of the Wampas but is an old-timer in theatrical experience and was formerly manager of the Kinema theatre, now the Criterion. Because of his specialized training in theatrical presentations he will work in close association with Mr. Grauman in the staging of the entertainment program.

A Wampas affair of such magnitude as the fifth annual frolic and ball would be strange indeed without publicity and George Landy, who stepped into the breach last year in similar capacity, has been appointed publicity manager of the frolic organization. And the publicity has started.

Through the co-operation of Pat Dowling and the courtesy of the Christie Realty

Company, official headquarters for the frolic have been established at 6162 Hollywood boulevard, adjoining the Hotel Regent.

As a departure from the appellation of former years, the thirteen girls selected by the Wampas as offering the most promise and for whom the organization prophesies stardom during the year, will be known as Wampas Stars of 1926. Because of the extreme care with which these girls are selected it is difficult at this writing to predict when definite selection will be made and the 1926 line-up publicly announced. It is possible that this may occur as a feature of the Grauman dinner.

While matters pertaining to the frolic have engrossed the attention of the Wampas the past month, the social side of the bi-weekly gathering has not been neglected. The November meetings were characterized by two of the best entertainment programs that have been presented in months. Roy Miller, as chairman of the November 9th meeting, presented a scintillating array of brilliance, wit and harmony. With George Landy functioning as chairman for the November 21st meeting a big time program of mirth, music and monology was offered, including Alexander Carr, Herb Wiedoft's Cinderella Roof-Brunswick Orchestra, feature acts from Far West theatres (courtesy of Fred Miller and Hal Horne) and an important address by a big studio executive.

**J**OSEPH Jackson, who is both a publicity man and a playwright, has been busy in the latter capacity of late. He has written a dramatic vehicle for Frank Keenan, who will enter vaudeville as soon as he returns from a vacation abroad. It is called "Twilight" and shows the star as a French Colonel during the World war.

Ethel Grey Terry is also rehearsing a playlet from Jackson's pen. It is named "Bedlam" and is said to add a new wrinkle to the Grand Rapids school of dramaturgy.

Jackson has also written an act for Francis X. Bushman, who expects to play the big picture houses following the release of "Ben Hur." In this play, which will be produced on an elaborate scale, Bushman will play a Caesar of Rome.



Sid Grauman



Ray Leek



George Landy



Bill Newbery

# Wasp Whisperings

By A. WASP

THE Wasps are one year old this month, and following the maxim that "little girls should be seen and not heard" we have gone quietly about the business of building an organization that would prove itself a well-behaved child that might some day be both seen and heard with approbation.

A letter from Mabel Lunde, a charter member, announces her affiliation with the Chicago Tribune Radio organization headed by the noted columnist R.H.L. Several of Mabel's original poems and stories published in the Chicago Tribune, have met with tremendous success over the radio and as Lun Dee of that paper, she is making a personal appearance tour with other members of the radio group.

Agnes O'Malley has settled herself in a New York apartment after being thoroughly lunched and dined by the motion picture group in New York, and is hard at work as assistant editor of Photoplay. James Quirk wound up the festivities in her honor by a buffet luncheon in his office suite, to the press.

October has been considerable shifting about of Wasps.

Margaret Ettinger and her typewriter have moved from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to 1845 Glendale Blvd. where she is directing publicity activities for Marshall Neilan, Blanche Sweet and the Neilan Productions.

Len Beall, long associated with the Hal Roach studios has transferred herself and her affections to Warner Brothers (studios) while Agnes Kerr Crawford has journeyed to Gotham until after the holidays. Fanchon Royer has left her clients in the capable hands of Daphne Marquette while she has gone vacationing with friend husband.

The annual election is upon us. The nominating committee consists of Adeline



Carolyn Wagner, President of the Wasps

Alvord, chairman, Len Beall and Dorothy Spenseley.

On Tuesday, November 17th, Myrtle Gebhardt was chairman of the club's guest dinner at The Writers and issued novel invitations representing the Contents Page of a fan magazine. Special articles were contributed in the form of speeches by Michael Arlen, Pola Negri, Baron Valentine Mandelstamm, Peggy Hamilton, Eliza and Edwin Schallert, Myra Nye, Walter Frederick Seely, Jack Conley and Harold Hurley. Covers were laid for forty guests among whom were Agnes Christine Johnson, Caroline Walker, Louise Fazenda and Grace Wilcox Dietz.

The December meeting dates have been changed to the first and third Tuesdays of the month to avoid conflicting with Holiday dates.

## Studios Combine

CONSOLIDATION of the DeMille and Metropolitan Studios, the two biggest producing units of Producers Distributing Corporation, and the appointment of William Siström as general manager of the combined organizations is one of the most interesting events to take place in Hollywood in some time.

Announcement of this change has just been made by DeMille. Siström, as chief executive of the unified organization, will handle the expenditure of some twenty millions of dollars during the season of 1926-1927, which will be used in produc-

ing pictures in which such well-known players as Leatrice Joy, Rod LaRocque, Priscilla Dean, Lillian Rich, John Bowers, Marguerite de la Mott, Lilyan Tashman, William Boyd, Vera Reynolds, and Jetta Goudal will appear.

In furtherance of the policy of concentrating on the personally directed pictures Mr. DeMille has appointed Fred Kley, heretofore general studio manager, to represent him in the distribution field, dividing his time between Los Angeles and New York.

Superior Quality

Is the reason for  
the success of

# GOERZ

## Film Raw Stock

USE THIS FORMULA  
FOR BEST RESULT:

GOERZ LENS in your camera.

GOERZ NEGATIVE RAW STOCK in your magazine.

GOERZ POSITIVE RAW STOCK for your prints.

Sole Distributors

### FISH-SCHURMAN CORPORATION

45 West 45th Street  
New York City

1050 Cahuenga Avenue  
Hollywood, Calif.

IN CANADA

John A. Chantler & Co.  
226 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

## Doug's Cameraman Is World's Champ

Henry Sharp, cameraman for Douglas Fairbanks, has been designated by leading photoplay editors as the best cameraman in the motion picture industry.

This distinction was conferred upon Sharp as the result of a survey by which eminent critics on newspapers and periodicals throughout the United States selected the film productions made during the past year with the best cinematography.

Sharp was the only cameraman whose work received three mentions. Others who stood high in the list were Roy Overbaugh, who photographed "Romola," James Howe who made "Peter Pan," and Ernest Schoedsack who was cameraman on "Grass."

The picture that won the honors for Sharp was "Don Q," Douglas Fairbanks' last production.

The survey was conducted under the direction of Foster Goss for the American Society of Cinematographers and the results were made public in that organization's official bulletin, "The American Cinematographer."

It is predicted that even greater glory will accrue to Sharp following the release of the new Fairbanks picture, "The Black Pirate," which he is now photographing in natural color.

# The Barnstormer

By FRANK COOLEY

Conclusion



Photosby Evans

Frank Cooley made up as Hewahewa, the Hawaiian priest, and Frank Cooley as he looked after his encounter with the trouble-hunting stagehand.



WE expected our season to end with the Portland engagement but near the end of the week J. P. Howe, manager of the Seattle Theatre, dropped in to look the show over and liked it well enough to give me two weeks in Seattle, following Ralph Steward who was doing "By Right of Sword" and other splendid plays. Howe's Seattle Theatre was the best in town and I was rather dubious about following a show like Stewart's, whose salary list was around eight hundred dollars while mine was less than three hundred dollars, but I had my nerve with me and signed up. A couple of my actors had made other arrangements as I had posted a closing notice, but I fortunately located two good people in Portland where we had rehearsed a week and the following Sunday in Seattle we opened with "Peaceful Valley", Sol Smith Russell's old play. The prices were a dollar top and our first night's receipts were something over five hundred dollars.

I was quite chesty to think of following a show like Ralph Stewart's and being received as if we really belonged in that class so when Mr. Howe rang me up the next morning asking me to call on him at once, causing me to dress in a hurry and get right over to his office, my surprise and chagrin can be imagined when Howe showed me the little weekly paper that had across the front page:

#### TROUBLE IN PEACEFUL VALLEY

*After a tempestuous voyage through Oregon and Washington, The Peaceful Valley Company came to grief last night at Howe's Seattle Theatre,*

and followed with about as mean a notice as even one's enemies would care to read.

It seems that Howe had incurred the paper's enmity by refusing to advertise in a sheet that he did not think would be profitable to him, and they had succeeded in getting a disgruntled actor named Platt who had worked for me to tell them some-

thing of the troubles we had encountered in Arizona and Mexico.

Of course I was wild—even wilder when Howe seemed to blame me and claimed that we were ruined. Just then the Evening Star called me on the phone wanting to know if the show was "busted". When I shouted "NO!" I was asked if I would please come to their office and give my version of the trouble. I left Howe to stew in his own worries and hurried to The Star office and on my way I passed the Russell and Drew theatre where Jessie Shirley was playing a stock engagement.

Standing in front of the theatre were several actors—Frank MacQuary was one of them. Another was the actor who had given the story to the nasty little paper that had printed the mean notice. I couldn't contain myself. I called him all the vile names I could think of, hoping he would give me a chance to take a swing at him—but he simply said, "That's only what you think I am".

Drew, the manager of the Third Avenue Theatre, came out and ordered me away with a threat of arrest. There was nothing for me to do but go so I proceeded to the Star office and told them the truth—they were more than fair and I even profited by the write-up that appeared in the evening paper.

Mr. Howe's fears were not realized, the house that evening being thoroughly satisfactory but during the show someone introduced me to a gentleman who asked me "what I had on" for tomorrow about ten o'clock. I replied, "Nothing," thinking he was going to take me hunting or something, but he replied: "Well, be in Judge Grant's courtroom at ten in the morning. I have a warrant for your arrest charging you with using language intended to provoke an assault. This fellow Platt expects me to take you out right during your show but I am not going to do it so be sure to show up at ten in the morning."

Of course I promised to be there and thanked him. I stood trial next morning and succeeded in telling my story before the prosecuting attorney objected and was sustained by the judge.

One witness testified that I had called Platt a "so and so". My lawyer put me on the stand and asked me if I had called the plaintiff such a name and I denied it.

I could do so truthfully and thought I was getting on fine but the prosecuting attorney cross-questioned me asking me the same question to which I again entered a denial, but then he said, "What *did* you call the plaintiff?" I looked to my lawyer for support and he entered an objection which the judge overruled and I had to answer, "I called him a "so and so."

This brought a roar from the spectators for what I had called him, while entirely different words meant the same thing only there was more purple to it.

The judge rapped for order—cleared his throat and said, "While according to law, I have no right to take into consideration the circumstances that provoked the defendant to use this language to the plaintiff, I am going to do so and will take this case under advisement". He hesitated, smiled and continued, "Still according to law the defendant is plainly guilty and I'll have to fine him the nominal sum of five dollars". The prosecuting attorney jumped up, "And costs, your honor?"—the judge replied, "No, no costs". I paid the five, gave Platt a dirty look and left the courtroom. The two weeks in Seattle netted me about twelve hundred dollars profit.

**W**E played "The Butterflies" for our second bill and "From Sire to Son" and "Mouth of the Cannon" following. Howe was well pleased and wanted me to go to Butte, Montana, where he had another theatre. I didn't think well of Butte. I was stuck there for several weeks in 1894—out with Maud Granger doing "Inherited," "Fringe of Society" and "Camille". On that occasion I don't know how I would have lived if it hadn't been for the faro games—at that time gambling was licensed in Butte and a gambler there was the same as any other man. The games were absolutely on the square. I pawned my watch—the first prize I had ever won boxing—for ten dollars. I played the high card on the faro table; twenty-five cents. Then if I lost that, fifty cents, if I lost again a dollar, then two dollars. I guess I was lucky as I never had to risk over two dollars. I would play until I won a dollar and then quit. I kept this up for over a week, when one night the dealer, who had gotten to know me, said "Say, young fellow, you'll get a bad deal and go broke." I laughed saying, "the cards have been good to me so far; this game has kept me eating for a week." He asked me to stand at his side. I did so and he called the first sixteen cards before they came out of the box—"That's what I could do to you", he said, but I laughed and replied, "But you wouldn't. The game is square." "I'll make you a proposition" he said. "Lay off the game and eat with me. My boss will think I'm turning for you if he happens to watch us and he don't think any too well of me now." This seemed fair to me and I accepted his terms though it changed my meal hours fearfully. We had breakfast in the after-

noon and dinner about eleven o'clock at night and I was pretty gaunt by that time as we breakfasted light.

The company finally got out of Butte but came to final grief at La Grande. I had to telegraph my brother for money enough to get back to San Francisco.

On account of my memory of Butte I turned down Mr. Howe's offer, but finally agreed to play leads and direct the stage if he would organize a company and assure entire responsibility. This he did, using most of the people that had been with me and the changes he made were distinctly for the worse. We broke the new company in, in New Weratcome and one of his new actors slipped out a few hours before our opening. I engaged a tall fellow by the name of Lee Morris who was tending bar near the theatre and he proved to be a very good actor. He had to do the best he could on short notice but "got by" very well indeed. The show proved in shape and we finally opened in Butte. The business was nothing to boast of and we played only eight weeks. I had no great trouble during this time—outside of one fight with an actor by the name of Franks.

Howe's manager insisted upon me fining my wife, Frank Montgomery's wife and an actor named Franks, \$2.50 each. Franks went wild and asked, "How much do you get out of this?" I hit him and he let me have his cane over the head. I was wearing a new derby at the time; just paid five dollars for it. The hat was wrecked and rolled into the footlights—we were finally separated. Franks wasn't hurt much, a swelling under one eye but he was peeved. Again I felt that Butte was unlucky for me.

**T**HEN two years ago while with "The Bird of Paradise" I had more bad luck there. I was stage manager of the show and while superintending the setting of the second act on the opening night the property man, who was big enough to break me in two, started to abuse me saying, "why the —— don't you tell us what you want. You have a tongue in your head, etc." He kept it up until I was foolish enough to remark, "You'll be fresh with someone some day that will punch you in the nose." He jumped off the couch where he had been arranging the curtains, and came for me, swinging his left hand. I was fortunate enough to beat him to the punch—catching him with a half hook—and following quickly with my right hand, catching him too high to stop him entirely, but hard enough to put him down. I stepped near ready to finish him as soon as he reached his feet, but my assistant stage manager grabbed me, tearing my white whiskers off. My long black cape also came off. I was made up for Hewahewa the Hawaiian priest—with long white hair and whiskers—black hula dress—long black cape—brown tights—face browned except where the whiskers were pasted on—this was left unpainted so the

spirit gum would hold good—shorn of my finery I resembled a scarecrow that had been through a bad storm. I asked him his reason for holding me. "Gee!" he said, "you might kill him, Frank, he's out now." But I couldn't agree with him. The man was over six foot and big enough to kill me. He needed a lesson as he evidently thought I was an old man and was willing to take advantage of that fact.

Later I excused myself to the house carpenter, saying I was sorry,—that I usually got along nicely with stage hands but that this man gave me no chance. He laughed and said, "don't let it worry you, Mr. Cooley, he's been looking for it for some time and I guess he got what he wanted."

I never did like Butte. That is the only reason for this digression from my story.

Well we closed in Butte and on the closing night I received a wire from Harrington Reynolds who now had a company in the Seattle Theatre, offering Mrs. Cooley and myself a week engagement in Seattle to play in "The Shenandoah". I accepted and hurried back to Seattle for rehearsals.

The town was greatly excited as Tracey the Bandit had been seen in one of the dance halls—after commandeering a boat in Tacoma and compelling the captain to take him to Seattle. There were all sorts of wild stories about him to be heard on every corner and Saturday my army deserted me, ( I was doing General Sheridan as well as the heavy) being called to arms by the authorities and ordered to Lake Washington to capture the bandit. The battle scene was quite tame that performance but it didn't matter much as very few came to the show—those who were not out hunting Tracey were waiting to see him brought in. They failed in this but we did see one dead policeman brought in—he got too near Tracey. I believe two others were wounded. The Sheriff gave up in disgust, claiming the crowd of man hunters was so great that they were chasing in a circle with Tracey right with them. He got away but one night a week later a farmer in Eastern Washington shot him and he bled to death by morning—was found with his suspenders tied around his leg to stop the loss of blood, his gun resting on a stump pointing toward the farmer's house. Here he had waited hoping the farmer would venture within range until loss of blood ended his life.

**W**E finished in Seattle, took the boat to San Francisco, and started rehearsing for our next season which opened in three weeks. My troubles in all the years that followed, combined, never equalled one-fourth the hardships that I went through the first year and I have never been in jail since—no, not even arrested. Though I narrowly missed both six years ago.

I was sitting in the office of the Continental Hotel, San Francisco, conversing with John Griffith Wray, now a director

at the Fox Studio, when we were startled by the cry of "Fight", we ran out into Ellis Street to see what it was all about. As we reached the sidewalk, we saw a man with his coat off, threatening a grey haired man and a woman, evidently his wife, standing in the doorway of a hotel that was at that time vacant. There was a crowd about thirty feet to the right of these three people and a similar crowd to the left. Griff Wray joined the crowd on the left, but I foolishly ran to the edge of the street directly in front of them.

Just as I reached there, the man with his coat off hit the old man, knocking him against the wall and drew back his right arm to hit the woman calling her a name but changed his mind and called to the crowd on his left, "Any of you — — want some of this?" No one answered, he then called to the crowd on his right, "Any of you — — care for some?"

Receiving no reply, he turned to me standing alone in the street. "I guess you want some, you — — — ." I was wearing a nice new light suit and straw hat and evidently looked inviting. He came right for me, I couldn't see why I should run from him and so stood my ground. When he was near enough I stabbed him full in the face with my left hand, his head flew back, but he came again and I drove with my left hand once more. but he turned his head very nicely and my arm shot over his left shoulder,—then he almost knocked my head off with a left swing. I was headed for the ground when he brought me up standing with a terrific right swing under the jaw. I realized at once that I was fooling with someone who knew something and proceeded more carefully.

We didn't get very far before a man and woman, evidently his friends separated us and got him on the sidewalk. I stood in the street near them, not saying a word but wishing for a chance to try to do better with him. I was not kept waiting long, he saw me looking at him and cried, "I can whip any — — — on Mason Street, you — — —" and came for me.

This time I fainted with my left hand, he turned his head, I stepped in and hit him in the mouth with my right hand, then followed with three more full on the mouth and chin, but while he seemed groggy, he was too big and strong for me to stop and he closed in. The crowd prevented me keeping away from him and he got me in his arms. I knew I was gone, I judged him to weigh over two hundred pounds and I could feel muscle everywhere—no fat—even on his stomach, I succeeded in getting his head in chancery and hit him several times when the woman caught me by the left arm. I heard his man friend say to her, "You keep out of this," and I learned afterwards that he tried to draw her away but she held to me and I went down, breaking my pants and bruising my knee so badly that the blood reached my shoe top by the time I got back to my

hotel. The big bum got me on my back and drove me three times with his right hand, knocking my head against the paved road so hard that I couldn't put my hat on for several days on account of the three big lumps that I had fallen heir to. Just then someone kicked him off of me, I got up and we went at it again, but I guess he was about through and was not doing very well when we were again separated. I heard his friend say, "I'll have a car here in a minute and for God's sake get out of here before we are all arrested." My opponent stood with his left side to me, wiping the blood from his mouth when a chauffeur said, "Take a punch at 'he — —", I said. "No," he replied. "Go on, he hit you when you were down." I took his advice. Swinging my friend around with my left hand, I drove my right hand to his nose as hard as I could, so hard that I felt it clean to my shoulder and my arm was lame for a week—something was wrecked—but there was no more fight in him and just then a car drove up and he was taken away.

I was a sight. My new hat was lost, my clothes torn, my face bleeding and my eyes closing fast. Just then a policeman came up and took a lot of notes but didn't even threaten to arrest me. I was strong for having my friend arrested, I had just paid thirty dollars for the light suit and three dollars and fifty cents for the hat and I at least wanted to be reimbursed to that extent but I was called upon by several acquaintances who evidently knew the big fellow well and persuaded me to drop the matter, which I did, and it was six months before I could get any of them to tell me who my friend was. Finally Tiny Holmes, who owned a cigar store on the corner of Ellis and Powell, told me, after making me promise that nothing

would come of it, that I had fought with a sergeant of the police force—off duty at the time—who weighed over two hundred pounds, six foot tall, and if he hadn't been so wild, he would have done better with me. He had had trouble with his girl and had chased her out of the 'Lamb's Cafe' knocked her down on the sidewalk, hit someone who had tried to interfere and then gone crazy, hitting anyone in his path. I never saw this policeman again that I know of, though I understand he knows me, is not the least bit mad, but is rather amused to think what can happen to a man if he's careless.

The day after this trouble I went up the river with Mr. Edwards, as a guest. He was making a picture with Frank Keenan, we stopped at a river town, Collinsville, to shoot some scenes. I was standing near the pilot house, and the camera was facing the shore to take a scene of people landing. In spite of the fact that old Keenan knew perfectly well that I was not in view of the camera, the temptation to be funny at someone else's expense was too great, he cried, "One moment Mr. Edwards," everything stopped, Edwards asked "What is it Mr. Keenan?" Then Keenan got his laugh, he pointed to me and said, "Is 'Gyp the Blood' to be in this scene?" He got his laugh, because my face was in an awful shape, and right there I conceived an admiration for Mr. Keenan—an admiration which later was greatly increased when I learned that facetiousness at some one else's expense was one thing that Mr. Keenan held in abhorrence.

In conclusion, I want to say that I think fighting is terrible *and* hard on the nose. If I had been larger and more imposing looking probably I would never have had to fight. I don't think I ever looked for trouble, it just naturally came to me.

THE END

## To Produce Abroad

**T**O put into effect ideas he has developed for European film production, Charles Eyton, for years general manager of the Lasky Studio in Hollywood, has been relieved of his duties at his own request and appointed general representative of the Paramount Production department abroad.

"Mr. Eyton will sail for Europe shortly," said Jesse Lasky, "to make arrangements for the filming of certain big pictures and to put into operation ideas regarding the making of pictures abroad. He has been in charge of our studio in Hollywood practically since its beginning and has shown himself possessor of one of the best producing brains in the business. Through many years intricate problems of production have come before him, and it is only after many conferences that he has persuaded us to relieve him of his duties to work in Europe.

"As part of a trip around the world last

summer, Mr. Eyton spent considerable time in Europe and made a study of producing in England, France and Germany. Although several American pictures have been made abroad, Mr. Eyton was struck with the success of Gloria Swanson's picture, *Madame Sans Gene*, made in France, and Thomas Meighan's picture, *Irish Luck*, made in Ireland. The handling of these pictures increased his desire to go abroad, and following conference with Mr. Zukor and myself, Mr. Eyton has developed plans for the production of pictures in Europe which, next season, we expect will bring a new note to the American screen."

Although Mr. Eyton will study producing conditions throughout Europe, he will devote particular attention to England, France and Germany. One of the first things he will do is to confer with Barrie on the production of an original story Barrie is about to write for Betty Bronson, to be produced in London next summer.



# The NIGHT BRIDE

Part  
VI

By Frederic Chapin

CYNTHIA sat alone in her room. In frantic desperation, she had driven her mother, her maid and the modiste out, and locked her door. She was fully dressed in her bridal gown. Her bouquet lay on the bed. The finishing touches had been made.

Glancing at the tiny French clock on her dressing table, she saw it was three minutes to eight. The awful portent of it all came to her. She had been drifting along—in a sort of stupor—but now grim reality confronted her. In a few moments she would commit herself to Walsh's keeping—to love—and obey. She could feel his pudgy hands fondling her—his flabby lips kissing hers. The thought brought her to her feet with a suppressed shriek.

Came a discreet knock on the door. They were there to lead her to her doom. The hour had come for her to cross her Rubicon. By a superhuman effort, she stifled the impulse to leap out the window and run away, somewhere—anywhere.

The knock sounded again. With leaden feet, she crossed to the door, unlocked it and jerked it open. The smiling butler handed her the morning paper, with a few words regarding an article on the front page that might interest her.

She thanked him mechanically, shut the door and slowly unrolled the paper with a lackadaisical interest. As the heavy type of the caustic headline caught her eye, she suddenly stiffened, her eyes darting from word to word in hysterical disillusionment.

She read as through a mist. The words stabbed her one by one. Then she came to the end. The paper slithered out of her hand, as if its touch contaminated her. Her lips twisted in scorn. And this was the man who was coming to her that night; her lover, her mate, her husband.

"What can I do?" she kept repeating to herself, her clenched hands beating against her temples. To bolt now would create gossip, scandal, ridicule and ruin. She could hear her friends laughing, her mother weeping—and Walsh swearing.

Everyone would blame her. What was to be done?

She went over to the window and threw it open. The cool night air soothed her feverish brow.

Off across the valley glimmered a light—his light. It seemed to twinkle in friendly sympathy this time as if to say, "I wish I could help you."

Cynthia's heart fluttered and almost stopped beating.

"Stanley Warrington," she cried exultantly. Then her shoulders drooped. No—he hated her—he hated everybody—She stood irresolute for a fleeting instant. An idea was germinating.

She might force the issue, desperate diseases required desperate remedies—she could try it—and if she failed, it couldn't be any worse than it was now.

Hurrying to her escritoire, she reached for a pen and held it poised in mid-air. Whatever it was she would tell them, would be a lie. In that case, it might as well be a good one, regardless of the consequences.

The moments were flying, they would be calling for her directly. The little clock chimed out—the hour had struck. In a sort of spasmodic scrawl, the pen flew over the paper. She rang for her maid, blotted the note and creased it once.

She scarcely knew what she had written, but something told her it had committed her—irrevocably. That it involved her good name—her future—meant nothing to her—she just wanted to escape—get away—run from it all, before they could talk to her and sway her. Once her mother got hold of her, she would capitulate—she knew it.

THE maid knocked and entered breathlessly. She had to run all the way from the kitchen, in answer to her ring.

"Give that to my mother, please," Cynthia commanded, in well modulated tones, handing her the note. "See that she gets it immediately."

The maid nodded eagerly and started for the door.

"Just a minute," Cynthia called. Picking up the newspaper, she gave it a twist and thrust it at the girl. "Kindly hand that to Mr. Walsh—and tell him I have read the article on the front page."

The maid gone, Cynthia ran to the window, climbed out to the upper porch, gathered her skirts in her arms, like a bundle of wash, and scurried to the railing. Here was a rose lattice, built like a ladder.

Gingerly swinging her foot into space, she found the top cross piece, tested her weight on it and started downward. The rose thorns pricked and scratched her. They seemed put there as a trap—to hold her back. She fought them with fortitude. Her veil caught—she tore it loose. The exertion and excitement brought her

breath to her lips in short sobs, the whimpering kind.

Eventually, she reached the ground with one last jump. A sharp pain in her ankle stabbed her—but she got up, gathered herself together and ran—ran just as she had in her dream—straight for the Orge's castle.

To negotiate the valley by day was easy, but in the darkness of night, it was like stepping off into a black void. She lost the footpath, bumped into trees, stumbled over rocks and slipped into mud bogs. But she would gather herself up, press her lips tightly together and hurry on—on towards the beacon of light in the window that seemed to beckon to her, and urge her forward.

Too late now—to turn back. She must forge on—and face the issue.

MINERVA entered the hall from the library. Her husband and the bridesmaids were in formation, waiting to escort the bride to the altar.

Addison Walsh and his best man had taken their positions, while the minister opened his prayer book.

The hall clock chimed a melody in warning, then tolled the hour of eight. Minerva started for the stairs. She would call the bride, everything was in readiness.

Cynthia's maid hurried down from above, handed Mrs. Stockton a note and passed out to the garden, to deliver the newspaper to Mr. Walsh.

When it came to delivering things, she was a prompt little thing.

Cynthia's mother held the note in her fingers. A premonition—a sharp stab near the heart warned her, that she was about to receive a severe shock.

With trembling fingers, she unfolded the missive, and read.

Dearest mother.

I kept putting it off—to tell you—  
I am married to Stanley Warrington.  
I am going to him. Forgive me,

Cynthia.

The butler did a Mack Sennett slide over the polished floor, and caught her as she started to fall. He managed to drag her over to a settee, dash to the library door and frantically beckon for Mr. Stockton.

In alarm, that preoccupied man answered the summons and found Minerva, a sobbing, shaking, hysterical wreck. She had just strength enough to hand him his daughter's note.

The butler hurried upstairs for her smelling salts.

When Cynthia's father finished reading the astonishing news, his face relaxed into a smile.

"Splendid," he applauded. "I'm glad she did it."

Like a bucket of cold water, this attitude on his part, brought her out of her hysteria.

"John," she shrieked, "Do you realize what this means?"

John nodded soberly. Yes—he foresaw all the consequences; and notwithstanding, he was glad.

STANLEY Warrington," she read from the note. "That's the queer recluse they call the young Ogre, isn't it? She did not wait for an answer. "When did all this happen?—this afternoon, I suppose—when she went out. But why did she let matters go so far with Addison? He will be furious—he will—," She was about to say that he would ruin them, but she caught herself in time. "Why didn't she tell me?—I'll be the laughing stock of the community—I'll never be able to live this down."

Her husband patiently shook his head.

"I wouldn't worry over it, mother," he said, reaching for her hand. "Cynthia has made her choice, and I believe it is a wise one. He comes of a fine family, I believe."

Fine family? Like some of our greatest generals, Minerva did her quickest thinking when under fire. With a "you wait here," she jumped to her feet and hurried into the library.

The bridesmaids, on the qui vive with anxiety, closed in on her with a volley of questions.

"Patience, children," she cried with a strained smile. "Brides are never on time."

She hurried out with a copy of the Blue Book in her hands.

Plumping herself down on the settee, she feverishly riffled the pages, her jeweled finger gliding swiftly down the columns until she reached the Ws. The name of Warrington loomed up like a welcome lighthouse to a befogged ship. She read aloud to her husband.

Slowly, she arose to her feet, tears of relief in her eyes.

"John," she cried, her voice cracking in the exuberance of her joy. "Our Cynthia has married a Warrington—of Baltimore. Why—they are one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the country. And my son-in-law is the owner of the Warrington Steamship Company. That means we can travel around the world for nothing."

John turned away. He felt that Minerva set too much store by riches. He was thinking of his little girl. Would she be happy? He thought so. He was glad.

Out of the clouds, Minerva came back to earth. She had a wedding party on her hands; and while there would be no ceremony, there would be a celebration. It was merely a change of bridegrooms. She thought of it, as a train might change engines at a station.

"What's up, I wonder," Bill asked, grabbing his dad's arm. "Look—"

The maid was just handing the bridegroom a newspaper, and prettily conveying Miss Stockton's message. With a nifty little curtsy, she hurried back to the house.

Walsh hastily unrolled the paper. The audience, who had read the story to a man, realized they were in the thick of the drama.

They inwardly chuckled.

Walsh stared at the headlines, his eyes traveling rapidly down the page. When he had finished, the glaring fact confronted him. Someone had spied upon him and Stanley Warrington had made of him the butt for a vicious jest.

His best man took one look at the headlines.

"My God," he gasped, and unconsciously reached for his flask, but caught himself just in time.

THE dazed banker was speechless. It branded him and flung to the whole world, the sordid story of his wild dinner. He understood now, the cause of the delay. Cynthia had ditched him at the last moment. He had lost her—and Stanley Warrington was responsible for it all. Well—he would take care of that young gentleman in due time. Just now, he had Cynthia to think of. Without a word he hurried into the house.

He almost bumped into Minerva who was coming out. By his manner, she knew he had heard.

"Addison," she whimpered, "I'm—I'm sorry." She was still afraid of him, and half expected him to leap at her like an enraged animal.

"Where's Cynthia?" he demanded thickly. "I must see her at once. I can explain this." He waved the crumpled paper in the air.

"Explain what?" inquired the puzzled woman.

"This," he exploded, pointing to his indictment.

Minerva breathed convulsively as she read the awful tale. What a vile creature. Her heart sang with joy that her baby girl had escaped this vulgar man.

"It's that Warrington fellow," he shouted in a frenzy. "I'll kill him for this. But I must see Cynthia." He started for the stairs; but a defiant mother, a woman of modern faults, perhaps; but strong for the sanctity of the home and the morality of mankind, blocked his way.

"Cynthia has left the house," she informed him. "You cannot see her. This letter will explain why."

Walsh snatched the note from her and read it hastily. He read it again more slowly, and his face crimsoned, until Minerva thought the blood would spurt from his eyes.

"Married," he muttered hoarsely. "Married—and to him. This—this is too much."

Without another word, he turned and went out like a man suddenly taken ill.

When Minerva had finished her little speech, the guests set up a roar of laughter and much handclapping. It was the unexpected—the denouement of a clever girl. They shouted their congratulations. On with the wedding party, they would dance to the health of the young Ogre and his bride.

The orchestra struck up a tune, the chairs were tossed aside pell-mell, and in a twinkling, the guests were whirling to the lilt of jazz.

Cal Dobbins and his son, after such a shock, sought the punch bowl.

"Remember what I said about drinking deep of those eyes?" Bill reminded his father. Cal nodded. Words were trivial on such an occasion. But he could drink a toast.

"Up Eros—down Mars," he said, as he raised the glass to his lips.

"Who's Eros?" asked Bill.

"The God of Love."

"All right, I'll drink to that baby—he sure works fast."

The silver of a woman's laughter stayed their hands.

Turning, they beheld the beautiful Coltilde Burlingame-Magoun at their elbow. She was sipping a glass of punch with her escort.

BY the time all this had transpired, Cynthia, a bedraggled bride, was fumbling with the lock of the castle gate.

Her shoes were slimed with a greenish mud, her veil was a thing of shreds and her bridal train bristled with cockleburs.

Her coronet, skewed over one ear, and a smudge on her face; added a ludicrous touch to the ensemble, despite the tragedy of the situation.

She had defied convention and declared herself to be the wife of Stanley Warrington. She was about to enter his house, in the dead of night, closing the doors to the outside world. She knew what the world would say to that. But she wondered what the young Ogre would do.

Well—she was there to find out. He wouldn't kill her, and stuff her body down the drain pipe. Of that she was sure.

The gates opened and in a trice, she was pounding upon the iron-ribbed door with the handle of a heavy, bronze knocker.

Biggles heard the clatter, his wooden leg, thump-thumping down the baronial hall to discover who dared trespass, at such an hour, upon their sacred solitude.

Boldly, he swung open the door. An apparition confronted him. A girl—a bride—or what was left of a bride pushed in past him.

"Where is Mr. Warrington? I must speak with him at once?"

He tried to stop her, reason with her and threaten her, but to no avail. She gave him a shove worthy of a longshoreman. He went spinning backwards, landing against the steel armor of a Plumed Knight standing on a pedestal. The figure wobbled with a loud, clanking sound; a heavy lance toppled from the mailed fist, and hit Biggles a merry clout on the cranium.

It knocked him down and out temporarily; but the sight of this mad Ophelia dashing up the stairs, brought him to his feet.

As keeper of the gates, his trust had been violated. He hobbled after her, breathing strange sounds that evidently originated in the fore-castle.

As a queen bee makes for its hive, Cynthia made for a certain door with unerring aim. Without stopping to knock, or even rattle the knob, she flung the door open and stumbled into the room. . . .

Blinded for a moment, by the light, she paused to get her breath. Then she saw him . . . her husband protem.

He stood in his B. V. D.s, his back towards her. He was swinging a pair of Indian clubs around his head. The crash of her entrance brought him about on one heel. The absence of his glasses handicapped him, but he did see a disreputable bride—the wreck of a girl—staring at him.

The clubs clattered to the floor, as he made an undignified dive behind a screen, grabbed up a silken dressing gown, put on his goggles and came out, to boldly confront this mad person and subdue her.

"What the devil," he began crossly. "Who are you—and what are you doing here?"

Then he recognized her.

Cynthia gulped.

She tried to smile, but it was a puny attempt at hilarity.

"Don't you know me?" she asked wistfully. "I'm Cynthia—Cynthia Stockton—I ran away from the wedding—I couldn't marry him. I despise him . . ."

She stopped . . . and started again.

"I told them—I was your wife—that I was Mrs. Stanley Warrington. Of course I'm not—but I had to lie out of it and so—I told a whopper—and ran away—and here I am—and I don't know what you're going to do about it—and I don't care. Just so I won't have to go back and marry Addison Walsh."

SHE swallowed to get back her breath. Biggles came clumping in as she swayed and started to fall. Instinctively, he reached out and caught her with an easy motion, hitched her body up until it hung limply over his hairy, tattooed arm;

just as a gorilla would hold a captive, native girl. He looked to his master for instructions. It would be easy to chuck her out now . . . for Cynthia had fainted.

"Put her on the couch," yelled Stanley, running over and punching up the pillows.

Biggles carried his burden over, and dumped it unceremoniously on the divan.

"Get some cold water," shouted the distraught young man as he straightened her out. "Or no—maybe it ought to be hot—open the window—get some camphor out of the bathroom—bring some mustard—or better still, bring my flask."

Biggles flew around in circles, dizzy from such a volley of commands. He finally wound up with the flask.

By this time, Cynthia's eyes were opening, she managed to sit up. Out of a haze, it all came back to her. Looking up, she saw the two men glaring down at her.

"Shall I ring for the police, sir?" suggested Biggles. He knew that was one way they could get rid of her.

Stanley shook his head in the negative.

"I can handle her," he said. "You go on out . . . I want to ask her a few pertinent questions."

What? Biggles hesitated—leave him alone with her?—she looked dangerous. Stanley motioned for obedience.

Reluctantly, the man obeyed, but he left the door ajar for reasons of safety.

Said Stanley, in a voice a little raised,

"Now then, did I understand you to say—you told them you were—my wife?" He nearly slipped on the last two words. It sounded too damned intimate.

Cynthia nodded, and wiped the mud from her face with what was left of her veil.

Her inquisitor regarded her sternly.

"Out of ten thousand males in this county, you should pick on me with such a scandalous libel," he said excoriatingly.

He was good and angry by now.

Cynthia felt called upon to marshal all her forces.

Rather coyly she looked up at him.

"Is it such a scandalous libel to be spoken of, as my husband?" she asked.

"It is when I'm not married to you," he retorted.

"Well—" she said finally. "I wanted to spike their guns. If I had just said I didn't want to marry him, they'd have talked me into it. Telling them I was already married—was a clincher, it stopped all argument. So I had to choose a husband—and do it quickly—and I thought of you." She was smiling sweetly.

"Very generous—and thoughtful," he observed sarcastically. "But did it ever occur to you that I might have something to say about it?"

Cynthia pouted.

"Yes," she replied. "I thought you might be surprised—somewhat; but I banked on your chivalry to see me through. You see—everybody thinking we were married—I thought you would

play the part of my husband for a short time—then I could go away—to the city—and get a job—and live in an attic—and support myself. Why"—she fairly radiated at the thought. "Later on—you could tell them we had been divorced."

THE young Ogre reeled at this superabundance of colossal nerve.

"Are you crazy?" he shouted. "What would my friends think—what would my mother say—when they learned the truth? Great Scott—I'd be busy telling lies the rest of my life, to make good the one you told."

That was a crusher. Cynthia blindly groped for fresh ammunition.

"See here, young lady," the young man went on remorselessly, "You're in over your head, and you'd better climb out while the climbing is good. Go back home and 'fess up. I'll drive you over in my car. Tell them the truth—call it a prank, a fit of hysteria—anything you like. It's bound to come out, for tomorrow I shall certainly deny everything. I won't be dragged into your matrimonial entanglements. Besides"—he gave a hard mirthless laugh, "I wouldn't marry the best woman God every made. They're a sham—and a mockery. It's the wise man who steers clear of 'em. . . and I'm one of the original wise men of the east, believe me." he straightened up proudly.

Cynthia's funny bone tickled her. She nearly laughed out loud. The ringing of the telephone saved her.

Warrington picked it up, and placed the receiver to his ear with a gruff, "hello."

Immediately he wanted to drop it like a hot potato.

It was Cynthia's mother speaking on the other end of the wire. Hearing a mellow baritone voice, Minerva snatched at the opportunity to offer a motherly greeting to her new son-in-law.

"Mr. Warrington—Stanley," she cooed. "You naughty boy! How you did surprise us! At first we were ve-ery angry, but after the first shock, we were delighted. Cynthia is our one ewe lamb—and we want her to be happy. While we er—liked Mr. Walsh, we are glad you have usurped the throne. I'm sure you are more suited to her, and we are overjoyed to think she chose so wisely. The wedding guests are enjoying themselves—you and your wife really ought to be here, but we understand; you wanted your bride all to yourself—you impatient man. Everybody is talking about you—the clever way you kept your romance a secret. They all speak so nicely of you—"

Stanley's face was crimson.

He was forced to steady himself by resting his disengaged hand upon the table. Damn!—this had gone far enough. He'd nip this affair in the bud, right then and there.

"Mrs. Stockton," he said formally, and with resolution—

## ANNOUNCEMENT

# "Ollie" SELLERS

Formerly  
Associated with

Universal Film Corporation

and

Triangle Film Corporation

Has Opened  
an Exclusive

## Furniture Studio

On SUNSET BLVD.

Between Curzon and Stanley

Featuring

Decorative and  
Period Furniture

Draperies

and

Upholstered  
Furniture

Tailored in Their  
Own Shops

—

YOU ARE CORDIALLY  
INVITED TO CALL

—

Sellers'  
Furniture Studio

7617-19-21-23 Sunset Blvd.

GLadstone 4795

Cynthia, sensing his motive, jumped to her feet, her face protruding close to his.

"You may as well know it now as later on—" Involuntarily, he took a swift glance into her blazing eyes.

"Go on," she hissed. "I dare you—I double dare you to squeal on me."

She had reverted to an expression of her childhood days.

It might have been that—or the dumb misery, hiding behind her pose of defiance that made him waver.

"—er—just a moment," he said with a false cough, and handed her the receiver as if it burned him.

"Yes mother," Cynthia spoke in a turtle dove voice. "Yes, dear it's me."

"I—I," whispered Stanley, "It's I—" "—yes dear, it's I—yes, it was sudden—I can't explain now—oh, so happy—yes—yes—do dear—send over lots of clothes, send them in the morning, goodness knows I'll need them. Yes—that was Stan speaking—a nice voice—yes—I think so—good-night dear—and thank you so much—"

AS she hung up the receiver, petulance exploded beside her. He polished his goggles vigorously. It was a bad sign.

"Surely," he exclaimed peevishly, his glasses again in place. "You don't intend remaining here—with me—I mean, with us—in this house—over night?"

A rose flush flooded Cynthia's cheeks.

"You wouldn't drive me out, would you?" she asked mildly. She thought a terrific storm would go well with that line. "As a matter of fact," she dared to say, "It's all your fault anyway. It was your story about the bachelor dinner that made me desperate. If it hadn't been for you, I'd have married Addison Walsh—then I wouldn't be in all this trouble."

That sort of knocked him for a loop, stealing Bill Dobbin's thunder. He hesitated—and he who hesitates is lost.

Cynthia struck while the striking was good.

She emitted a tiny sob, not a wail or a shriek—just a moist, throaty little sigh, with the tremulo stop open.

"I see nothing wrong in staying here—where else can I stay?" sob—sob—"I can't go back and tell them there wasn't any wedding" sob—sob—"Think how they would feel after drinking our punch and eating our chicken sandwiches—" sniff—sniff—"Perhaps I could sleep in the barn—with the rats—in a draft—" sob—sob—sniff—sniff—

Out of the corner of her eye, she could see he was melting.

"Oh well," he said resignedly, "I can stand it for one night, if you can. But tomorrow, you'll have to get out. I don't want a girl messing about the place. You can have your breakfast, then, when your clothes come—out you go. Have I made myself clear?"

Cynthia wiped her nose on her veil and nodded. Yes, it was all clear to her.

With a smile of satisfaction, he went to the door and called Biggles, who bobbed up from his position on guard.

"Fix up the spare room," he ordered. "Miss Stockton will sleep there over the night."

Biggles' jaw dropped.

"What?" he cried unbelievably, "that girl—here—under our roof?"

His master nodded, but he looked away guiltily.

The old man shuddered. It was immoral and indecent—a rank violation of the precepts of their sworn celibacy. He crossed the hall, switched on the lights and proceeded to make up the bed.

When he had finished, he notified Stanley, who came to the door and indicated the room opposite to his guest.

She murmured her thanks and left them, the brutes.

"Better make up some sandwiches and a pot of coffee," Warrington suggested to his man. "She's had a pretty hard time of it."

"You goin' to feed her too?" Biggles asked.

"Do as I say."

"Yes sir."

Biggles hurried down stairs, wagging his head in disapproval.

"Breakers ahead," he grumbled, "Or I am a strawberry jellyfish."

Cynthia proceeded to rid herself of her wedding finery. She disdained to take it off—she ripped and tore at it, until it came from her in strips. She washed her face and combed out her lustrous hair. The mirror on the tall boy reflected the transformation. Cynthia felt well fortified to fight for her good name on the morrow.

"So far, so good," she sighed.

Then came the sandwiches and coffee, passed into her by a beetle-browed jailer. She ate ravenously.

"Good old Ogre," she breathed gratefully and glanced about her, curiously.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

MARY Pickford's second big screen drama of the year has just been completed. It is "Scraps," the story of a baby farm in the swamp country.

"Scraps" is a thrilling adventure story, with plenty of the well known Pickford comedy. It deals with the unusual experiences of a band of small children, guided by a ragged little girl of twelve through the most amazing incidents and adventures.

"Scraps," gets its title from the "scraps of humanity" with which it deals, and is said to be a worthy successor to Miss Pickford's "Little Annie Rooney" both of which were directed by William Beaudine.

Miss Pickford will spend several weeks in directing the cutting and titling of "Scraps" after which she expects to make a third picture before leaving for Europe with her famous husband, Douglas Fairbanks.



The still man catches Henry MacRae in a bit of off scene action.

## Veteran Director Production Chief

**H**ENRY MACRAE, veteran director and picture expert, has been appointed director-general of production at Universal City, according to announcement by Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures Corporation.

He will supervise all matters at the studio, in collaboration with Henry Henigson, who was recently appointed to the position of general manager.

Time was when no motion picture director's equipment was complete without a megaphone and leather puttees, and Henry MacRae, has been accused of starting the fad. Whether film history is correct or not in this respect, records fail to show. Anyway MacRae, or "Mac", as he is called on the Universal lot, has been directing since directors first directed.

Since MacRae first appeared on the lot with megaphone and puttees; some have laid away the megaphone replacing it with the loud speaker and the field telephone, and some have gone in for knickers. MacRae has exchanged the puttees for the knickers, still fondly clings to the megaphone but is willing to use the loud speaker or field telephone when the occasion demands.

Mr. MacRae has seen the motion picture industry grow from the days when stars thought fifty or a hundred dollars a week was big money, down to the present when a good supporting player scoffs when handed a contract for such a paltry sum. He has been called "Daddy of the stunts", for to him is attributed the including of novelties and daring in the movies. He was the first to direct "animal pictures", and was the first director to supervise the

making of a James Oliver Curwood story. It was called *Wise Old Elephant*.

**M**ACRAE himself, his life and his activities have been done into stories. The late Charles E. Van Loan used him as the principal character in a series of eight interesting stories he wrote around the movies. Recently the veteran director has been dubbed "the commercial director". The title is his because of the speed with which he works. When MacRae starts a picture the betting around the studio is that he will finish it under the time allowed him and below the allotted estimate of cost.

The history of "Mac" in pictures is the history of the industry itself. He has seen it expand from what was considered only a passing fancy to its present rank of second or third in the Nation's industry. He has seen Carl Laemmle develop from a corner lot in Hollywood to the largest motion picture studio in the world, 600 acres at Universal City. And "Mac" has been a part of this development. On no less than two occasions he is credited with having saved the studio from destruction by fire. The last time earned him a gold medal. It was presented to him by Universal and bears the inscription—"Awarded to Henry MacRae by Universal Pictures Corporation for using the brains God gave him". It is one of his most cherished possessions.

**D**URING the years of MacRae's connection with the motion picture industry, it has naturally fallen to his lot to start many an aspiring player on the road to screen fame. The list of these would read like the Screen's Who's Who.

**L**IT ISN'T POSSIBLE  
\* \* \*  
WITH OUR PRESENT EQUIP-  
MENT  
\* \* \*  
TO DO ALL THE LAUNDRY  
\* \* \*  
IN HOLLYWOOD  
\* \* \*  
SO WE'RE SATISFIED  
\* \* \*  
FOR THE PRESENT  
\* \* \*  
TO SPECIALIZE  
\* \* \*  
ON THE SHARE WE GET  
\* \* \*  
BUT WE WISH TO REMIND  
YOU  
\* \* \*  
THAT IT'S ALWAYS POSSIBLE  
\* \* \*  
TO DO A LITTLE BIT MORE  
\* \* \*  
AND IN THE COURSE  
\* \* \*  
OF A NATURAL GROWTH  
\* \* \*  
WE'LL SPECIALIZE  
\* \* \*  
ON THE "LITTLE BIT MORE"  
\* \* \*  
FOR AFTER ALL  
\* \* \*  
WE'RE SPECIALISTS ANY-  
WAY—  
\* \* \*  
THAT'S PROGRESS!

**COMMUNITY  
LAUNDRY**

# What the Directors Are Doing

**C**LARENCE Brown, who will direct Norma Talmadge in "Kiki", forsook the United lot for the week of November 23rd and became an honest-to-goodness newspaper reporter on the Los Angeles Record getting a wealth of first hand experience which he proposes to use in a story of newspaper atmosphere.

\* \* \*

As his American directorial debut, Benjamin Christianson, famous Danish director recently brought to American by Louis B. Mayer, has begun the direction of his own original story under the working title of "The Light Eternal."

\* \* \*

Clarence Badger has completed "Hands up"! Raymond Griffith's newest Paramount starring picture after approximately three months of production.

\* \* \*

Edward Sloman has returned from New York where he attended the premier of his latest Universal production, "His People."

\* \* \*

When Robert Vignola has completed the editing and cutting of "Fifth Avenue," his production for Belasco, he proposes taking a month's vacation.

\* \* \*

Richard Wallace has completed the Hal Roach comedy, "Furious Future," featuring Clyde Cook with Katherine Grant, Martha Sleeper, Jimmie Finlayson and Laura De Cardi in the supporting roles.

\* \* \*

Upon completion of the interiors of "The Million Dollar Handicap" now in production at the Metropolitan Studios, Scott Sidney will take his troupe to the Tanforan track near San Francisco where the race track sequences will be shot.

\* \* \*

According to reports from Universal City Edward Sedgewick is spending his spare time at Venice assimilating the mid-way atmosphere preparatory to his production of "The Trail of the Tiger", a circus story by Courtney Riley Cooper.

\* \* \*

Directors on the Universal lot would seem to have little time on their hands, however, judging from the report of activities sent out by Tom Reed who reports that Harry Pollard will direct Edgar

Franklin's story, "Poker Faces," with Edward Everett Horton in the featured role; and following this will film the world-famous novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Laura La Plante is to star in "Doubling For Lora," under William A. Seiter's direction. Arthur Rosson is finishing his preparatory work on "Chip of the Flying U," to be Hoot Gibson's next starring production; Albert Rogell will direct Jack Hoxie in "The Tuneful Tornado," and Clifford Smith will film a story, as yet untitled, starring Art Accord.

"Wives for Rent," a Svend Gade production featuring Virginia Valli and Pat O'Malley has already started, while Lynn Reynolds is finishing up House Peters' starring picture, "Combat."



"That reminds me, Ed; bring me my megaphone!"

Reeves Eason has been especially engaged by Irving Thalberg to direct the filming of the chariot scenes in "Ben Hur."

\* \* \*

Harry Edwards has started production on Harry Langdon's first feature length comedy for First National.

\* \* \*

In James Cruse's production of "The Mannequin" for Paramount it is reported that the most beautiful exclusive gown establishment in America was constructed by Edward Smith, art director, in collaboration with Howard Greer, creator of Paramount fashions.

\* \* \*

William De Mille left Hollywood November 19 for New York where his next production will be filmed in the Paramount Long Island studio. His last week in Hollywood was spent supervising the editing of his recently completed picture, "The Splendid Crime."

Having achieved a distinct success with his production of "Sally," Al Green has started work on "Irene" his current vehicle starring Colleen Moore.

\* \* \*

Robert Z. Leonard, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director, has been loaned to Corinne Griffith Productions to direct Miss Griffith in "Mlle. Modiste," the screen version of Fritzi Scheff's famous stage success. It will be released as a Robert Z. Leonard Production, according to the agreement between the two films.

Immediately on completion of this picture he will return to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization to start work on another production under his contract there.

Leonard recently finished "Bright Lights" with Charles Ray and Pauline Starke in the principal roles, and is now working on "Dance Madness," which he will complete for M-G-M before embarking on the Griffith Production.

\* \* \*

Thanksgiving Eve marked the end of Emmett Flynn's directorial work on "The Palace of Pleasure," which portrays the romantic life of Lola Montez, and in which

Betty Compson plays Lola, and Edmund Lowe the fetured male role.

The screen adaptation, made by Bradley King, is based on the autobiography of the famous dancer and courtesan, who, although she assumed and wore a Spanish name, was really an Irish girl, born in Limerick.

\* \* \*

J. Stuart Blackton has just completed James Francis Dwyer's *Colliers Weekly* story "Maryland, My Maryland," the screen title of which will be *The Bride of the Storm*, and is now actively engaged in cutting and editing it preparatory to its being previewed in about two weeks. The screen adaptation was made by Marian Constance Blackton. In *The Bride of the Storm* Commodore Blackton brings to the screen some new faces and some faces that have long been familiar to devotees of the silent drama, among these being Julia Swayne Gordon and Sheldon Lewis.

(Continued on Page 61)

# Medals *and the Man*

*When Left Becomes Right,  
Right is Sometimes Wrong*

ONE of the details attendant upon the production of "The Big Parade" was that of drafting men who had experienced actual fighting service to fill the role of officers and doughboys. Of these one of the outstanding figures is that of Tom O'Brien, whose interpretation of "Bull," the corporal of "The Three Musketeers," has received much credible mention.

Tom O'Brien saw plenty of action during the World War. He enlisted in the navy, serving as ensign on the U.S.S. Wyoming, and was later transferred to the command of Admiral Plunkett in France. As a lieutenant, senior grade, he fought in all the principal engagements with the heavy naval artillery. He was decorated three times for bravery in action and was awarded the American Distinguished Service Cross, the French Croix de Guerre and the French Medal Militaire.

Now there is a very positive and definite regulation concerning the wearing of medals, as well as a right and wrong way, all of which Tom O'Brien of course knows and follows punctiliously, all photographic illusion to the contrary. Not only are



Tom O'Brien in "The Big Parade"

medals to be worn over the left breast, but there is a very definite order in which they are worn. In the original photograph used as an illustration for Robert M. Finch's article on "The Big Parade," in the November issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR, Tom O'Brien appeared wearing his medals as they should be worn, but—

Well, the layout man has an apology to make to Mr. O'Brien, for he is responsible for a photographic illusion created by ordering a "reverse" cut in order to effect a balance in page layout and bring the illustrations of Tom O'Brien and Karl Dane into facing positions. Naturally when the photograph was reversed, what was left became right, but, in this particular instance, all wrong.

In the photograph appearing with this Mr. O'Brien is shown wearing his medals as they were worn by him when the picture was made.

## WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

Edwin Carewe, First National producer-director, is again in his office at the studios. Six weeks in New York were sufficient to give the executive ample production material upon which to bend his efforts for the coming season.

His initial production will be "Heirs Apparent" and casting will start in the near future. Carewe has no less than seven well-known stories that are being considered for production in series form. First National will release them. Lois Leeson is working on the script of "Heirs Apparent" in conjunction with the producer.

\* \* \*

William Beaudine has returned to Warner Bros. upon completion of *Little Annie Rooney* and *Scraps*, the two productions for which he was loaned to the Mary Pickford Company, and is now actively engaged in preparing for his next Warner Brothers picture. *Little Annie Rooney*, according

to reports from the Pickford-Fairbanks studios is establishing new laurels for Miss Pickford and is said to have definitely impelled her to her decision "never to grow up."

\* \* \*

Al Rogell is directing Jack Hoxie in another pair of twin pictures for Universal, despite the fact that this successful young director recently resigned from the "U."

At the time of his resignation, Rogell stated that his departure was due to what he felt an absence of opportunity, since he was confined by the Universal production executives to Western films, when his ambitions were along other lines. At the insistence of Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures Corporation, Rogell temporarily reconsidered his resignation and accepted an assignment to direct Jack Hoxie again. He has already made four pictures with this popular Western star.

GIVES  
WINGS  
TO  
YOUR  
WORDS



"Let 'em ALL hear"



THE  
MOST  
POWERFUL  
PORTABLE  
SOUND-CASTING  
UNIT  
IN  
THE WEST



The Radio Stores Co., Inc.  
426 West Eighth Street  
TUCKER 3148

# It Can be done, But--

*An Interview with SYLVANO BALBONI by Harry D. Wilson*

OF the many reasons that have been advanced in the discussion of why Hollywood is the logical and inevitable center of motion picture production, I firmly believe that when all has been said the answer will narrow itself down to the one conclusive reason—the fact that Hollywood and its environs are ideally suited in every way to the artistic, realistic and economic production of the modern photoplay.

Thus Sylvano Balboni, who has recently signed a contract as director for First National and who, as a foreign director, is certainly in a position to know whereof he speaks, sums up his viewpoints on the subject of Hollywood.

"Why leave all this for an uncertain condition? Why make motion pictures anywhere than here in Hollywood?"

"It can be done, but—"

He swung around in his chair and waved his hand expressively toward the serrated ridges of the Hollywood hills basking in the brilliant sunshine and sharply etched against the blue of a California sky in the clear crisp air of mid-November.

"I can build a set here on the lot that will represent anything you might suggest, be it a scene in Hongkong or in Madrid; I can build you a set of the frozen north or of the tropic seas, and I know that at all times I can be assured of the cooperative forces of ideal, natural conditions."

It is possible to make pictures in England, in Italy and in other parts of Europe but I do not see that it is necessary, or, from the viewpoint of American production, practical.

"I have participated so far in more foreign made films than American productions. I have tried it from every angle and I am thoroughly satisfied that the ideal place in which to make pictures for American audiences—or for that matter for world audiences—is right here in Hollywood."

"Nor am I saying that because I am in Hollywood. I am in Hollywood because I believe it—because I know it from my own experience."

**SIGNOR BALBONI** began his career in the films as an actor in the early days of the cinema in Italy. While studying chemistry, to which profession it was his family's hope that he would devote his



Signor Sylvano Balboni

life, he was induced to play the role of Dante in "Dante's Divine Comedy" for the Psyche Film organization. This was in 1910.

Pasquali, the D. W. Griffith of Italy, next drew his attention and he joined the eminent film man as a chemist, later becoming his chief photographer, and while with him filmed such an epic as "The Last Days of Pompeii."

In 1922 he came to America. Unable to secure work here, he offered his services free and made a picture for an independent company which gave him his start. Clarence Brown then engaged him as his cameraman on "Don't Marry for Money." When Brown went to Universal, Balboni followed suit.

And then came "Ben Hur," his connection with John Boyle, who is now his cameraman on "Far Cry," the trip abroad, and then his meeting with Miss June Mathis who wrote the "Ben Hur" script and also the script of "The Viennese Medley," on which production Balboni became a production authority.

Following this, his engagement by First National to direct "Far Cry," in which he handles the pantomimic abilities of Blanche Sweet and Jack Mulhall and a cast of celebrated screen players.

"I DON'T SEE how you can get away from the fact that climatically and atmospherically Hollywood is particularly well suited to motion picture production," Signor Balboni continued. "Where else in the world can you produce pictures with greater surety that atmospheric conditions will be suitable, that seemingly endless days need not be lost because the weather is unfavorable for exteriors?"

"Let rival communities scoff as they will on this subject, the fact stands unassailable that in Hollywood are to be found *all* the ideal conditions which go to make the production of pictures economically and artistically practicable. Within easy reaching distance are to be found all the essential locations requisite to the production of almost any type of story. And on the studio lot can be built any set that may be required."

"Here the production of motion pictures has become the dominant industry of the community, just as the manufacture of automobiles is the dominant industry of Detroit and steel predominates in Pittsburgh. Here a producer or director has but to lift his telephone to be in immediate contact with the source of supply for almost any conceivable prop or other accessory that he may need. Producing motion pictures is a business in Hollywood, not just an incidental factor in the community, but the central industry around which the business activity of the community revolves."

"Nowhere else does this condition exist to the same degree."

"Italy, for the sake of illustration and as my own native land, cannot be compared in any sense as a production field. And this despite the fact that in Italy the production of big spectacles first reached its ascendancy when such film achievements as 'Quo Vadis,' 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'Anthony and Cleopatra,' 'Julius Caesar' and other big features were put out. Italy does not have the facilities for the production of big pictures the American way. There is no centralization of activity and of accessory materials as here in Hollywood, nor the facilities for quick transportation or doing things expeditiously which have become so much a part of American life and business activity in any form."

"In every way I consider Hollywood ideally suited to the practical, economic production of motion pictures and personally I am thoroughly content to confine my future screen activity to Hollywood."





# Why Take a Chance?

**O**RDER your copy of **THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR** reserved for you on the news-stand or better yet, use the coupon below and become a regular subscriber, let us send it to you every month, immediately upon publication.

The January number, out on the first of the month, is going to be particularly interesting to everyone concerned with motion pictures. Why take a chance on finding the news-stand sold out?

And in the meantime don't forget to write to us on any subject pertaining to the production of motion pictures in which you are interested. **THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR** is of, by and for the motion picture industry and all concerned with it.

Published Monthly by  
Director Publishing Corp.

MOTION PICTURE  
**The DIRECTOR**

**J. STUART BLACKTON,**  
President and Editor.

1925 NORTH WILCOX AVENUE  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.  
Telephone HEMPstead 8227

Please enter my subscription to **THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR** for the period of one year (12 issues) for the total sum of \$2.50 per year, starting with.....issue, 19.....

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

DATE.....

CITY.....

Make all checks payable to The Director Publishing Corporation



Sol Lesser, addressing a group of moving picture notables at the luncheon given by the California Federation of Women at the Ambassador, November 3. Left to right: Mrs. A. Graham, Motion Picture Representative of California Federation of Women; Fred Niblo, Betty Bronson, Priscilla Dean, Sol Lesser, Alice Calhoun, Ruth Roland, Louis B. Mayer and Elinor Glyn.

## California Women Discuss Pictures

THAT women's clubs and the motion-picture industry have two distinct things in common more than any other two organizations, was the statement of Mrs. Aaron Schless, director for California of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, speaking at the luncheon of the motion-picture department of the Los Angeles district. These two things are: The intent to make everybody in the world happier and the fact that both are harshly criticized.

The affair was brilliant and successful both as to numbers, there being over 1000 guests present, and as to the number of motion picture celebrities who responded to the invitations of the clubwomen. Among those who spoke were: Louis B. Mayer, Fred Niblo, Fred Beetsen, West

Coast representative for Will Hays; Creighton Hale, Sol Lesser, Hal Roach, Charles Brabin, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, Theda Bara, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Betty Bronson (it being her first public speech), Alice Calhoun, who was delightful in her charming talk; Ruth Roland, Priscilla Dean, Peggy Hamilton, Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, June Mathis, Carolyn Wagner, Edward M. Earle, Edward M. Kimball and Jacqueline Logan.

Mrs. Schloss, who had come from San Francisco to attend the function, went on to speak of the need of an understanding between the motion picture industry and the general federation. "Representing 3,000,000 organized women in the United States, we believe we can help you and we want to do it in the wisest way," she said.

Grace Frye, speaking as chairman of motion pictures for California, said that the only way to make the best pictures pay best—the slogan of the women—is to speak at the box office. Sol Lesser asked for tolerance and understanding for the pictures that are made.

"You are our co-partners in this," said Mr. Lesser, "and your part of the job is not only to make the better pictures pay, but to elevate the taste of the public—to awaken the civic consciousness. If the public will not come to see our pictures, no matter how good they may be, there can be little use in making them." He cited the case of the picture "Boy o' Mine," indorsed and sponsored by women's clubs, to which very few club women went.

### SCHOOLDAYS *in* MOVIELAND -- Continued *from* Page 28

tion and spent much money in its efforts to improve the scholarship of children appearing in its productions. A special school house has been built, voluntarily, and no detail has been overlooked to safeguard the comfort and advancement of its starlets.

A rest-room, cozily furnished, has been provided, with every convenience for the welfare of the children. Mrs. Mary West, the teacher who makes her permanent quarters on the Universal lot, is a woman of broad experience in the supervision of children and she reports marked superiority

in the advancement made by her pupils.

Some very prominent actor-lets have attended the Universal school. Micky Bennett, Bobby Gordon, Ella Mackenzie, Albert Bushalano, Jackie Morgan and many others have been in almost daily attendance there. Whenever there are street scenes, the children are corralled and given their daily mete of lessons. For six weeks, a whole troop of Boy Scouts were given instruction equivalent to their high school grades.

And there has never been recorded a

single complaint by an studio against the Law Providing for the Instruction of Children in Motion Pictures. It has been an expensive detail, but studios recognize the justice of the matter and are co-operating in every way. Education is a priceless possession and, aside from its value to the individual, there is another side to it, selfish perhaps.

The day of the "dumb-bell" is fast waning. He is becoming a liability. Education is an asset and movie companies, like any one else, want assets, not liabilities.

# EASTMAN NEGATIVE FILM

*Super Speed*

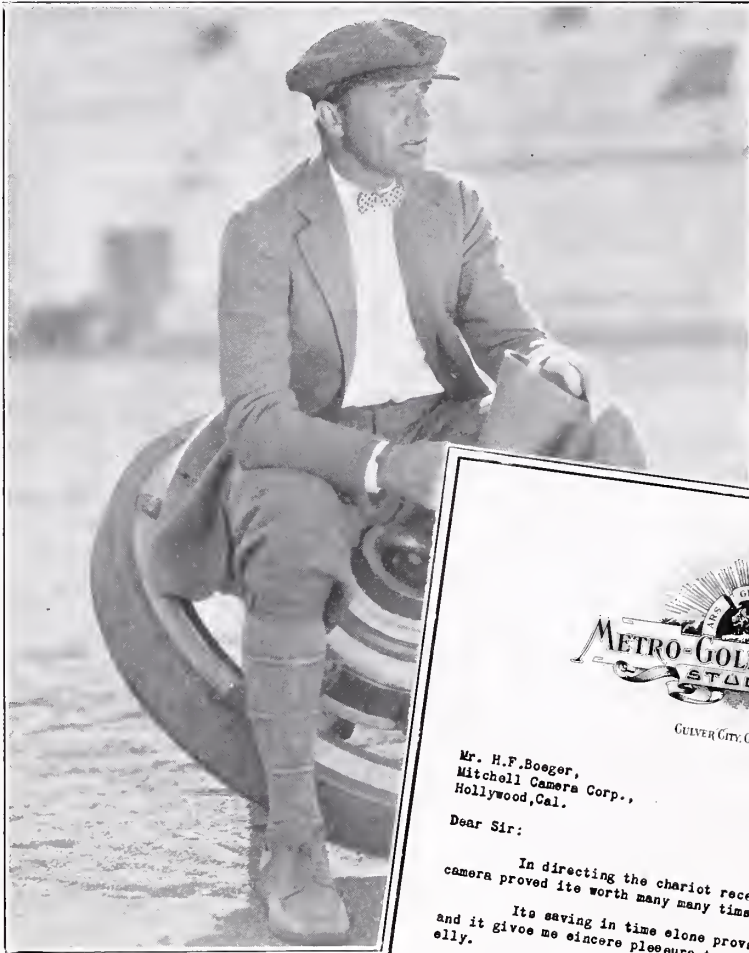
Now the same price as Eastman  
Negative Film regular speed.

Just as Eastman Negative Film regular  
speed is constantly demonstrating that it is  
unrivaled for quality, so Eastman Negative  
Film *Super Speed* is unrivaled both for qual-  
ity—*and for speed.*

Eastman Film is identified in  
the margin by the black-lettered  
words “Eastman” and “Kodak”.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



What *we* say may  
be accepted by  
some ---

But what the *users*  
say, should carry  
weight with all.



GULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA

November 25th, '25.

Mr. H.F. Boeger,  
Mitchell Camera Corp.,  
Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Sir:

In directing the chariot race scenes of "Ben Hur" your camera proved its worth many many times over.

Its saving in time alone proved of inestimable value and it gives me sincere pleasure to recommend it unconditionally.

The six Mitchells that were used in the filming of the special chariot race scenes crossed the line with the four white horses, well in the lead in this race as in the many similar races they have run in the interest of time-saving and production economy.

With best wishes for the continued success and popularity of your splendid camera, believe me to be,

Yours very truly,

*Revestason*

Director of "Ben Hur"  
Chariot Race for M-G-M.

Mitchell Camera Corporation  
Hollywood, California

# THE DIRECTOR

A MAGAZINE FOR ALL  
WHO SEE AND MAKE  
MOTION PICTURES

## IMPRESSIONS OF REX

By FRED JACKMAN

*An Intimate Close-up of the World's Most Famous Horse*

## FROM MARY PICKFORD TO ALLOSAURUS

By Harry O. Hoyt

## THE BARNSTORMER

By Frank L. Cooley

## STUDIO DEMANDS

By C. S. Dunning

## THE LION COUNTRY

By Harold Shaw

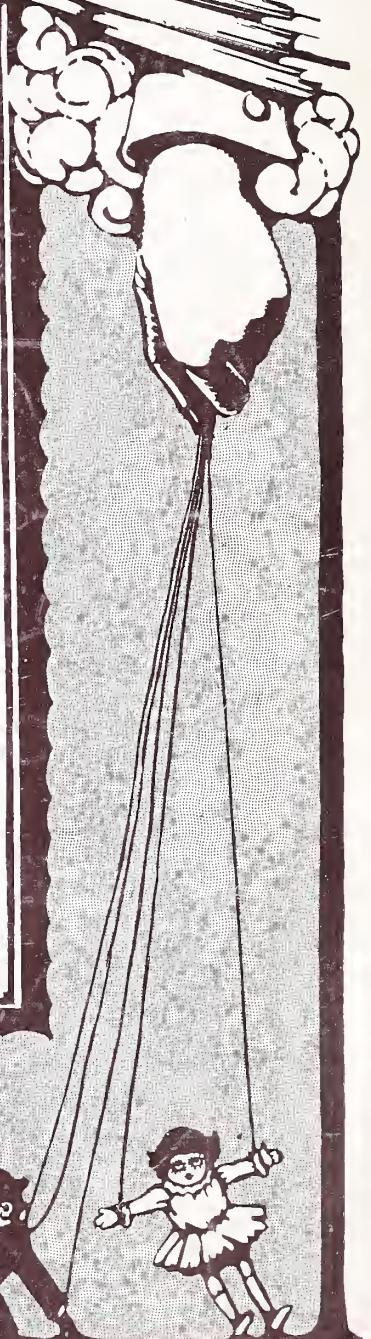
## VERSUS THE SINGLE TAX

By E. P. Clark



Stories and Articles by

H. H. VAN LOAN      FREDERIC CHAPIN  
DOROTHY COLLINS  
and others



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTORS ASSOCIATION

REED WILLIAMS

PRICE, 35 Cents

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, \$3.00 A YEAR

By MOTION PICTURE DIRECTORS HOLDING CORPORATION

Hollywood, CALIFORNIA

New York City, NEW YORK

L

Dancing  
to  
Music Divine

ROY FOX  
and His Orchestra

Dancing during  
Luncheon, Dinner  
and After Theatre  
Suppers.

Entertainment  
Extraordinary



MILLER'S  
*Cafe Salayette*

Seventh Street  
opposite  
Westlake Park

LOS ANGELES'  
FINEST  
RESTAURANT

Appointments of Elegance  
—Service without a Flaw  
—Unequaled, Unparalleled  
Cuisine

*Cooled by Breezes from Westlake Park*

DREXEL 4764

DREXEL 4763

Fashions for Youth's  
Social Season



APPOINTMENT 596-995

William J. Barry  
Studios

1829 North Kenmore Avenue  
Hollywood, California

Mail orders will receive prompt attention

# MOTION PICTURE DIRECTORS' ASSOCIATION

1925 WILCOX AVENUE

HOLLYWOOD

HEmpsted



CALIFORNIA

8227

WILLIAM BEAUDINE  
*President*

HENRY OTTO  
*Technical Director*

HARRY L. FRANKLIN  
*Assistant Director*

HAROLD SHAW  
*Secretary*

---

## THE DIRECTOR

GEORGE L. SARGENT  
*Editor*

PAUL POWELL  
*Associate Editor*



Vol. 2

Contents for July 1925

No. 1

	PAGE
"REX" . . . . .	Frontispiece
IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR . . . . .	George L. Sargent 3
IMPRESSIONS OF REX . . . . .	Fred Jackman 6
PRINCIPALS IN AN ALL STAR CAST . . . . .	7
FROM MARY PICKFORD TO ALLOSAURUS . . . . .	Harry O. Hoyt 8
STUDIO DEMANDS . . . . .	C. S. Dunning 9
THE BARNSTORMER . . . . .	Frank L. Cooley 10
VERSUS THE SINGLE TAX . . . . .	E. P. Clark 11
THE LION COUNTRY . . . . .	Harold Shaw 12
THUNDERING SILENCE, a Novel . . . . .	H. H. Van Loan 14
PUBLICITY, a La Mode . . . . .	Dorothy Collins 15
THE NIGHT BRIDE, Third Installment . . . . .	Frederic Chapin 16

---

THE DIRECTOR, published monthly by the MOTION PICTURE DIRECTORS HOLDING CORPORATION, 1925 Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood, California; ROY S. CLEMENTS, *President*; JOHN FORD, *Vice-President*; GEORGE L. SARGENT, *Secretary-Treasurer*. GEORGE L. SARGENT, *Editor*; PAUL POWELL, *Associate Editor*. Subscription: 35 cents per copy, \$3 per year in the United States, \$5 per year elsewhere. Advertising rates on application. Telephone GRanite 9896.

*Entered as second class matter, May 29, 1924, at the postoffice in Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.*



“REX”



# THE DIRECTOR

Vol. 2, No. 1

JULY, 1925



## *In the Director's Chair*

### Budgets

**D**O you remember those happy days of a decade ago when the majority of us who have since made our living in the direction of motion pictures were timidly graduating from the realm of illusion behind the footlights into an even more illusive domain behind the camera? Those indeed were salubrious hours, though none the less hectic, as we experimented with and juggled our ideas to accommodate the demands of camera and screen.

They were particularly happy because we were not saddled with the horrors of the modern budget system and the present insistent efforts toward economic production plus the advent into the studios of miles of auditors' and accountants' cages that are said to typify "good business." It is perhaps just as well that we were not thus burdened and harassed. Had we been so we are inclined to think that many of us who are now shouting "Camera!" would have become so utterly discouraged with the attention devoted to expenditure rather than to the excellence of the picture, that we would have stuck out our tongues, made wry faces, and quit. We were idealists seeking to transfer our ideas directly to the screen without being overcome by the mastodonic machine of mathematics.

#### *Difference in Costs*

Of course we realize that costs in every department of the industry in those days can not compare with those current now, and for that reason we do not decry the use of the budget system. We think it a good thing and know that the industry and its finance would be like a ship lost at sea without it. What we do condemn more particularly is its abuse.

Our confidential agent, who is pretty slick in some ways, and who has the habit of meandering about the various studios in Hollywood and New York, has reported to us some amazing abuses of this budget system. Indeed they are so flagrant that they

cause us to wonder really whether the budget is serving the purpose for which it is intended.

May we pause to discuss one incident in particular. At the general conference of the heads of the different departments of a certain studio just prior to their launching one of those so-called "super-masterpieces," a working schedule or budget was outlined for the benefit of all concerned so that each might see what was demanded of his department during the progress of the picture. The technical department was called upon to supply so much material, so many sets and so many workmen, and this work was to be completed in so many days. And thus the round robin went until a complete map of the production was passed to the director and his crew. The script called for the construction of a mighty set in which perhaps two or three thousand extra people were to have worked.

#### *The Big Set*

From then on the studio became a veritable beehive of activity until the set in question was finished to the satisfaction of all concerned. The director was allowed a certain number of days, according to schedule, to complete the scenes to be staged therein. Then he started work. In a business-like, yet leisurely manner, he approached the more important scenes first, so that he might have plenty of time to concentrate later on the massive scenes requiring the presence of the larger groups of people.

In one way or another some of his break-a-ways failed to operate; some of his mechanical devices refused to live up to the terms of the budget that had been so carefully planned prior to the start of the picture. Repairs had to be made and sturdier properties assembled. More powerful lights were required. All of this, of course, gobbled up a lot of time which was not in the cards, so that when the time came for this director to work out the sequence of his mob scenes, he discovered that he was literally at the end of the schedule allotted him for this set.

## The Director

He discovered, as did the executives, that Old Man Overhead was running away with the budget that had been so carefully prepared. There followed a spirited session of the members of that original conference described above. Every effort was made to place the blame for the delay on everybody present. The director blamed the technical department; the technical department accused the director, while the chief executive occupying the throne had nothing to do except worry over how he was going to explain to the respectable gentlemen who were financing the production, but who knew nothing of its intricacies, that perhaps another hundred thousand dollars would be required before this "super-masterpiece" would reach an expectant public.

After all the recriminations and counter-complaints had been disposed of, a new budget was arranged to take care of the expenditure of additional time and that extra hundred thousand. And, to make a long story short, the picture was finished; but much to the surprise of the executive and his bankers when they witnessed a preview they discovered that the cutter—or editor—of the picture had been compelled, because of its extreme length, to omit the entire sequence that caused everyone concerned so much time, energy, worry and money, and had made of the original budget a mere "scrap of paper."

### *Not a Machine*

You know, the sooner we arrive at that point in our upward progress when we realize how impossible it is to throw a lot of ingredients into the machine that makes pictures and then stand aside and say, "Do it in so many working hours," the steadier will be our advance. The manufacture of motion pictures, or rather the vast machine that grinds them out, does not in the slightest, resemble the concrete-mixer you see over there across the street laying a new roadbed. In the latter, a few cogs, a few wheels, a mixing drum and a formula, are utilized in the same process, day in and day out, and a working schedule can thus be maintained governed only by the capacity of the machine to turn out so many cubic feet of concrete hourly. Not so the motion picture, however, because the elements of uncertainty in the carrying out of an artistic enterprise are forever to be contended with, and the time element is an indisputable factor.

We have in mind another picture that was in the making at another studio. The director approached the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Boss after three solid weeks of conferences on the working details of the proposed production. He gleefully placed before the eyes of the Monarch of the Studio the completed manuscript with its accompanying budget. His schedule called for thirty-five working days. This, mind you, was the absolute minimum of time upon which all the high-salaried experts at the heads of the various departments had agreed. The conference was a matter of a half an hour or so, at the

conclusion of which the Mighty One proceeded to pass to the director his cherished documents with the single command, as he ushered him to the door, "Cut that down to twenty-four days."

Other conferences were called by the discouraged and utterly disheartened director. It was deemed necessary to eliminate, because of the dictum of the Boss the very meat of the picture, and even at that only a few days could be dropped from the schedule working at top speed.

### *Working Overtime*

In order that the final budget could be observed to the letter it is an actual fact that this director was forced to work his artists for thirty-six consecutive hours, until he himself was assisted from the stage overcome by sheer exhaustion. When the Boss (who plays golf in the afternoons), saw the picture on the screen, his remarks about the work of the director and several members of the cast were not exactly paeans of praise. On the contrary, he was afraid that the picture could not be released because, "for a peppy farce comedy, the actors and actresses dragged themselves through certain episodes as if they were on their way to a funeral."

Another grave fallacy of the budget system is that it forces a company to employ a small army of henchmen so that the tenets of its parchment may be strictly adhered to. These men are usually aggressive little fellers whose sole idea in life is to make the other feller miserable, provided, of course that the other feller is higher up. We usually call this class of parasites YES-MEN. They say Yes to your face, but NO to the Boss. They are as prolific in their objections to a righteous cause as rabbits are in their own sweet way. BUT they add immeasurably to the overhead. Don't forget that! They eat from your hand at the moment, and whine at your heel at the next. They literally hold the balance of power in their hands. And no studio is free of them. Nor will we be! That is as plain as the nose on your face. Why? Because budgets have bred precisely the opposite of what they are supposed to have wrought, when first these vicious abuses came into vogue. These little fellers who used to be company clerks, and who, in a moment of surprised self-admiration discovered the loss of a few dollars in the stipulated curriculum of a picture, immediately were installed in a place where Angels could really tread and would if the place were not so overcrowded.

O Budget! great are the crimes committed in thy name!

And what does it all mean? Is the demand for machine-made product to become so insistent that it will stifle all the artistic impulses of our industry? Will the printed page with oodles of carefully compiled figures succeed in throttling Old Father Time? Will we become a concrete mixer that can be groomed by day-laborers, thereby losing the personality we have so successfully wrought, and the

respect of the theatre-going public we have attained with so much difficulty? Or will we study the demands of each picture with a finer sense of what is necessary for all the departments concerned in its making, so that obvious errors as those above described may not be committed? That sort of business is not good business operated by good business men. It's rotten business, handled by experts in inefficiency.

And so, as the days of the calendar wend wearily by, the director faces a grave problem, as does the producer. The director faces the complete submergence of his personality—his desire to make something worth while in the round of creative possibilities—all because of improperly prepared and inefficiently governed systems of facts and figures. A few directors have survived this crisis. A few have refused to sell their birthright. These are the men who are making the great pictures of today. Is it possible that the rest are going to be forced to become the cogs in the machine that is to grind motion pictures into a dust finer than desert sand? The producer suffers likewise. His sympathy from first to last is with the finished picture. That is as it should be. He is an executive because he executes the expenditure of other people's money. But he faces the profound fact that the dollar can never govern the commitment of art. It can only derive profit from the successful accomplishment of an artistic work. Money and time are synonymous in motion pictures. The director is aware of this if he is cognizant of his tame oats—and his wild ones. Let him be supreme if you have confidence in him. Let him tell you what his requirements are, Mister Producer, in the beginning. If you lack that confidence, FIRE HIM! But don't lick him with an efficiency system of figures and figure-hounds that commit manslaughter on his soul, because in that trouncing you are going to be spanked harder than he is.

### What They Think of Us.

SOME time ago in a transcript we made of an address given by Mr. Will Hays at a meeting of the Motion Picture Directors' Association, we made mention of the fact that the Hays' office was issuing to more than thirty-three hundred newspapers throughout the United States reliable and authentic news of the Motion Picture Industry. The purpose of this propaganda, as we take it, is to create in the minds of the millions of the readers of these news purveyors an honest feeling that motion pictures were honestly attempting to do something worth while as a community enterprise.

That this effort on the part of the Hays' Organization has borne fruit is evidenced by the many editorial comments on pictures in general from everywhere in the country. The opinionated responses from even the smallest towns and villages where the motion picture theatre almost amounts

to the family fireside, has been overwhelming, and as a matter of record may we be permitted to reprint a few of these lines published during the last month or two and chosen at random?

From the esteemed *Lexington Herald* (Ky.):

*The Moving Picture Industry is striving to lead all others in supplanting the slogan "The Public Be Pleased" for the old "Public Be Damned" policies that were ascribed to industries in past days.*

From the authoritative *Daily News* (N. Y.):

*Lambaste the movies all you like, the film theatre has done one thing for the American public—bred an appreciation of good music; also provided an opportunity of hearing it.*

From the eminent *Asheville Citizen* (N. C.):

*Hence, while we urge the movies to rise above the people's weaknesses and faults, it is our business—the pulpit's, the newspaper's and the public speaker's—to join with the movies in making these shortcomings infrequent if not impossible. The movies can't do it all.*

The brilliant *Stevens Point Journal* (Wis.) utters this bit of praise:

*Stevens Point always has the best in movies. Possibly because we cannot afford in this little community to support the most expensive road shows as an every week proposition, the movies thus become the best we have; we have attractions in the silent drama away beyond the average supplied in cities of our size.*

The following apt suggestion appears in the editorial column of the learned *Pawtucket Times* (R. I.):

*If, then, the value and merits of good pictures are emphasized before the people, attendance at performances where they are exhibited may be increased and the producers and managers may be made to believe that it would be to their interest to select that kind of films. . . . No moving picture producer or manager will select pictures he believes will not be patronized.*

Splendid words are these from the delectable *Dinuba Sentinel* (Cal.):

*There has been a great improvement in motion pictures recently and we believe the proportion of good to bad in them right now is greater than in most any other form of life as it is lived by the average person today. But the idea that they are still bad is yet conveyed by many of the titles chosen for them. This we would say was an injustice to the pictures themselves.*

Seductive language from the siren-like pen of the editor of the *Carthage Press* (Mo.):

*If you want good pictures to come to Carthage do not remain quietly at home and approve of them. Say it with the admission price. That is the kind of plaudit that will bring more here. Our comment on or criticism of any sort of entertainment will prove of small effectiveness so long as it is merely verbal. Translated in attendance it will have great influence. Why not all of us try the system for a time?*

*Continued on Page 26*

# IMPRESSIONS OF REX

By FRED JACKMAN



IT IS indeed a pity that Anna Sewell, the immortal, of the equally immortal *Black Beauty*, could not have further glorified herself by writing the story of Rex. Words do not come to me nor are descriptive phrases so fluent when I attempt to write my impressions of this thundering animal. The fact that the public has taken him to its heart further discourages me because the illisiveness of Rex's temperament baffles description and therefore my task is equally baffling. I have made two pictures with Rex—*Rex, King of Wild Horses* and *Black Cyclone*. Both of these pictures necessitated our seeking out the wildest sections of the country for the background of a wild story for a wild horse. Parts of Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico lend themselves particularly to this sort of work. It would be silly to attempt to picture Rex, figuratively speaking, in evening clothes, in spite of the positive regality and imperiousness of his presence. His attitude toward you at all times is one of domination. He is a born ruler, and those of you who read these lines and who perhaps have studied reincarnation would require little effort to discern in the depth of his eyes the wisdom of an olden potentate. Rex is all that his name implies. He is royalty personified. His rule must not be disobeyed. Just as the death penalty followed in the wake of those who attempted to thwart a Caesar, just so the same penalty is exacted if you attempt to thwart Rex and disobey the very definite laws that have become hereditary in the horse kingdom.

### *False Ideas*

The other evening my cameraman and I happened to be ear-witnesses to a conversation in a downtown restaurant. The two gentlemen seated at a nearby table became rather heated in a dispute that to me was as absurd as it was amusing. One claimed that Rex was the most highly trained horse he had seen in the last decade, that he was even better than those horses we used to see in side-shows of circuses and at Coney Island. He argued that it must have taken years of effort and patient perseverance to have brought Rex to the standard of perfection whereby the animal could be induced to perform so thoroughly well. The other gentleman's argument was to the effect that Rex was merely going through a period of training at the hands of a clever motion picture director and that the amount of film we did not show on the screen could easily prove Rex's sins of omission. I listened to their argument as my cameraman gave me a sly wink. Of course these two gentlemen were not aware that I was as well acquainted with Rex as I was with my own family.

The point of it is, however, that neither was right.

Rex is not a trained horse. Rex never could belong to the so-called high school class of trained horses. He never could aspire to such graduation honors, because his high spirit and his dominant disposition would cause him to be thrown out of the kindergarten before he ever thought of high school.

### *His Individuality*

Rex hails from Texas and is about seven years of age. He is of the Morgan stock, which for many years has been noted by those who know horses for intelligence and enormous endurance capacity. He was shipped along with many others of his breed into the wilds of Colorado, there later to be trained for range duty. But Rex refused to be trained! He had wild ideas and his sole ambition was to live up to them. He could out-distance and probably out-swear any horse in his herd—always the born leader. An attempt was made, for the first time, shortly after his seventh birthday to place shoes on his feet. He was lassoed, and by brute force dragged into a blacksmith shop where the operation was to be performed. Within a trice, Rex had wrecked the shop, kicked over the anvil, frightened those who had sought to do him a favor, almost to death, and had scampered away to join his companions. None of these new-fangled notions would do for Rex!

Later when the Roach Studios were called upon to seek a wild horse for one of their pictures in which the horse was merely incidental to the story, we succeeded, after months of intensive search, in locating Rex, and he was transported to the ranch in the vicinity of the studio in Culver City. We passed through many extraordinary experiments when we first tried to make Rex act. We treated him as we would any other trained animal by supplying him with a trainer whom we relied upon to bring out all of Rex's latent ability. We discovered, however, a quality in Rex that prohibited any effort on our part to teach him to act. We discovered that he was a natural actor, and had the same latent spark of genius somewhere in his blessed makeup as probably marked the genius of Sir Henry Irving, or Edwin Booth. He acted from the heart out, and we found, when the picture was assembled, that Rex had stolen the honors. Rex never did the thing we demanded of him, but, on the contrary, he forced us to do the things he demanded of us. He is the only successful actor-director I have known in the history of the motion picture business.

### *Human Quality*

Rex is superbly human. He has his likes and dislikes quite the same as you and I. While we were out on location during the filming of *Black Cyclone*,

*Continued on Page 18*



REX  
THE HERO

REX STANDS GUARD OVER LADY  
AS SHE QUENCHES HER MORNING  
THIRST



THE VILLAIN  
HIMSELF

*Principals in an "All Star Cast"*

# FROM MARY PICKFORD TO ALLOSAURUS

By HARRY O. HOYT

**H**ISTORY, we are told, is the summation of the experiences of individuals. And it is only for this reason that individuals like myself have the temerity to narrate incidents within their own careers.

According to biological science, there are two stages of life when history becomes important. The first is the adolescent period and the second is semescence. We have all been amused by the statement that "motion pictures are still in their infancy," but we know better, because the films have reached at least the adolescent stage of their development, and, accordingly, it is natural that we who work in the studios should feel the desire for historical information about the pictures. The recent publication in THE DIRECTOR, for example, of Commodore Blackton's charming anecdotal serial, is a specific example. Even the fan magazines have also recognized this demand for historical information on the part of their readers and have supplied it with various articles which have invariably pleased the public.

So much for the apologia!

## *Early Experience*

My own first experience with pictures came while I was a student at Yale, taking my major in literature and drama under such masters as Dr. William Beers and Professor Wm. Lyon Phelps. While at Columbia, at which University I had studied before going to New Haven, and also at Yale, I had enjoyed a little success in having verse and fiction published by various magazines. My room-mate was a picture fan and for months had been urging me to see a movie, but the idea had never appealed to me—we can all remember distinctly when motion pictures were held in a very disparaging light, and I admit I was one of those who saw them only in that light.

On this particular day, however, I finally yielded to my room-mate's insistence and we went to one of the "store shows" in the town and saw a jumpy, flickering 200 feet on the screen. The only qualification for the interest which it had was that it showed moving objects. I was frankly disgusted over the story—or, rather, the lack of it—in the picture and said so. My room-mate defended the films and said, "You write: why don't you see if you can do better?" The taunt led me to dash off a bit of a yarn which I mailed to Biograph and, about a week later, I received my first movie check. It was for \$5.00—the average pay for a scenario in 1909—and my "masterpiece" was filmed under the title, "The New York Hat." Its only claim to fame was that it served Mary Pickford as her first two-reel

vehicle—although, of course, Miss Pickford was not billed in it but merely called "The Biograph Girl" in accordance with the anti-publicity policy of the producers of that era.

About nine months ago I finished directing "The Lost World"—hence the title of these recollections. In the interval which elapsed between these two pictures—covering a space of about sixteen years, during which time I have written and directed some 600 films—I have found that the dramatic fundamentals I learned at college held good all the way through.

## *The Dramatic Unities*

The first lesson in dramatic construction always points out the necessity of adherence to the classical unities of time, place and action. Their application in most pictures is quite simple to feel and to interpolate into the making of the film. It seemed like quite a task when we came to lay out "The Lost World"—with its location-range from London to the mysterious, unexplored plateau buried in the heart of the Amazonian back-forests in Brazil. The story is all laid in the present day, but when the human characters reach this plateau they are practically plunged into the world of eleven million years B. C.

The problem of tying up the whole story was solved by maintaining the only possible unity which the story suggested: we held the entire picture together by animals! We knew that a great part of our story, and perhaps the most interesting section, would be the footage devoted to the life of these prehistoric beasts. It was essential to lead up to them gradually so that the audience would accept them when they saw them on the screen. To bring this about, we had animals all through the picture. The first interior scene—a London home—shows a young girl playing with a huge Persian cat. We took some close-ups of the cat playing with a piece of twine; and in these shots the audience could see the jerky, awkward movements of the animal in its play—movements which we never think of as being awkward unless we actually study them. Subsequently, a small monkey was introduced into the story and, as a matter of fact, plays a prominent part. His movements, too, are all jerky and spasmodic. In addition, we showed scores upon scores of other animals, including such a wide range as parrots, alligators, jaguars, sloths, etc., etc. The consequence was that, by the time we showed upon the screen the allosaurus, the dinosaur and mammoth bats, and the other animal life of eleven million years

*Continued on Page 26*

# STUDIO DEMANDS

By C. S. DUNNING

**F**ROM a standpoint of publicity and general advertising, every business man realizes the value of a motion picture plant to a city. The eagerness with which nearly any city hails the report of prospective movie invasions—no matter how ill-founded—is sufficient proof of this.

But how many business men and how many city officials appreciate the value of a big motion picture concern purely as a business asset—considered, for instance, as they would consider a cracker factory, or a packing house, or an automobile plant?

Not many probably. Yet even a cursory survey of such a plant shows that, as a source of income to a city, it compares more than favorably with nearly any manufacturing industry that could be named.

Take the United Studios, the big independent lot of Southern California—the biggest independent lot in the world, in fact. A little conversation with M. C. Levee, President, and with R. W. Allison, his assistant, will give an idea of what such a plant means to a city.

The United lot, you will learn in the first place, represents a standing investment of \$2,000,000—land, buildings and property on the lot. Sometimes, owing to the vagaries of the business, the property may be greater or less in value, but that is about the average.

The lot covers 27½ acres, about as much as a big factory. It has a regular pay-roll—exclusive of actors and including only the regular employees of the United Studios—of from \$20,000 to \$40,000 a week.

There are never less than 350 persons regularly employed, and, in times of large production, which covers about half the year, there are from 500 to 700.

To this, it may be only partially fair to add the salaries of the actors and other employees of the companies which regularly produce at the United Studios. Still, if there was no plant, there would be no actors, so it is at least worth taking into consideration.

There are ten companies which produce regularly at the United Studios, including the First National, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Samuel Goldwyn, M. C. Levee, Frank Lloyd and Rudolph Valentino. The income of some of the stars involved is so well known that it is scarcely mentioned. To add up that of all the actors who produce on the lot during the year would involve too much inter-company prying to be practicable. It can be approximated, however, and, when it is, quite conservatively, it reaches the staggering figure of \$2,000,000 a year.

At least half of that \$2,000,000—and probably

more—goes back into the development of Hollywood and of the city of which it is a part, Los Angeles.

With the studio employees, this makes a yearly payroll of at least \$4,000,000, surely a sizeable addition to the wealth of any city, and something for the merchants and business men generally to regard with satisfaction.

This is the outstanding item, as the payroll is always in industrial computations. But it is not all by any means.

Studios require vast amounts of variegated materials. Many of these are expensive; virtually all are purchased within the city.

An example is lumber. The United Studios pay out an average of \$200,000 a year for lumber, mostly to be used in the construction of sets and temporary buildings.

The electric light and power bills average \$1,500 a month—and this in a city where electricity is much cheaper than in the average municipality.

A paint bill of \$20,000 a year is another item.

Stone and brick must sometimes be used in the building of sets, and this combined bill averages \$5,000.

Flowers and trees are often required, and nursery men and florists get an average of \$10,000 per annum.

Looking further down the list of expenditures, you find "Salt, \$500." You are puzzled as to what any business can do with \$500 worth of salt. Then you remember that salt is the only thing which provides a good imitation of drifted snow, and you understand. Similarly it is easy to explain an item of "Paper, \$350." Paper is used for falling snow.

A larger item obtrudes. It is "Canvas, \$7,200." Canvas is expensive, and great amounts of it are used for scenery. Sometimes a thousand dollars worth is painted, and then scrapped. The scene doesn't suit. In its nature the motion picture business must often seem extravagant and wasteful—but the city gets the benefit.

Here are a few other entries which may give an idea of the steady outgo which makes a studio valuable to a city: Lime, \$198; cement, \$375; copper, \$1,250; roofing, \$740; floor wax, \$670; pipe, \$452; silk, \$3,800; fan blowers, \$800; ice, \$1,200; hose (fire), \$350; glass, \$1,058; furniture, \$200,000, and cotton waste, \$75.

Similar items could be quoted by the yard. The United Studios, it must be understood, leases out its facilities to independent producers, and gives them what they want when they order it, whether it is a grand piano or a baby carriage. Consequently, its outlay is so variegated that it can almost be said there is no line of business it does not patronize.

# THE BARNSTORMER

By FRANK L. COOLEY



IN LOOKING backward and reviewing the many happenings that transpired during the first years of my desperate attempt to run a shoestring into a fortune by means of a very small theatrical venture, I wonder if a man's confidence in his ability to protect himself with his hands does not often involve him in trouble that a person of diplomatic, rather than athletic skill, might easily avoid.

My success as an amateur runner and boxer gained me a membership in the Olympic Club of San Francisco—although I was only sixteen and five years short of the required age. I won several long-distance running championships and profiting by the experience I gained by boxing almost daily with Jim Corbett, I won the featherweight and later the lightweight boxing championship of the Coast.

Mr. Corbett became world famous as a boxer, but the footlights beckoned to me, as they later did to him, and I became an actor.

In June, 1901, an old theatrical manager named Stechen confided to me that he had a contract with a Mr. Pratt, manager of the Phoenix Street Railway Company, whereby he was to bring a small theatrical company to Phoenix, Arizona, and show in the company's park during the summer. Mr. Pratt was to furnish the pavilion, situated at the end of the road, lights and water free, and \$25 a week bonus. He would also advance railroad transportation for fourteen people from San Francisco to Phoenix, and was to allow the actors to ride gratis on his street cars to and from the park.

## *My Partnership*

Mr. Stechen offered to take me into partnership. I saw fame and fortune within my grasp and eagerly agreed, but when it came to the point where we were to put up the money, Mr. Stechen could not produce his share and I balked in my first role—that of "Angel."

A solution was reached by my paying Stechen \$20 for the contract and "going it" alone.

My theatrical experience up to this time had been entirely on the stage. The "front of the house," or box office, was a closed book to me, so I engaged a manager of long experience named Joe. As he is no longer living, to know him as Joe will suffice. Joe was reputed to be a man of managerial wisdom when sober, but quite the reverse when primed with good liquor. I was not long in learning that the latter at least was true. Actors were not as well off twenty-five years ago as they are today, and I experienced no great difficulty in organizing a company, even though the understanding was that if the venture was successful salaries were to be paid, but if said venture was unsuccessful there was to be

no indebtedness. In other words, "if it comes in, you get it." And this was a practice much in vogue at that time, but seldom mentioned to the people in your company until out on the road, and business was somewhat awful.

I had lived rather frugally the previous season, doing considerable of my washing in the room and seldom paying more than \$6 per week for room and board, and I was leading man and director at \$25 a week, with a promise of a bonus of \$2.50 a week if I stuck to my job the entire season.

I was somewhat dubious about receiving this bonus, but when we closed the company in April it was handed me in a lump and amounted to \$95, giving me a bank-roll of over \$250, but as I was married and had a four-year-old daughter, the roll had suffered a shrinkage of over \$150 by June.

An old actress who was quite interested in my stage career—she and I had long since decided that I was destined to take Booth's place—gave me \$250 for a half interest in the company. I was so grateful that I had my wife, until then a non-professional, adopt her name—Kingsbury—for the stage. At that time T. Daniel Frawley had a very pretty and talented ingenue named Gladys Wallace. Gladys appealed to us, so we made the wife's theatrical nom de plume "Gladys Kingsbury" and our hopes beat high.

## *Our Start*

On the morning of June 5, 1901, we assembled at the Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street, San Francisco. Everybody was on time and anxious to start for Phoenix. I put the company through the gates and hurried to the baggage room to check the trunks; a fine assortment greeted my ambitious gaze. Two of the ladies had nice new ones, covered with tin and decorated with pretty little blue flowers. One of the actors had a champagne basket, another a canvas sailor's bag that drew together at the top with a cord. My dampened ardor was somewhat revived by the baggage man's announcement that there was no excess poundage, this in face of the fact that I had several hundred pounds of advertising matter in an old Saratoga that my partner, Alice Kingsbury, had used when at times John McCullough, Tom Keene, James O'Neill and Joseph Wheelock had been her leading men, and David Belasco had held the prompt book!

The baggage attended to, I boarded the boat and proceeded to look up my managerial adviser. I found him on the upper deck talking loudly to two of the ladies who were trying vainly to quiet him. He had several of my scripts wrapped in newspaper under his arm, untied, and with the string trailing

*Continued on Page 19*



July, 1925

# VERSUS THE SINGLE TAX

By E. P. CLARK

*President Peoples' Anti-Single Tax League*

**H**ENRY GEORGE, the apostle of Single Tax, said that private ownership of land was a bold, bare, enormous wrong, like that of chattel slavery. This became his text for all he ever wrote on Progress and Poverty.

If that were true, it would be a great crime to own land, but it is not true, for our government in its wisdom provided the opportunity for every man who wanted to and was willing to work at farming to secure a farm, a home, and at a price covering the actual cost of surveying and conveyances, and guaranteeing to him its possession and title, and to his heirs and assigns forever.

The land laws of our country have made it the richest, the strongest, the greatest nation on the face of the earth. Single Taxers say land values increase as the population increases: Therefore land value belongs to the people, and "We propose to tax it away from the owner."

Let's see.

The land owner bought the land with money. He lives in Riverside. He paid \$3000 an acre for forty acres of orange lands, in 1887. The population was less than one hundred families. Twenty years later the same orange lands could be bought for \$2000 an acre, and the population of Riverside city alone was over 15,000. So land values are not due entirely to population.

The Single Taxer also says everything we possess except land is the product of labor and must not be taxed, as taxing the product of labor causes poverty.

Money is the product of labor and must not be taxed, they say. The man in Riverside paid money for his land, which was his inalienable right; hence, logically, it cannot be taxed. But the Single Taxer proposes to tax all that money away; in other words, confiscate all the value of the land without due process of law, where if he had invested his money in bonds or cattle or sheep or manufactures he would pay no tax whatever.

Is not that the reasoning of a dishonest mind?

Land value is not wholly due to population, but quite as much to productivity, to nearness to markets, to quality of soil, to climate, and to the kind of products.

He says that city land and lot value is due alone to population.

Let's see.

In Los Angeles twenty years ago lots on Spring street from Third to Temple streets were worth more than twice their market value today. Yet the population of Los Angeles is five times as great.

If population only caused lot values, why should not lots east of Santa Fe avenue near Pico be as val-

uable as Sixth and Olive streets?

City lot values are caused by their location in relation to the intense business center, and values increase or decrease as the business center shifts. The southwest corner of Seventh street and Broadway is worth no more today than it was ten years ago, but the population has doubled in that period and has had no influence whatever on values.

The man who buys a city lot, paying for it in the product of labor, either stock or bonds or coin, does so knowing that the laws of our country will protect him in his title and possession against the world. No one can take it from him.

Yet the Single Taxers propose to destroy all value by taxing all the value away. If that is not dishonest, what would you call it?

Henry George, Jr., in the Halls of Congress, June 10, 1911, was asked by Mr. Raker of California, "Who will get the land when it is sold for taxes? The State will get it, will it not?"

Mr. George said: "No, the buyer. Somebody will buy it if it has any value at all. The application of Single Tax should not be a 100 per cent application. It should fall short just enough to leave enough value in the land untaxed to make a basis for sales. The basis for sales will become the market basis for valuation and taxation.

"Now if a man, we will say, who is a speculator, a monopolist, or who is land poor, cannot or will not pay the tax imposed, he will have his land sold for taxes and will lose it. The land will go into the hands of a new man. That new man will have to pay the tax.

"If the value of the land should fall, then the tax would correspondingly diminish. If the value should disappear, then there would be nothing to tax, and the owner would hold his land subject to no tax whatever."

He may be a speculator, a large land owner, and able to pay the higher tax, but to the vast multitude of small land and lot owners he proposes to apply the same severe treatment.

He proposes to tax all land until its value reaches the vanishing point, and then the new owner can hold this land subject to no tax whatever.

For simon pure dishonesty, can you beat it?

Yet the Single Taxers profess to believe what Henry George said was true, and that Single Tax or land tax only, was right.

First, do you believe it is a bold, bare, enormous wrong to own your own land or your lot?

Chattel slavery consists of the private ownership of a human being, depriving him of the right to his life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. He becomes

*Continued on Page 19*

# THE LION COUNTRY

By HAROLD SHAW

**I**N an article entitled "*On Meeting a Queen*" that recently appeared under my name in this magazine, I introduced my readers to Colonel Johan Colenbrander, who acted as my guide and mentor on a trip through Southern Rhodesia. As I had a definite objective, it was not difficult to touch upon the high spots and arrive at the conclusion, but I fear that this article must be to a great extent fragmentary, due to the fact that the Editor has asked for some of the sidelights that must have occurred while on such a trip.

Up to the time that I left Bulawayo, which is the seat of government for Southern Rhodesia, most of my traveling in Africa had been done by railway or motor car, and had for the most part been confined to such parts of the country as were populated by Boers on their widely scattered farms. It was, then, with no small degree of trepidation that I took my seat in the wagon (we would call it a "buckboard" in America), that contained our supplies, bedding and firearms for a trip of at least one month through what is known to be exceedingly dangerous lion country.

My early boyhood was spent in the Western states, and I had learned to use both rifle and shotgun with a certain degree of accuracy, but had not handled a gun for perhaps twenty years. So the night before we started, Johan's careful examination of the three rifles and the shotgun that we were to take, gave me a rather creepy sensation in the region of the spine, owing to the "lion talk" that I had been listening to during the preceding few hours.

## *The Bulawayo Club*

The several fine lion skins that decorated the rooms of the Bulawayo Club, of which I had been made an honorary member, had intrigued me, and in answer to my questions, some of the members of the club had given me details of how they had been acquired. One instinctively knew that these hardy Rhodesians neither lied nor exaggerated. One chap deliberately switched off from the story of his own prowess and led me over to the finest specimen of skin in the club: a black-maned lion skin that measured easily eleven feet from "tip to tip." My companion then went on to describe the incident that brought about the presence of this magnificent skin in the club. When about half through his story, another member walked in and my friend hailed him with:

"I say, Redrupp, I have been trying to tell Shaw here where you got this chap," pointing to the lion

skin. Was it at the Booby or the Shangani?"

"It was just this side of the Shangani," replied Redrupp, as he started away toward the bar for the midday "peg."

My friend then explained that Redrupp was very sensitive about this particular lion skin, because the beast had maimed him for life, lacerating his left hand and arm so that they were all but useless and terribly scarred. It seems that this lion had become a man-killer and had attacked one of Redrupp's boys, and not daring to shoot for fear of killing the boy, Redrupp had gotten to close quarters and tried to knife him, with the result above mentioned.

As Johan examined our guns and stowed our ammunition carefully away, Redrupp's words came back to me, for it was for the Shangani that we were heading and intended to cross to get to our objective. Having had one terrifying experience with a lion, in which my leading man, Captain Jack Bonavita, had been almost killed in a picture we were making in Florida, I had acquired a wholesome dread of the so-called "king of beasts." That lion was caged, and I was in no personal danger, but here I was about to embark on a five-hundred-mile trip through country that was their natural habitat, *and there were no cages*. I was in the fullest sense of the word a "tender-foot," and in my heart of hearts I knew that if a lion charged me I should be so terror-stricken that I should have dropped my gun.

## *The Start*

However, the trip had to be made, so off we started, our vehicle being drawn by ten well-matched mules and bearing Johan, myself, "Susie," Johan's game little Airdale, and five boys to do the leading, driving and camp chores. The road was fairly good for about twenty miles. Then, with each succeeding mile it ceased more and more to be a road, and finally became merely a "kaffir path" that had apparently not been traversed by any sort of vehicle in years. As we got deeper and deeper into the bush, it became necessary for the boys to get out and either chop or lift away rotten tree trunks that had fallen across the path. Johan had not traveled this road in many years, and it is still a remarkable and outstanding fact in my mind that his sense of direction failed him only once on the two hundred and fifty-mile journey to the Shangani River. Traversing a country that was new and strange to me in company with the mighty hunter I knew Johan to be, the day passed rapidly, and, to me most pleasantly. Johan was like all men of his calibre, extremely reticent in so far as voluntarily exploiting

himself. So, it was only by continued questioning that I was able to elicit the dozens of interesting, and in some cases hair-raising, episodes with which he entertained me during the entire trip.

*First Night in the Open Veldt*

While Johan had hunted every kind of big game with which Africa abounds, lions had been his specialty, so most of his stories had to do with these animals.

Towards late afternoon I noticed Johan frequently looked towards the sun. At about five o'clock he spoke to the boys, who then hurriedly urged the mules forward into a faster pace. He planned to *outspan* (camp) early on this first day of our trek as it would be necessary for the boys as well as ourselves to become acquainted with the layout of our pack. We had to reach the waterhole before sundown as darkness so quickly follows in these latitudes.

We outspanned at last about three hundred yards from the waterhole, Susie being the first out of the wagon with many barks and much cavorting, and though she had never been in this neighborhood before, she made as straight as an arrow for the water. The tired mules had indulged themselves in the luxury of a roll, and I say "luxury" advisedly, as they apparently got as much enjoyment out of it as does a woman when her body is freed from the corsets that have encased it all day.

Johan as Boss, quickly gave his orders; one boy to guard against the mules drinking before they had sufficiently cooled off; another to fetch firewood; another to cut sufficient of the tall dry grass that was to act as our mattresses; the others to unpack bedding, cooking utensils and provisions. I had not noticed while performing my ablutions that the fireboy made three distinct piles of wood in positions that formed a triangle, the base line of which was about fifty yards in length, our wagon being in practically the center of the triangle. A small cook-fire was then lighted with sticks taken from the woodpile nearest the wagon, then the cook-boy proceeded to "do his stuff." Johan spoke to the wood-boy in *Matabele*, giving instructions for more wood to be brought, and quickly, as the sun was going down over the horizon.

The smell of sizzling bacon now assailed my nostrils and whetted my already keen appetite, preparing me for a meal that was more enjoyable than any that I remember before or since.

The long canvas community nose-bag was then stretched between two saplings and the ten mules haltered to it side by side. Another small cook-fire was lighted near the second woodpile, and inside the triangle the boys proceeded to dine on their three hundred and sixty-five day menu of "*mealie pap*" (cornmeal mush), which they dug from the community pot with their naked fingers.

*The Night*

By the time the meal was completed and we had

disposed of our soiled dishes, full darkness had descended. The boys had spread our blankets side by side over the soft, sweet-smelling grass, replenished the fire at our feet, and, as we got into pajamas, Johan hailed the "fire boy" by pointing and giving instructions to light the third fire.

I could restrain my curiosity no longer. As the boy ran with a lighted firebrand from his fire to the unlighted wood-pile, Johan was loading his pipe, and I asked facetiously: "Colonel, what is the third fire for? To keep the mules warm?" Between puffs on his pipe he uttered the one word, "LIONS!"

It is not my purpose to attempt to write a "*suspense*" tale or a "*thriller*" for small boys! Enscenced as I now am in comfortable quarters in the heart of civilization, I recall with a distinct thrill the feeling that that one word gave to me on my first night in the open African veldt.

After several days in such close contact with the only other white man within many miles, Colenbrander asked me to cut out the "*Colonel*." And we became good chums. I called him "*Johan*" and he called me "*Harold*." And I can look back with gratitude and appreciation to the fact that he was a man of sufficiently fine sensibilities not to show that he in any way noticed my fearsomeness on that to me memorable night. Kindliness and intelligence guided Johan in word and action. He had acted as guide to many "rookies" in the past and knew how to treat them.

We now geared on our *veldt-schoens* or soft leather shoes, over our woolen stockings, put on our overcoats over our pajamas; each laid a loaded rifle at his side, and slipping our legs under the blankets, proceeded to smoke and talk.

"Shaw," said Johan, "let me enlighten you in the matter of the general habits of lions so that your sleep won't be disturbed, and your nerves on edge in the morning."

He then explained that if our camp were to be attacked by anything but a man-eating lion, which usually hunts alone, that it would be attacked only by a pair, "*Mr. and Mrs. Leo*," and that they would only attack in case they had been unable to procure their natural food of buck or other small deer because drought or bush-fire had driven that class of animal out of the neighborhood. It is only during a period of extreme hunger that a lion becomes sufficiently desperate to attack a human being; the natural exception to this rule being when a human inadvertently approaches a lair in which a mother is rearing her cubs.

The man-eater is always either decrepit, and therefore unable successfully to pursue his natural food, or he is one that has become incapacitated for the hunt because of a wound. Unlike the hyena or the jackal, the wild lion will eat only his own "kill," and will not touch meat that has been contaminated by the touch of any other animal.

*Continued on Page 27*

# THUNDERING SILENCE

BY H. H. VAN LOAN

## What Has Gone Before

FOR two years Howard Chapin, an ex-convict, has been taking the place of John Morgan, Los Angeles banker and clubman, in the business and social world. At midnight, April 8, the strange pact expires. Morgan appears at the appointed hour, in the role of a derelict and informs Chapin that he has no desire to return to his former existence. During his wanderings he has found the woman he loves and he is going to return to her. Chapin learns that Mrs. Morgan, who has been on a world voyage, is returning the next day. He is shown her photograph by Morgan, and for the first time in his life his admiration is aroused for one of the opposite sex. He now realizes the futility for a continuance of the deception. He cannot go on with it; he will not deceive her. Chapin has paid every debt left by Morgan when the latter went away, and has accumulated \$150,000 in cash. Morgan learns where the money is hidden and he takes it. Chapin wants to know what is going to happen to Mrs. Morgan, whereupon Morgan informs him that his life is insured for \$200,000 and that Morgan is better off dead than alive. John Morgan is going to die that night. And, Chapin is Morgan! Thereupon, Morgan compels Chapin to take a revolver and retire to the den, for the purpose of committing the suicide of Morgan. Meantime, "Big Red" McMahon and his gang of crooks are worried over the prolonged absence of "Spider" Kelly, who has gone out to "pull a job." A little later the police are called to the Morgan residence to investigate the financier's death, and decide it is a clear case of suicide. However, Herbert Spencer, a police reporter on *The Examiner*, does not agree with the police theory. The Examiner "scoops" the other papers and Spencer goes out to make a more thorough investigation. "Big Red" and his gang are surprised upon learning of the death of Morgan, and they are of the opinion that "Spider" Kelly double-crossed them and made a get-away with the fortune.

## CHAPTER VIII

CLAUDIA CARLSTEDT didn't go to the address on West Sixth Street, which Chapin had given her on a small slip of paper which she left him. This much was learned by Chapin when he arrived at the place about an hour later. It was a small family hotel, and Chapin arrived in a taxicab and hurriedly entered and inquired of the clerk if anyone had called to see him. He was surprised as the clerk shook his head, and he turned around and leaned against the desk for a moment. This looked like defeat. Perhaps something had happened to her? . . . Maybe she had been followed and kidnapped? These and many other thoughts flashed through his mind, and he wondered what his next move should be. He was right up against a stone wall, and her failure to carry out his instructions seemed to temporarily stump him.

He strolled over and dropped disgustedly into a chair. From the moment the shot was fired that killed John Morgan, the night before, he believed he was the one individual who could solve this mysterious crime. Why shouldn't he be the logical one to do this? . . . He was the only person who was there when the crime was committed: the only one who knew it was a cold-blooded murder. The police believed it was a suicide. John Morgan was not the

Meantime, the *Empress of India* is approaching San Pedro from the Orient, and among her passengers is Claudia Carlstedt. She is overcome as she reads a wireless bulletin announcing the death of Morgan. When the steamer docks, a derelict boards the ship and goes to her cabin. She opens the door, and as she stares in amazement at the man she exclaims: "John!" With that exclamation she throws herself into the man's arms. Claudia faints and the man places her on a divan and revives her. She is confused and bewildered, for she believes the man is John Morgan. The stranger informs her that Morgan is really dead and that he was murdered the night before. He warns her that she must not go to the Morgan residence, and when she asks him for an explanation he calmly tells her that he is Howard Chapin. He adds that they must not be seen leaving the steamer together, and gives her an address and instructs her to go there immediately and he will join her there presently. They are impressed with each other and each is wondering what role the other is playing in this baffling mystery. Later, a Japanese gardener finds the body of a slain man along the Ventura highway, which is identified by Detective Aubert as the crook, "Spider" Kelly. Meanwhile, The Examiner staff is wondering what has happened to Spencer, who has strangely dropped out of sight. At the same time, "Big Red" McMahon's gang have learned of Kelly's death and they believe their chief has carried out his threat to kill Kelly. But, at that moment, "Big Red" enters, and much to the surprise of all, denies any knowledge of the crime. Just then Detective Aubert enters and asks "Big Red" the name of the man who killed the crook. "Big Red" professes ignorance, and Aubert is inclined to believe him and is about to leave, when the door suddenly opens and there, to the great surprise of the gang, stand "Spider" Kelly on the threshold. In the meantime, Spencer is being held a prisoner in a shack on the outskirts of San Pedro. He overpowers the sentry, makes his escape and dashes towards Los Angeles.

sort of man who would take his own life. Men like him believed in holding on to the very end. That was more than he could say for himself. He had stood ready to take his own life, and for practically no reason. Yes, there was a reason, and a very good one, too. It was for her he was willing to give his life: a woman he had never seen before in his life. Silly. And yet, she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. It would have saved her a great deal of mental anguish. He had never held onto life with the great tenacity that some men do. Some men love life, and are satisfied even to exist. He wasn't one of them. For years he had merely existed. Life had been one long struggle for him: one tremendous fight to get somewhere. But, as he thought it over now, he realized that he was usually without an objective. He had always been contented just to drift.

He was proud of the success he had made of John Morgan for the past two years. Never had he been able to make such a success for himself. Strange. What a novel twist this would make for a play or a motion picture! An author could make it the basic foundation for a corking good story. That's the trouble with authors . . . they don't write enough about life. The majority of them write about the

*Continued on Page 32*

# PUBLICITY *a la Mode*

By DOROTHY COLLINS



If you stop in front of a magazine rack and glance over the many brightly hued covers you will find that nine-tenths of them are motion picture magazines. A portion of the make-up of these magazines has to do with pictures and advertisements, the balance with the prating of the publicity writers.

The art of publicity writing bears a strong resemblance to a bake-shop, wherein the pastries with their real foundation of good cake-batter becomes submerged in thick layers of icings and whipped cream. And like all things too sweet, a customer now and then is taken sick from overdoses.

Where is the line of demarcation between truth and fallacy in the art of publicity writing? How are we to know the truth when we see it? Where are we to find the good cake-batter that we can eat without becoming ill?

Certainly not in the motion picture magazines. They are sticky with sweetness; and a sick public instead of being allowed the opportunity of getting better, finds that the publicity baker is adding more and more story cake with the brightly colored frostings to the already groaning rack. And the public is overwhelmed at the thought of trying his digestion powers further. Consequently, Mr. and Mrs. Public are leaving the ranks of the cake eaters, and are, when the occasion arises, taking what satisfaction they can out of facts as printed by the newspapers.

## *Actors Are Real*

At least, even if the news be scandal, they have the impression that the actor or actress involved is a human being with the same likes and inhibitions as the rest of the mortals of this earth: that they are not gossamer souls floating in another ether relieved of earthly tribulations.

Everyone who punches a typewriter for a livelihood, puts into his articles a certain something that represents himself. One man I know who is an ex-hobo, became a feature writer for the largest studio in Culver City.

One day he was given the name of a certain motion picture star and a few facts as to her meritorious rise to stardom. That was all. He was told to supply the rest or atmosphere we'll call it for a two-thousand word story. Part of it read something like this (I quote this from memory; it happened nearly three years ago):

"The motion picture stars and their satellites resemble nothing so much as a string of box cars." He was an ex-hobo, remember! "Some are newly and brightly painted, some are a little faded, others

look worn and broken, but all in all their days of use are numbered. Little Glorious Bubble is at present like the brightly painted cars, but her future seems more secure than most for she has given us some of the most marvelous interpretations it has been our good fortune to see for many a day." And on and on and on. If he had been a dry goods salesman first and a publicity writer second he would have swathed his girl in yards and yards of chiffon or something like it. But being an ex-hobo, his thoughts went to his early means of transportation—box cars.

## *Author's Personality*

I was present when little Glorious Bubble read the article. She turned to the ex-hobo publicity writer and gushed: "Oh—o—o—o!" long and ecstatically. "Oh—o—o—o! Your article frightens me a little, but I do hope I can live up to the lovely things you have written about me." Some of the things were true, but most of the article was the mental contribution of the publicity writer, who was putting himself across bigger and better than he did the little actress who was NOT many of the things said of her. Still she is very charming and a real personality.

He gave her paint instead of icing, but the effect was the same, for she was completely camouflaged.

When a publicity writer does say something about how Lotta Fun loves to cook, dig in her garden, play with the babies, go to the ball game and make her own clothes, the public is in doubt whether to believe it or not. They have been fed iced cake so long that a plain sponge cake takes on a none too real appearance and taste.

Recently I read an interview by one of the foremost publicity writers of a well known motion picture magazine. It was about an actor who lately was elected to stardom, although for years he has been a favorite leading man and a big drawing card.

The article had to do with everything except the real personality of the man.

## *Truth in Print*

This man I know personally. I know he has one of the finest libraries in Hollywood. It is not like a lot of libraries I could mention, either. For the books in this particular library have been read, are thumb-marked, and have the margins written in. They are in reality the most constant companions of this man. He loves his garden and writes for some of the horticulture magazines.

Some say, "Why the devil put that in? It's enough to have him a great actor, he doesn't have

*Continued on Page 36*

# THE NIGHT BRIDE

BY FREDERIC CHAPIN

*Synopsis of Preceding Instalment:* Cynthia Stockton's father was in financial difficulty. His friend and banker, Addison Walsh, had just come to his rescue to the tune of over a hundred thousand dollars. Walsh was a millionaire, and usually got what he wanted—and he wanted Cynthia.

With Stockton's wife, Walsh was aces up. She hoped that Cynthia would marry Walsh, but Cynthia, the belle of the community—and heart free—had her own ideas on the subject. Then came Stanley Warrington and his one-legged ex-sea captain and servant, Biggles, to take possession of an old castle he has purchased. Stanley, heir to the Warrington Steamships and fortune, had been crossed in love, and so he and his "man" left Baltimore, motored to the home town of Cynthia, and opened up his new home, which the town's people termed the Ogre's Castle. Here he expected to devote his time to writing. He slung a mean pen. He also hoped to forget the girl whom he had caught in another man's arms. Verily, youth was taking itself seriously.

*Now, go on with the story. . .*

**T**O get to Duxbury, one had to take the highway past the Ogre's castle.

Walsh, freshly shaven and immaculately laundered, his portly form set off to good advantage in a golf suit of youthful gray, sat beside Cynthia in the seat of his expensive open car. The natty chauffeur in front added a smart touch to the equipage.

As Fate would have it, Stanley Warrington was emerging from his driveway with his dog, just as the Walsh car drew near. Hector, with a yipping yelp of defiance, made one streak for the highway, plunging madly towards the onrushing monster of polished nickel.

The chauffeur swerved, but Hector refused to give way. Another swerve, a shriek of grinding brakes and the car came to an abrupt stop in a ditch, tilted at a decided angle.

Undismayed, Hector still vented his spleen at the front wheel, as if daring it to do its worst.

With a suppressed curse, Walsh, whose face was an apoplectic purple, reached for the flap of the door pocket, jerked out a heavy, blue-nosed revolver and took aim at the dog. Cynthia, seeing his purpose, screamed, "Don't," grasped his arm and deflected his aim. A sharp report smote the air, as the bullet went whistling through the leaves overhead.

In two bounds, Stanley was beside the car. Shouting a word of command to Hector, he leaped upon the running board, wrenched the gun from the irate man's hand, and sent it spinning a hundred yards into a thicket.

For a moment there was tense silence. Stanley's face was colorless as he broke the spell.

"It's a lucky thing you didn't kill my dog," he rasped, a quiver of rage audible to his voice.

"Get off this car and go chain that damned animal," shouted Walsh, furiously. "Any dog allowed to endanger people's lives on a public highway ought to be shot."

"Nevertheless, I said you were lucky. For if you had harmed that dog, I'd have killed you."

A laugh of derision greeted this threat, but another glance into the steel-blue eyes broke it off abruptly.

Cynthia, a silent witness up to this moment, fearing further hostilities, decided to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"Mr. Walsh was quite justified in being angry," she said, with conviction. "Of course, no one wants to hurt a fine animal like that intentionally. No doubt, on second thought, he wouldn't dream of shooting him. But in order to save the dog's life, the chauffeur was compelled to endanger ours. You see that, don't you—Mr. Mr.—?" She waited for him to supply the name, but he disdained to do so.

Instead, he focused his eyes upon her with a look of condemnation. Again she tried the efficacy of her smile, in her desire to bring him to the point of arbitration. A slight twist of his mouth caused her to stiffen a little. Hatred fairly exhumed from him. What one gives, one gets—and she hated him in return.

Out of her reverie came his voice.

"There's a right and a wrong way of doing things. If the car had struck the dog and killed it, I wouldn't have blamed anyone. But to deliberately shoot him would have been plain murder. Better drive on—I'll watch him closely after this."

He stooped and linked his fingers under the dog's collar and pulled him aside. The chauffeur, seeing the affair was over, gently urged the car back to the highway. When they had regained their momentum, Walsh turned to the girl beside him.

"If I lost my temper, I hope you will forgive me," he said contritely. "I was only thinking of you."

It was a master stroke. His words completely sponged the slate.

"I understand," she replied in a reassuring tone of voice.

The solicitous man gave an involuntary sigh of relief, suggesting they forget the incident and put their minds to the joy of the ride. Cynthia nodded her desire to comply with his wish; but the vision of a hatless and trembling young man, breathing fire and brimstone in defense of his dog, intruded upon her thoughts the rest of the day.

Cal drew hard on his wheezing briar and chuckled.

"My boy," he said, peering up at the ceiling pensively, "I've been kicked out, thrown out, shot at and missed. Bulls and bulldogs have yearned for strips of my epidermis. Angry men have chased me with sawed-off shotguns, wild-eyed women have stalked me with bottles of vitriol hidden in their bosoms; and once I was nearly tarred and feathered, but I always came back with a story. Them was the good old days."

Ungrammatical perhaps, but expressive.

Bill, in justification, rehearsed and amplified the tale of his reception at the castle.

"I'll get the dope on that bird yet," he threatened.

The memory of a young man calmly chinning himself, while he did a marathon to the gates of the castle, with a long-fanged dog snapping at the seat of his trousers, was not exactly a pleasant one.

A shadow in the doorway brought all conversation to a halt. The two men turned synchronously. There stood the subject of their discourse in the flesh. Outside was the big, cream-colored car. It must have floated up like a magic carpet.

Bill Dobbin's lower jaw almost dropped out of place.

Cal, not knowing who the visitor was, got up and went to the railing that enclosed their sanctum sanctorum.

The stranger swept the place with an appraising glance, finally turning his powerful lenses upon the belligerent Bill. That individual returned the look with compound interest, as recognition kindled and resentment flamed.

Young Warrington's stern gaze relaxed, a faint smile playing in the corners of his mouth.

"Hello," he said, genially. "How's the sprinter?"

This greeting, followed by an infectious laugh, changed the temperature of Bill's arteries.

"Say!" he exclaimed with a forgiving grin. "I did a hundred yards in ten flat."

Opening the gate invitingly, he nodded towards Cal.

"Meet my dad, the Honorable Cal Dobbins, editor of this here sheet."

They shook hands all around, and when they were seated, the stranger dug from his pocket a well smoked pipe, and fished for his pouch of tobacco. Cal shoved over a can of choice mixture, and soon they were all puffing in perfect accord.

That they had failed up to the present moment to learn his name seemed of minor importance to that gentleman. He was busily engaged in polishing his glasses with a handkerchief of finest silk. Adjusting them to his liking, he looked around with keen interest.

To him the smell of printer's ink was like the odor of tan bark to a circus performer.

"Want to sell this here sheet?" he asked, without further preamble.

Cal never batted an eye. "Hadn't thought of

## Studio Wardrobe Departments Attention

We are maintaining a specialized service in our Hollywood Store for the Studios as well as the individuals of the Motion Picture Profession in Exclusive Women's Garments.

Through our Central Buying Office in New York City it is possible for us to have on hand, for your inspection at all times, the latest Parisian Models, and the American adaptations, besides the selected Models from the American Courteriers.

We will be very glad to make special prices to the Wardrobe Departments of the Motion Picture Studios, and an appreciable discount to the Ladies of the Profession.

Further, we are glad to send on approval at any time a selection of models to any studio, subject to a photographic test. We ask your support inasmuch as we are making special efforts to establish a more intimate connection with the Motion Picture Fraternity.

Call MISS HEALY, STUDIO SERVICE Dept.

## United Fashion Stores, Inc.

6716 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

HEmpstead 1863

*Continued on Page 21*

## IMPRESSIONS OF REX

*Continued from Page 7*

it was necessary for Rex to take long runs at the head of a herd of wild horses. There were also steep mountains to be climbed, turns to be made at inopportune times. More difficult than either of these were his mad dashes toward the camera. In setting the camera up for such scenes we usually managed to have a sufficient number of helpers lined up on either side so that when Rex was ready to make his dash we could by various cat calls, and boos, and the waving of our arms, make him realize something of what a foreground means. He was to stop right there! I usually rehearsed him once or twice, and invariably during the rehearsal, as he came dashing down the hill, his mane and tail to the wind, I could see him slyly pick out an open spot in the sidelines for an exit. And straight past the camera he would dash like a comet. And on and on would he go out into the wide open spaces, until he had his run out. Later I outguessed him. I had to, because he had so little appreciation of the fact that time is money in the motion picture business. When I found that he had chosen a certain exit for his wild run, and I was ready to take the scene, at his next rush toward the camera he found the hole in the human blockade stopped up, and he stopped short, discouraged and disappointed.

### *Likes and Dislikes*

We usually employed two cowboys, men who were expert with the rope, to follow Rex on these wild trips into the open at the conclusion of a scene or rehearsal. Rex took a violent dislike to one of them because this man was perhaps a bit too rough with the horse when they met at the trail's end. The other man, however, Rex doted upon, because he was gentle and kind. He rarely drew the rope taut once it had been cast about any section of Rex's body, or, if he did, its tensity was lightened, as this cowboy started in with a line of wheedling chatter that Rex apparently understood; and the remarkable part of the story is that the human beings in camp had the same feeling about the two men. Our feeling was not contagious. We had not gotten it from Rex. We simply did not like the one man and we did like the other. So that when I say that this is one proof of Rex's human disposition, you will readily understand that many others were forthcoming.

It was not a difficult thing to accustom Rex to the sound of the camera for the very silly reason that he ignored it in quite the same way that he ignored everything in which he was disinterested. Certain human beings appealed to him. Others did not. Those that appeal to him he fawns upon. Those he dislikes he ignores absolutely. And so, in order to manipulate him the better, we simply let him choose the people he desired most keenly for his entourage, or the personnel of his company, whether *we* liked them or not.

And so it was also in the building up of the story. I had become accustomed, through hours of association with the animal, to observe his peculiarities, his whims, his moods, his desires and his natural inclinations. For instance, I discovered that Rex could climb a rocky hill faster than any other animal I have ever seen. He could make almost unbelievable sure-footed leaps from one slippery rock to another in absolute safety. The only thing we had to do then was to hunt for a location that would be suitable for such a scene, make the scene a part of the story, and let nature take its course.

### *Caring For Rex*

Rex's fondest luxury is carrots. He can get the scent of a carrot a mile away, so when we were ready to shoot a given scene, I would station a man whom Rex liked, into whose pocket I had crowded a bunch of fresh carrots, somewhere around the edge of a mountain or below a precipice or near the sidelines of the camera, and Rex would act the scene as if he had been rehearsed in it a dozen times. His athletic prowess is evident in both pictures. His strength is enormous, and this I believe is due entirely to the care he receives. He is groomed and exercised with as much attention as Jack Dempsey receives when he is training for a championship battle. Who wouldn't mother an animal like Rex, with the knowledge in the back of your head that he is insured for \$50,000? And if a director—or anyone else—concerned in the production of a picture starring Rex had one ounce of cruelty in his makeup, and attempted to practice it on Rex, in the first place he would have a battle with the horse himself, but, in the second place, there would prey upon his mind always the existence of that life insurance policy. I don't know what will happen if we ever touch a whip to any part of Rex's body.

Because of the excellence of his physical condition, a scratch or bruise obtained in his mad scramble up or down a steep hill means as little to him as a slam in the eye means to a well-trained prizefighter, whereas to you or to me it might cause unbearable suffering.

Rex is getting used to the camera. He anticipates an intended action. There is only one command that he obeys, and that only occasionally. This command is "*Whoa!*" So you see what I meant in the beginning of my story when I said that he was decidedly not of the high school or equestrian class of horses. He is an outcast and a leader all in one.

Before I conclude this article I must touch upon his love affair with Lady. His courtship of this mare was as interesting to watch as would be the courtship of your own daughter and the man of her choice. Rex made the first advances, to which Lady demurred. His grief was most evident. He became sullen, morose and disagreeable, until finally one

*Continued on Page 26*



## VERSUS THE SINGLE TAX

*Continued from Page 11*

a slave against his will.

Land does not object to being owned, therefore has no feeling of being in bondage; and no wrong is committed, hence his text is not true. Therefore, all that has been said, all arguments of the Single Tax proponents, necessarily are based upon a false premise.

Why do we have taxes at all? To support government.

Why do we have government? To protect and control our right to and enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Who should bear the expense of government? Every one who is protected, and who enjoys life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, under the operation of the government.

Let us see.

Every person receives protection against violence to his person and possessions, hence we need a police department. Does land need the protection of the police?

Every property owner needs protection of his buildings and personal effects from fire, hence we need firemen and an expensive equipment.

Does land need fire protection?

Our lives and everything we possess need the care, control and protection of a government. Land does not now, nor did land since the world was created, need protection, nor was the care of land any expense to the government.

We have a legislative branch of our government to make the necessary laws for the protection and control of our persons and possessions, the expense of which is enormous.

We have a judiciary consisting of courts of justice that were created for the protection and control of our persons and possessions.

We have the executive branch, which administers the laws for the protection and control of our persons and possessions, the cost of which is enormous.

We have an army and navy, maintained at enormous expense, to protect our homes, our industries, our lives and our possessions. Yet in all the foregoing expenses, the land has no fear of being destroyed or removed.

The Single Taxer says all material wealth, such as improvements, buildings, furnishings, merchandise, products of all kinds manufactured or grown, personal belongings, such as clothing, jewelry, money, stocks and bonds, all transportation facilities, including railroads and steamships, all privately-owned public utilities, such as electric lighting, gas, telephone, telegraph, water, heat and power plants—in fact, everything of value that actually produces earnings and income, must pay no tax.

Yet it is these very things and activities that need

the fostering care of government. The only reason advanced is that it tempts people to be dishonest and to cheat in giving in their property lists; therefore it is wrong to tempt people to do wrong. In other words, let them be free to enjoy what they would gain by dishonesty and cheating.

That would be a remarkable state of society where all dishonest and criminal minded people should be permitted to accomplish their desire and be free from punishment.

They say that what Christianity has tried to do for two thousand years Single Tax would soon accomplish—that is, make men moral and honest.

Single Tax would place the whole burden of all taxes on the farmer and lot owner. As a scheme for raising revenue it has always failed whenever tried.

As a scheme for destroying land values it is a success, and when the value is destroyed the support of government fails.

Men may live here and enjoy all the privileges of liberty and freedom from all enemies to society under the protecting care of the greatest and most benevolent government on the face of the earth.

Why should we not support our government just as our Constitution provides by every man doing his share, and paying his tax according to his material possessions and benefits?

---

## THE BARNSTORMER

*Continued from Page 10*

out on the deck behind him. The buttons on his clothes were not all in use, and no managerial wisdom was apparent either in his conversation or appearance. I hustled him to the lower deck, accompanied by the laughter of the commuters, who had evidently been enjoying themselves at my expense.

Joe was a fighter when drunk. I have often seen O'Farrell Street, between Powel and Stockton, suddenly become deserted by the actors when Joe would heave in sight with a "load" on. On one occasion I saw him thrown out of the Milkmen's Exchange, next door to the old Alcazar, by three men, and on landing in the middle of the street, pick up a brick and heave it through the door of the saloon. When I got him on the lower deck I called him a few pet names. He ground his teeth and said, "You're not going to talk to me like that!" I replied, "I *will* talk to you like that, and Oakland is as far as you're going with me!" He wilted, sobered somewhat, begged hard and promised not to drink again as long as we were out. I let him stay on, but warned him that if I caught him drinking I would drop him, no matter where we happened to be. We boarded the train at the Oakland Pier and were off. I had a party ticket for fourteen and, as each member was requested by the conductor for his fare he would

## The Director

proudly answer "Company!" All went well until Joe answered "Company!" The conductor exclaimed "WHAT?" I said "Company," from Joe, who was still nursing a hatred for the world in general and me in particular. The conductor remarked that "it must be some fine aggregation." Joe resented the inference, but I hurriedly qualified for him, made what excuses I could and restored peace. The conductor gave him a check and passed on. I was disgusted; Joe did look rotten. He growled, and put the check in his pocket. I had advanced him over \$30, but none of it had gone on his back. He looked like a tramp. I suddenly remembered a little brown English-flannel suit I had in my grip that cost me \$5 at a sale at Smith's Cash Store on Market Street near the Ferry. It was a little small for me, but I thought it might fit Joe, who, though about my weight, was a couple of inches shorter. So I gave Joe the suit and made him retire to the men's dressing room—a rather small one—and change clothes. When he had done so, the change was so great that later when the conductor saw him he again demanded a ticket. I don't know whether he was kidding or in earnest, but Joe was furious and ready to battle again. I quickly explained the change of clothes to the conductor and told Joe to show him the old ones, but he had thrown them out of the window. The conductor then demanded his check. Joe sullenly stated that he had left it in a pocket of the old suit. The conductor finally gave him another check, and, with harmony again restored, we were fairly on our way to Phoenix.

The bank roll was something under \$35 by this time, as the company had drawn rather heavily, particularly my advance man, Eddie Mowrey, who had gone on a week ahead. I had bought him shoes, shirt, suit and hat—in all about \$40 worth—and had given him \$7 for expenses on the jump. He was to go to a hotel in Phoenix and let his bill ride until we opened. I don't think any of us indulged in the extravagant luxury of a sleeper, and as a result we reached Phoenix a little tired and disheveled. Everybody went to the Mills Hotel, where our agent had secured an attractive rate of \$5.50 a week for room and board. A very good hotel it was at that. We were not very "well up" in our opening play, "*The Black Flag*," so we started rehearsing at once. The heat was severe, but nothing to what we experienced later.

Our opening night, June 11, came at last, and we gave a pretty ragged performance, with no very unusual incident except that Murdock McQuarrie shot one of the "convicts" in the leg with a wax wad, and at the next show, for fear he might shoot another, he put his hand over the muzzle of the pistol and burned a nice deep hole in it. For our first performance the house was filled, but receipts disappointing, totaling only \$92. The prices were small—25 cents and 35 cents—and the deadheads plentiful. The second night took a drop, the cus-

tomers contributing but \$47. I banked the first two nights' receipts to make sure we would be able to move out of town somewhere if we had to. In fact, I already began to fear my dream of wealth and fame might be due for a shattering, and felt sure of it when Wednesday evening's performance only netted \$10. I was about whipped and awaited Thursday evening with a sinking feeling. It was Mowrey's duty—he attended to the advance sale—to bring the tickets and cash from the Drug Store, and my state of mind can be imagined when he arrived that evening and carelessly informed me that not a ticket had been sold!

Here was our finish. However, I proceeded to open the box office and, upon asking Mowrey for the tickets, that bright party said easily enough, "Oh, I didn't put any tickets on sale today. What's the use? No one will come to the show tonight!" I was dumfounded. It was hard to realize how any man could be such a quitter; and right there I took upon myself the further duty of marking the reserved seats and placing them on sale. His prophecy was not true, for customers began to arrive and inquire if there was going to be a show or not. Having tried to buy tickets at the Drug Store and being informed that no seats were on sale, they thought the show had "busted," but seemed pleased that we were still in business.

We played to \$18 that night, and I was grateful for even that small increase over the night before. Friday evening jumped to \$27, and Saturday evening to \$32. We gave no matinees, as the "theatre" was without sides and we had no way of excluding the daylight. Sunday was also "dark." I had enough money now to pay our hotel bill and \$160 over, which went in the bank before the actors could draw it. I decided the town was too small to make one play a week profitable, so for the second week we gave them two—"The Lost Paradise," which cost me \$10 per night royalty, and a new one written by Charles Cavanaugh of San Francisco, called "*The Story of Inez*."

The second week's receipts amounted to \$260, but I had to make a payment on the railroad tickets; so after the hotel bill was paid and the actors allowed to draw a little, there was nothing to go in the bank. In fact, I never succeeded in adding anything to the \$160 that I had banked the first week during our entire stay of six weeks.

Joe behaved very well; he drank, but, as he waited until he knew I was in bed before starting, I never caught him. There was a swimming tank within a hundred feet of the show house where the company used to bathe frequently after the show. I couldn't afford to spend the money, so missed the following incident: Joe landed at the bath-house one night loaded to the guards. Johnnie Torrence, Mrs. Judah's son, with the idea of sobering Joe up, pushed him into the tank, clothes and all. He scrambled

*Continued on Page 25*

## THE NIGHT BRIDE

*Continued from Page 17*

it," he said, which was the truth.

"What's it worth?"

"Ten thousand."

"Give you seven."

"Sold."

"Mortgage?"

"Yep."

"How much?"

"Two."

"Who?"

"Walsh."

"Ha!" The buyer seemed to explode. "Give you five and pay mortgage myself."

"Suits me," and the deal was closed.

As Warrington jerked out a fat cheque book and started to scrawl in the figures, Bill looked at his dad and mopped his forehead. Cal, the old reprobate, continued to draw on his pipe and sighed, as if loth to part with his treasure. It was consummate artistry. Oh, boy—in reality—it was a reprieve from journalistic death.

The writer tossed the cheque on the desk. Cal

picked it up and scrutinized the signature. It was distinctive in design, but from a point of elucidation, a Greek proof-reader would have failed utterly in making it out.

Seeing his difficulty, the maker of the cheque proceeded to enlighten him.

"The name is Warrington—Stanley Warrington," he said, apologizing for the illegibility of his penmanship.

"Young man," said Cal in Chautauquan tones, "It doesn't matter how bad a signature looks, it's how good it reads to the teller in the bank."

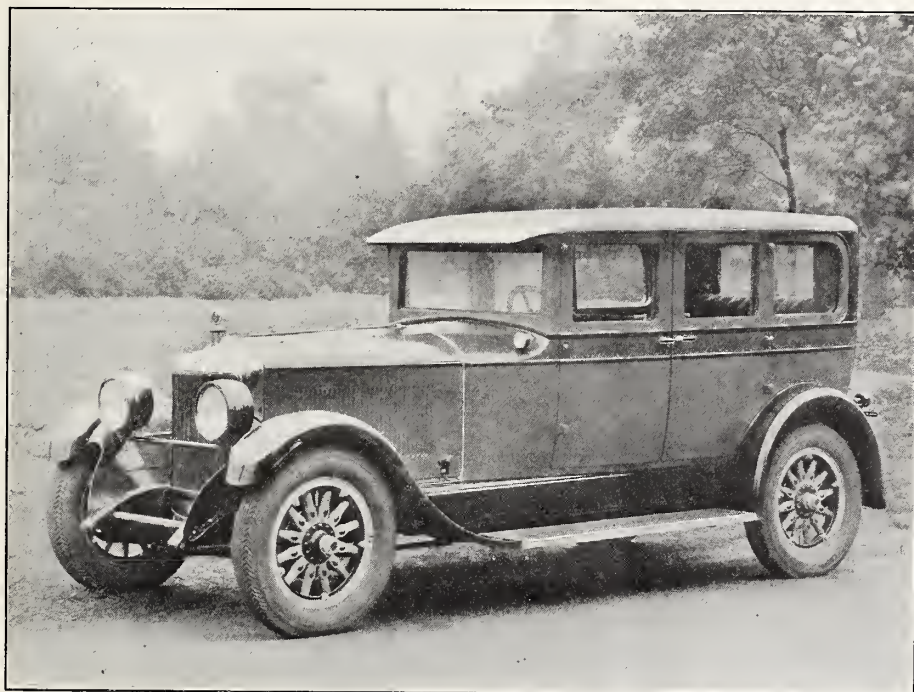
The papers were speedily drawn and signed. Cocking his feet upon the window sill, Cal leaned back in his chair.

"Might I ask, Mr. Warrington," he inquired, facetiously, "what noble purpose leads you to acquire this journal of polluted politics?"

Now that the paper had changed hands, Cal didn't care how he maligned it.

Stanley's eyes snapped.

"This fellow Walsh—he's been a big toad in this pond long enough. I've found out a lot about him and I'm going to burn some sulphur and fumigate him."



HOLLYWOOD **WRIGHT-MCIRWIN, INC.** BEVERLY HILLS  
Hollywood 1960 6449-51 Sunset Boulevard

## The New Diana Eight

*The Latest Word in  
Automobile  
Construction*

Built for  
Hollywood  
See this Car  
before you  
buy and  
Remember  
two old  
Friends to  
serve you

Cal's feet hit the floor with a reverberating bang. Bill managed to lean against the wall to save himself from falling for pure joy. It was too good to be true. This young editorial aspirant was going after Addison Walsh's scalp. Hooray! He evidently had the sinews of war in abundance, which spelled victory at the beginning.

Cal's big paw shot out and gripped the hand of the young Ulysses vigorously.

"Sic semper tyrannis," he exclaimed, in sentorian tones.

"Salus populi suprema lex esto," quoted Stanley right back at him.

"And in the words of the Gaelic poets," interjected a Bill, not to be outdone by all this college stuff, "I hope you knock him for a loop."

Which made of it a triumvirate unanimous.

It was arranged that Cal and Bill remain in charge on salary. The newcomer would merely dip his pen in vitriol and supply editorials, proclaiming to the world at large that the Eagle was loosed at last. And the flap of its pinions would be heard from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sun-kissed shores of Florida.

A stock phrase perhaps, but it covered the ground.

The paying of the mortgage in Walsh's private office in the bank took just five minutes. No words of past encounters or friendly discussion of future policies. A paper was signed and a cheque given. After Stanley had left the office Walsh sat in a troubled state of abstracted musing. He felt as if he had just lost one of his arms.

Calling his secretary, he said, gruffly, "Get me all the information you can about this new depositor," handed him the cheque and turned to other matters.

In four minutes the dynamic young Mr. Warrington was back in his office. Cal ceremoniously offered him the editorial chair, which he accepted with a bashful grin.

"Pardner," said the erstwhile editor, reverting to the lingo of the west. "We have within the confines of our safe enough material to keep your searchlight on our worthy banker for a year to come. But I don't mind telling you—you had best go armed, for he pulls a mean gun when riled."

"So I've observed," said Stanley.

He proceeded to give them a graphic description of the encounter over the dog.

"That was Cynthia Stockton with him," vouchsafed Bill. "Say! isn't she a humdinger?"

"Stockton factories?" asked young Warrington. Bill nodded.

"She's sort of engaged to him," he explained. "Rotten shame—the old geezer is dying on his feet, but her father owes him a lot of money. Guess it's a case of 'hand over the gal, by heck, or I'll foreclose the mortgage.'"

When it came time to quit for the day—Stanley had gone long before—Cal and Bill repaired to the drug store to celebrate the occasion. At the soda fountain as they clinked their glasses—one might think they were drinking a toast in priceless flagons of wine.

"Here's to Stanley Warrington," said Cal, holding his glass aloft. "May the magic of his signature guide the destinies of the world."

"And here's to Cynthia Stockton," spoke up Bill, suiting his actions to the words. "I hope Addison Walsh chokes on a fish bone before he marries her."

The two drank copiously.

As they leaned over the mottled marble bar and demanded "two more," it was plain to be seen they were already under the influence of the deadly ice cream soda.

The Warringtons of Baltimore were prominently recorded in the Blue Book, a copy of which reposed in the Stockton library.

But to the village of Sterling, a thousand miles away, it meant no more than the Brownes of Chicago, or the Smythes of Kansas City.

It was the sale of the Ogre's castle and the acquisition of the Daily Eagle that brought the focus of attention to this latest of taxpayers. Invitations to social affairs and cards to the country club were declined with thanks. Every artifice and wile was used to smoke the young Ogre from his lair.

But to no avail.

*Continued on Page 34*

LILLIAN GEORGE BRET HARTE  
CAMERA PORTRAITS OF DISTINCTION  
IN THE ENVIRONMENT OF YOUR OWN  
HOME. SITTINGS BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

Phone HEmstead 1086 or HEmstead 0666

**BURTON STEENE, A. S. C.**  
**CINEMATOGRAPHER**

AKELEY CAMERA—Aerial and special photography;  
American and European Experience in Eastern and  
Continental Studios.

BELL & HOWELL EQUIPMENT complete for studio  
work.

STUDIO OF FOREIGN cinematography. *Passports always  
on hand.*

*A k e l e y C a m e r a S p e c i a l i s t*

HEmstead OR AMERICAN SOCIETY GRAnite  
1 1 9 1 OF CINEMATOGRAPHERS 4 2 7 4

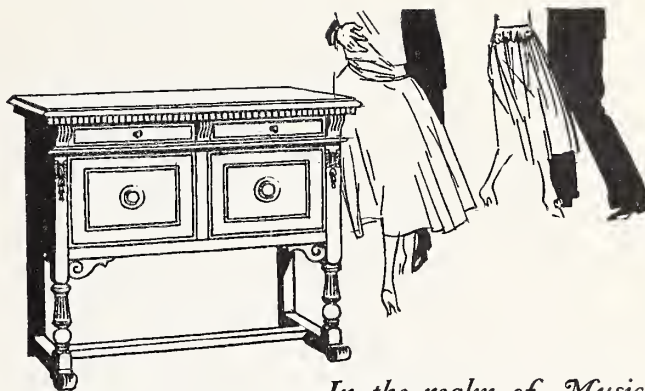
# Paulais

Confectauranteur

Not a cafe . . . nor a restaurant . . . nor yet a dining room, but a distinctive institution . . . a *confectaurant*, combining all that is artistic in atmosphere with unexcelled cuisine.

A Rendezvous for the Film Colony, where Sol Hoppi and his Hawaiians will play your favorite melodies at your request.

On Hollywood Boulevard  
at Las Palmas  
(Next to the Egyptian Theatre)



. . . . . In the realm of Music this unusual shop has carved a niche for itself that is outstanding.

. . . . Here music is combined with art to make it as enjoyable to the eye as to the ear.

. . . . Imported Art Cabinets for Phonographs and Radios, Victrolas and Radiolas, Victor Records and Chas. M. Stieff Pianos and other essentials to musical entertainment await your selection.



**RICHARDSON'S** INC  
*The Music Lovers' Shop*  
NOW~ at 730 West Seventh St.

## Nothing else will do

Constant uniformity, abundant latitude, ample speed, are the qualities that cinematographers demand of negative film—nothing else will do.

Superiority in all three qualities is the requirement at Kodak Park where Eastman Negative Film is made—here again nothing else will do.

**EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY**  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## ABOUT COSTUMES

ONE of the important adjuncts to motion pictures is that of the costume. Some of the studios in Hollywood have gone to the trouble and expense of collecting a vast array of costumes of different periods. This is particularly true of the Wardrobe Departments of Universal and Famous Players. Volumes could be written on the inadvisability of following their examples, because of not only the expense entailed, but because of the up-keep and care required after such purchases have been made.

We have long wanted to comment on this phase of the business editorially, for several reasons, but for some unaccountable reason we have not been able to bring ourselves up to it. We would like to have taken you on a pilgrimage through the home of the Western Costume Company, which, for so long a time, has supplied the industry with its costumes, with the few exceptions mentioned above. This Company has rendered a genuine service to the industry, besides gracing one of the main thoroughfares of Los Angeles with one of its finest commercial buildings. My good friends, Burns, who is President of the concern, and Gysin, who is Secretary and Treasurer, have given us, in the last few days, some amazing information regarding their enterprise, and these facts are worth while reprinting in THE DIRECTOR.

Did you ever stop to realize that twelve years ago the Western Costume Company occupied a floor space of but twenty by forty feet, and its investment represented an outlay of but five hundred dollars, while today the replacement value of its stock is rated at more than three million dollars? More than two hundred employees are on the payroll, most of whom are concerned chiefly in catering to the wants of the motion picture profession.

Their building is of the height-limit type and consists of eleven stories, with basement, totaling one hundred and eighty-eight thousand square feet of floor space devoted entirely to the manufacture of costumes. It is possible to drive one's car on an elevator within the building and be carried to the

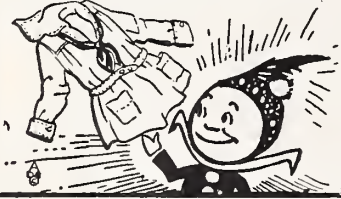
roof, where parking space is provided during the time your costume is being fitted.

It was interesting to note how our good friend, Burns, eulogized the qualities of his Oriental Rug Department, which is the largest west of Chicago, and most amazing was his comment on the fact that his firm had costumed more than ninety-five per cent of all costume pictures made in Hollywood during the past ten years. This, of course, was a tremendous task and had to be performed with the greatest degree of authenticity, which led to the formation of a Research Library, in order that Burns and his associates might not go wrong in any detail. This Research Department is available, at no cost whatsoever, to any of the studios.

Other departments are a Jewelry Setting and Plating Department, wherein swords and other such appurtenances are rehabilitated for future use. There is also a Shoe Department, a Leather Department for the manufacture of specially-built saddles, a Cabinet-Making Department and an Art Department.

We wish we could have given more space and a more intimate account of the vast work carried on by the Western Costume Company for the good of the motion picture industry. Perhaps we shall, at another date.

*Clean as sunlight!*



We Call For and Deliver

Phone GRanite 4221

ASK LITTLE BOY BRIGHT—  
HE'S RIGHT!

**PHELPS & PHELPS**  
**Snappy**  
CLEANERS & DYERS  
1742 HIGHLAND AVE  
HOLLYWOOD

**Behannesey's Art Studio**  
Interior Decorators

**Furniture      Draperies      Rugs**

*For Home Settings*  
—true to Art  
—true to Reality

THE vast stocks of our two stores offer a rich field from which to select fine furniture.

HERE you will find genuine co-operation from experts in every line of furnishings and decorating.

**Decorators Supreme**  
For the Home      For the Set.

501ly 3963      1122 North Western Avenue

## THE BARNSTORMER

*Continued from Page 20*

out at once and chased Johnnie down the road, but tripped, fell, and went to sleep in six inches of fine Arizona dust. I saw him next morning before he had a chance to clean up. He was sober, but a sight. The brown suit had shrunk until the bottoms of his trousers were higher than his socks; his sleeves were shortened almost to his elbows, and his shirt was showing below his vest, with mud caked all over him. He was looking for Torrence. Poor Johnnie may have meant well, but Joe never forgave him. Torrence was a great walker, and although the cars were free to us all, he would nearly always walk to and from the park.

During the fourth week the heat became unbearable, the thermometer showing 118 degrees for three days straight. Even then Johnny walked and won for himself a nice little sunstroke. He died after suffering terribly for several hours. The Phoenix undertakers are all for business. One, more enterprising than the rest, called on me long before Torrence's death and offered attractive inducements, but of course I refused to bargain for a funeral until the man in question was dead.

The women of the company were very kind and did all in their power for Johnnie before he died, and after his death they sold tickets for the benefit we gave to help bury him. The gamblers were especially generous and bought tickets in bunches. I had several good friends on the newspapers, but nearly lost my best one when our electrician charged the top wire on the theatre fence to keep the free list out at the benefit. This was done without my knowledge. Some boys who knew about it dared the newspaper man's son to take hold of the wire, and without hesitating the boy tried to reach the wire, but, being a little fellow, placed one hand on the water pipe to help him reach, and succeeded. His hand was frightfully burned—so badly, in fact, that the doctor at first said he would lose the use of it. The first I knew of it was when his mother called me on the phone and announced her intention of prosecuting me. I hurried to the father and succeeded in making a satisfactory explanation, so there was no prosecution. I am glad to be able to say that the boy did not lose the use of his hand.

About this time Mowrey came to me asking if I would object to his teaching swimming twice a week, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. I consented, but didn't care much for the idea. When I went by the bath-house a little later a big sign was in evidence reading, "PROFESSOR MOWREY WILL TEACH SWIMMING HERE MON., WED. AND FRI. EVENINGS AND TUES, AND SAT. AFTERNOONS." This was too much! Mowrey was even then in the water. I called him to the edge of the tank and told him he could teach every night and every day, as far as I was concerned, for he was through! He didn't seem

*Continued on Page 31*

## To the Members of the Motion Picture Directors' Association:

MANY of you are familiar with the course of training which this institution offers in the technique of screen-story writing. To those of you who are not, we should like to place in your possession, free of all charge or obligation on your part, our Library of Textbooks on the technique of the photoplay.

These books form the foundation of the Institute's one-year course in photoplay authorship, and compose the following volumes:

### FUNDAMENTALS OF CREATIVE WRITING

*By William David Ball*

A clear, simple exposition of the fundamentals underlying creative writing, with a concise explanation of their application and use in the creation and construction of modern fiction.

### TECHNIQUE OF THE PHOTOPLAY

(Sixth Revised Edition)

*By Frederick Palmer*

This book not only traces the technique of the photoplay back to the first motion picture ever made, but it traces the influence of the literature of all ages upon the photoplay, leading up to the latest and best methods of screen-play-writing in vogue today.

### REFERENCE SCENARIOS

This volume includes the detailed synopses and directors' working continuities of successful representative photoplays, with comprehensive analyses of each. Five produced photoplays, each of a different type, are analyzed for every detail of construction.

### REPRESENTATIVE PHOTOPLAYS

*Compiled by Scott O'Dell*

This volume contains the synopses of one hundred and four photoplays, representing the best productions of the last several years and giving examples of virtually every kind of story that has been presented on the screen. Each story has been carefully analyzed.

### AUTHOR'S PHOTOPLAY MANUAL

*By Frederick Palmer*

In this volume appear the thirty-six dramatic situations as they apply to the photoplay, with their various subdivisions; a studio dictionary covering the terms used in the nomenclature of the studios, as well as chapters on sources of story material, copyright, censorship, etc., etc.

The Institute's books are uniform in size and handsomely bound. They will make a creditable addition to your studio or private library.

It will afford us a distinct pleasure to send these books to the address indicated in the coupon below.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP,  
6362 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD,  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.



Please send me, free of charge and without obligation on my part, your Library of Textbooks on the Technique of the Photoplay. Deliver the books to the following address:

Member.....

Address.....

Address.....

## IMPRESSIONS OF REX

Continued from Page 18

bright day we happened upon Rex and Lady rubbing noses and flicking each other with short sharp jerks. Then in a casual sort of way she would place her head over his neck and whinny ever so quietly. His response to this was a quick getaway with Lady close at his heels. There followed more of this love-making in horse-language, until Lady was overwhelmed by Rex's ardent attentions. And from that time on he cared for her just as any lover cares for his sweetheart. Of course, all of this made it very much easier for us to accomplish some of the almost unthinkable scenes we have been so successful in placing on the screen. When Lady took a hand in the handling of Rex, generally we had little use for carrots.

Now that Rex and his sweetheart have terminated their last starring engagement, it may be interesting to note (*we call this to the attention of all the Censor Boards in the United States, and more especially to the attention of the Hon. Will H. Hays*), that scandal was rife while we were in the Northern Colorado woods. The proof of this is that within the next few weeks Lady will have a little baby. And its father is known all over the world as a moving picture actor, who hailed from Texas to come to Hollywood, and take his chance in strutting his stuff. His name is Rex.

## IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

Continued from Page 5

Verbal chastisement delivered by the paternal *Texarkana Texarkanian* (Ark.):

*The invention of the moving picture is one of the greatest boons to humanity of the age. It can be made one of the most potent factors for good. Will the decent and intelligent public aid it in becoming so? The Texarkanian would be glad to see some signs of this in Texarkana.*

Philosophical conclusions of the editor of the erudite *Fond Du Lac Commercial* (Wis.):

*We are getting good pictures, lots and lots of them, pictures that everyone can see without cringing and without shame. If occasionally we get one of a different type there is no use in criticizing the producers or the managers. A baker does not refuse to sell cake because bread is better for his customers. The picture producers are merchants; they will stock up on whatever goods their trade demands.*

Profound comments anent censorship from the learned *Fairfield Ledger-Journal* (Ia.):

*In a way a good deal of dishonest pretension to authority and public opinion is assumed by these organizations which take on a high sounding name, strike an attitude of virtue, and call loudly for the support of the people. They make loud noises that sound like a swamp full of bull-*

*frogs, but really haven't so many members as the noise indicates. . . . The most successful censorship of the movies is that brought to bear on the box office, and that is a matter not of lay but of the reform of the individual taste and moral standing. Mothers who furnish movie money can do a great deal toward it, and all movie fans can finish the job.*

It is easy to conclude from the excerpts printed above that the attitude of the country at large has changed considerably in its comment on motion pictures. There seems to be a wholesome appreciation of what many producers are trying to give their patrons in the way of screen entertainment, and there certainly seems to be a very genuine spirit of helpful co-operation on the part of the general public. This is cause for joy!

## From Mary Pickford to Allosaurus

Continued from Page 8

ago, the audience was "animal wise." There had been no abrupt transition; we had preserved an "animal unity" and that is what holds the picture together.

It is hard to believe, after seeing the picture, that the prehistoric animals occupy only a little over two reels of the 7000 feet in the film. After all, people are primarily interested in people. Audiences, as a rule, want to see the working out of a love story between a man and a girl. We kept these facts in mind and secured a superlative cast, even in this picture which we knew would be sure to interest audiences because of its novelty and the authenticity resulting from over seven years of continuous research work and nine months of actual filming. The success of the picture is due to the keeping of these facts in mind. It is not in a boastful spirit, nor with the idea of claiming the entire credit—because readers of THE DIRECTOR know the folly of such claim—but rather because it demonstrates the value of holding fast to these theories that I can reveal the exhibition value which has been placed upon "*The Lost World*." It amounts to five million dollars—the greatest gross ever laid out for any film in the entire history of motion pictures!

### Times Change

It is a far cry from the exhibition value of "*The New York Hat*" to "*The Lost World*," but the changes in technique, mechanical progress and all the rest of the wonderful improvements which have occurred in these sixteen years, are all relatively unimportant.

Today, as in 1909, pictures have one purpose: to tell the story entertainingly. The fulfilling of this function has always had certain fundamental laws, whether it was in the days of the classical drama,

Continued on Page 30



# THE LION COUNTRY

*Continued from Page 13*

Having gorged on a fresh kill, the lion never returns to it except in the case of extreme drought, or fire, as mentioned before. And in any case he knows that it is unlikely that he should find anything but bare bones left by hyenas and jackals that always follow in his wake and subsist on his abandoned "kill." If a man-killer had been driven to attack our camp, his first choice would have fallen upon one of our mules; the second would have been one of the black boys; and last of all, our own white flesh!

### *Mule Instinct*

The mules instinctively knew this, and had there been a pair of hungry lions in the neighborhood they would have been the first to get the scent and apprise us of the lions' proximity by shoving distended nostrils high into the air and then kicking at each other with low, nervous whinnies and eyes wide open with terror.

There would not have been the slightest noise from the lions, but once having located the mules, one lion would have stayed "upwind" as he was, while the other would make a detour in order to get "downwind" from the mules, in which direction he instinctively knew the mules would run, if in their fright they broke their halters and bolted. Thus in trying to avoid the scent of the lion which pur-

posely remained "upwind," the mule must run into the very jaws of its mate.

Above the trees the full moon rose into a sky in which the stars of the Southern Cross and its sister constellations gleamed like diamonds. We were at an altitude of something more than four thousand feet, and in an atmosphere very like that of Arizona and New Mexico. Winter was approaching (it was the end of May), and the night was very cold.

Johan called to one of the boys to bring the "shambok" (a whip consisting of a slight bamboo pole about twenty feet long, to the end of which is attached a thin strip of rhinoceros hide from thirty to forty feet in length).

Incidentally I may mention that an experienced driver of mule or ox-teams becomes so proficient in the use of this whip that he can flick a fly from even one of the leaders' backs, fifty feet ahead.

Holding the shambok in his hand, Johan administered to the boys a harangue regarding what would happen to them if they failed to waken to replenish the fires at every crack of his whip. The boys laughed at his similes, their white eyes and teeth gleaming like polished ivory in the flickering fire-light.

He explained to me that he had told the boys that "he wanted them to run so fast in replenishing the fires that the back part of their *mutchis* (a fur breech-clout that hangs in two pieces from their

## The Bank You Can Bank On.

### *Bond Department*

Specializing in High-grade  
Securities Yielding 6 to 7%  
Fully Tax Exempt.

The National City Bank  
of Los Angeles

### *Safe Deposit Department*

Strictly Modern Equipment  
Conveniently Located

8th, Spring & Main Sts.  
Los Angeles, California

## An Appreciation



## Los Angeles Biltmore

*"The Host of the Coast"*

JOHN MCENTEE BOWMAN, *President*  
JAMES WOODS, *Vice-President*  
CHARLES BAAD, *Manager*

loins) would stand out so straight behind them when they ran, that a bird could perch on it."

Fresh wood was piled on all the fires. Our woolen night helmets were adjusted and we lay down to rest. Johan slept almost immediately, and I lay thinking—I leave it to you, brother or sister tenderfoot, to judge the train of my thoughts.

The low musical clicks and clucks of the boys' conversation gradually lessened and finally died out, and one by one they dropped off to sleep.

There are no night birds at this time of year in Rhodesia, and except for Johan's low regular breathing, there was no sound other than the crunch, crunch of the mules' teeth as they munched their oats. Lying on my back, the Southern Cross seemed so near that I could almost pluck it from the sky. At last fatigue overcame me and placing my hand at the stock of my rifle, I dropped off to sleep.

#### All in a Dream

About two hours later, during which time I must have—in a dream or two—killed or had been attacked by at least a dozen lions, I was brought to a startled wakefulness and sitting-up position by a sharp crack of the *shambok*.

All five boys were on their feet instantly, and without a word they proceeded to lay fresh logs on the three fires.

Johan reassured me by quietly remarking, "It's all right, old chap, get to sleep, we must '*iuspau*' (break camp) at daybreak. We have a long, hard trek before we reach the next water-hole."

Twice more during the night the crack of the whip awakened me, and somnolently, I knew that the boys were again fixing the fires, but they did not disturb me. And when I finally awakened, a beautiful rose-tinted dawn was breaking. The cook-boy was gently shaking my shoulder with two of the few words of English he knew: a tin cup of freshly made coffee in his hand, and "*Coffee, Bass?*"

The second and third days of the trek were much like the first. We did a little shooting for the pot, bagging quail and a few sage hens, but did not stop long enough to try to stalk a *Buck*, as our purpose was not to hunt, but to arrive at the site of Major Wilson's last stand across the Shangani River.

On the fourth night, however, we camped on the banks of the Booby River-bed. Our water for that *outs Pau* being brought by the boys from one of the fairly numerous waterholes which comprised all that there was of the river at this season of the year.

It was the best water we had had since leaving Bulawayo, and from its clearness and temperature it was easily seen that the Booby continued to flow underground during the dry season.

As we had arrived fairly early in the afternoon, Johan opined that we might be able to put up a buck or two, so off we started, each carrying his rifle and followed by a boy with a shotgun for use if "game" birds should come our way.

#### The Iguana

These side trips were a delight to Susie, the Airedale, and she would run from one to the other of us and then off into the bush and down the steep sides of the twenty-foot river-bank. She had not been trained to the hunt, and we regretted not having left her in camp, as her short, sharp barks scared away any buck that might be in our vicinity.

She was walking by my side, about two hundred yards behind Johan and his boy, when we suddenly came upon a sleeping *Iguana* (a very large but harmless member of the lizard family). This reptile is much the shape of a crocodile and was about ten feet long, though he seemed to me nearer thirty, coming as I did unexpectedly upon him.

Suddenly awakened by our footsteps in the grass, we must have spotted each other at about the same time. Susie made for him and received for her trouble a swish of his tail that sent her spinning, while the *Iguana* scurried off through the grass, down over the almost perpendicular river-bank, through reeds and willows and into one of the larger water-holes, Susie after him.

This long, narrow water hole was perhaps a hundred and fifty by forty feet in area and the *Iguana* leaped in it with a dull plop, quickly hiding itself under the water. Johan had turned and had seen what was taking place, and thereupon gave a shout to the boys to keep the dog out of the water as it doubtless contained crocodiles.

We had a fearsome few moments for Susie, but finally succeeded in getting her out of the water and back up the bank.

The sudden fright that I had received knocked all desire for hunting out of me for that day, so we returned to camp.

That there was considerable big game around in the shape of water-buck, sable, etc., was evidenced by the fact that their fresh spoor (tracks) could be seen along the river-bed.

By the time we had returned to camp I was surprised to note that our triangular placed wood-piles were closer together than on former nights, and that a *scharem* was in the course of construction by the boys. (A *scharem* is a circular pile of freshly-cut branches from the *wacht eu beege*—"wait a minute bush"—a large, hearty growth having thorns shaped like a boat hook.) These branches were piled about seven feet high and represented a very considerable bit of hatchet work on the part of the boys.

An opening was left with sufficient cut branches to fill in the opening when all hands had got inside the circle.

#### Added Suspense

As dark began to settle Johan gave instructions to the boys to unpack one of the boxes that had not yet been opened. He had said nothing to me of

the purpose of the *scharem*, but I had learned that the information would be forthcoming over our pipes just before bedtime; so I withheld from asking.

The box contained half a dozen stoutly built lanterns with sockets for candles arranged inside adjustable globes. The candles were placed in these and lighted when it became dark. The lanterns were then hung at intervals between the three fires, and on branches that were inside the *scharem*.

When the boys had cleared away the supper dishes and we had settled down to a smoke, Johan remarked, "I don't want to make you nervous, Harold, but wherever water-buck are plentiful there are lions. I saw the spoor of a couple in the river-bed."

Then he explained the purpose of the *scharem*, and I easily deduced the fact that as three fires were considered necessary as a deterrent on former nights, the six extra candle lights would add to our security on this occasion.

This was the most uncomfortable night I spent on the journey. The episode of the *Iguana* that afternoon was so unexpected and such an unusual event in the life of a city bred man, that it had left my nerves on edge and I confess that my expectation of getting but little sleep that night was fully realized. I got none at all!

Our head driver was skilled in the use of firearms. Until tonight the five boys had been sleeping by the one fire, probably for conversational purposes, but tonight the head driver, armed with a rifle, and accompanied by one of the other boys, made their beds by the third fire, thus providing men for each of the three fires. The other boys were armed with their *assegais* and *knobkerries* (spears and wooden clubs). Johan had not spoken a word to them about the proximity of lions, but those black boys knew their Rhodesia and *they knew lions*.

After dinner the conversation at all three firesides was subdued and monosyllabic. The mules in their usual place, heads pointed outwards from the center of the triangle, were securely haltered to the canvas feed trench, but were not feeding with their customary relish. Their nervousness, however, did not reach a high pitch until about midnight. Johan, realizing that I was not able to sleep, courteously remained awake and we quietly regaled each other with stories of our various peregrinations in various parts of the world, he, too, having been somewhat of a traveler.

He was in the midst of telling me of our late President Roosevelt's preparations for his African hunt, and how he, Johan, who happened to be passing through Washington at that time, was called in by "Teddy" and asked to look over his firearms and make any suggestions that might be useful, when one of the mules gave vent to a terrified scream and kicked viciously at his neighbor, who in turn squealed nervously.

Every man of us got to his feet quickly, guns and

## ORDER BY PHONE

[HEmpstead 5301]

That special dish you have been craving but haven't known just where to get, and you will find it waiting for you at

### THE SUNSET

6751 Sunset Boulevard at McCadden Pl.

Breakfasts Luncheons Dinners  
Sunday Morning Breakfasts until 11 a. m.

Under New Management

## Ray Len Hotel

6685 Hollywood Boulevard  
Phone GRanite 4884

Professional Rates to Professional People  
Transient and Permanent Patronage Solicited

## G O E R Z

### NEGATIVE RAW STOCK Is the Rage at the North Pole

Both Arctic Expeditions—Ronald Amundsen  
and Donald B. MacMillan—Are Carrying  
It Exclusively.

Sole Distributors

FISH-SCHURMAN CORPORATION  
45 West 45th St. 6331 Santa Monica Blvd.  
NEW YORK, N. Y. LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
Telephone GRanite 5451

## REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT

By the Sanitas Bergonie Method.  
You rest while your weight disappears.

MRS S. A. KRUMBHOLZ, R. N.

VAndike 9842

807 Brack Shops, Los Angeles

Established 9 years

## Winfield-Kerner Studio Lighting Equipment

FACTORY  
323-27 E. 6TH ST.,  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
Phone VA. 6211

SUCCESSFULLY USED BY ALL MOTION PICTURE  
PRODUCTION COMPANIES ON THE PACIFIC COAST

AL DEBUS, Los Angeles County Distributor

HOLLYWOOD OFFICE  
1072 N. Wilton Place  
Phones:  
GRanite 9601 GRanite 9402

*assegais* ready.

Suddenly out of the black density of the bush came a mighty roar, the vibrations of which I was sure that I felt in the earth beneath my feet. The boys rushed quickly to the mules and tried to quiet them, when another tremendous roar sounded on the still air. It seemed to me to come from a source not more than twenty feet outside the *scharem*, and I am not ashamed to state that if hairs ever stand on end, mine did at that moment, *each individual one of them!* I couldn't have hit a charging lion if he had been as big as three elephants.

All of the above happened within twenty seconds, and, realizing that the mules were so terror-stricken that they would probably stampede, Johan only took a second to say to me: "It's all right, Harold; there will be no attack tonight. *That lion's belly is full.* Rest easy." And then he hurried to the kicking and squealing mules to assist the boys in controlling them.

Perhaps ten minutes had passed before we heard another roar. This time it was from the opposite side of the camp and plainly further away, but unmistakably from the throat of the same lion. We had replenished all of the fires, and the mules gradually quieted at the reassuring clucks of the boys and Johan's soothing voice and petting.

At the end of another half hour Leo's roars ceased and we again settled down to our firesides, Johan and I taking a long pull from our flasks. I mention that mine was an especially long pull. He then gave each of the boys a peg of "*dop*" (a cheap South African brandy that is always carried for the use of natives in case of emergency, but which it is against the law to give them under ordinary circumstances).

When we had settled down Johan said: "A wild lion never roars when he is hungry and stalking his food. It must be apparent to you at once that every buck for a mile around leaped off into the bush at that first roar, and that it would have been impos-

sible for the fastest lion to have overtaken one. That lion had made its kill several hours ago and gorged himself as a fat man does at Thanksgiving Time. Those roars were equivalent to the fat man's stretch and deep satisfied yawn before stretching out for forty winks, after perhaps a too hearty meal."

This explanation was very edifying and "all very fine and large," but as for sleep for the remainder of that night, I ask you, brother, what would you have done?

### From Mary Pickford to Allosaurus

*Continued from Page 18*

the wandering minstrel, the Shakespearean theatre or the cinema. The dramatic unities must be observed and every effect must have its preceding cause.

My own dramatic bible declares that a story consists of characters, action and plot—setting, style and spirit. It is a logical chain—you start with your people, they do something and immediately a plot is born. The plot exists within a setting, the manner of telling the story is its style, and a certain spirit must pervade the narration if it is at all distinctive, and it must be distinctive to be interesting. Until recently, we have concentrated on the first trio; we are just now starting, it seems to me, to put thought as well as money into our settings, and we have begun to develop a few stylists among our directors—even though, as yet, they may be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

There is no doubt that we have accomplished more within twenty years than any other art has done in a comparative period many times that number, and it will not be long now before all our pictures will embody all of these essentials for the best dramatic narration. And then, just as surely as we have progressed from infancy to adolescence, the motion picture will take its place among the adult arts.

This community enterprise is not only patronized by the picture folk,  
but is in a great measure owned and controlled by them.

**COMMUNITY LAUNDRY, Inc.**

Holly 2538

1001 McCadden Place

# HOLLYWOOD STATIONERY CORPORATION

: : COMMERCIAL AND SOCIETY STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS : :

6365 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

HE. 7886

## THE BARNSTORMER

*Continued from Page 25*

to care and went back to his swimming. I hired a new actor, who had been working in the mines, named Jean De Lacey, to take John Torrence's place. Later he joined T. Daniel Frawley.

Business did not improve and the company began to wonder if they were ever going to get back home. They didn't know that I had \$160. One of the boys told me on the quiet that Dan Crouse touched his folks for \$50 and was going to "jump the show," and wanted to know what I was going to do about it. Knowing that he would tell the others, I informed him that when Crouse jumped I would take the next train myself; that I was ready and anxious to stay with them as long as they held together, but as soon as one went, my wife and I would be the next to go. Crouse stayed on. I heard later that one of the boys told him that he heard me say that I'd "beat him up" if he dared to try to jump.

Business got worse. We never reached the second week's mark of \$260, and "getting up" in two shows a week, rehearsals every day, with the thermometer showing steadily around 118 degrees, was enough to discourage anyone. The shows really were poor. I think the people that did attend came out of friendliness. Someone advised me that I would make some money in Nogales. I thought it over. I had money enough to jump to Nogales, but not enough to carry us to San Francisco, or even Los Angeles, so I decided to follow the tip and, after six weeks in Phoenix, jumped the show to Nogales. The good people of that town refused to become excited. I guess it was too warm. Anyway, the first night's receipts were only \$60, of which 75 per cent was mine, but I didn't even receive the \$45, because Mowrey, whom I had persuaded to rejoin me as advance man, had drawn \$20; so I only had \$25 coming to me. Tuesday and Wednesday were about the same. We lost Thursday, as the Circuit Judge who was using the theatre as a court decided to

hold a night session. Mr. Marsh told me of a pot of money to be made in Mexico at a mining town called La Colorado. I was enthused over that and immediately got in touch with the Mexican manager, M. Quiros, who enthusiastically agreed to my terms—75 per cent of the gross, and volunteered to get out all the advertising, assuring me that no advance man was necessary. "He would see that every one knew we were coming. Send on plenty of paper. Business will be enormous."

Thank God! We were going to get hold of some money at last. It was mighty scarce with me just then. As Quiros would attend to the advertising in Mexico, I prepared to send Mowrey to Bisbee, where we were to play after Mexico. I gave him two bundles of paper, his railroad ticket, and \$5 for incidentals. As usual, he was to let his hotel bill run until we reached town. As \$5 was a lot of money right then, I admonished him to be careful. As he had a sixth working interest in the show, I thought I had a right to expect him to nurse our little money the same as I was doing. He took charge of the bundles of paper and assure me of great results. With that I left him and returned to my room. It was a hot night and my wife asked me to get her a lemonade, so I went to the saloon directly across the street from where we lived. On opening the door, I stumbled across the bundles of advertising paper I had just given Mowrey, lying on the floor, and Mowrey not in evidence. Naturally I was angry. I bought the lemonade, and as I was going upstairs met Mowrey coming down with two of the girls of the company. I spoke to him about the paper and he promised to remove it from the saloon at once. I was in a bad humor and I thought he was going to spend the big five I had just given him. When I took the glass back I noticed the paper had not been removed, but simply placed against the wall. As I came out one of my actors, who was somewhat partial to one of the girls with Mowrey, stopped me to say that Mowrey was in a saloon across the street with the girls. I doubted this, but

*Continued on Page 33*



## FIDELITY MOTORS

5850 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

Hollywood 0750



## AUTO LOANS

**Do You Know?**

That my rate is cheaper and my method handier to you for individual loans. Contracts refinanced, private sales financed, etc. Phone me personally and I will call at your home, making all arrangements there. Your business held strictly confidential.

**CHAS. A. KITLEY**

Phone GRanite 0596

**5401 Hollywood Boulevard**

### THUNDERING SILENCE

*Continued from Page 14*

seemingly impossible things. No wonder most of the books he had read were uninteresting and trashy.

But, who killed John Morgan? . . . and why? Morgan had admitted that he had found the woman he loved, during the two years of his wanderings. Perhaps she was married. If so, it was very logical to conclude that her husband had learned of the affair and had trailed Morgan to his home with the avowed intention of killing him. Again, it might have been someone who had cherished a hatred against the clubman for a long time: someone who believed he had been cheated in a business deal, and it had preyed on his mind so long that eventually, in a fit of terrible anger, he had come to the house to collect his vengeance. If this was true, it must have been some time previous to the past two years, for never once during the two years that he had played his strange role had he committed one act which would have an unpleasant effect upon the reputation of the man who had loaned him his name. If there was cause for such a thing it must have come from some action of Morgan's in the past.

Again, the motive might have been robbery. But that seemed quite remote. He recalled that nothing in the library was touched. The box, containing the money, was on the library table when he came back into the room: apparently where Morgan had left it. There was no evidence of a struggle having taken place during his short absence. Everything was in perfect order, and the only change in the scene was that a man who had been alive a few moments before was now lying dead on the floor with a bad hole in his head.

For obvious reasons he had not taken the money with him. In the first place, he was not particularly fond of wealth. He was not one of those creatures who are everlastingly striving to make a dollar, and who, in their mad rush to obtain it, will step all over and crush their fellow-men. No, he was not one of

that kind. There had been moments in his life when he hated money. But, as he now reflected, he realized those were usually the times when he needed it most. True, he had saved a considerable portion of the money he had made during the past two years. He would have been a fool not to have done so. But, it was only a few thousand dollars, or just enough to prevent extreme suffering in the future. It was not in any bank. He hated banks . . . always had hated them. If a man wants to save, and is really and truly serious in his desire to do so, he can do it without any outside encouragement. Most men were like children: they have to be promised a stick of candy in order to insure the desired results. True, but it's a pity it is true.

No, robbery could not have been the motive for the murder of John Morgan. However, he suddenly realized that the newspaper accounts of the tragedy made no mention of the \$150,000. Where was that money? Were the police keeping the finding of this money a secret purposely? If so, why? He was more inclined to believe that the police never found the money. Perhaps it had been stolen by one of the servants after he left the house. Regardless of where it was, or what had happened to it, he must remain silent. No matter what transpired in the future, Howard Chapin would not be able to speak. Any word from him would create a disturbance, the result of which he almost feared to contemplate, so tremendous would be its scope. It would hit her. And it would badly injure her. That would never do. He must protect her, at all costs. At such times it is always the innocent ones who suffer with the guilty. She must not suffer. As far as she is concerned, John Morgan committed suicide. Why he did it is something which will have to be left to conjecture. It's none of the public's business if a man chooses to end his brief and miserable existence. He has a right to do with his own life as he sees fit. And, why he did it, should be none of its concern.

He had made a poor attempt to solve the mystery, in a cautious way, so as to avoid meeting the police,

Unexcelled  
Service  
and Quality

**Chester Bennett Film Laboratories**

6363 SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD

*Individuality Maintained*

PHONE  
HEmpstead  
4154

and had been unsuccessful. If Claudia Carlstedt had come here, as he supposed she would do, he might have learned something of interest. But she didn't, and that's all there is to that. To-morrow he would slip out of town as quietly and unnoticed as he had come into it two years before, and the death of John Morgan would remain, indelibly written in the history of local affairs, as a suicide.

Chapin had been so engrossed in his reverie that he failed to notice a messenger boy who had just entered the hotel and delivered a telegram to the clerk. The clerk signed for it and then took it over and handed it to Chapin. The latter was in the act of lighting a cigarette, and dropped the match to the floor as he received the message and studied it with considerable surprise. He glanced at the envelope. It was addressed to him, and he opened it calmly and read its contents. It was a very brief message, dated a short time before, and said:

Please come to the Morgan residence when you receive this.

MRS. JOHN MORGAN.

He studied it a moment, and frowned as he looked up thoughtfully. Then he read it again, after which he rose and left the hotel, and started down the street. A few minutes later he hailed a "Vacant" taxicab. He entered it, and the car swung around and started towards the Wilshire district.

*(Continued in August issue)*

---

## THE BARNSTORMER

*Continued from Page 31*

my informant was insistent and finally persuaded me to go with him so that he might prove he was right.

We found the saloon doors locked, but as there was fully half an inch of space between the doors, I had no trouble in looking in. Sure enough, there were the girls standing on the bar rail with Mowrey, and a bartender behind the bar serving drinks.

I rattled the door. My actor informant ran away with a fine burst of speed. The bartender came to the door and informed me that the saloon was closed for the night, but I insisted on talking to Mowrey. That gentleman came out at once and I fired him absolutely. I told him the \$5 and his return ticket to Phoenix, which he already had, was all he would get, and he was through. Then I went back to the hotel, closely followed by the two girls, who very shortly called me to their room, which was right next to mine, and begged so hard for Mowrey that one of them kissed me on the cheek. My wife saw this through the keyhole and wasn't pleased. However, I promised that I would at least talk to him. I returned to my own room and a little later went downstairs and over to the saloon across the street.

The bartender, who was on the sidewalk, spoke to me, but I was an indifferent listener, as I was trying to make up my mind what to do. Just then Mowrey came out of the saloon across from us with the rival bartender. There was considerable loud talk, and someone was being called some pretty nasty names. My bartender wanted to know if Mowrey was referring to me. There was no mistaking it. He was, for just at that moment he was telling how he had arrived in Phoenix with 30 cents in his pocket, which was worse than casting doubts on my ancestry, which he had been doing, as I gave him \$7 for train expenses and had allowed him to draw almost a seventh of my bank roll. He had used a sleeper each night and had eaten his meals in the diner, while the rest of us had eaten at the stations and slept in the day coach.

I think there must have been some feeling between these two saloons, as my bartender urged me to take a punch at Mowrey, who was fast increasing his personal abuse of me, and upon hearing myself called an ultra vile name, I hurried across the street and caught Mr. Mowrey on the jaw with each hand. Instead of putting up an argument, as I expected, he took what he got and whimpered. I was sorry as well as disgusted, but in the morning he was again back on the job and on his way to Bisbee.

*(Continued in August issue)*

**UNO**  
TRADE MARK

**INTERNATIONAL KINEMA RESEARCH**  
CORPORATION

HEMPSTEAD 8761      HOLLYWOOD SECURITY BLDG.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN  
RESEARCH PHOTOGRAPHS  
(MODERN - HISTORICAL)

FOREIGN TECHNICAL EXPERTS

INSERT MATERIAL

Wm. Horsley  
Film Laboratories, Inc.  
6060 Sunset Boulevard  
Hollywood, Cal.  
Hollywood 7120

## THE NIGHT BRIDE

*Continued from Page 22*

Meanwhile, Stanley was burning the midnight oil, as the light in his window proclaimed. His editorials were pithy, constructive and brilliantly written. He bought new type, installed new presses and had the office painted anew.

The paper's circulation almost doubled over night. He was a born organizer.

Cal Dobbins watched the transformation take place and marveled. He also rejoiced.

The friends of the young editor who once remarked that he slung a mean pen, were alibied.

Walsh heard the rumbling of the tornado in the distance. As various pet schemes of his were exposed in scathing terms, that usually suave and lordly banker gradually became a choleric, irritable man.

Each morning, as he ripped open the Daily Eagle to see what that young snip had written about him, his coffee would cool, his neck redden and his gorge rise. To heap fuel on the fire, he had read a comprehensive report on the wealth, character and standing of the Warrington family.

It was a sweet document.

Mrs. Stockton, all unconscious of the prize plum that dangled so near to her social orchard, was engrossed in the production details of her Greek tragedy.

A colonnade of Corinthian columns and entablatures was being erected on the Stockton lawn. True,

a stout whack with a hammer would bring the structure down in ruins, but by the light of a full moon the effect would be a palace of marble, fit for a king.

Here a Trojan General, whose soldiers had sacked the city, and made prisoners of its people, would hold high revel.

Cynthia, a Greek slave pleases the Trojan's eyes. He grants her a wish, which is the freedom of her youthful brother, who is given a horse to ride back to his army. In exchange, the beautiful slave girl promises the Trojan her love. She dances for him, lures and cajoles him, meanwhile plying him with wine. Then she stabs him and leaps from the parapet with a death cry of vengeance accomplished.

In brief, this was the plot of Bill Dobbins' play.

As for the real Cynthia, she had given Stanley Warrington up as a bad job. To her he was an atom, the smallest particle of an element which can exist.

She had seen him once or twice as she whizzed by in her car—she made it a point to whizz when she passed the Ogre's castle. Their eyes had met, he had nodded and touched his cap, but that was all.

Each time this had happened her heat mounted. She could not forget, and she would not forgive.

And so matters drifted on for a time.

A table in Minerva's suite of rooms was piled high with invitations, ready to be mailed. The names had been checked from a carefully expurgated list.

Cynthia picked up the enrollment of lucky ones and casually scanned it. Her eyes drifted to the W's.

*Just negative developing  
and daily print*

THAT IS OUR JOB AND  
WE DO IT VERY WELL

ROY DAVIDGE FILM  
LABORATORIES

6701 Santa Monica Boulevard

HOLLY 1944



The name of Warrington was conspicuously absent.

"And why not?" she thought, with a frown.

Tossing the list aside she was about to leave the room, when she stiffened a little, spurred by an idea.

A mischievous line formed between her eyes as they narrowed in thought.

Hastily addressing a loose envelope she enclosed an invitation, sealed it, and slipped it into the center of one of the pyramids. That done she drew a deep breath relative to a sigh, and hurried out.

In the hallway she paused, . . . what she had done was an affront to her pride. It was like turning the other cheek for another slap. Angered at this evidence of weakness she was inclined to go back and destroy the envelope; but the spirit of the angler, who patiently whips a fly in the trout pool, urged her to let matters take their course.

When Stanley ripped open the envelope and read the engraved invitation, requesting the pleasure of his presence in honor of Miss Cynthia Stockton's birthday fete, he sniffed in disdain and dropped the missive into the waste basket.

Biggles, watching him suspiciously, smiled and nodded his approval. They were running true to form.

But later, after he had left the room, his lord and master looked about him guiltily, stooped and retrieved the folded sheet, read it a second time, and carefully stuck it in the drawer of his desk.

Speaking in the vernacular—it's a tough job combatting the call of youth.

The elements were kind to Minerva. A harvest moon hung low in the heavens as if placed there especially to lend its silver rays to the mise en scene of that lady's crowning achievement.

An orchestra, strong in cymbals and brass, gave melodic tone to the picture. A hundred or more

guests settled themselves in their seats with bated breath.

Silence fell, the curtains parted and the story of the play was in its unfolding.

This being a plot unto itself, we can touch lightly upon it. Our concern being chiefly about those connected with it.

Cynthia's glory as a slave girl, the clever rendition of her lines, and the consummate acting in her death scene, brought thunders of applause. The other Thespians, drawn from the ranks of amateurs, acquitted themselves nobly.

Walsh quivered. He fairly ached to reach out and hold her in his arms.

Minerva wept for pure joy.

Her husband was proud, but worried. He was thinking of the avalanche of bills that would swamp him.

As for Cal Dobbins, he proudly proclaimed his boy Bill, the coming dramatist of the future.

Cynthia, fairly swamped with congratulations, threw a cloak over her flimsy costume and hurried towards the house. By way of a short cut she turned into a graveled walk, edged on each side by a high box hedge. The moon was just passing behind a cloud.

Thinking only of the joy of her success she failed to observe the figure of a man hovering in the shadows until her soft body collided and rebounded from the impact.

A smothered grunt, as the man released her from his clasp, echoed her suppressed scream of surprise.

Then the moon, arch conspirator, popped out from behind the cloud, turning on its flood lights in full candlepower. Cynthia looked up and recognized—Stanley Warrington.

Bareheaded and in his knickers it was plain to be seen he was not there as a guest. The shock of

## A Cordial Invitation

*is extended to our many friends in the motion picture industry to visit our new establishment where your satisfaction is our success.*

M. C. FREEMAN

S. D. MILLS

## Alpha Floral Co.

5568 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD  
(At Hollywood and St. Andrews Place)

*Decorations  
for every occasion*

PHONE HEMPSTEAD 5606

<b>HUNGARIAN INN</b>	Real Hungarian Cook- ing served amid home- like surroundings and supervised personally by Mrs. B. Crow. Sun- day Duck and Chicken Dinners a Specialty.
	6058 Hollywood Blvd. HEmpstead 0083

<b>C</b>	reco G. E. Suns
<b>R</b>	otary G. E. Spots
<b>E</b>	fficient Twins
<b>C</b>	reco Domes
<b>O</b>	verhead Scoops
<b>WE GIVE SERVICE</b>	
<b>Rental—Sales—Manufacturing under one roof</b>	
CRECO BUILDING	923 COLE AVENUE

she gasped. "It's you!"

Stanley was lost for words as his wits fled in the sudden meeting over she found her voice. "Oh," search of a suitable explanation for his presence there. He felt like a boy caught with his fingers in the jam pot. But his wits came flying back with a nice, plausible excuse.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, taking resolution. "I—er—the fact is—I was searching for my dog."

That was what Bill Dobbins would have termed—a pippin.

Up to that instant his eyes had not left hers. But a beautifully formed girl in scanty attire will draw any man's gaze. His eyes lowered and took their fill. In dismay she drew back, realizing that her cloak had fallen to the ground. He stopped to pick it up, his horn-rimmed glasses nearly flopping off his nose. After he had draped it about her shoulders there fell a brief pause, each waiting for the other to break the silence.

It was Stanley's next move—and he knew it. What could be more appropriate than whistling for the dog he had lost. He proceeded to do so.

Cynthia's eyes gleamed in merriment. She saw through it all. He had secretly come to see her, this handsome young woman-hater. Her heart bounded in exultation at this latent tribute to her charms. Her pride was redeemed.

In proof positive that her conclusions were correct, from across the valley came the deep baying of Hector. Chained to his kennel he was evidently saluting the moon.

Stanley's whistle died on his lips. But he was resourceful.

"Ah," he exclaimed as if the search were ended. "He's evidently gone home. Sorry if I troubled

you." Bowing slightly he disappeared into the background of night.

Turing from the graveled walk into the driveway, he paused, as the soft music of a girl's laughter wafted towards him. It told him in a language plainer than words, that she knew him to be a fraud. Digging his hands into his pockets he trudged on, mentally kicking himself for being such a silly ass.

But the memory of a beautiful slave girl, held close in his arms for a brief duration, was something worth treasuring.

END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT

## PUBLICITY, a La Mode

*Continued from Page 15*

to be quoted as an intellectual." Truth is, the man is an intellectual first and a great actor last. And that's my point. Put the something that *is* the person into your articles.

The motion picture people are absolutely at the mercy of the publicity writers. Often they are not even consulted as to what they like or don't like, what they think, and what causes them to think that way.

There is three times the publicity written about motion pictures that there is about the legitimate stage, and still there isn't a nth of the truth in comparison. People who read the magazines have long ago passed out of the stage when they want fairy stories in such quantities.

What the solution is I personally cannot say. But it seems to me if I were a star I would assume the privilege of adding to or deleting from the stories written about me: not let a lot of hack writers punch out stuff that puts across their ideas of after dinner sweets.

# THE DIRECTOR

*Official Publication of the Motion Picture Directors Association*

1925 NORTH WILCOX AVENUE

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

TELEPHONE HEMPSTEAD 8227

I hereby subscribe for THE DIRECTOR for the period of one year (12 months) for the total sum of \$3.00 per year, starting with.....issue, 19.....

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

DATE..... CITY.....

MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO "THE DIRECTOR"

# Motion Picture Directors Association

1925 N. Wilcox Avenue  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

CLARENCE BADGER  
WM. KING BAGGOTT  
REGINALD BARKER  
FRANK BEAL  
WILLIAM BEAUDINE  
CHESTER BENNETT  
WILLIAM BERTRAM  
COM. J. STUART BLACKTON  
JOHN G. BLYSTONE  
FRANK BORZAGE  
COLIN CAMPBELL  
MAURICE CAMPBELL  
EDWIN CAREWE  
LOUIS WM. CHAUDET  
ROY S. CLEMENTS  
EDDIE F. CLINE  
FRANK COOLEY  
GEORGE L. COX  
IRVING CUMMINGS  
WM. ROBERT DALY  
JOSEPH DEGRASSE  
WILLIAM DUNCAN  
REAVES EASON  
FERDINAND EARLE  
WILLIAM P. S. EARLE  
DALLAS FITZGERALD  
HARRY L. FRANKLIN  
SIDNEY A. FRANKLYN  
DOUGLAS GERRARD  
CHARLES GIBLYN

JAMES GORDON  
ALFRED E. GREEN  
VICTOR HEERMAN  
JOSEPH E. HENABERY  
AL HERMAN  
JEAN HERSHOLT  
GEORGE HILL  
E. MASON HOPPER  
JAMES W. HORNE  
JAY HUNT  
REX INGRAM  
FRED JACKMAN  
GEORGE JESKE  
FRED A. KELSEY  
ERLE C. KENTON  
HENRY KING  
EDWARD LAEMMLE  
ROWLAND VANCE LEE  
ED. J. LESAINTE  
EDDIE LYONS  
MURDOCK J. MACQUARRIE  
NORVAL MACGREGOR  
HENRY MACRAE  
GEORGE MARSHALL  
ROBERT MCGOWAN  
GEORGE MELFORD  
HOWARD M. MITCHELL  
FRED. NEWMAYER  
FRED NIBLO  
GLEN BEHYMER (*Attorney*)

WILFRED NORTH  
HENRY W. OTTO  
WILLIAM PARKE  
CHARLES J. PARROTT  
PAUL POWELL  
FRANCIS J. POWERS  
LEN POWERS  
ALBERT RAY  
GEORGE E. REEHM  
LYNN F. REYNOLDS  
THOMAS V. RICKETTS  
PHIL ROSEN  
ALBERT E. RUSSELL  
WILLIAM RUSSELL  
AL SANTELL  
GEORGE L. SARGENT  
EDWARD M. SEDGWICK  
WILLIAM SEITER  
LAWRENCE SEMON  
HAROLD SHAW  
H. SCOTT SIDNEY  
EDWARD SLOMAN  
FREDERIC SULLIVAN  
SAM TAYLOR  
NORMAN TAUROG  
MAURICE TOURNEUR  
PERRY VEKROFF  
KING VIDOR  
WALLACE WORSLEY  
WILLIAM WORTHINGTON  
JAMES YOUNG

## NEW YORK MEMBERS

234 West 55th Street

JOHN G. ADOLFI  
GEO. ARCHAINBAUD  
CHAS. J. BRABIN  
KEENAN BUELL  
WELSTER CAMPBELL  
ALLAN CROSLAND  
EMILE CHAUTARD  
J. SEARLE DAWLEY  
FRANK P. DONOVAN  
J. GORDON EDWARDES  
WILLIAM F. HADDOCK  
JOHN J. HARVEY  
HOBART HENLEY  
EDWIN L. HOLLYWOOD

JOHN E. INCE  
GEO. H. IRVING  
BURTON KING  
HARLEY KNOLES  
O. A. C. LUND  
ASHLEY MILLER  
CHARLES MILLER  
CHARLES MAIGNE  
HARRY MILLARDE  
JOHN W. NOBLE  
SIDNEY OLCOTT  
LEONCE PERRET  
JOSEPH A. RICHMOND  
E. M. SIMPSON (*Attorney*)

JOHN S. ROBERTSON  
WESLEY RUGGLES  
PAUL SCARDON  
GEORGE B. SEITZ  
TOM TERRISS  
S. E. V. TAYLOR  
AUGUSTUS THOMAS  
TRAVERS VALE  
WALLY VAN  
ROBERT G. VIGNOLA  
JAMES VINCENT  
KENNETH WEBB  
C. JAY WILLIAMS



Dalwood  
HOLLYWOOD PICTURE  
CALIFORNIA



Hunt Stromberg Productions  
PRODUCING AT HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS  
Hollywood, California

May 18 1925

Mr. H. F. Boeger,  
Mitchell Camera Co.,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Boeger-

The Mitchell camera is an indispensable addition to the ever increasing efficiency of motion picture production.

The camera has many laudatory advantages. The one by which the turning of a lever adapts it to scenes without shifting, is a remarkable time saver and pays for itself through this device alone, many times over. The Mitchell speeds production in many other ways.

Incidentally I might add that the Mitchell camera lessens the work of the photographer, makes his efforts more certain of good results and reduces the apprehensions of the director as to whether effective pictures are being taken.

It is the best camera I have used. I am now shooting Harry Carey in "Bad Lands" with it and will use it in other forthcoming productions.

Sincerely yours

Tom Forman



Scanned from the collection of  
Margaret Herrick Library  
Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

Coordinated by the  
Media History Digital Library  
[www.mediahistoryproject.org](http://www.mediahistoryproject.org)

Funded by a donation from  
Columbia University Libraries