

# The Daily Movie Magazine

## CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

### The Peppy Little Grand Old Man of the Movies

ASK almost any fan who the "grand old man" of the screen is and the answer will be wrong. Out of a thousand people probably half would name Theodore Roberts and the other half William Feguson.

But there is one film actor, not so prominent, perhaps, but quite well known to all of you, who was an experienced professional entertainer. He is Theodore Roberts and the other half William Feguson.

You'd be simply astonished if you could see—and hear—this peppy old fellow at work in a big scene in a studio. You wouldn't believe that he had passed his eightieth birthday. He looks and sounds fit and ready to lick his weight in postage stamps.

One day last week I was watching a dramatic scene being filmed in the big Fox studios in New York. The actors and directors were having a hard time paying attention to their work because of a lusty voice that came shouting down from the far end of the immense studio and, in spite of the huge dimensions of the place, simply filled every nook and corner and reverberated until you couldn't hear yourself think.

The emotional scene had to be stopped for a while. The director cursed under his breath, waved his hands helplessly toward that far corner from which the voice came and sat down to wait until the noise subsided.

And still the leather-lunged chap at the end shouted, "One seventy-five I am bid—one seventy-five—once—twice—three times and gone—to the old party with the long white whiskers."

FROM the sound of the voice, I judged that the actor must be some husky young chap with a deep chest and all the energy of youth exploding through his throat. I walked over to the set from which it came and found Director Harry Millard ordering his crowd to rehearse the scene again. And I discovered that the actor was the famous locomotive voice was none other than eighty-year-old "Dad" Evans.

LAST time I saw Dad he was out at Hollywood. He used to play the country store-keeper in some of the early Tonerville Trolley comedies. He's a little bit of a chap, only five feet two inches tall and weighing 110 pounds and no ounces even after Thanksgiving dinner.

He gravitated over to New York and joined the Fox forces and now they wouldn't let him go in spite of the scrapes he manages to get himself into.

Dad is inimitable in his particular style of rustic character work. He looks like a miniature edition of Uncle Sam, with long, white hair and a long white tuft of chin whisker—and both hair and chin whisker go to bed and get up with him. He didn't buy them in a store; they grew just where they are now.

The scrapes he gets himself into are due mostly to the fact that it makes him fighting mad to be treated like an old man and talked to as though he couldn't "come back."

Not long ago Charles J. Brabin had just started a special production called "Footfalls." Dad was engaged for an important comedy character. He was pushed two days, but on the third morning he was missing.

The scene could not go on and Brabin sent an assistant to the phone to call up Dad's house. There it was learned he had been arrested the night before and was in a police station. The station was reached and the desk sergeant was induced to let the old man come to the phone.

"What's the matter with you?" the assistant director inquired.

"Oh, just got pinched for fighting," replied Dad. "It won't amount to much."

"Fighting? What for?"

"Oh, conductor got too fresh and I had to whale 'em—out of him. He got in a little while."

And he was. That afternoon he showed up at the studio vowing he would let no tin-horn sport put anything over on him.

BUT sometimes he is the despair of directors. In this present picture, in which he plays a country auctioneer, it is perfectly useless to ask him to tone down his voice so that the people at the other end of the studio can go on with their emotional drama. Tone down? No, sir; not for Dad. He's playing an auctioneer, and who ever heard of a country auctioneer who says "tuned down?"

IN "FOOTFALLS" he had a dance to do in the shop of a blind cobbler. Several other men also danced to entertain the cobbler. In the picture the dog of the blind man is supposed to be jealous, and runs out and bites the legs of the merry-makers.

Every one of them stopped short when the dog began snapping at their boots—every one except Dad.

"Let 'im come, let 'im come," he yelled at the dog's trainer, who was trying to call it back. "I never see a dog, horse or woman who could frighten me," and he never stopped until the dog was out of his sight.

Another time Dad was watching Richard Stanton direct "Thunderbolt," a picture in which Mary Carr, of "Over the Hill" fame, is to be seen in the autumn. Stanton discovered that the interior of an icebox he was filming was entirely empty and did not look natural.

"Get some hams and stick them in that icebox," shouted Stanton.

DAD turned and surveyed a group of actors who were standing near.

"Now folks," he called, "you heard what Mr. Stanton wants in the icebox. Why don't you volunteer?"

### Conway Tearle's New Lead



DORIS KENYON

Doris Kenyon has been engaged by Selznick for the role of Dorothy Jordan in the Conway Tearle picture, "Shadows of the Sea," that has just gone into work.

Miss Kenyon has been starred in practically every picture in which she has previously appeared.

She was leading woman in "The Traveling Salesman," in "On Trial" and in "The Hidden Hand." The Whartons presented her as star of "The Great White Trail" and then she was starred by DeLuxe Pictures in "The Street of Seven Stars" and "Twilight." Her latest productions have been the DeWitt-Back production "The Band Box" and "The Harvest Moon."

Monroe Salisbury Heads Company

After a long term of inactivity, Monroe Salisbury will star himself in a new picture to be produced by his own company. The play will have a Spanish setting, and Salisbury's representative is now in Mexico gathering data.

Westerns to Be Made in East

Through George L. Clarke, Marie Edith Wells and William Jones have been cast to appear in a series of two westerns which will be made in the East.

Author Spends Time in Studio

Rupert Hughes spent eight out of the last twelve months at the Goldwyn studios in Culver City, studying every detail of motion-picture production.

## WOULD YOU WHIP YOUR HUSBAND IF HE WERE A BRUTE?

JUST how far is the primitive cavewoman instinct, latent in every woman, justified in asserting itself? Should a wife ever beat her husband—provided she is clever enough to overpower and render him helpless?

Women are writing from everywhere to Pauline Frederick about her picture "The String of the Lash." In this film, Miss Frederick plays the part of a woman who horsewhips a worthless husband when she has finally reached the limit of endurance.

The beating is a very rare affair, too. When it was over Miss Frederick was exhausted and Clyde Fillmore, who plays the worthless husband, had great red welts on his back.

Miss Frederick has been very deeply touched by some of the letters received. They reveal so poignantly the vast number of patient, plodding women who, year after year, have hidden their heartaches and the crushing of their fondest ideals under a smiling face.

The following letter is a typical one received from a woman in Arizona.

"While 'The String of the Lash' was being shown I read it. I'll never forget it. You are going right to the heart of so many women who have gone through the same thing. I lived with my husband six years. Whisky was his god. On the sixth anniversary of our wedding day he came home as Joel Kane did, didn't touch him, although I wish now I had had the strength to do so, as it would have taught him the lesson he needed. As it was, I just took my baby girl and walked out."

"This happened seven years ago. I've had a pretty hard struggle, but it's been worth it. Miss Frederick, I used to pray that my husband would see a picture like yours, hoping it would turn him."

"If only one man sees the error of his ways through your wonderful earnestness, it's worth all your suffering—isn't it? A good cry helps me—and I certainly got that watching you—you poor thing! When you bathed him after thrashing him I just couldn't wait to see the end."

"Good luck, God bless you and a long and happy life to you. Mrs. M."

Geraghty's Work Mapped Out

The last man to leave the Famous Players Eastern studios, which close tomorrow, will be Tom Geraghty, supervising director. Before going to Los Angeles he will complete the cutting and titling of several productions completed recently. Among these are "Footlights," "Cappy Ricks" and "Peter Ibbetson." This will keep Geraghty in the East until early fall.

## IS A WOMAN EVER JUSTIFIED IN WHIPPING HER HUSBAND?



## The LOVE STORY of a MOVIE STAR

CHAPTER XXVII

"THINK a bit," she urged. "Alma Audrey," she repeated the name slowly.

"I remembered. It all came back to me in a flash. It was the day I had come over to see Roland from Beaver Face, and had disturbed and interrupted his scene. And this woman, this Miss Audrey, starting at me now, resentfully, had been acting with him. And even then, her eyes had darted toward me."

"Yes, I said a little sharply. 'I do remember you. What for?'"

"Oh, ho," she laughed—exactly as if she were playing a part in a cheap melodrama; "you and Roland—"

"If that's why you came here," I broke in, "you may just as well go."

"May I? Not so quickly. He belongs to me. He's mine. You see, I just got back from California this morning, but the whole studio is talking about it. The nerve of you, butting in like this!"

The number in me rose. I remembered my arms stiffening out, my hands clenching, my feet rising almost on tiptoe. I hate to think what I might have done!"

"What were you, now?" she burst out. "Do you know what kind of a man he is, anyhow?"

"Will you please leave this room!" I asked, with a forced calmness.

She rose slowly. "She even came a step nearer."

"Will you please read this letter!" she echoed my tone of voice precisely. Her outstretched hand held a letter.

"That saved her, doubtless. A letter! I had a moment of weakness, an excellent moment, let me hope. I could not forbear the opportunity; and as she continued to hold out her hand stiffly I took the document from her."

Slowly I unfolded the paper. Never did I see words more clearly. Never did words mean less to me. But every word of love; every betrayal of ownership in one another."

"What of it?" I asked.

"This! Her laugh was hard and cold. 'He belongs to me, and I am going to keep him. Keep out of this, if you know what's good for you!'"

"Leave this room!" I said, taking a step toward her.

"Leave this room!" I repeated. With a frightened lurch she opened the door, went out, and slammed it shut.

I followed her to the door and turned back. I sank to the floor in a wild abandon of terrible grief, shame and humiliation. But I saw the truth clearly. And memories flooded me. With a frightened lurch she opened the door, went out, and slammed it shut. I first came to New York; his excuses for not taking me at that time. I saw now, and I understood. It was because Doll-Face was in the way! And then his sending me to a man like Beaver Face! And then, the day he was so pitifully confused because Miss Audrey stood behind him!

At one blow my faith in life, in love and in myself was destroyed. All was lost. The wreck was complete. With a frightened lurch she opened the door, went out, and slammed it shut. I took a pencil and I wrote a short note to Roland Wells.

"That night I found myself without a job again. And what future now? My—"

### This Is How the Story Begins:

NEILS MORELAND, most famous of actors, hears that a young girl, Annette Wilkinson, has fallen in love with Roland Wells, an idol of the screen. Miss Moreland, to save Annette, writes the story of her own life, here after calling it 'The String of the Lash,' intending to send it to Annette so she may know the kind of man he is.

She rose slowly, while a pianist in a movie theatre in a Western Pennsylvania town, she met Wells when he made a "personal appearance" there, how he invited her to come to New York and said he would place her in the movies, how she came and the chilly reception which he gave her in the studio. Then, becoming interested in her, he gets her a job in a small town stock company for the experience, promising to see her often.

Kitty, a member of the company, proves her best friend, but the manager, whom she nicknames "Beaver Face," becomes obnoxious with his attentions. She threatens him with a revolver, leaves the company and goes to New York to find work.

Now Go On With the Story

only friend, Roland, was mine no longer. Where else could I get work in the city? And what did I care? I did not care whether I lived or died!

Yet, secretly, oh, the shame of it! I waited the next day for Roland to come to me. I waited all that day. And the next day he did not come. I was left with a broken heart and a broken life.

July 15, I am writing these lines among the rocks on the coast of Maine. Under me the blue sea is rising and breaking and a great sea gale flutters my paper, cooing the high, clever-fauntler grass all about me, and streaming through my long hair. The sun is brilliant today and the horizon clear. I ought to be very happy, but I am not. My feeling of bereavement is such that I can only write, write!

Our company is up here taking some pictures. It—has been wonderfully kind and attentive to me; like a sensitive and watchful father. His reserve is astounding. I can see how much he loves me. But he is wise enough to see how I am struggling with his civil sea attack. Dear, dear! If you cannot make me happy, who can?

Today, in this hard, clear, blue weather, I think of the autumn on the cliffs opposite New York, and the pined pool, and the leaning maple, and Roland, and the kiss. But my mind goes on and on, re-living the dark struggle that followed after I left the X Studio.

There is a sickness called "broken heart." Just what it has to do with the throbbing blue pain in the breast, I do not know. Broken heart, is it? I should say broken faith, broken ambition, broken hope. It is a sort of living death, in which all has died except yearning, and memory, and pain. I had that sickness.

The first effect was to numb me. I did not care what happened to me. I was listless and silent. Mechanically, just to keep myself alive, I went around to the different studios and tried to get work. Often I would wait by the hour. But nothing came of it. My name was still virtually unknown. Besides, I was too tired to make any appeal.

Beyond keeping myself neat, I had no interest in how I looked. I no longer asked myself which of my dresses was most becoming. I could not rouse myself to add any of those little coquettish touches to my toilet which come natural to any woman who wishes to please. There was only one person in the world whom I wished to please. And he—!

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

### FIRST DIRECTOR TO USE A BALLOON IN MOVIE WORK

MARSHALL NEILAN, who appeared as the priest in the stage production here of "Slippy McGee," will again wear the robes in the pictureization and Charles Evans, the before-prohibition major in the stage play, has been recasting in his old part.

Morocco, who went a-borrowing to get the exact cast he wanted, obtained Edith York from the line studio. The other names in this hand-picked cast are Tom Guise, Alfred Allen, Lloyd Whitlock and Nellie Beck Saunders.

All the Pickford Working

The entire Pickford family is engaged in film-making. Harry working in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Jack is starting "A Tailor-Made Man" and Lottie has a film called "She Must Stay" coming on the market via Pathe release.

NEILAN is one of the few directors in the business credited as being a "consistent producer." In other words, a producer of pictures that the public favors. In two years he has not made a failure.

"Mickey" is consistently introducing new methods in motion-picture production. For instance, he is the first director to use a dirigible "blimp" as a camera platform to "shoot" big scenes. He is the first person to use an airplane in searching for "locations." Recently he introduced the use of sailors to wigwag his directions to distant camera-men in filming battle scenes. At present he is working on "Bits of Life," a story offering the combined efforts of four noted authors.

Marshall Neilan has just reached his thirtieth birthday. Prior to his fame as a director he played opposite such stars as Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Ruth Roland and others of similar prominence.

Among the recent Neilan successes are "Bob Hampton of Placer," "Dinty," "Go and Get It" and "The River's End." He further to prove that "Mickey" is a Hoecio Alger type, young Neilan, at the age of fourteen, sold newspapers on Market street, San Francisco.

Vacationing in Europe



ELSIE FERGUSON

Elsie Ferguson has sailed for Europe for a holiday, having finished her scenes in "Peter Ibbetson," in which she co-stars with Wallace Reid.

### HARRY MYERS HAS MORE TO TELL ABOUT "OLD DAYS"

NOT long ago we printed some interesting reminiscences of the old Lubin studio days in this city, written by Harry Myers, who plays opposite Belle Daniels in her current release, "The March Hare," and who has scored a personal triumph in Fox's "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," not yet seen here.

We promised that we would give some more of Mr. Myers' memories. He has just sent them to us and here they are:

AT THE time when the play "Salvation Nell" was quite in vogue some one said he could "visualize" me as an expert crook, and to prove it he possessed a certain amount of creative ability, borrowed a large portion of the "Salvation Nell," changed the central character and wrote a scenario which was called "Three-Fingered Jack."

We finished this and the same scenario writer, seized with a desire to immortalize the poor American Indian, the Dickens, concocted a script entitled "Red Eagle's Love Affair."

At that time it was customary for the film company to go over to the Redmen to borrow costumes for the Indian stuff. But I had a number of Remington's drawings at home and I studied them, and made the parts up like the real Indian, used real eagle feathers for the headdress—when previously turkey feathers were considered sufficient—and as I had a pair of genuine Indian moccasins on the wall of my den I shook the dust out of them and wore them, and from a pair of army blankets I made the breeches.

In those days when the movies were cutting their milk teeth we used to use wooden cigars and never had a real lamp. We were doing a picture called "Over the Wire," in which one of the chief "props" was a lamp. But what they furnished was a piece of board with a button on the back of it painted like a lamp.

In the action I got up out of bed and, not knowing the business, I turned the lamp sideways.

"Damn you," I said, "why can't you have a regular lamp?" But they said the glass was so thick it would never photograph. Another argument—which ended like the aforementioned one and found me going out to the five-and-ten-cent store and coming back with a gimmer.

IF YOU sat at a desk in the early days it was a desk painted on a flat piece of scenery—no desk at all. You had a kitchen chair, never an office chair, because, they said, "We don't show that part of the picture."

You could be thought of going out to "location" in an automobile. We got the trolley car at the studio and took the trolley car; then we were fun for the rest of the day.

I went to Kellyville the first time for a wedding scene. We got the priest to open one of the side doors of his church and the bride party piled out. There was a lapse of time in the picture and we had to change costumes. Some changed back of the columns or behind the church, but I drew my chickens out and put my clothes on in there after I got the chickens out.

I had a silk hat and three brand new tailored suits all in one place. That was one of the principal things that helped make me a juvenile lead—I had so much wardrobe.

Colleen Moore, who has become one of the most sought-after leading women in the country, has arrived in Los Angeles from New York, where she just finished "The Lotus Eater" with John Barrymore. Miss Moore, who has been brought to Los Angeles by the studio, will appear in the leading feminine role.

Wheeler Oakman will appear in the title role. Pat O'Malley is cast in the role of "Slippy McGee," who again wears the robes in the pictureization and Charles Evans, the before-prohibition major in the stage play, has been recasting in his old part.

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Vacationing in Europe

PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS

The following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

APOLLO 522 & THOMPSON ST. MATINEE DAILY JACKIE COOGAN in "PECK'S BAD BOY"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT DEL. 10TH SPECIAL CAST in "THE GREAT LOVER"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY MARSHALL NEILAN'S PRODUCTION "Bob Hampton of Placer"

BALTIMORE 812 & BALTIMORE ST. 7:30 & 9:30 MAT. HOBBART BOSWORTH in "HIS OWN LAW"

BENN 64TH AND WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY ETHEL CLAYTON in "SIAM"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna MATINEE DAILY DE MILLE'S "What Every Woman Knows"

CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. "THE LOST ROMANCE"

COLONIAL 6th & Maplewood Aves. 2:30 7 and 9 P. M. WALLACE REID in "TOO MUCH SPEED"

DARBY THEATRE MARY MILLS MINTER in "ALL SOLE'S EYE"

EMPRESS MAIN ST. MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY DOUGLAS MACLEAN in "THE HOME STRETCH"

FAMILY THEATRE—1311 Market St. & A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MARION DAVIES in "BURIED TREASURE"

56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce MARY MILLS MINTER in "SALLY SHOWS THE WAY"

FRANKFORD 4715 FRANKFORD AVE. MARY PICKFORD in "THE LOVE LIGHT"

GLOBE 5001 MARKET ST. 2:30 & 9:30 to 11 MARY ALLISON in "THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHES"

GRANT 4522 GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY KING VIDLEY'S PRODUCTION "FAMILY HONORS"

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. & Erie BERT LYELL in "A MESSAGE FROM MARY"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. MAT. 2:30. EVE. 7 & 9 "Bob Hampton of Placer"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue MAT. 2:30. EVE. 7 & 9 "What Every Woman Knows"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AVE. MATINEE DAILY BERT LYELL in "A MESSAGE FROM MARY"

OVERBROOK 633 & FAYWOOD AVE. MATINEE DAILY ELLIOTT DEXTER in "THE WITCHING HOUR"

PALACE 1212 MARKET STREET MAT. 2:30. EVE. 7 & 9 P. M. THOMAS MEIGHAN in "WHITE AND UNMARRIED"

PRINCESS 10th MARKET STREET in "HER FIRST ELOPEMENT"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH JEWEL CARMY in "THE SILVER LINING"

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE MATINEE DAILY MADGE KENNEDY in "THE TRUTH"

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 17TH ALICE LAKE in "THE GREATER CLAIM"

SAVOY 211 MARKET STREET STARRING ELLIOTT DEXTER "GIPSY BLOOD"

SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Aves. THOMAS MEIGHAN in "MOTHER O' MINE"

STANLEY MARKET AT 10TH 12:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. "The Woman God Changed"

STANTON MARKET ABOVE 10TH 10:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. PAULINE FREDERICK in "ROADS OF DESTINY"

333 MARKET STREET THEATRE THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CITY OF SILENT MEN"

VICTORIA MARKET ST. AT 6TH ALICE LAKE and IRENE RICE in "THE VOICE IN THE DARK"

W. THE NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 622 ABOVE MARKET 1:30 P. M. to 8:30 to 11 ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "FOUR DEAR MARGARET KIRBY"

CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 P. M. to 8:30 to 11 EUGENE O'BRIEN in "BROADWAY AND HOME"

COLISEUM Market bet. 28th & 30th All-Star Cast in EDWARD KNODLSON'S "BLIND WIVES"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo Show on FRANKFORD JANE NOVAK and JACK LIVINGSTON in "THE GILDED TRAIL"

LEADER 41st & LANCASTER AVE. in "ELSIE FERGUSON" in "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE"

LOCUST 62d & LOCUST—Double Bill 1:30 P. M. to 8:30 to 11 Harold Lloyd, Among Those Present! PAULINE FREDERICK in "SALVAGE"

STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. WALLACE REID in "TOO MUCH SPEED"

AT OTHER THEATRES MEMBERS OF M.P.T.O.A.

Germantown 6510 GERMANTOWN AVE. ALL-STAR CAST in "GRIFFITH'S 'DREAM STREET'"

JEFFERSON 28th & Dauphin STS. HOBART BOSWORTH and DORIS KENYON in "THE FOOLISH WIVES"

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN STS. BETTY HATHAWAY and HOWARD HUGHES in "MOTHER O' MINE"

WEST ALLEGHENY 25th St. & 10th ALL-STAR CAST in "NOT GUILTY"

### Back Home in West



TOM MIX

Tom Mix has laid aside his booted shirt and dinner coat and hit the long trail for the West, after two strenuous weeks in New York.

inside walls. No top. The light was usually hung over in back of you so you couldn't see in the mirror. I always carried my three new suits, a stand light, my own soap and a nice mirror with me. Naturally I was considered a riot down there.

And, too, about that time, being, as I was, a leading man, I thought I ought to have an automobile, so I spoke to Lubin.

"What?" he exclaimed, thunder-struck. "An actor with an automobile!"

At any rate I told him I could get one for \$500 and he told me to go ahead and make arrangements, so I bought a second-hand car, and belonged to a brewer, who thought it was too fast. It was forty horsepower.

When I got the car I told Lubin I couldn't afford to pay the \$500 on \$75 a week, so he raised me to a hundred a week. I made a test for Bebe and I was the first leading man in pictures to have an automobile and such a fabulous salary.

IF AN actor leaves pictures it is almost a difficult novadaya for him to get back in them as it was for him originally to make the grade. For instance, after I left Lubin I went to Universal and made a long series of comedies as the co-star of Rosemary Theby. When that contract expired I took out a vaudeville skit. I finally closed I thought I wanted to go back on the screen, so I moved my effects to Los Angeles.

But I found I weighed 208. Every time I'd go out saying I was a leading man the studio officials would look at my avoirdupois and say I was a character man. I made a test for Bebe Barricade to play a middle-aged "heavy."

"He is only a young fellow made up," said the director—but they gave me the job.

When I went over to the Charles Ray studio for a part in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," they told me to take off my hat and asked me if I had any hair on my head. I have and when they saw it some one remarked:

"He is fine for the fight scene; his hair'll go all over his face."

They then went on to go after the "Connecticut Yankee" part. The Fox people thought I was too fat. I went into training and lost ten pounds.

They thought I was always being looked too sophisticated. I made about a dozen tests and finally three or four days later Emmett Flynn, the director, called me on the phone. It was twenty minutes to 11.

"Can you be over at the studio at 11 o'clock?" he inquired.