

The Daily Movie Magazine

FOR THE FILM FAN'S SCRAPBOOK



RICHARD DIX

We will be glad to publish the pictures of each screen player as suggested by the fans

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTER-BOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

N. D.—My complexion isn't a bit like your pink paper. It's a lot more like that of paper shows you discarded last summer. So that's that, Valentino has no relative living in this country. I've had two letters from fans, one claiming to be a brother and one a cousin, but I don't believe either of 'em. Koolhaud made the definite statement some time ago that he is the only member of his family in America. I think, but of this I'm not positive, that his parents are still living in Italy.

M. B. C.—Some of Valentino's photographs, besides those you mention, were with Mae Murray in "The Big Little Person" and "The Secret Little Devil," with Dorothy Gish in "Out of Luck," with Clara Kimball Young in "Eyes of Youth" and with Dorothy Phillips in "Ambition." As to people who "double" for stars in dangerous stunts their names are never given, so I can't answer your other question.

Cauden—Garret Hughes is Welsh. No; he didn't play with Ruth Roland in "Ruth of the Rockies."

Moon Stone—Frankly, your scenario doesn't sound very good to me—not that the story isn't all right, but I doubt whether any producer would accept a Revolutionary War play. There is very much interest in costume films, anyway. It would be useless for you to send your script to Valentino. He doesn't choose his own plays. Send it to the secretary editor, Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

George P. H. Ardmore—Why ask me about slight-of-hand tricks? What do I know about them? However, if you happen to know the man who works the articles you refer to, and I'm sending your letter to him.

Sarah Desert—I guess your first name ought to be Sabara, together? I feel the same way myself these days. Only I have a doctor friend who says that's not noxious, is it? Here's the last of "Behold My Wife," Milton Sills, Mabel Johnson, Richard Hall, Elliott Dexter, Helen Dunbar, Ann Forrest, Maude Warren, Fred Huntley, S. Templeton, David, Mark Fenton and Jane Wolfe.

Ming Toy—Yes; Shirley Mason is a star. In real life she is Mrs. Benjamin Durning. Her maiden name was Lucy Flurghat. Viola Dana and Joan Fitzgerald are her sisters. This metropolitan Brooklyn, her husband was a film actor, but is now a director. Miss Mason was born in 1891, and went on the stage at the age of four with William Faversham in "The Sign of the Cross." She went from the stage to the screen. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs ninety-four pounds and, perhaps, has two or three eyes and has brown hair and light gray eyes. Her home address in California is kept from the fans, but she can be addressed care of the Fox Studios, Hollywood. Yes; I'm sure she would like to hear from you. She has just returned to Hollywood after a visit to New York. I don't think she has started making another picture yet.

Helene Chandra—Yes; she is a star. She has been in "Girls," "The Girl in the Green," "Heart's Desire," "The Long Arm of Master," "The Girl of Fury," "Search for an Alibi," "The Cow," "Pamper," "An Alibi," "The Heart," "Goddess," and the recent series of Rupert Hughes' pictures, but haven't been yet.

Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C., and educated there and in France. Her first stage appearances were made singing in the music halls of most of the European countries, and she made a hit supporting Edna May in London. Her American debut was made opposite John Drew in "My Wife." She has appeared in a great many plays and films, too numerous to list here. She is married to Florenz Ziegfeld, producer of the "Follies," the "Frollo" and other things. They have a daughter about six years old, who is traveling with Miss Burke on her present theatrical tour.

I never heard of Pearl Donald. Where does she come in? Edward Heurn was born in Dayton, Wash., in 1888, and was educated at Whitman College. He began his screen career in 1915, and has been in films ever since.

Tom Mix was born in Texas and educated there. He rode the plains as a cowboy and was a member of Roosevelt's Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War. After that he took to the screen, and the rest you know.

STUDIOS ON COAST LOOKING AHEAD SAYS OUR CONNIE

By CONSTANCE PALMER

Hollywood, Calif. FOR the time being, motion-picture production is largely written in the future tense. Not that there is a shortage of scripts, but that the contracts have been fulfilled, and there is a perfectly normal slowing up until it is time to begin the new ones. However, there are plenty of companies working, and enough getting ready for actual shooting to make it a very interesting period.

Ben Hampton has a contract which calls for the production of five novels in the coming year. The first novel, "Wildfire," will be soon in the Golden Age offices in New York, and from there it will be distributed.

"Wildfire," like "The Whip," "In Old Kentucky," "Midway" and "The Riders," is a racing story. Among the thrills in the film are a horse race—the riding of the heroine face down on the back of a headless stallion in a half-mile race, and a fight between the heroine, Claire Adams—and the half-wit.

Mr. Hampton is always to be depended upon to keep his pictures in the thrills. He is a man of the public and gives them what they want—the first rule for the money-making playwright and producer.

The untimely death of Elliot Howe left a vacancy on the Hampton staff of associated directors. Gus Peterson, chief cinematographer of the company, has been promoted to directorship, thus filling the gap.

Other cameramen now directors are Phillip Rosen, one-time director of Wallace Reid; Edward Kull, of University of Kentucky, making pictures in England; and Irvin Willat, who sometimes produces at his own studio in Culver City, and sometimes works for Mr. Ince and Mr. Goldwyn. Next to cinematography, the most important of the picture-making professions, as supposed to make the best directors, provided they have the dramatic sense. But what an inclusive proviso that is!

LASKY'S is more quiet than I have ever seen it. There is only one company working in the studio—William De Mille. He is making "Bought and Paid For," with Jack Holt and Agnes Ayres in the leading roles. I have often intimated in these columns that Jack Holt is to me the epitome for manhood. I make haste to add that I speak unreservedly. He is quiet and snappy, hard working and earnest. Mr. Ince and Mr. Goldwyn. Next to cinematography, the most important of the picture-making professions, as supposed to make the best directors, provided they have the dramatic sense. But what an inclusive proviso that is!

Vincent Perrone—Once again, Valentino is an Italian; his real name is Rodolfo Valentino Gigliotti. Address him care of Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Senorita—Yes, Anna Ruben is still in pictures. Her last picture was "The Woman in the Red Dress," a mystery story, which she did for Cosmopolitan. It has not been released. Address her care of casting director, Cosmopolitan Studios, Second Avenue and 129th Street, New York City. If you include twenty-five cents I am sure she will send you her picture. Thanks for wishing me luck.

E. Ostrander—A friend it can't be done right now. As we have explained to a number of readers, the photography industry is in pretty bad shape and a number of the best actors are out of a job. If you're not sure, it goes to New York and register with all the casting directors and some reputable agent.

"Avanango"—Address Tom Mix care of Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Try it, it is all I can say to your question as to whether he will answer you personally. Some of the stars do, and some don't. I put here a list of those who will, and those who won't. Mix is in the latter class. I don't know if you will give me your name. I'll publish a list of names of those who will answer in a good way, but I don't think there's much chance of taking about sending your question away. Of course, you should be sure to give me these bad times.

E. G. C.—Yes; Edward Hartshorn is married to Mary Hat. Who is now playing on the stage in New York. He is a very good and conscientious actor. I will try to publish his picture shortly. Write to him care of the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Longford, London, England, where he is playing just now, and I am sure he will send you his picture. A year or so ago Hartshorn was seriously ill, and in some of the pictures taken just following that illness he showed the effects, but he is all right now.

Darby Women's Republican Club The women of Delaware County have formed a Republican Club. The first meeting will be February 23, in Chester. The president is Mrs. J. Chester Boulford. Other officers are: Vice president, Mrs. J. Osborne Hoptwood; second vice president, Mrs. Charles G. Arrows; third vice president, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Smith; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Warren Marshall; recording secretary, Mrs. Helen Johns; treasurer, Mrs. John K. Kane; and assistant treasurer, Miss Nancy Hollowell.

which he will please his public. In view of the rapid professional elevation of one of the most promising of the recent ingenue stars—May MacAvoy—by the stretched vehicles given her for her journey to fame, it is well that Mr. Holt is keeping a weather eye on the subject. It sometimes happens, though, that stars are powerless to change that which has been writ.

Agnes Ayres, for her part, will begin "The Odeon," an original story by W. Somerset Maugham. She will be under the direction of William D. Taylor. Dorothy Dalton is to do "The Cat That Walked Alone," with George Mefford as her guide, and Wallace Reid is to put Willie Collier's amusing stage success, "The Dictator," into the celluloid. The late Richard Harding Davis was the author, you know. Jim Cruze will direct.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The House of Magic By DADDY

Jack and Janet ride into the woods to see if they can find any wild Indians. They come to a house of bark deep in a thicket.

CHAPTER II An Unlucky Peep

JACK and Janet crept quietly up to the house of bark they had found in the dark thicket. They wondered if wild Indians were certain. The house looked as though it might have been built by savages.

All was silent as they crept forward, but instead gleams of light flickered through holes in the bark. The children paused close to the house. Suddenly they heard a voice within—a droning voice raised in a queer chant. Their first thought was to run away—then they felt a desire to see what was going on inside the house.

Jack moved up to put his eye to one of the holes in the bark. Janet held him back. "It isn't polite to peep into other folks' houses," she warned him. Jack knew that and drew back.

But the queer chanting went on inside. It seemed to draw Jack to the hole in the bark. He couldn't resist. He put his eye to the hole for a look. If he had known what that impolite peep was going to cost him, perhaps he would have fled from there as fast as he could.

Jack found it easy to peep. There were two holes in the bark that fitted his eyes perfectly. A third hole fitted his nose, so he could get very close. It was just as if the bark wall were a big mass.

What Jack saw made him beckon to Janet. She, too, was keen to see what was going on inside. She forgot it was impolite to peep, and put her eyes to holes in the bark. And, as in the case of Jack, there were two holes that fitted her eyes perfectly, and a third hole through which stuck her nose.

They saw an odd sight. An open fire was blazing in the center of a large room. The light from this fire danced upon the walls. Over the fire hung a large pot. Stirring a steaming mass

within the pot was an odd figure. The figure straightened up. It was an Indian, with painted face, wearing a headdress of feathers, and clad in buckskin, over which was draped a gaudy blanket. He was a very old Indian, his painted face being deeply creased with wrinkles.

"An Indian Medicine Man," whispered Jack. The Medicine Man glared toward his right. The children followed his look and saw a pretty fawn fastened to a stake in the dirt floor. Even in the moonlight, darning light they could see that the pretty fawn was desperately afraid.

The Medicine Man turned from the fawn and glared to his left. The eyes of the children, following his look, saw there, chained to another stake, a fierce snarling wolf.

The Medicine Man glared evilly. "Ah-ha!" he chanted. "Ah-ha! I have in my power Spotted Fawn, who mocked my love, and Swift Wolf, who tried to rescue her from me. Ah-ha! Ah-ha! Great is the magic of Whirling Snake, the Medicine Man."

The glaring eyes of the Medicine Man swept about and seemed to pass over the very holes through which Jack and Janet were peeping, their faces so close to the bark that their noses stuck through.

The Medicine Man changed his chant: "Wee to a nose that goes Where it does not belong: Wee to a nose that grows Under my magic song!"

Then an astonishing thing happened. The Medicine Man's arms stretched out, and as they reached they grew and grew until they reached the wall of the house. Suddenly the arms began to sweep around the room. They swept toward Jack and Janet. The children felt quick fright. They started to jerk back. But they were too late. The fingers of the Medicine Man grasped

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them by their noses and held them fast. (In tomorrow's chapter more astonishing things happen to Jack and Janet, and they find the house of bark holds a puzzling mystery.)

AND THEN THE ROW BEGAN

Wife Tries to Remove Furniture and Husband Objects

When Mrs. Thomas J. Gillon, armed with a court order, tried to remove her furniture from her home at 231 North Eighteenth street, this morning, a battle developed in which she led the forces on one side and her husband, with whom she has not been living, the other.

As a result, Mr. Gillon, who owns several apartment houses in the vicinity of Seventeenth and Arch streets, was arrested, together with one of Mrs. Gillon's squad, hired to move the furniture.

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niture, Martin McGowan, 2302 Cherry street.

Mrs. Gillon fainted at the hearing before Magistrate Fitzgerald and had to be revived before she could testify. Mr. McGowan said Gillon arrived just as he was carrying a chair from the house and that Gillon took it from him and struck him over the head. The fight stopped when Patrolman Gleason arrived.

CREMATE MRS. BARNES

Ashes of Once Famous Actress Scattered to Winds

In compliance with the dying request of Mrs. Anna Ware Barnes, once a well-known actress, who died Saturday at the Edwin Forrest Home, Holmesburg, her body was taken to a crematory and cremated and the ashes scattered to the four winds.

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