

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

September

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MARIE PREVOST

They Won't Let Mary Pickford Grow Up
ROMANCES THAT LANGUISH—WHY?

BLUE EYES, LANCASTER, PA.—A man of my age can't be cute. Address Thomas Meighan at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I.

EDDIE K., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Aileen Pringle is about twenty-eight. Norma Shearer is at Metro-Goldwyn. So is Miss Pringle. Norma was born on August 10, 1904. It wouldn't be fair to tell you my favorite star. The fight you mentioned will be stopped when the sands of the desert grow cold. Not before then.

B. M. C., NASHUA, N. H.—Lillian Rich was a dancer in London before she went into the movies. She is married. Born on January 1, 1902. I am keeping it up!

BERNIE D., FRESNO, CALIF.—Richard Dix was born on July 18, 1895. He is six feet tall and weighs 184 pounds. Not married—not yet. But remember he threatens to find himself a wife!

D. S., LEXINGTON, KY.—Write to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif., for a picture of Aileen Pringle. She is married. No children.

HARD-HEARTED HANNA, NEW YORK CITY.—At last! The girl I've always wanted to meet. Are you really the meanest girl in town? Norma Shearer is her real name. She is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Born August 10, 1904. Conrad Nagel is six feet tall and was born on March 16, 1897. Married to Ruth Helms.

V. L., NEW YORK CITY.—House Peters was born in Bristol, England, in 1888. He is married and has a son and daughter. His latest

picture is "The Titans." No, he has never directed a picture, that I know of. He was on the stage for a long time before he went on the screen.

EDNA S., HILLSIDE, N. J.—Ricardo Cortez works at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. He was born on September 19, 1899. Mary Pickford's real name is Gladys Smith.

G. P., SPOKANE, WASH.—Alberta Vaughn and George O'Brien aren't engaged. So you think Alberta should choose a fair-haired man? It's risky business—picking husbands for them. No, visitors are not allowed during the filming of a picture. It's hard work and requires close concentration, so most of the studios are very strict.

E. M., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Write to PHOTOPLAY Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back copies of the magazine. Send twenty-five cents; stamps will do. There were interviews with Ramon Novarro in the issues of May, 1924, and April, 1923. No, his brother isn't in pictures.

C. B. B., ALBANY, ORE.—So Hoot Gibson is the most "engaging, lovable and delightful person in pictures." That's a large compliment. He was born in 1892. He has light hair and blue eyes.

CONSTANCE, NEW YORK.—I know that Lloyd Hughes would be glad to get a note from you. Evidently you are a real admirer. So write to him at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Don't apologize. I have plenty of time. Nothing else but.

G. W., NEW ZEALAND.—Corinne Griffith has light brown hair. She is twenty-four years old. Address her at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

H. C. W., MATTOON, ILL.—Johnny Walker was born in New York City in 1896. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Black hair; brown eyes. Yes, he's married. He played in the old Biograph and Edison companies.

A. E. P., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—I'd do anything to please an Alabama girl with brown eyes. But I can't tell you my name. It's too hard to spell—or pronounce. Glad you don't like Sheik. That cheers me up a lot. Spottiswood Aiken's latest picture is "The Handicap." Gloria Swanson has an adopted boy. His name is Joseph. No, she has never consented to have her daughter's photograph taken—not for publication, anyway.

A DOUG, JR., FAN.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., may be reached at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. His mother was Beth Sully. He was born on December 9, 1910. His next picture is "Wild Horse Mesa."

J. A. B., GREENFIELD, IND.—The actresses in "Lilies of the Field" with Corinne Griffith were Alma Bennett, Sylvia Breamer, Phyllis Haver. Claire Adams married Benjamin B. Hampton. Yes, to your other question, too.

EDNA, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Ramon Novarro has been back from Europe for quite some time. The release date of "Ben Hur" hasn't been announced. Not so old, Edna, not so old!

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Old Screen Names Wished on Stars



When Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand, Blanche Sweet, Mack Sennett and many other of the great producers and actors and actresses of today were working for \$5.00 at the old Biograph Studios on Fourteenth Street in New York—when D. W. Griffith was making \$10.00 a day as a director—no names were given to the actors and actresses. That doesn't seem possible today when the names of stars and directors mean millions of dollars in the box office, palatial homes in Hollywood and New York, fat bank accounts and world fame. At that time, many people had trouble in distinguishing between Blanche Sweet and Mary Pickford. Mary became known first as the "Biograph Blonde." But the English exhibitors demanded names. And to please their whim, the English agent of the Biograph Company felt it necessary to give them identification. So he used his own judgment, and we are reproducing above three old photographs published in England with the names that the English agent gave them. They are in order—Mabel Normand, Mack Sennett and Blanche Sweet

PHOTOPLAY

September, 1925

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

DURING a recent trip to Hollywood I found that the best work was being done where the happiest conditions prevailed. One studio was full of politics, of suspicion, of petty double-crossing. The product was as spotty as the environment. In another, good feeling, mutual respect, consideration, and happiness result in the most consistent production of fine pictures of any studio to be found in the entire business. The first I will not name—the second was the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio.

IHAVE never known a more successful marriage than that of Mary and Doug. It proves that a man and a woman can have their own careers and be happy. Each has a separate organization. Each tries to help the other, yet neither tries to interfere or force opinions. They are happy and everybody else on their lots is happy. Mary says Doug is the best producer in the business and Doug says Mary is the most marvellous combination of feminine sweetness and brains.

And I think they are both right.

"WHAT'S the secret?" I asked Mary.

Before I got the last word out she blurted at me: "It isn't any secret. I love Doug and Doug loves me. And while we do not go around cooing and billing like a couple of turtle doves he proves it to me every day by his actions and I try to do the same. We make a business of being happily married. We are partners and we play the game like partners. I tell you—remember the theme of Doug's 'Thief of Bagdad'—'happiness must be earned,'—that's it. You must earn your happiness or you don't get it. We both work at happiness."

Seems simple, doesn't it?

IWAS leaving—was outside the door of her bungalow on my way over to play with Doug, his director, and one of the boys in his office, and then Mary called me back.

"I forgot to say," she whispered impishly, "that Doug and I have never been separated for a single day. We take no vacations on our job of being happy."

WHAT does the future hold for Lillian Gish? Criticism has its fads and fancies and it has in the past few years become fashionable to laud her as the Duse of the Screen, yet, since she left Mr. Griffith's studios

nothing has appeared which should give her artistic preference over other actresses who have earned high places. Miss Gish, like Richard Barthelmess, scored sensationally in Mr. Griffith's inspired production of "Broken Blossoms," but since she left him she has only the "White Sister" which would point to possible greatness. She has always played the frail girl caught in the cruel maelstrom of life, battling helplessly for her honor or her happiness.

IN real life Lillian Gish has many of the qualities represented in her screen characterizations. She has a philosophy of life and business which she adheres to with a deliberateness that amounts almost to a religion, reminding me of a girlish "Whistler's Mother." Not even the episode of the regrettable lawsuit over her business and emotional differences with her former producer could change the placidity of her bearing. She went calmly through the sensational trial nibbling a carrot a day to keep excitement away.

NOW she is cast to do a highly emotional role. King Vidor is to direct her in "La Boheme." While she may not be the intellectual personality some writers are so fond of seeing in her because of her serenity, she has a soundness of business judgment which has enabled her to capitalize her screen personality with one of the largest salaries, and no doubt she took careful stock of her ability to portray this new role before she chose it. She will have to develop a new character for the first time or she will play Lillian Gish instead of the unhappy "Mimi." It will be interesting also to watch King Vidor's direction, for he too will be thrown into a different style of direction from that used in "The Jackknife Man" and "Wild Oranges," which built up his directorial reputation.

Wouldn't it be interesting to see Lillian Gish play a Barbara La Marr role, for Duse was a versatile actress, if there ever was one?

IWENT to about half a dozen parties. I was disappointed. There wasn't a thing to criticize. Just folks in the same business, getting together of an evening to pass the time away in congenial company. Just like a pleasant crowd in Dubuque or Brooklyn.

No dope—no wildness—a few cocktails.

Hollywood is going to the dogs. Back to the great open spaces of New York.

The Public Just Won't Let Mary Pickford Grow Up



"Dorothy Vernon"

Mary changed her type to suit the critics, but the public clamored for their old sweetheart, and the answer is "*Little Annie Rooney*"

By James R. Quirk



"Annie Rooney"

MARY PICKFORD has just passed through a crisis in her career.

After years of unwavering triumph in child rôles she heard the inevitable cry of critics urging her to change her type, to put up her curls and play women.

The public had not tired of her youthful characterizations, the critics still praised them highly in review, but it appeared that a time had come for change.

Mary regarded the matter as critical, for there is no one less sure of self, no one more open to criticism and advice than Mary.

Deciding at last to act on the suggestion she engaged the best directors available, Ernst Lubitsch to direct her in "*Rosita*" and Marshall Neilan for "*Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*." No labor or expense was spared in the matter of production.

The result? Two notable pictures in which Mary gave performances equalled by few actresses. Her ability was proved, both as an actress and a producer; the pictures were heralded among the best of the year; but somehow the appeal fell short, far short, of that which Mary had previously exerted.

Mary regarded them as failures, and saw in them her own failure. They missed. Some element was lacking. Did the public want a return to the old form of char-

acterization, or was the fault in her interpretation of the new?

Distracted and unhappy Mary at length directed an appeal through PHOTOPLAY magazine asking the public to decide. "I know the magazine is read by two million five hundred thousand people every month," she wrote, "and that these constitute the essence of picture patronage. So I'm taking this direct route to ask for suggestions as to the type of stories I should do."

The appeal for advice brought twenty thousand letters from a public representing every continent. The mail men cried for help, and Mary's secretarial force was doubled.

There was no doubt left as to the will of the majority; ninety-nine per cent of the letters beseeched her "to be Mary Pickford," to return to the lovable character of youth which she has rendered classic.

Mary was overwhelmed with pleasure by the response. It was the greatest testimony of the love the world holds for her that she has ever received: post cards, words childishly scrawled on tablet paper, letters written on monogrammed note-paper and typewritten on business stationery, they poured in upon her as a tribute of esteem such as few world figures have ever commanded.

"They made a new woman of Mary," says Doug. Wavering in decision, fear-



A scene from "*Little Annie Rooney*," in which she volunteers for a blood transfusion to save the life of her East Side sweetheart, who was shot by her brother. It brings a lump in your throat. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., on the left, plays the role of a hospital surgeon



Mary Pickford and her gang. They will give Hal Roach's "Our Gang" a fight, down back of the gas house, on New York's East Side, any time they are looking for trouble

ful lest the public was tiring of her, the letters came as an exhilarating tonic to her courage. With enthusiasm she threw herself decisively into making the best picture of her career, "Little Annie Rooney."

Never has Mary Pickford played so skillfully upon the heart. When she showed it privately in Hollywood people declared it funnier than Chaplin's "The Gold Rush." But it is not just comedy; it is a creation of exquisite shading, from delicate, trembling pathos to sheer hilarious delight. It has the exuberance of youth and the soul of it, this "Little Annie Rooney," as great, if not greater, than "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Perhaps the art of Mary Pickford has been enriched with new experiences and new endeavor. The radiance has always been hers, and in it lies the secret of Mary Pickford's undying charm. Mary is more than an actress, she's a symbol. And through the child which she plays the quality of her shines clearest.

One of the letters she received expresses the world attitude toward Mary Pickford:

"Most everybody in the world is lonely," it said. "It is hard to find friends, and there are many disappointments. But we all go on hoping to find our ideal somewhere, and so that's the

TWO months ago Mary Pickford asked the public, through Photoplay Magazine, to assist her in determining on the type of pictures she shall make in the future. She had made "Dorothy Vernon" and "Rosita," as well as any living actress could do them. The critics raved, but the public sulked. Twenty thousand letters have been received by Mary since her appeal for suggestions appeared in these pages. "We want our Mary back," was the song they sang. And Mary is singing back to them with "Little Annie Rooney," which I believe is her greatest picture. It has more laughs than "The Gold Rush," and more tears than "Over the Hill." The awards on her letters will be announced next month.

JAMES R. QUIRK.



Mary Pickford and the editor of Photoplay in her Hollywood bungalow, at the difficult task of judging the letters

reason we come to you, as you are on the screen, a beautiful, wonderfully happy child who can make us smile and cry a little just as we used to do as children. Don't ever take that little child away, it would be taking more than entertainment, for we have made her ours to romp in our hearts forever..."

For years there has been speculation as to when Mary will retire with her screen immortality and fortune.

Mary has no thought of retiring. Her work is almost as necessary to her life as food and air. She is never so happy as when she is hard at it, working on the continuity of her story, deep in production, or the final task of editing and titling.

When one picture is completed and on its way to the laboratories for printing, when the ordinary person would take a long vacation, free from all worries, Mary's worries begin. She becomes nervous, impatient to be at it again, always with a vision of a better picture, always eager to wrestle with new problems.

The only time I ever saw her tired or bored looking was the day after she had approved the final working print on "Little Annie Rooney."

"You are going to take a rest now?" I asked.

"Rest?" she said. "I'm getting disgusted with loafing already. Do you know a good story?"