"American GIRLS use too much Rouge!" says Lillian GISH

Charming and popular screen star comments on tendency of younger generation to use control of lipstick.

An interview by Victoria Willis

The next time you sit before your best friend, the mirror—or is it your worst enemy?—with a box of rouge before you, think twice, or maybe three times, before you tint your cheeks.

Of course we all like the "blush of youth," and all that sort of thing. And if you've not been born with a bloom, it's an easy matter nowadays to acquire it. But the secret is, don't acquire too much!

And that is a necessary warning for American girls, according to Lillian Gish, who recently returned from Italy, where she played in "The White Sister." Miss Gish practices what she preaches, too, for she hadn't a scrap of rouge on when we saw her in her suite at the Vanderbilt Hotel. In fact, she wasn't "dolled up" at all, in the way the public expects an actress to be.

She wore a little red overblouse with a dark blue serge skirt, and her hair was hanging down over her shoulders. She is simplicity itself, regular "home folks." She talked about her mother, who is ill, and Dorothy; how glad she was to be back home once more—and the way she would say yourself if you had just returned from abroad.

"How does it feel to be back home again after so many months?" we asked, with a great show of originality.

"It's wonderful to be back. The sight of all the tall buildings in New York—they don't have any abroad, you know—is very thrilling when you've been away for seven months. But everything looks so dirty. The buildings are so black, the city looks like Pittsburgh."

(Pittsburghers can skip that paragraph if they don't like to have things said against their fair—er—it's brunette—at least.)

"And another thing I noticed is the amount of make-up the girls use here," commented Miss Gish.

We looked up, started—not, of course, that we still register surprised when we see a girl with her face all kalamidoned; we've been hardened long since. But all the time we've been thinking that our make-up came right from Paris!

"But surely make-up isn't peculiar to the American girl," we protested. "All that brownish powder the girls smear their faces with now; didn't we introduce that?"

"Perhaps," Miss Gish admitted. "But the difference between the European women and the American is that make-up over there isn't universal as it is here. In Italy, women don't make up at all. They all have beautiful complexes. Of course, the peasant women have ruddy, healthy shine because they live on farms and are out of doors most of the time, so make-up on them would be superfluous.

"Among the upper classes, there is some tendency to accentuate the dark eyes and red lips and leave the rest of the face white. But that is not by any means general."

"And how about Paris?" we asked. "Aren't the women there great users of make-up?"

"Not on the wholesale scale of the New York girls," Miss Gish contended. "Among the merequins and actresses, probably—those who deliberately dress to make themselves conspicuous. But certainly not among the bulk of the people. It would be considered in bad taste to use as much rouge as our girls do in this country.

"In England, of course, the girls are famed for their complexes. There's something about the English climate that gives the girls beautiful coloring, much more beautiful than any artificial color could be."

We agreed with her there! How do the English girls get that way?

"What do you expect to do next?" we asked Miss Gish, changing the subject.

"In about six weeks I am sailing again for Europe; we are going to make "Romola." In the meanwhile, I am catching up on all the things I missed while I was away. Why, I haven't seen Dorothy in "The Bright Shawl." And I have to catch up on what has happened in New York since I left. Those new traffic towers on Fifth Avenue, for instance. I just saw them for the first time. They're beautiful, aren't they?"

"How about "The White Sister?" Did you enjoy making that?"

"Oh, yes; we have a new leading man in it, an English actor who has never played over here. But I think the fans will like him—Ronald Cooper. Practically all the cast were recruited abroad; we had a lot of Italians in the picture—and the funny thing is, Mr. King, our director, was looking us all over one day, all those Italians and me, and he said, 'Well, Miss Gish, you're the only one in the company who really looks Italian.'"

Which shows, of course, what make-up can do—on the screen! But, when you think of it, it can do many things off the screen as well.
YESTERDAY’S NEWS

GRiffITH ET LES SŒURS GISh

En haut, à gauche : Lillian Gish dans le rôle qu'elle interprète dans le nouveau film de D. W. Griffith. A droite les deux sœurs entrelacées, Lillian est à gauche et Dorothy à droite. En bas, à gauche : Dorothy.

Le réalisateur du Lys Bleu, ou chef-d'œuvre, le grand metteur en scène D. W. Griffith plonge dans l'exquis monde de l'Europe. On sait qu'il a séjourné à Paris et que l'auteur a diverses expériences, toute la sympathie qu’il éprouvait pour nos chercheurs de l'art. Maintenant, D. W. Griffith est une figure de l'art et un artiste dans l’âme l'âme de l’art. Il a voulu au cinéma un cinéma qui serait le faire sentir à de nobles fins. C'est ce même sens qu'un réalisateur, un visionnaire, en captivant de ce qui est un certain sens dramatique. Il a voulu un cinéma de l'art, qui serait l'art de peuple avec respect, pour avoir une vision de ce qui deviendra peut-être la réalité. D. W. Griffith a découvert à Londres un deuxième voyage un second châtelaine, qui en voit de toutes les orphelines dans la Tempête, ce beau film qui, tiré du célèbre roman Les Deux Orphelines de l’Étranger, est nouveau de l’Étranger. Il nous a paru intéressant de publier l'article ci-dessous qui contient certaines des nouvelles religieuses à la périphérie où Griffith traitait ce film avec la collaboration des deux artistes Lillian Gish et Dorothy Gish.

(L’un de nos correspondants de Los Angeles.)
YESTERDAY’S NEWS

YESTERDAY’S NEWS

mon Ciné

Mary part de Lillian

Je l’avais rencontrée à Detroit, alors que je jouais dans La petite Épouse, une pièce écrite par Hal Reid, le propre père de Wallace Reid.

Ma mère avait décidé que je ne pouvais pas partir seule ; j’étais trop petite et Jack, mon frère, était alors un simple bébé.

Alors on nous confia à Lottie Gish et Lillian fut du voyage et même, à Toronto, elle joua le rôle que j’avais créé.

Mais ce ne fut guère qu’à New-York que nous devinions réellement amies.

Lillian jouait un rôle dans La Petite Épouse lorsque ma mère fut appelée par un engagement jointain. Elle ne pouvait songer à s’embarasser de moi et ce fut Mrs Gish qui voulut bien se charger de ma personne. Je n’étais pas seule, il y avait Jack aussi, et vous pouvez vous imaginer ce que

Lillian Gish et les spectateurs français ont admis bien tôt dans La Sœur Blanche posée une grande amie : Mary Pickford. Aussi avons-nous demandé à la célèbre vedette de nous parler de Lillian Gish, et c’est avec joie que la grande artiste nous a fait l’éloge de sa camarade.

Les plus grandes qualités de Lillian Gish sont la loyauté et la sincérité, déclare toujours Mary Pickford.

Voilà bien des années que Lillian et Mary se rencontrèrent pour la première fois. Mary avait six ans et Lillian était plus jeune d’une année ou deux.

Toutes deux étaient déjà aux premières avec la vie du théâtre, connaissant déjà les succès et les défaites ; elles avaient débuté si tôt !

Aujourd’hui, elles ne comptent plus que des victoires et ont gagné l’amour et le respect du monde entier, et pourtant elles sont encore amies.

Jamais elles n’ont eu de querelle.

— Oui, dit Mary, je sais que Lillian m’aime et je lui rends son affection avec de gros intérêts.

— Quand nous étions enfants, Dorothy, Lottie (ces deux sœurs) et moi jouions ensemble et Lillian était une sorte de petite fille aimée pour nous. Elle était toujours si correcte, toujours si comme il faut.

— Nous pensions toujours la voir partir au ciel, car nos mères disaient qu’elle était trop angélique pour vivre.

De haut en bas :

Mary Pickford.

La scène finale du Lys trahi, qui fut pour Lillian Gish une « rôlie espontée ».

L’artiste coiffée d’une haute perruque dans Les Deux Orphelines.
IT'S a true story you seldom hear about—the beautiful and unselfish devotion of Lillian and Dorothy Gish to their invalid mother. Mother comes first, even before their careers. This summer Lillian is taking her mother to Europe, to Max Reinhardt's castle in Salzburg, Austria. Before they departed, Dorothy took her mother in a wheel chair to a beauty parlor and treated her mother to a permanent wave, and this little fling of vanity worked a noticeable improvement in Mrs. Gish's health. This is the first photograph of Mrs. Gish and her daughters made in five years. It was taken on the roof of their home in New York.
LILLIAN GISH AND RALPH FORBES IN "THE ENEMY"

Coming to the _______________ Theatre on ___________

THEY ALSO SERVE!

The screen has immortalized a phase of war hitherto neglected by poets and dramatists who sing of "The Glory of War"—the parting of lovers married for a night and torn from warm embrace when "a lifetime together would be little enough." Lillian Gish as Pauli gives a beautifully touching performance and Ralph Forbes as Carl, her soldier-husband is excellent. New York audiences thrilled to this intensely human screen record of the other side of the great conflict in this "war picture without a battle scene." "The Enemy," based on Cheenin Pollock's stage success, has been called the most effective argument against war ever presented and it is at the same time superb entertainment!
Lillian Gish writes about her debut in Risingsun.

Risingsun was a pastoral village in northern Ohio, where professional road companies were booked regularly. The company was playing IN CONVICT’S STRIPES the night that I made my debut, billed as Baby Lillian.

I had been carefully rehearsed before the performance: taught what to say, to speak loudly and distinctly, and to answer immediately. In the third act the scene was a stone quarry. To avenge himself on the leading lady, the villain had trapped her child and dynamited the quarry. The little girl was to be blown to bits. But from beyond the quarry the hero was to swing himself across the stage on a rope and grab the child just as a great explosion blew the whole place to pieces. As it was impossible to use an actual child, a dummy that looked like me was to be substituted; I would remain hidden behind a papier-mâché rock.

When we came to this scene in rehearsal, someone shouted “Boom,” which signified the explosion. But on opening night, I was unprepared, hiding behind my rock, for a real explosion, a blast that shook the theater. I ran screaming off the stage in one direction, while the hero, clutching my counterpart, swung to safety in the other. The audience was delighted with this unexpected climax. I was found under the stage, hiding behind a box, and brought on stage to take my first curtain call, sitting on the hero’s shoulder.

What a pity I was not old enough to appreciate the privilege: the leading man was Walter Huston.

THE MOVIES, MR. GRIFFITH, AND ME
Lillian Gish: an appreciation

When she was a baby Lillian Gish had ash blonde hair, very pale skin and a fragile body, according to the best recollection of her relatives. She has ash blonde hair and a very pale skin today. Her body is so slender that people unacquainted with her might assume that she is still fragile — or at least frail. They could not be more mistaken. For Miss Lillian (as D. W. Griffith used to call her) exudes health and energy. A professional actress since she was five years old, she works whenever anyone offers her anything that seems suitable, and she is the one who never misses a performance.

When she went on location in 1967 in Africa to act in the film THE COMEDIANS many of the company succumbed to one or another tropical aigue. But not Miss Lillian. She acted in the hot sun with no apparent inconvenience; she waited for the others to recover their health. She hopped over to Italy, she hopped back to the United States. She had hardly settled down in her apartment in New York before she started rehearsing in a new play, I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHIERS, in which she spent most of the season. After a long career in show business she is entitled to a little leisure; and her friends would be very happy if she took some because if she did they might have the pleasure of spending an evening with her. But the lady with the ash blonde hair and the very pale skin and the erect, slender body is always in transit from America to Europe or Africa or from Fifty-seventh Street to Broadway; and the most her friends can snatch is a functional meal before that relentless evening performance.

Although Miss Lillian is the least pretentious and the least self-conscious of women, she is an American institution. Her life story is part of the American mythology. One of two daughters of a broken and unpecunious family, she started earning her living when she was a child. When she began in the theatre actors were held in low social repute; and her mother, whose stage name was Mae Barnard, and she tried not to be too specific about their occupation when they visited relatives or made friends outside the profession. As a child performer she often had to disseminate her age to escape the calamitous good intentions of the ominous “Gerry Society,” which opposed child labor. As a child member of an ignoble profession she was thus in double jeopardy. In the second decade of the century when she began to act in films she faced another barrier. Stage actors looked down on film actors. Film actors were barred from respectable hotels in California. For the first fifteen or twenty years of her life Miss Lillian was under some sort of social cloud.

But she is fiercely respectable. She takes pride in ancestry; she is pleased that Zachary Taylor is a limb on her family tree. Although she has had very little formal education she is an exceptionally cultivated woman. Ever since she was a child she has been a ravenous reader in history, literature, drama and religion. She has been an Episcopalian most of her life. In private as well as in public she represented the best qualities of the American character. Economically she began at the bottom. As a civilized human being she has always been at the top.

In her capacities as both actress and woman there is something elusive about Miss Lillian. She was miscast as the amorous Marguerite Gautier in THE LADY OF THE CAMELIAS, but she gave a shining, touching performance. For years I have tried to define the secret of the phenomenon of Lillian Gish. I think I know what makes her so magnificent. She has no vanity. She is not concerned with defining, exploiting or defending her reputation. She does not try to be smart or clever. In a play she is not concerned with what it does for her career; she is concerned with the group performance. Work comes first; she comes second.

It is characteristic of her that a large section of her autobiography is concerned with the life and career of D. W. Griffith, the great film pioneer, who taught her the art of the film and had a strong influence on her attitudes towards life. What she says about her acting in THE BIRTH OF A NATION and BROKEN BLOSSOMS she offers, not as proof of her talent, but as evidence of his genius. She has always regarded herself as a learner.

Although Miss Lillian is not much interested in herself she is very much interested in other people and in what they do and think. That is why she has never been bored or immobilized. She began as a troup; she is a troup now.

—Brooks Atkinson

THE MOVIES, MR. GRIFFITH, AND ME
**The Day Lincoln Was Shot**

Jim Bishop wrote the book on which tonight's play is based. In his preface he says: "It begins with the casual and somewhat late good morning of President Abraham Lincoln outside his bedroom door at 7 A.M. on Friday, April 14, 1865, and it ends at 7:22 A.M. the following morning when, as Surgeon General Barnes pressed silver coins to the President's eyelids, Mrs. Lincoln moaned: 'Oh, why did you not tell me he was dying!""

The play opens and closes with the same events. But though the assassination of President Lincoln climaxd the day and climaxes the play, viewers will witness a number of other related and momentous events. Lincoln meets Gen. Grant, just returned. He holds what was to prove his last Cabinet session. The assassins complete their preparations, which include plans for the murder of Vice President Andrew Johnson and Secretary of State Seward as well.

The players and management of Ford's Theatre arrange to receive the Presidential party. Charles Laughton will narrate the play. Raymond Massey takes up again the role of Lincoln he has played to Broadway, movie, TV and radio audiences. Production is by Paul Gregory, who previously presented "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" in this series. Direction is by Delbert Mann, director of the film "Marty." Adaptation is by Terry and Denis Sanders, and Jean Holloway.

**CAST**

Abraham Lincoln: Raymond Massey  
John Wilkes Booth: Jack Lemmon  
Mrs. Lincoln: Lillian Gish  
Narrator: Charles Laughton
Lillian Gish writes about her debut in Risingsun.

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THE MOVIES, MR. GRIFFITH, AND ME
“The Most Beautiful Blonde in the World”

By RUSSELL E. SMITH

STANDING upon a bare stage, with a bank of arc-lights flooding upon her golden hair, a young girl stood for judgment as to her artistic and acting qualities.

Out in the darkened auditorium, surrounded by actors and actresses and various assistants in his companies, a priestly-appearing man, with soulful eyes and tousled, graying locks, stood carefully considering the girl who turned and postured at his bidding.

“What do you think of her?” asked a friend.

“She's the most beautiful blonde in the world,” was the reply from the man in the black habit.

The time was one day eighteen months ago; the place, the stage of the Republic Theater, New York. The man with the deep, dark eyes was David Belasco, and the girl was Lillian Gish, late of the Biograph Company, and now a resplendent planet in the Mutual constellation of stars.

LILLIAN GISH, IN “HOME, SWEET HOME”
One Illusion Intact

Lillian Gish is the unalloyed joy of spectators because in real life she lives up to the promise held out in her screen characterizations.

By Helen Klumph

Until I met Lillian Gish I used to define interviewing as "the process of shattering illusions." Not that I was always disappointed in the people I interviewed—I was just surprised. There was an exotic screen siren, for instance, who when bereft of the beads of her coiffure proved to be a plump little woman interested in child welfare. There was a hero of wild Westerns who used perfume. There was a childish ingenue in whose apartment there were as many mysterious door slammings as in any French farce. And, drifting from the field of movies, there was an admiral of a foreign fleet who could have doubted for even Tarzan.

But Lillian is always flower-like, fragile, and as haunting as the melody of "Salut d'Amour." This is the lady who has that same gripping tenderness that she has on the screen. The bridge of symmetry that is established with her audience the instant she comes on the screen holds you likewise in real life. Her screen portraits are all sharply etched, highly individual characterizations, but there is the same spirituality, the same illusion about all of them. And, that steadfast illusion, that overtone, is Lillian's own personality.

She is the most flattering person I know. After being abroad for several months she returns and casually continues an argument broken off at your last meeting. She remembers quite inconsequential things—what you had for luncheon, the sort of books you read, the people you like. At first I used to marvel at her almost childlike faith in people, but now I begin to understand it. People instinctively are on their best behavior when they are with her.

When I told Dorothy that I was writing my impressions of Lillian, she said: "Remember to tell about her faults. What few and I really know of her sounds too good to be true."

In response to Dorothy's challenge I really ought to tell you some sinister secret that Lillian has succeeded so far in concealing from the public. But there isn't any. She is just an entirely sweet and gracious young person who has worked hard and been punished by hard luck until recently.

After she made "Way Down East" she could have signed contracts with any one of several companies at a large salary. But the prospect of being made to suffer and suffer and suffer through vehicles as alike as though they had been made from rubber stamps did not appeal to her.

She waited until she was offered a company over whose activities she would have control. She knows a great deal about making motion pictures—you may recall that she directed Dorothy in a comedy a few years ago—and about cutting them. Curiously enough, this extraordinary technical knowledge has not made her critical of other people's efforts. She is the perfect audience. Knowing how much hard work goes into the making of even a poor picture, she is sympathetic.

Except for the people who have played in her pictures very few players know Lillian Gish. Mary Pickford is her one intimate friend. With every one else she is interested, but a trifle aloof.

She is often called the Bernhardt of the screen.

In an industry that recklessly manufactures slogans and catch phrases and advertises quite commonplace performers as "The Girl You Can't Forget" or "The Empress of Fuzzy Eromes" that title wouldn't mean much if it weren't for the fact that it was bestowed by an advertising man but by the very people who would be the last to admit any artistry in the work of a motion picture actress.

That is the unique phase of Lillian's career. She has won the highest praise from people who were supercilious toward motion pictures and at the same time endeared herself to motion-picture fans. Of the two publics I am sure that she really loves the fans most, for they are the ones who supported her during the struggling years when she was just laying the foundations of her career. It was they whose letters, childish ones sometimes, cheered her on to one more effort in the days when she had to get up soon after dawn and go by street car, ferry and train to the location in New Jersey, where she was working.

Whenever I hear her called the Bernhardt of the screen, I think of her account of the time when she played in Madame Bernhardt's company. It was during a New York engagement and Lillian was borrowed from another company to play in just one play of the Bernhardt repertoire. She says that she was quite overawed by the grandeur of such a company—she was unused to having a maid and playing in such a clean and well-equipped theater. The luxurious surroundings, in fact, made such an impression on her that she became a regular friend of Madame Bernhardt. That guest passage was to her only a foreign lady who, standing in the wings...
IN DISGUISE: Lillian Gish as Mrs. Loftus gives a disguised Huck Finn, portrayed by Patrick Day, pointers on how to act like a young lady in the four-part miniseries of Mark Twain's "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," which will have its broadcast premiere on AMERICAN PLAYHOUSE on Mondays, February 10, 17, 24, and March 3 at 9 p.m., ET, over PBS. Please check local listings for area broadcast date and time. Photo: John Seakwood
Why We Are Glad

(Lillian and Dorothy Gish left the United States for Italy in October, 1923, to make a picturization of "Romola," in Florence. They were absent more than eight months and were the happiest girls in the world when they sighted the Statue of Liberty)

By

SILVIA PRINDLE

I CANT too highly praise the Italian workmen who carried out in such minute detail the exact setting of the story. Nothing was too much trouble. Over and over they would work on a set in order that it might be an exact replica of fifteenth century architecture. That's why I say that the hardships we endured were worth while. The picture is perfect.

I learned why Italians make such wonderful workmen. They are willing to be "told," and possess an astonishing ambition to do anything exactly as it should be done. They are loyal to the Italian ideal. They must have said to themselves: "We will show the world the beauty of Italy's handicraft, back there in the Middle Ages when the rest of the world was not so clever." And they did.

But it must be that loyalty is characteristic of the Italians. It was interesting to see them when Mussolini would pass. Cries of "Mussolini!" would go up from the cheering mob, accompanied by waving caps and bright bandannas.

"No! Not Mussolini, but Italy!" the great man would shout in response.

The phrase made them his adorers more fervently than ever.

BUT when I speak of hardships, please don't think I regret the experience or am complaining. One cant expect to do new things in the ease and comfort of an American studio. And then, too, I would be an ingrate if I did not credit the trip with the complete restoration to health of a mass of picturesquely costumed Italians hoping for work.

"Not today," would be the invariable greeting of the casting director. "Tomorrow, then?" they'd question. But "tomorrow" would invariably be little better.

THE movies have taught me that the things worth having are those dearly bought.

I realized this more than ever during our stay in Florence while filming Romola.

Despite the hardships we suffered, I know the picture will prove that it was well worth while. It required the original Italian setting, and I doubt if that fifteenth century atmosphere could have been secured under any other conditions.

But there were times when we thought we could not endure another day of it.

Each night as we retired we literally prayed that the next day would dawn clear and bright so that we might make up some of the time lost thru inclement weather.

But, no! Maybe, as Dorothy said, the Italian "dispenser of weather" didn't understand English.

But I felt that we shouldn't complain in the face of the patience and endurance displayed by the extras. Day after day, seven o'clock found a mass of picturesquely costumed Italians hoping for work.

"Not today," would be the invariable greeting of the casting director. "Tomorrow, then?" they'd question. But "tomorrow" would invariably be little better.

(Continued on page 100)
To Get Back Home

(And the American music fans missed the Gishers every bit as much as the two stars missed America and things American. These articles are a very sincere expression of their feelings toward their native land and its people, and their state of mind on return)

By

Now I realize why Christopher Columbus kissed the ground on reaching America. I almost did myself. I knew that’s what he did because I read it in a history book once. And historians always tell the truth. They’re like press-agents in that respect.

The man who saw America first was a wise one, I’ll say.

He knew a good thing when he saw it.

You see, Columbus was born in Italy and came to America. I was born in America and went to Italy. Each of us saw both countries. Now I know he had excellent judgment. I realize from personal experience why he was glad to get here.

Italy is a fine place to visit, but I know I’ll never take out any citizen’s papers. No, indeed. I’m not making a rash, unprompted statement, either. For my visit there was no tourist’s trip. I lived there for eight months—“dwest beneath those sunny Italian skies,” as the poets say—and never saw so much rain in my life!

It came down in bucketsful day after day, week after week, month after month. Yes, I’ve got to be dramatic about it. It’s a sort of solace to my sufferings to do a little sob stuff over Florence—it’s a city, you know—not a girl. It’s the place where we made a melody.

If the weather had been at all considerate we might have finished the picture in half the time, but it wasn’t, and that’s that.

Well, working in Italy is nobody’s business—no lady’s, anyhow. Eliza had more fun crossing the ice than we did crossing the location—her path wasn’t so slippery.

Every evening after work I’d rush to the hotel and take a hot bath and all the cold-in-the-head preparations I could lay my hands on. I’d be so damp and chilly all the time I was working that my teeth chattered. I flirted with pneumonia for eight months and got away with it, so came to the conclusion that I must be immune. After the hot plunge came dinner. A truly delightful repast! It consisted of that famous army dish—beans! More and more did I come to realize why the boys in France didn’t mind facing death. Those beans! Well, I can’t even look at a tin can now.

And the price of them! You’d think they were truffles. Can you imagine paying ninety cents for a can of beans? Talk about the high cost of living over here. All the green in Italy needs is a dark lantern and a gun and he’d be a bona fide robber and a candidate for a hold-up union or the bobbed-hair banditti.

When we didn’t have beans, we had salami. It’s a funny thing about salami. Each town makes it a little different from the rest, and you have to pay a tax to bring it from one place to another. The officials search your trunk for it. You can carry as many valuables about you as you like and get away with it, but salami! Well, a customs officer is more avert to find cigarettes in a home-coming American’s trunk than the Italian is to discover salami in your jewel-case.

After the evening’s repast of beans and salami, and salami and beans, we’d sit down to that thrilling indoor sport—checkers.

Boasting aside, I’m sure I can

(continued on page 309)
YESTERDAY'S NEWS

"She Needs Only Look!"

HOW easy it is for the girl with beautiful eyes to charm! "She needs only look," say her friends whose admiration is kindled, and men are attracted immediately.

A winning glance is irresistible if it is darted from behind long shadowy lashes. And any girl can Beauty her lashes by darkening them with Wax. It's a liquid dressing which makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Wax does the moment it is applied, clumping so smoothly and evenly that it cannot be detected. Waterproof. One application lasts several days. Absolutely harmless. Wax (black or brown), 75c. At drug or department stores.

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“THE WHITE SISTER”  
Released 1924—Metro-Goldwyn

ILLIAN GISH, long before acknowledged as a fine screen artist, clearly established her claim to stardom when Inspiration ushered in her Day of Triumph in this masterpiece production. It fulfills every test for an ideal motion picture by reason of representing a perfect combination of all the effective, creative factors.

Story counts, and this one, from the renowned novel by F. Marion Crawford, was dramatized and played for many seasons by Viola Allen, and Edmund Goulding was put to work on the script. Direction counts, and for this Henry King was chosen. Cast counts, and Lillian Gish, Ronald Colman, Gail Kane, Barney Sherry and Charles Lane were entrusted with the leading parts. Settings count. The story was laid in Italy, so to Italy the entire company was dispatched, where real Italian actors and characters were at hand to insure the utmost fidelity in the production. Mt. Vesuvius was called upon for a thrilling eruption and an entire village was flooded to make one of the most stupendous climaxes ever seen in pictures.

No wonder that this picture ran six months on Broadway at $2.00 top and was road-shown with enthusiastic receptions also in Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Philadelphia, Boston and Pittsburgh. From every point of view this is a picture to which Inspiration can well point as a production achievement of the highest merit.

“TWENTY-ONE”  
Released 1923—First National

RôLES OF widely divergent types, Barthelness has entertained audiences of untold myriads. In this John S. Robertson production, he gives an equally satisfying performance as a typical youth of today. Misunderstood and unappreciated at home, he conceives a tender passion for a girl of humble station, pleasingly played by Dorothy Mackaill.

The disparity in the social standings of the youthful hero and heroine and the dramatic situations growing out of their relations have piquant interest—such shuffling of life’s cards is liable to happen in anybody’s family. Innocent but indiscreet love-making leads the youthful pair into a compromising situation resulting in discovery. The respective parents attempt to forcibly prevent their marriage. The hero leaves home. The girl remains true. Then the hero, turned taxi-driver, picks up his own father as a fare and rescues him after a fierce fight with blackmailers. The parents are reconciled and the hero restored to the heroine.
LILLIAN GISH, considerada por muchos como la intérprete máxima del arte fotodramático, nació en 1896 en Springfield, Ohio, Estados Unidos y se educó en un convento de ursulinas; pero pronto la guió a las tablas la tradición de su familia y muy niña hizo su debut en el teatro, como su hermana Dorothy. Sus triunfos en la pantalla no necesitan comentario. Actualmente es estrella de la M-G-M.
LILLIAN GISH

Not since *Within the Gates* has New York seen the lady-like cameo, Lillian Gish. When Guthrie McClintic brings John Gielgud to this country to play Hamlet, with Judith Anderson as the Queen, Arthur Byron as Polonius, and Miss Gish as a fragile Ophelia, New York will see the Hamlet whom England acclaims the greatest of our time playing opposite an Ophelia to whom America has been paying tribute ever since the old Biograph days.
“I loved a lot of dear men, but luckily I never ruined their lives by marrying them,” she said. “What kind of a marriage would it have been to a wife who worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week?”

To my mother who gave me love

To my sister who taught me to laugh

To my father who gave me insecurity

To D. W. Griffith who taught me it was more fun to work than to play
YESTERDAY’S NEWS

First Lady of the silent screen

Lillian Gish takes a fond look back at 75 years of Hollywood history and an astonishing movie career

Gish in her silent screen days and in later years. "I never fell in love with an actor."

Down memory lane with a legend

Lillian Gish, the first millionaire movie star, tells of her impoverished childhood

By John Fitzgerald

NEW YORK—Lillian Gish, the silent movie legend, was born illegitimate, but the daughter of poor parents, who died in poverty, Gish tells of her humble beginnings and how she became a star in the silent film era.
Screen legend began her career in silent films

BY DAVID OVERBAY
Special to The Goshen News and Associated Press

Before there was a film capital called Hollywood, before the screen had Charlie Chaplin and before there were talkies, there was Lillian Gish. The actress died in a sleep Sunday at her Manhattan home. She was 93.

Lillian Gish in 1907.

Gish's 100-film-plus acting career ran for 75 years

YESTERDAY'S NEWS

Mon., March 2, 1933

By David Overbey
Special to The Goshen News and Associated Press

Before there was a film capital called Hollywood, before the screen had Charlie Chaplin and before there were talkies, there was Lillian Gish. The actress died in a sleep Sunday at her Manhattan home. She was 93.

Gish's 100-film-plus acting career ran for 75 years...
Gish in her silent screen days and in later years: ‘I wanted to be around people who knew more than I did. I think that’s why I never fell in love with an actor.’

eases and it wouldn’t hurt her. So Dorothy had to do it. But, since neither of us had ever been kissed, she didn’t exactly relish the idea.’
Dear Lillian Gish:

It was a revelation to see the little girl who was with me only a few years ago, moving through the pictured version of "Way Down East" with such perfection of acting. In this play, you reach the very highest point in action, charm and delightful expression. It made me happy, too, to see you and your name appeal to the public.

Congratulations on a splendid piece of work and good wishes for your continued success.

Faithfully,

[Signature]

New York, January 20th, 1921.
"Sure and I’ll be as gentle as a dove," said the messenger of sad tidings, as he laid down his shoveling and started off.

He knocked at the door of the stricken home and a buxom woman appeared with four children tugging at her skirts.

"Are you the widow Callahan?" he asked.

"I’m not," she answered, with emerald fire in her eyes.

"I’ve got a fine husband, I have."

"The hell, you have," bristled the diplomatic envoy. "He’s just been blown to pieces."

JUNE COLLYER and Earle Fox were among the crowd gathered around one of the new automobiles with body of all-leather rather than metal.

"But, Earle, how do you wash it?" June inquired.

"You don’t," Earle answered. "You just back it up to a bootblack stand and say, ‘Shine, boy. Shine.’"

JOHN FORD, ace megaphonist with William Fox, is now Europe-bound. He is setting a record as long-distance conference-holder. In fact, as you read these lines he is probably sitting comfortably in Paris with Sol Wurtzel, continental manager for Fox, discussing the small matter of making a story in Spain. We know not the name, and if we did, it wouldn’t matter, as it will probably be changed several times before reaching the screen.

DOUG and Mary, a maid, a valet, and twenty-seven pieces of baggage are in Europe. Their arrival in New York and departure therefrom were the most hectic in their respective careers. They were in town exactly seven hours and twenty minutes, arriving in the morning on the Century and leaving in the evening on the Hamburg-American liner, Albert Ballin, for Cherbourg, France. There was no fan flare of publicity. Not even the mention of their names.

They will be in Europe at least two months. No pictures, no publicity, nothing but rest.

DURING her stay in Hollywood, Lillian Gish was house guest for a considerable time of Doug and Mary—more particularly of Mary, for between these two an ironbound friendship has long existed. This pleasant sojourn occurred shortly after the new Ford invaded the Pickford-Fairbanks household. While at tea one day in the Davies menage, Marion asked Lillian if she had ridden in Mary’s new Ford.

The Gish eyes grew round and wide in awe. "Heavens, no!" she stated. "I haven’t been anything like so fortunate as that yet. So far I have only risen to the lowly estate of the Rolls-Royce!"

WHEN Mary Pickford next appears upon the screen, it may be with auburn tresses. Just at present she is trying to decide what to do with the well-known Pickford curls—a matter that has been ranking Mary’s heart for considerable time. To bob or not to bob has been a moot question in the Pickford-Fairbanks household for nearly two years, until now Mary has almost decided to do it. Almost but not quite! It will depend largely upon the result of the European trip. Possibly upon what the hairdressers of Paris recommend; also, possibly upon the facility of some Hollywood scenarist with to convert this hair-cutting urge into a dramatic thrill for the next Pickford photoplay. Forever practical, you know, is Mary!

HARK to this one: A group of executives and players lunching at the United Artists’ Studio the other day were discussing that effervescent Mexican jumping bean, Lope Velez. Various opinions were expressed until finally the ugly duckling of the films, Louis Wolheim, was moved to speech.

"Good Gawd!" quoth he. "Every time I see her snap those black eyes and give her shoulders a shrug, it reminds me of Vesta’s sporting a set of dishes."

QUAIN'T indeed was the result of the national radio broadcasting program recently indulged in by United Artists for the benefit of a moderate-priced automobile company. First came a deluge of telegraphic protests from theater owners throughout the land. Exhibitors claimed the stars were biting large chunks out of the bread that feeds them by deliberately and willfully chucking traitorous support into the camp of the enemy. The bogey-man of every exhibitor is the radio. Came next the public plaint that nary a star appeared in person before the “mike.” "They had double!" rang the merry rumor from Radioland. "We were stung and trimmed and bunched!" Complaint was registered loudest against Norma Talmadge and Dolores Del Rio. The public just would not believe that Dolores could sing so bird-like. And Norma’s voice did not accord with the fan’s idea of Talmadge phonetics. Had it not been for the motion picture camera, therefore,—that greatest
IT was on night location, in the hills back of Hollywood. Eddie Cline was directing the picture. Just as he gave orders for the camera to start grinding, the perfume of skunk was wafted through the air.

"Cut," yelled Eddie, stopping the scene. "Can that be this picture?"

At one of the big studios, the new owners are getting efficient. And one way of getting efficient is to appoint your relatives to lucrative jobs. Anyway, the relative of an executive was given the position of efficiency expert and pleased all the bosses by firing twenty-five people during the first day of his régime.

All set up, his success, he strolled on the stage one day and asked an assistant director, "Say, what does that boy do who holds up that little board before the camera? Does he get a salary for that?" The assistant director patiently tried to explain the various duties of the camera boy.

Then he watched the script girl for a long time and suddenly a bright idea struck him. "Say," he asked, "can't that girl who sits there and writes take time off and hold up the slate?"

I want but little here below—
Some fifty grand a year, or so;
No work, a cottage by the shore,
And Esther Ralston at the door.

THERE'S a fascination about Hollywood that not even the most heartbroken extra can deny.

One of the drivers in the transportation department at M. G. M., known by every star and director on the lot as "Red," decided to leave the industry to struggle along without him while he went home to St. Paul. He was doing nicely, making money and meeting his old friends when he dropped into a picture theater and saw "White Shadows in the South Seas."

There were all his old friends. Raquel Torres, whom he had driven to the studio for her first test. Gwen Lee, who had used his car when she went on location. Johnny Mack Brown, who had called him for advice when he bought his first automobile.

And all the rest.

Red couldn't stand it. He took the first train to Hollywood. He got his old job back.

If you're the type who considers Clara Bow as merely an "IT" girl, then you won't appreciate this touching story of 20th century gallantry.

The other day Clara dropped into a downtown movie. You recognize Clara by her bright red hair, as you can spot Tom Mix by his initials. Some bystanders of the male sex made a remark about the Bow gal that was not just exactly—or—well, it wasn't just exactly.

And then a real gentleman stepped forward and knocked the offending one flat. When questioned he said, "No, I'm not a personal friend of Miss Bow. But I won't hear her talked about. She typifies the ideal American girl."

CORINNE GRIFFITH is the little practical joker. When her genial husband competed in the tennis match he went down to defeat at every game. At last an enormous wreath of funeral flowers bearing the inscription, "Success to Walter Moronco," was presented to him on the courts. Even this did not change his luck.

INTENSIVE training on the part of Colleen Moore for her role in "Why Be Good." In a blond wig and horn-rimmed glasses with brother Cleve as slipper escort she has been doing
There's a tragic story in this picture. It shows Ralph Ince greeting Molly O'Day after her operation to remove fat, with sister Sally O'Neil looking on. There's a little of the old fight and snap in Molly's face, but her operation left her wan and wistful.

paper woman. The setting was Lupe's boudoir. The night was warm, so her attire was scanty... to be exact, only two pieces, both of soft satin.

Presently, Gary Cooper appeared on the scene. This was too much for the newspaper woman, who excitedly remarked: "Before the interview can proceed, I will have to ask you to put on a dressing gown, Lupe!"

SPEAKING of Lupe, it is the consensus of opinion that she and Gary Cooper will be married at an early date. The impression is that the parental anxiety on the part of the elder Coopers had no retarding influence on the love affair between Lupe and Gary.

It has all the earmarks of the genuine article.

IT was the inevitable question the first time we had luncheon with Lilian Gish upon her return from Europe, "What do you think of the talkies?" said Lilian.

"Give a little girl a doll that walks and she's delighted. But give her one that also says 'Mama' and she is entranced. The talkies say 'Mama.'"

THE importance of Hollywood as a fashion center has at last been recognized in Paris. The great Poiret, famous French designer, is planning to establish himself in the film capital.

A deal is now under consideration and the property has even been selected. Also a local capitalist has agreed to underwrite the project to the tune of $800,000. Poiret left Hollywood greatly elated and much impressed with its potentialities as a style mart.

His plan contemplates the opening of an elaborate institution under his own name which will specialize in interior decoration and in period and custom built furniture as well as in gowns and rare perfumes and cosmetics. The department of decoration and furniture will be under the direction of Harold Grieve, one of Hollywood's foremost designers and decorators.

Poiret will spend four months in Hollywood each year and eight months in Paris.

Tommy Armour gets time to win a lot more golf championships. Jack Mulhall is presenting him with a Mulhall model Helbros wrist watch for being runner-up in the Los Angeles $10,000 open tournament. Both boys seem happy about the tourney and the timepiece.

"WHO'S Meta Morphosis?" asked the big producer.

"Why, metamorphosis changed the whole aspect of things."

"Yell den," said the producer, "she better next change her name. She can't be a big star vil a name like det."

WHOOPS, and my word!

Maria Corda has hired a VALET!

She fired her colored maid and hired, as Lord High Guardian of the Royal Lipstick, a big husky man.

Seven stage-bands fainted the first day Corda appeared on the set with her he-maid totting the make-up box.

WINFIELD SHEEHAN has picked the leading girl for his "Fox Movietone Follies." Her name, believe it or not, is "Dixie Lee," and she was lured away from the singing stage by the dangling of Fox lucre.

Incidentally, every time Flo Ziegfeld thinks of the use of the name "Follies" with the Fox picture, his lavender shirt catches fire. Flo wants to film his own "Follies" — a Ziegfeld trademark, half-mark, and landmark for over twenty years.

A. ROASBERG, that exceedingly versatile title writer and driver, was called upon to serve as master of the microphone at Grauman's opening of "Broadway Melody."

Many and deft were the Boasberg quips.

Each arriving star came in for his or her share of kidding. But the fastest wise crack of all was the one Al pulled on his divorced wife.

"Here comes the former Mrs. Boasberg," he remarked, "I don't see how she wears all those swell clothes on the alimony I give her."

THE news of the engagement of Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels has bustled us all up, and we'll never be the same again—no, never!

Whenever we needed a hot squib about the romance of a pretty heart-cracker we could always pin the yarn to Bebe.

We've had her all but hitched to a dozen eligibles—Harold Lloyd, Jack Dempsey, Charlie Paddock, Jack Pickford and a dozen others.

Now we have to quit.

The Lyon angle is just as tough.

Ben has been the real sheik of the lots, though we talked more about Rudie.

Dozens of women have loved him, though he was never more than mildly ruffled. Barbara La Marr was very fond of him,
Lillian Fights Alone

A hardened cinema veteran who has watched them come and go breaks out in defense of the elder Gish and breaks down the legend of The Ice-Water Princess

By Leonard Hall

Out in the heart of the Hollywoods, beset by the dollar-snorting dragons of sinmland, a blonde girl is fighting alone for her artistic honor.

She is one of the most gallant spirits in the history of pictures.

She has had more influence for good upon the dancing dagoerootypes than any dozen shinier stars.

And she is probably the most misunderstood and misrepresented public doll in the entire playolop world.

Her name is Lillian Gish.

She has been for years the victim of an false tradition as ever scuttled a stellar ship. Yet she is probably, at this moment, on the threshold of her greatest achievement in the film world.

I whack the typewriter to paint the lights and shadows of the real Lillian Gish—not the Ice-Water Princess, The Mauled Anemone, The Slim White Virgin that the movie-going public thinks it knows.

As this is written she is on the gold coast, stubbornly and bravely fighting for the integrity of her next picture, on which she has focused her heart. At the expiration of her late Metro-Goldwyn contract Lillian cast about for the next move to keep her fame and fortune bright under the public sun.

Half-gods never satisfied La Gish, the girl who grew up under the wand of Olm Massa Griffith. Whole deities or none.

Lillian Gish in one of her finest tragic roles—as the little whipped girl in Griffith's unforgettable photoplay, "Broken Blossoms"

How about the most noted stage director in the world?

On her own Lillian went to Germany, and bearded Dr. Max Reinhardt, producer of "The Miracle," in his own castle. On her own, she persuaded him to come to America and make "The Miracle Woman" with and for her. On her own, after months of preparation abroad, and Reinhardt arrived in Hollywood—only to have the great man almost ignored, the prized and prepared story ditched and another handed them. But Lillian carries on—fights the good fight, alone.

That's the sort of mettle the frail and wistful Lillian is made of.

There are two Lillian Gishes.

The first is the one the public thinks it knows.

That Lillian—the false—is a frigid, bloodless creature, aloof, and about as spry and lively as a frozen codfish. [CONT'D ON PAGE 128]
YESTERDAY’S NEWS

You never lose Ivory in your bath—it floats!

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This is the GUITAR
you hear on the radio and records.
The Gibson Mastertone Guitar, with matchless tone of such depth, beauty and carrying power, embodies every modern and most expert craftsmanship, acclaimed as world’s finest guitar.

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Gibson.

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Her ideal—that ghostly figure that is in the back of every girl’s mind—the prince charming who will come some day, bringing romance and happiness into her life. She wonders what she can do to make herself more attractive, but in her guessing she misses the thing above her breath, that will show her the clue of a perfect health. A needed complexion; a clear skin; m memorandum—these are the things a man wants in the woman he chooses for his wife.

If girls had realized this they would have taken that subtle herbal tonic and served Dr. PIERCE’S Favorite Prescription. For free medical advice, write;

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Besides being easy to play we make it easy to pay. A small down payment and a little each month. Write today for full information on our liberal offer. Give name of instrument in which you are interested.

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Customer: Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature.

I am interested in the following instrument:

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A new and subtle way used by Movie Stars to add charm and magnetism to their personality. The “Puff from Hollywood” is a secret cigarette blend perfumed with essence of flowers, expertly prepared by Buescher Tobacco Company. Not simply a cigar shape, not merely a cigarette, the “Puff from Hollywood” is truly a finished cigarette, a jewel, a trinket of beauty, to add charm to your personality.


Buescher Tobacco Company, 203 East 9th Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Addressee: Mark Lister, Hollywood, Calif.

A historic picture of Lillian and Dorothy Gish and D. W. Griffith. It was snapped on the south portico of the White House as the noted trio left after lunching with President and Mrs. Harding. Time—the day after the Washington premiere of “Orphans of the Storm,” in which D. W. directed the girls.

Loved mother, May Gish. She managed to fight through when that mother was stricken down, a few years ago, with an almost fatal illness, just as fortunate could have given her all the material things she missed during the long years of struggle.

And yet I don’t suppose that some people will ever believe that Lillian Gish is not studied with damp sawdust.

They will not believe blood and not ice water courses through her veins.

Her pallid parts have helped build the hateful, untrue tradition of her wifful bloodlessness.

I wish people could see her sitting at her own tea-table—laughing out loud, her cheeks a warm pink, and the sunlight in that amazing crown of hair.

Boy friends?

Ten thousand women would give their front teeth to see at a Broadway first night with George Jean Nathan, brilliant dramatic critic and First Bachelor of the United States.

Well, his favorite theater companion is not some button, Rudy woman of the world, but this icy specter known as Lillian Gish.

Perhaps there is a League of Women carrying on a ruinous campaign against her because she has corralled the Unapproachable Bachelor, The Flappers’ Dream and the Widows’ Despair.

But when all is said and done, the adjective that best describes Lillian Gish is “gallant.”

Now, in the full flush of young womanhood, she will not submit to the rushing years.

Most of the other veterans of her time have gone down, fighting or flunking.

But Lillian, at the height of her powers, battles forward.

Public misunderstanding or apathy do not freeze her.

She has bought and whipped million dollar suits brought against her by Charles H. Duell, once her boss at Inspiration Pictures. Even now, in Los Angeles, she faces actions totalling over $30,000 brought by the same gentleman.

This frail white lily is always marching off to war, and when the smoke has cleared away it always seems to be her opponent who is on the floor peacefully dreaming away a long count.

She went valiantly to the end of her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, keeping her art, heart and salary up, and finished with superb work in that beautiful picture called “Wish.”

The critics sat up, rubbed their eyes, and realized, all over again, that Gish is great.

Now there is this daring Reinhardt adventure.

She has transplanted this gigantic Teton six thousand miles from his Austrian castle, has set him down in the mud world of Hollywood.

And now she proposes to make a memorable picture under his direction, to their greater glory.

They take one story away from her, she’ll make another.

She’s a soldier and a trooper, this elder daughter of the house of Gish.

It is warming to think of this golden girl out on the coast, fighting for God, for Country and for Yale.

It makes me want to rear up on my hind legs and yell “Attagirl, Lillian. The game’s with you!”
The Other Side of the Story

Clarine Seymour had but one short year of fame before she fell a victim of the white plague after completing "Scarlet Days." She might have been one of the greatest stars of the screen. She was full of life and youth — the Clara Bow of her day, but more tractable.

Clarine: It was who introduced the shimmy to Los Angeles. The funny wiggle had originated in a San Francisco dive, traveled across the continent to Broadway. Clarine brought it back to the coast, and loved to demonstrate the intricacies of the "shakes" between scenes.

Robert Harron, the boy whose life was an open book, died of a broken heart. The newspapers said that he was shot accidentally. There are many people who will tell you that it was suicide. Bobby’s heart was broken when Richard Barthelmess was chosen for the hero in "Way Down East."

There had been talk for a long time that Bobby and Dorothy Gish would be married. Johnny Harron is attempting to carry on the name in pictures now. He looks a great deal like Bobby.

Sometimes the resemblance is almost weird, but Johnny lacks that certain quality which made Bobby so great.

In "The Rough Riders," Charles Emmett Mack gave a beautifully poignant death scene. He was carried in the arms of Charles Farrell, his pal in the picture as in life, through a line of sharp-shooters, to die. It would be a harrowing experience to see, if you knew that somewhere Charlie Mack was alive and well. It was almost unbearable to watch the scene and know that Charlie had just died, following an automobile crash. "Rough Riders" would have meant the beginning of a great career for him. At least he went out in a blaze of glory, quiet, likeable Charlie.

Strangely enough, one of the last appearances made by Gladys Brockwell was in a picture wherein she died. It was the tragic end of a tragic career. After her thorough Griffith training, and a brief period of fame as a vamp, Gladys almost dropped from sight. Talking pictures brought her back. A new and greater career was at hand, but fate wills differently. She died following a dreadful automobile accident on Ventura Boulevard.

Lillian Gish, the greatest of the Griffith stars, had a difficult time coming back in other hands. The fragile Duse of the cinema might never have returned but for her wonderful performance in "The White Sister," made in Europe.

Even her later pictures at M-G-M were not great box office attractions. Some of the old spark had gone, and a helpless, fluttering heroine in this modern day of flappers seemed quaint and incongruous. Lillian is the enigma of the screen.

Even now she may return and reveal herself again as the superb Griffith star of the past.

Dorothy Gish has never been an unqualified success away from Griffith’s guiding hand. Even there she was somewhat overshadowed by her sister, Lillian. For several years she has made pictures abroad. The few efforts to reach America were received coldly. Yet, who will forget The Little Disturber in "Hearts of the World."

If Henry B. Walthall had retained his health he might have been greater than John Gilbert. The Little Colonel of "The Birth of a Nation" was a dark-eyed romantic fellow, and a marvelous actor. Yet there were many years of illness. He appeared old and ill. He was forced to play character parts, when he should have been cast as dashing heroes.

He is still very much in demand for these character parts, but he has been cheated out of his rightful destiny. To me, Walthall is the greatest of the Griffith tragedies.

The Mary Pickford of the early, happy days, as she looked in a picture forgotten and unknown. This is the great Mary of the D. W. Griffith period.
ALMOST everywhere you go somebody is always asking, "Are Clara Bow and Alice White really mad at each other?"

The answer is "no," and a couple of notes. Some smart newspaper guy started the feud just to build circulation or something.

Alice and Clara have always been the best of pals—in fact, they're sort of banded together against the rest of the world who couldn't see a girl having a little fun without getting mad about it.

HEART chub for a cold month: Little Sally Starr is being hussied around by Bobby Agnew.

Was the 18-day diet promoted by the fruit growers association? Maybe yes, maybe no. Anyhow, it's now as dead as last year's sparrow. Killed off by the medical fraternity and old Dr. Bitter Experience.

The picture girls welcomed the diet like an extra girl welcomes an assistant director. Eighteen pounds gone in eighteen days! Whoopee! The pounds fell off, it's true, but the dieter often finished up in a hospital.

Milk is as popular as grapefruit used to be. Many of the girls were put on a baby food diet to counteract the disastrous effects of the reducing method.

Hollywood physicians made statements. They warned their patients against it. The very women who had been most in favor of it begged their friends to let it alone.

And the restaurants threw out all their menus describing it.

Hollywood still reduces, but not that way. Swedish masseuses are as popular as handsome men. The stores have given over their best window displays to new

A famous star of other days comes back to Hollywood and pictures! Dorothy Dalton, glamorous girl of the Ince days, and her noted husband, Arthur Hammerstein, who will produce a musical spectacle, "Bride 66," for the audible screen.

vibrators and reducing machines. Many of the girls are taking courses of systematic exercises. Lots of them are dieting. But they're doing it under a doctor's care this time!

REMEMBER how we all thought the fire-eating Jetta Goudal was all washed up in pictures, after her winning suit against De Mille and her stand against the producers in the fight to unionize Hollywood's actors?

Wrong again, for the bizarre Goudal has a part in a Warner short subject called "China Lady." Her first film job in a year. All of which goes to show that producers, unlike elephants, forget and forgive.

LILLIAN GISH is back in Hollywood doing her first talkie, "The Swan." Her charm, Mary Pickford, is in Europe, so Lillian uses Mary's bungalow at the studios as both dressing room and home. She has a house, but when she works late on the set she remains over-night at the bungalow.

YOUN never know—and Rudy Vallee's picture, "The Vagabond Lover," proves it again.

Before the singing sheik's first talkie opened on Broadway, all the wiseacres whispered that it would be a stenopus dud, and that its flop would be heard from the Battery to the Bronx. To make them look foolish, nothing like that happened. The kid may be no Barrymore, but neither can John sing "A Little Kiss Each Morning" and bowl over the girls the way Rudy does. In short, his picture was pretty well liked.

Radio Pictures reports that girls' clubs are buying blocks of seats. If that's so, things look bright. For men may write stories like this, but it's the ladies that make the stars and keep them ringing the merry old cash register! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]
AN interesting informal photograph of the real Lillian Gish. Miss Gish is now in Austria working under the tutelage of Max Reinhardt. Like other far-seeing stars, she is studying voice culture under European specialists, with a view to making a talking picture. Technically one of the screen’s best pantomimists, all of Lillian’s childhood training was on the speaking stage.
YESTERDAY’S NEWS

It is your head to find a tropical for sports and general wear that is practical and at the same time attractive in the salon. All the fashions illustrated here are designed for the woman who does not want to be restricted in her choice of color or style by a too fixed idea of what is fashionable. The simplicity of the designs is accompanied by a freedom from the conventional cut that prevails in other circles. Women in these figures are shown in the best taste. The picture for the hat is of the 1910s, and we are not only what is new in taste, but also in style.

When the 1910s hats first appeared they had a flat crown in slightly tilted feeds. They were full and cubical, forming a very pleasing shape, but it was not until the introduction of the new hat, with its broad brim and softness of material, that we got the full form for the head, in particular the hat. The hat is worn at an angle, and the brim is broad and soft. The hat wears well with any other fashion and can be used for all occasions. The picture is of the hat, 1910s, and it is true.

The cut and style of the hat are shown in the figure. The hat is of the 1910s, and it is worn in a similar style to the one shown in the picture. The hat is made of wool, which is soft and comfortable, and it is worn in a manner that is both practical and attractive. The picture shows the hat is also worn in a similar style to the one shown in the figure. The hat is made of wool, which is soft and comfortable, and it is worn in a manner that is both practical and attractive.
Lillian Gish in Fall Clothes for the College Girl

Four close-up shots of Miss Gish, for her new fall line of clothes, in a Lucky Strike ad. Lillian Gish, fashionable and charming, has made a strong appeal for the business, and with her appealing smile, she is sure to capture the hearts of young women everywhere.

The Autumn Line: Fall and Winter Fashions

The Autumn line of fall and winter fashions for young women features a variety of styles and colors to suit every taste. The line includes dresses, coats, and accessories in a range of shades from soft pastels to bold solids. The fabrics are comfortable and durable, perfect for the changing weather of fall and winter.

The College Look: Stylish and Comfortable

For the college girl, the Autumn line offers stylish and comfortable options to keep up with the latest fashion trends. The dresses are designed with practicality in mind, featuring pockets and comfortable fabrics to keep her warm and stylish throughout the season.

The Fashion Forecast: Fall and Winter Trends

The fashion forecast for the upcoming fall and winter season features a variety of trends, from bold colors to cozy materials. The Autumn line of clothing is designed to complement these trends, offering a range of styles to suit every taste and budget.

The Lucky Strike Ad: Promoting the New Line

The Lucky Strike ad features Miss Gish in her new fall and winter fashions, promoting the new line to young women everywhere. The ad is designed to capture attention and encourage people to try the new line of clothing, providing a glimpse into the latest fashion trends.

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YESTERDAY’S NEWS

Lillian Gish
The Incomparable

Being the True Story of a Great Tragedienne

By Sidney Sutherland

THERE are four ways in which the story of a woman’s life may be written: you may accumulate a mass of bald statistics—dates and incidents—which will contain about as much drama and interest as a Euclidean theorem; you may simulate the function of a phonograph record and impart the

third method as unbalanced, you may combine the first two with the fourth, now to be set forth in this my overture, and approximate the perfect biography—the perfect biography being, after all, simply a genuinely revolutionary chronicle of a woman’s soul and what the world has done to it.

It is a delicate thing, and one to be approached with diffidence, to stand before a celebrated woman and say to her:

"And now, having learned your history your philosophy, allow me, please, to a

your heart, that I may tell all those who admired you in silence what lies there."

Especially is this difficult if, because nature and because of what life has done to her, she has inclined herself within a radius so immeasurable as to defy definition.

(continued on next page)
THE PLAY OF THE WEEK: 'WITHIN THE GATES'

IN his play, "Within the Gates," Sean O'Casey, the distinguished Irish playwright, departs from the conventional patterns of play-making and strives to extalt the spirit of drama by lifting it above the realism of everyday life and placing it on a spiritual plane. His method, which employs singing and dancing and other instruments of fantasy, met with a wide divergence of critical opinion at the opening of the play at the National Theatre. Many of the New York critics hailed the production as the most stimulating contribution to dramatic art in a decade, others openly expressed their dissatisfaction and frankly admitted a sense of bewilderment as to O'Casey's purpose.

The scene of the play are laid in Hyde Park, London, the cross-road of all walks of life, and the action is carried through the four seasons of the year. The characters represent not individuals but the elements of life itself and their movements are not those of persons of a definite time and place but of players in the perpetual drama of human nature.

IT IS SPRING, and Janice, Having Repeatedly Tried to Go Straight, Appeals to a Bishop Whom She Meets in the Park. Shocked and Embarrassed by Her Story, He Orders Her Away.

IN THE SUMMER, Janice, Accompanied by Her Mother (Hacy Morris), Again Sees the Bishop in the Park. The Mother Seem to Recognize in the Clergyman a Liberator to Janice's Father.

WITH THE COMING OF AUTUMN, Janice's Health Begins to Fail Rapidly. The Dreamer, a Young Poet (Branswell Pitchford), Seems to Be Her Only Friend and Comforter.

WINTER COMES, and Janice Lies Dying in the Park. The Bishop, Whose Conscience Has Troubled Him, Finds Her Too Late to Help Her. The Bishop Believes He Has Saved Her, and the Dreamer恸哭 Her to God With a Song on Her Lips.
THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL

November 3, 1953
Henry Miller’s Theatre

The Theatre Guild and Fred Coe production of a drama in three acts by Horton Foote. Directed by Vincent J. Donehue, settings by Otis Siggers, costumes by Rose Bogdanoff, lighting by Peggy Clark.

THE CAST

Mrs. Carrie Watts          Lillian Gish
Lurrie Watts               Gene Lyons
Jessie Mae Watts           Jo Van Fleet
Thelma                    Eva Marie Saint
Harrison Ticket Man        Will Hare
A Traveller                Salome Ludwig
Second Houston Ticket Man  David Churn
Harrison Ticket Man        Frederico Donna
Sheriff                    Frank Overton
Travellers                 Patricia MacDonald
Helen Lawrence

The action takes place in Texas at the present time.

"The need to belong to a house, a family and a town is gone from the world," reflects Mrs. Carrie Watts, the aged heroine of The Trip to Bountiful, whose theme is the unhappiness of uprooted people after they have left the land and gone to live in the city.

As those who saw the hour-long television version of this play will recall, its plot is an unusual variation on the standard chase, for here the pursued is an old lady who runs away from a cramped and noisy Houston, Texas, apartment and catches a bus to Bountiful, the farming town where she grew up to a peaceful and productive maturity. Her pursuers are her son, a frustrated white-collar worker, and her daughter-in-law, a shrew who is fearful that the old lady may die on the trip and burden them with the expense of bringing back her body. Helped by the kindly strangers she meets along the way, Carrie Watts finally achieves her goal. Even though she can remain at the now desolate and weed-choked Bountiful only a few minutes, it is enough. She has regained her dignity and composure from the land and can die in peace.

As the distraught but determined Carrie, Lillian Gish gives a beautifully eloquent performance which is telling in every detail, as she progresses from the trapped and harassed mother-in-law of the first act, to the fearful, pursued creature of the second and finally, to the dignified human being of the final scene. In contrast to Mrs. Watts is her daughter-in-law Jessie Mae, a childless, discontented woman whose wasted life centers around movie magazines and beauty parlors. To this role Jo Van Fleet brings the necessary harshness as well as some humor; however, some of her repetitious gestures and exresses that make the character funny instead of fearful should have been restrained by the director. Gene Lyons gives a quietly effective interpretation of the son which suggests the frustration of this young man, who probably could have been a successful farmer instead of a second-class office worker.

In her first appearance on Broadway, Eva Marie Saint, well known to television audiences, gives a warm and appealing performance as the understanding young wife whom Carrie meets on the bus. This quiet scene between Miss Gish and Miss Saint is especially moving, for it is honestly written and sincerely played.

Rose Bogdanoff’s costumes successfully reflect the characters, but Otis Sigger’s sets are lacking in atmosphere and fail to catch the delicacy of the play.

The Theatre Guild, which produced it in association with Fred Coe, is again to be congratulated for its faith in the young American playwright, which has resulted in bringing to Broadway The Trip to Bountiful.
SYNOPSIS OF "HEARTS OF THE WORLD"

TWO American painters make their homes in France. Marie, the daughter of one painter, and Douglas Hamilton, the oldest son of the other, live next door to each other. A natural event is the love between the two.

The Little Disturber, a strolling singer, falls in love with young Douglas also. However, this affair does not develop to any disastrous conclusion.

Marie and her lover are in the midst of great preparations for their coming wedding when the Great War begins. Though an American citizen, he gives his life to the service of France.

Marie and her family, left home in the village, refuse to believe the possibility of danger.

The little French company, a part of the great army of France, however, is beaten back by the great German offensive.

Then follows the overwhelming of the French, the bombardment and destruction of the village. The scenes of the evacuation and of the distress and terror of the villagers under the bombardment, are shown.

The latter part of the story takes up the village under the German occupation.

In this village Marie and the Little Disturber manage to drag out an existence at the village inn, now in possession of the Hauss.

The story relates the suffering, privations and agony of the villagers in their captivity, relating also the preparations for the rescue of the village by the French, the massing of their troops, the intense struggle of the French soldiers to recapture the village and free their loved ones; and the prayers and hopes of the women and children of the village awaiting their deliverance, as they ascend from cellar and crypt in the stricken districts.

The first part of our play is the story of the village in the time of peace, an attempt in a small way to suggest the beauty of France, the music of her moonlight, the perfume of her blossoms, the charms of her walls and her streets, her streams and pathways — ways that the legions of Caesar found beautiful centuries ago.

An attempt to suggest the gold of her love, her small troubles, her light laughter, her great hopes.

The heroes and heroines are humanity; the villain, militarism.

Our poor little heroes and heroines we know have a heavy burden, trying to give even the faintest suggestion of that heavy load carried by humanity in stricken France and Belgium.

So try to bear with them indulgently, for the story they tell is the story of truth. The things that occur may not have happened in quite the sequence as told here but all these incidents have really happened in that land where nothing seems impossible, where all the world is in Gethsemane and the earth is a forest of crosses on which hang the atoms of broken humanity.

In the night outside our house embittered voices cry out. Whatever the darkness holds, we must take the lantern and go out into it.

NOTES CONCERNING "HEARTS OF THE WORLD"

Mobilization occurred in France August 1st. The declaration of war with Germany did not occur until two days afterwards.

The incident of the boy crossing into the enemy's territory follows exactly the experience of a young officer in the French army, save that his hiding place was a cellar instead of an upper room. These bold violations by the enemy on both sides have been of the utmost common occurrence. It is not a matter of extreme difficulty to gain access to the enemy's trenches and blank areas. The great difficulty is in returning to one's own lines.

It is a strange and disquieting coincidence that the first scenes of the second act were taken in the village of Ham, which has only recently been taken again into the hands of the German invaders.

At least two of the concrete that recorded some of the events in this picture have been destroyed by enemy shells.

Scenes in the prologue, showing Mr. Griffith on the battlefield, were taken by the official cinematographer of the British War Office. Captions by the British War Office.

The scene of the repairing of the trench shows the soldiers doing away with the ill results of two shells dropped six minutes before the camera passed.

The scene of the camera set in the front line was taken just at three a.m. under the fire of three miles. The guns dropped twenty feet away.

The battery of guns, taken in action on the 10th of September, 1917, during the heaviest artillery bombardment ever known, just before the combined British and French push at Passchendaele Ridge. This picture was taken in the morning. The camera was and still remained by St. Julien Road in the afternoon in time to see the first batteries put out of action by heavy shells two hundred yards away.

The scene of the taking of the old house of the girl, shown during the climax of the last act, was again under fire from German guns later.

It may be of interest to know that the principal characters in the play have been many times under bombardment, and have suffered the terror of shell and airplane, have seen not heard humanity shocked by actual war. In one instance a rehearsal of a scene was interrupted by a shell unannounced, falling without warning twenty yards away. In the silence after the passing death, the vicinity was alive with the cry of the wounded and busy with stretcher bearers carrying away the dead.

The set against which the lovers lean in our story, is only a wall, and a similar one can be built in any studio, but parts of this wall were built when the legions of Caesar marched through Gaul; the actual sides of the girl's home were actually seen by shot and shell and are actually under the hand of the German invader; the street seen in the play has often been cited with the blood of France; as least these backgrounds are actual and real monuments, reminding us of the greatest of the world's dramas.
YESTERDAY'S NEWS

THE place where science meets and mingle with the fine arts is the motion-picture screen. Starting in their first crude beginnings as little else than a sublimated "peep show," the pictures are now attracting the best brains of the world. The finest actors, novelists, inventors, artists with both camera and brush have heard the call.

Every great feature picture, beginning with the "Birth of a Nation," has registered some extraordinary advancement. Each new release is awaited for as a new milestone along the way. So rapid is the progression!

On Tuesday night, D.W. Griffith presented "The Hearts of the World" here for the first time. And the world was already eagerly inquiring, "What new thing has brought to the little of the arts?"

"The Hearts of the World" was filmed under extraordinary circumstances. By the favor of the British Foreign Office, M. Griffith was permitted to take many of the scenes of the drama in the front line trenches, where his properties were French and British cannon actually hurling shell into the German lines.

The music that inspired his actors was the shrank upon a mission of death. The villains of the piece were not superimposed in the prop costumes; they were real German soldiers with the fear of death in their hearts and the sound of death in their ears.

Before the outbreak of the war, motion-picture directors were often heard to sigh that motion pictures had not been invented at the time of the great wars of the past. Yet, in the light of this great Griffith picture, we come to realize that the War has brought the ideals of the great picture to the screen.

Moving pictures are so common in their profusion of wonderment that the thrill has oozed away. The grandeur of war is an old story to every child.

The Griffith picture is a great drama, as we now discover, not because it was made under fire at the war front, but because it is a wonderfully sweet, human, appealing love story. And with this realization, the artist steps up to the place he should have had long while, and the mechanic steps down.

The mechanical difficulties of motion pictures have been solved; the artistic famine is next to be relieved. "Hearts of the World" opens up a field of rich promise for the future. It is a striking way of the splendid opportunities that wait for literary men in the films—yes, and for great actors.

Hitherto picture plays have been mere melodrama in that they dealt with types rather than characters. There have been very, very good people and very, very bad people. As in the old morality plays, there has been virtue and vice disguised in various personages.

"Hearts of the World" shows what opportunities there are for real delineations of real people.

There is not in literature a more charming character study than that of the little street singer in "Hearts of the World"—the deaf-mute little philosopher who holds to the text that if "you can't get what you want, then want what you can get." There is insincerity and delicate fascination in this little bit of literature that suggests Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night."

Some of this charm is due to the author and the director, but a great deal of it is attributable to the exquisite art of Miss Dorothy Gish. No less can be said of the sweet wildness of the love story. We cannot disentangle the credit that goes to the director from that belonging to the sincere, intelligent, studious effort of Miss Gish and Mr. Robert Harron.

"Hearts of the World" sets a new ideal for motion pictures, as have most of the great feature films of the past. Yet it does more. It shows a new way; it turns a leaf. It shows that hereafter the spectacle is a greater part than the story.

In the first big days of the films, the stage managers who had been confined to a sixty-foot stage, canvas forests and armies of a dozen hearty superstars went wild when they found real forests and huge armies ready at hand. The spectacular element ran away with pictures. But with this feature play, the story comes into its place again.

It is a call for brains. It is a call for authors and for actors, as well as directors—Similarly Los Angeles Times, Thursday, March 1.

WHEN TWO GREAT MEN CLASPED HANDS

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND, SHAKES HANDS WITH DAVID WARK GRIFFITH AND WISHES HIM GOD-SPEED ON HIS JOURNEY TO PRODUCE "HEARTS OF THE WORLD" UPON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT

The greatest statesman of England today is David Lloyd George, Prime Minister and Premier of the War Cabinet which directs the participation of Great Britain in the Campaign against Autocracy and in Defence of Civilization.

Upon the shoulders of Lloyd George rests the mighty burden of directing the destinies of Five Million Men in the British Army, or exercising Supreme Control over the great English Navy which is the bulwark of that Kingdom and which is the outpost of the defences of the United States against aggression by sea.

Essentially a self-made man, David Lloyd George rose from the comparative obscurity of humble birth, to be called by his Nation to the exalted position he now holds; a leader of statesmen, entrusted by the King with supreme power, the House of Commons voting support for all measures he advocates, and the entire supreme conduct of England's share of the Great War in his hands.

Eighteen hours a day is the normal time he places at the disposal of his great task. Eating and sleeping are but subordinate matters to his tremendous energy.

Sitting at his desk, at Number 10, Downing Street, the uncompromising offices of the British Cabinet, David Lloyd George is not conscious of his life, his service to the mighty cause of Civilization in order that the Allies—the United States, England, France and the other nations battling for Freedom—may bring the War to a victorious conclusion.

Busy as this man is, with demands upon every second of his time; with Admirals, Generals, Ambassadors, Statesmen, Leaders of Parliament, Members of the House of Lords, Ministers from the King, with a thousand and one people anxious to interview him upon important matters, Lloyd George set aside a large part of one busy morning, eighteen months ago, to receive David W. Griffith in his private office at Number Ten Downing Street.

Mr. Griffith was accompanied by Lord Beaverbrook, member of the House of Lords, and prominently identified with war relief work for wounded soldiers. Mr. Griffith had come to London to seek official permission to visit the battlefields of France in order to secure material for use in his wonderful love story of the war, "Hearts of the World," which he had planned to stage with the Great War as a background.

Months before, in his bungalow near Los Angeles, Mr. Griffith had conceived the idea of staging the sweetest love story ever told, with the scenes and incidents taking place in a little village in France which was devastated and ruined by the war.

Lord Beaverbrook, a prominent member of the British nobility, welcomed the idea with such enthusiasm that he arranged the meeting with Lloyd George.

Far more than one hour, the British Prime Minister held up the cog-wheels of the war while he discussed the situation with Mr. Griffith, heard Lord Beaverbrook enliven the story which should be a lesson to the civilized world, to bring courage and comfort to the hearts of the Allies, to show the world the evils and the wretchedness of a population under German control, and to arouse the greatest patriotism and love of country in every land throughout the world that the great story should be told.

When all was agreed upon, and Mr. Griffith was formally commissioned by the British Government to visit the battle-
YESTERDAY’S NEWS

HEARTS OF THE WORLD

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

WORLD AND WHEREABOUTS

HEARTS OF THE WORLD

The Story of a Village

An Old-Fashioned Tale with a New-Fashioned Theme

In Two Parts

Translated into English by Capt. Victor Maines

Under Personal Direction of D. W. Griffith

THE CHARACTERS

(Es tochiero, in which they appear)

The Gentry

Adalberto Leon

The Miner

Josephine Caloud

The Girl Near the Mountains

Lillian Gish

The Boy, Dr. Douglas Gordon Hamilton

Robert Harron

The Father of the Boy

Jack Cunningham

The Mother of the Boy

Lena Ashwell

The Father, Beatty

Ray McSorley

The Boy's Other Brothers

Y. M. Stewart

Ned, Master of the House

George Granger

The Little Boy

Helen Leonida

The Village Singer

Herbert Standing

Theo, the German Boy

Chas Selden

The Cambridge Schoolmaster

Charles MacArthur

The German Boy's Amusement

Dorothy Gish

The Professor

Lillian Gish

The English Boy

Herbert Standing

The English Mother

Dorothy Gish

The German Father

George Granger

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