PHOTOPLAY FEATURES

Scene from "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the RIVOLI,

John Gilbert in "Monte Cristo" at the BLUE MOUSE

Florence Vidor in "Dusk to Dawn" at the HEILIG,

Scene from "Nanook of the North" at the CIRCLE,

Photo Plays

HEILIG.—In "Dusk to Dawn," Florence Vidor deserts newlyweds and their problems, as in her two previous starring vehicles for Associated Exhibitors, "Woman, Wake Up!" and "The Real Adventure."

At the Heilig theatre, where "Dusk to Dawn" will be shown beginning Wednesday, she is seen as the patrician daughter of a wealthy, influential family, who rushes to the defense of her brother, a bank teller, when he, unknown to the parents, is accused of a financial irregularity.

The price which the bank president exacts for the boy's release is a heavy one. If the girl will break up the affair between his son and a dangerous and notorious woman, her brother will be spared prosecution.

But a touch of the mystic interferes with her plans. This beautiful girl is subject to vividly realistic dreams in which she is another personality, taking up a continuation of another life. Thus the story, which is a dramatization of Katharine Hill's novel, "The Shuttle Soul," is given an unusual twist that enhances its entertainment appeal and gives opportunity for strikingly beautiful scenic effects, as well as a dual impersonation for Miss Vidor.

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RIVOLI—Motion picture fans who look for exceptional photoplays have an opportunity to see a picture which is one of the outstanding productions of the year. It is "The Prisoner of Zenda" which opened at the Rivoli Saturday.

It is a story teeming with dramatic action, full of intrigue, romance and excitement. It concerns the adventures of an English gentleman, one Rudolf Rassendyll, who, because of a remarkable likeness to the ruler of the mythical kingdom of Ruritania, becomes for a time its actual ruler and wins the love of the Princess Flavia.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" is the most popular romance of a generation. From the time when Anthony Hope, then more interested in his political career in England than in writing, composed it, the narrative of Rudolf Rassendyll's reckless adventure has taken hold of the hearts of all who read. This was the first of the stories of romance in little kingdoms in Europe, and no better indication can be had of its success than that it inspired hundreds of writers to imitate it. But none of the resulting stories had the zest, the devil-may-care spirit of the original, for that was written chiefly for the love of imagination the author had; it was as glamorous to him as to his readers.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" is a Rex Ingram production for Metro, adapted by Mary O'Hara from the Edward Rose stage version of Anthony Hope's novel. It was photographed by John F. Seitz.

A cast of unusual excellence has been assembled for the production. Lewis Stone, Alice Terry, Robert Edeson, Stuart Holmes, Ramon Navarro, Barbara La Marr, Malcolm McGregor, Edward Connelly, Lois Lee Play leading roles. The Rivoli News and a comedy are the other feaers of the program.

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CIRCLE—"Nanook of the North," the Pathe feature at the Circle, is the real, true story of a great Eskimo hunter and his family.

The huge and very dangerous walrus, the polar bear and the seal Nanook catches in hand to hand encounters, killing with nothing more formidable than his harpoon on the end of a seal hide line. He fishes without bait, luring the fish within range of his spear with two small pieces of ivory dangling on seal-hide cords.

His knife is of shining ivory from the tusks of the walrus. So as to cut more easily, nanook licks it and it is instantly glazed with ice. It is his only tool used in the building of his winter dwelling—his igloo of snow and ice.

The household belongings of Nanook, his wife and three children consist of a few robes of bear and deer skin, a stone pot and stone lamps. These he carries wherever the search for food takes him on his dog-sledge, made of wood, which is very precious to Nanook. He sometimes walks miles along the beach to find a log that has drifted, perhaps, from Winnipeg, a thousand miles way! For light he uses moss for wicking and seal oil for fuel.

Yet, in spite of the hardships of life and its single purpose—food—the Eskimo is the happiest, most content and kindliest creature in the world.

BLUE MOUSE—So great has been the drawing power of "The Count of Monte Christo" during the past week, that the Blue Mouse theatre has decided to hold over the attraction, which is headlined by Jack Gilbert, a former Portland boy.

People who have witnessed the screen production of "The Count of Monte Christo" seem to be a unit in acclaiming it superior to any adaptation of a novel that has been attempted. The chief feature that appeals to those who have enjoyed the original Dumas novel is that it follows the text of the book in remarkable fashion, which is something that the stage version failed to do and which detracted materially from the enjoyment of the play.

Motion Picture Actors Put Up Real Fighting

MOST motion picture actors never aspired for pugilistic honors. The sound of the gong has no bearing on their lives—yet many of them have put up as pretty a fight as ever was staged in the roped arena.

It is an American tradition that every man should be able to protect himself and the "manly art of self-defense" is not necessarily limited to the prize ring. Very often a kid-gloved member of the aristocracy surprises his friends and enemies by "licking the stuffing" out of an opponent.

Fistic prowess takes the place today of the duello of olden times, when every gentleman was supposed to know how to use a rapier or foil.

Thus the motion pictures demand that their male stars and leading men, and especially "heavies" or villains, be able to put up a good fight. Of course, unless in isolated instances where a private feud was thus worked out, the fighters of the screen are probably the best of friends. Yet for the purposes of illusion it is essential that they appear deadly enemies and many a real punch is given and taken in the scrimmages that the script requires.

Thomas Meighan, the Paramount star, isn't given to scrapping. He is the best natured, best-loved star of the screen probably. But in a number of his films he has had to put up a scrimmage that would make the gladiators of the ring envious. He has had real-ex-pugilists pitted against him and they have gone on record to state that Tommy has a wallop that is calculated to provide additional stars in the firmament.

Jack Holt, another Paramount luminary, packs a haymaker in either fist and what he has not done to some of the villians of the celluloid fiction isn't worth talking about. In "The Man Unconquerable," one of his latest pictures, he had a terrific battle with Clarence Burton, a villain who has been kicked, punched, chewed, choked and otherwise maltreated until one wonders that he is still alive to tell it. But he hasn't been hurt to speak of, and, being a singularly pleasant and well-liked individual, everyone is glad—around the studios. But if the fans were to be consulted right after having seen him doing some of his worst "villaining" in a picture, they would probably feel that his punishment was not half as severe as it should be.

Wallace Reid is occasionally called on to fight, and in one of his older pictures, "Alias Mike Moran," he even fought himself—by means of double exposure. A man often has to battle with himself, mentally, but itisn't often he has to—in apparance at least—knock himself down physically.

Rodolph Valentino makes a pretty neat scrapper and is always in training. He takes a boxing lesson every day and is fast becoming a good boxer.

Milton Sills has a wonderful bout in "Burning Sands," wherein he is featured with Wanda Hawley. The opponent is another of those much hated screen villains who is in private life a very charming chap—Robert Cain. But, oh, what a licking he appears to take in this picture. He is attacking the heroine when the hero enters unexpectedly and jumps on him. After lambasting the "tar" out of the villain, Sills calmly drops him out of a high window to the rocks beneath.

So being a star or a villain doesn't always mean sitting in upholstered chairs or making love to the leading lady, or conniving with miscreants for the downfall of the hero. It means also the ability to scrap—and scrap good and hard.

Movies Influence Southern Women, Says Hope Hampton

Motion pictures are making over the South, infusing it with new ideas and ideals.

The biggest change is to be noted in the women, who have discarded the old-fashioned clinging vine type of heroine for the courageous and self-reliant maid of today.

These are conclusions reached by Hope Hampton, screen star, who has just returned to New York from an extensive tour below the Mason and Dixon line, making many personal appearances and, incidentally, attending the opening of the Hope theatre, named after her, in Dallas Texas, her home town.

Commenting on the transformation wrought in her native Southland, Miss Hampton said:

"The day when the South wanted pure romance only is over. Even pictures glorifying the romance of antebellum days are not in demand any more. For years the South cried for pictures that reeked with honeysuckle and moonlight, with chivalry and romance. Southern women clung to the Sir Walter Scott ideal of a story and demanded that moving pictures reflect it.

"But things have been moving fast in the South.

"The big change is in the Southern women. Still cherishing many of their old ideals of conduct and social etiquet, they have, in the rush of this industrialism and education from the North, lost many old prejudices.

"The woman who works, the girl who fights her own battles, trains her mind and earns her way by her brain, is the favorite heroine of Southern women nowadays.

"Some day serious scholars will treat the subject of the effect of motion pictures on civilization far better than I can treat it; I can only bring you news, not arguments or theories."

Irving Cobb Author Of 'Five Dollar Baby'

Irving Cobb, one of America's foremost short story writers and nationally famous as a humorist, is the author of "The Five Dollar Baby" which has been made into a six reel feature to be shown at the Rivoli theatre soon. Viola Dana is the star chosen to play the lead.

The following musical numbers for this week have been selected by Lloyd M. Coppen, leader of the Hippodrome orchestra: "Morning, Noon and Night," by Suppe, will be played for the overture. Mr. Coppen will feature "Soothing" and "Georgette" during the pictures. The selections played by the Hippodrome orchestra are pleasing the patrons of the theatre.

Toy Dog Imagines He's Real Hound and Stalks Three Deer

Alma Rubens owns a pocket edition Pekinese spaniel which rejoices in the name of Ching Ching and possesses a bark several tinies too big for him. Heretofore his excursions into the wilderness were limited to walks in Central park, but when Miss Rubens went to Banff in the Canadian Rockies, to play the heroine in Cosmopolitan's picturization of James Oliver Curwood's "The Valley of Silent Men," she took Ching Ching along for company.

The diminutive Peke made friends with the "huskies" of the dog team which Miss Rubens drove for pictorial purposes, and owing to his featherweight was able to travel on the crust of the deep snow.

One day Miss Rubens and her mother, both on snowshoes, took Ching Ching for a walk, when a surprising reversion to the primitive occurred. The ancestral instinct, suppressed for centuries, awoke in the tiny pet and he imagined that he was a hunting dog. Scurrying far ahead on the scent of his prey, Ching Ching surprised three deer in the edge of the forest. The surprise was mutual and the deer took to flight with Ching Ching in full chase.

Miss Rubens started chasing Ching Ching and captured the tiny Peke just about the time the deer discovered what was chasing them and decided to turn the joke. Miss Rubens and her mother had to run for it, and if her "huskies" had not come to the rescue it might have been serious.

After that Ching Ching was led on a leash. Miss Rubens declared that if the Peke had a body in proportion to his nerve he would make a Siberian wolfhound climb a tree.

Races Before Film Camera Recall Old Turf Day Thrillers

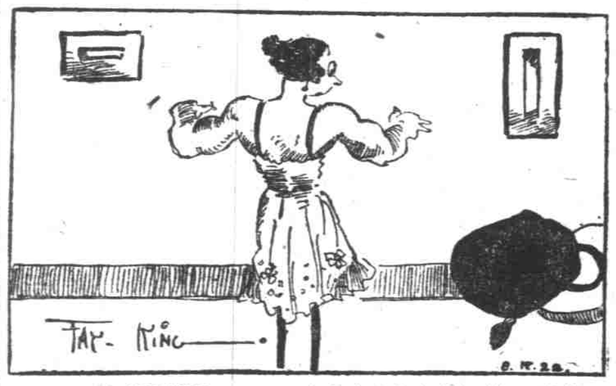
The famous Exposition Park racetrack of Los Angeles, once the scene of society's patronage, fevered betting and close finishes, but closed to meets of all kinds for years, awoke to a day of its old-time gaiety recently when John M. Stahl chose the historical site as the background for the thrilling race which is one of the features of his latest Louis B. Mayer-First National attraction, "The Dangerous Age."

With Lewis S. Stone, Ruth Clifford, Myrtle Stedman, Richard Tucker and several thousand extras as interested spectators, ten seasoned jockeys decked out in colors of vivid hues marched their horses up to the starting tape and shifted about for advantageous positions as anxiously as though it were the Kentucky Derby at hand. Getting away to a fair start, the horses ran as if for a $10,000 purse—proving that a race is a race to a jockey, whether for a camera or the honors of the track.

Had an old devotee of the course happened in at the neck-and-neck finish, he would have felt certain that Exposition Park had staged a very creditable come-back. Both the horses and jockeys were imported from the racetrack at Tia Juana, Mexico, the season there having closed a week or two before. About a thousand of the extras were engaged at so much per day by the director, but the balance of the spectators—over two thousand in number—were Los Angeles residents and tourists who stormed the Park gate the day of the event, eager to view the races.

"Training Down" to a Perfect "32"

By Fay King



By Fay King

AFTER watching the champs and near champs drop a dozen pounds a day with wild swings into midair and shoulder shakings in their training quarters, I figured that if I pulled the same stunts I could train down to a trim 32.

The trouble with us dames that go in for exercises is that we toe the floor three mornings and then lay off the system for a week or so, or maybe forever, and anybody that knows will tell you that to get results you gotta stick to your schedule and let nothing interfere.

One man told me that 10 minutes exercise every morning would add 10 years to your life.

Well, I started out with a lineup of stuff that would limber up the pyramids.

I stole the setting up exercises from the army, a coupla twisters to take the kinks out of joints from the acrobats and ballet dancers, road work from the jockeys and every shadow blow from champs.

The fact that I busted a coupla cut glass vases and a bowl of gold fish didn't dampen by enthusiasm any.

I stuck to training like a challenger that thinks he's got a chance.

I even swung a bat like a bad player, thinking it might give me a trim waist line.

It's about time I got results.

Strange as it may seem, I didn't lose any weight. I seemed to be gaining. That was tough, so I worked all the harder. I could swing on a punching bag like the average dame does on a vanity case.

But now I'm worse off than I was.

All these stunts have developed my shoulders until I look like a lady wrestler.

Instead of getting slim and willowy I am getting tougher than nails.

When I first started in to bend my bones cracked like a Spanish dancer snapping her fingers. After 10 minutes of exercising I was ready for a 10 months' vacation, but I made up my mind, and once I make up my mind my face isn't in it.

But, alas, the results are far from favorable. I usta could manage to juggle a cup of chocolate around rather gracefully, but now I have to tie a dumbbell to my wrist or I'll spill it!!!

All my hemstitching is riveted now!

DramaLeague's Study Course In Preparation

SO MUCH interest was evinced by study-groups last year in the Drama league's popular study course for clubs that the department is preparing a similar course for next year dealing with plays of 1921-1922. This will be more restricted this year as the season's output did not equal in volume and interest those of the preceding season. The course will therefore not include so many plays but will be arranged for 24 meetings with markings for those desiring to meet only once monthly. The library was so popular a feature of last year's course that pains are being made to supply a library this year. Reservation must be made in advance and must include the entire library.

As the clubs make their plans so early in the season the department is making an effort to have the current list ready earlier in the season so that clubs may secure the material and the libraries by early October. This is difficult because so many of the most desired plays are not printed until the following year. The course has, however, been prepared with a view to having it printed and ready for distribution by October 1.

The course will cover the later and more interesting plays of last season insofar as not covered by course 24 (several plays held over) and obtainable in print. Several plays much desired by the course are not available for reading.

The plays included will be approximately: "The Whiteheaded Boy," by Lennox Robinson; "The Detour," by Owen Davis; "The Circle," by Somersett Maugham; "The Straw," by Eugene O'Neil; "Anna Christie," by Eugene O'Neil; "The Hairy Ape," by Eugene O'Neil; "The Silver Fox," by Cosmo Hamilton; "He Who Gets Slapped," by Andreyev; "Dulcy," by Kaufman and Connelly; "A Bill of Divorcement," by Clemence Dane; "The Madras House," by Granville Barker; "Heartbreak House," by G. B. Shaw; "The Bulldog Drummond," by Cyril McNeile; "The Beggar's Opera," by Gay; "Title," by Arnold Bennett; "Back to Methusaleh," by G. B. Shaw; "Ambush," "Mr. Pim Passes By," by A. A. Milne; "The First Fifty Years." Additions will be made later, dependent upon recent publications.

Al Woods Prepares To Desert America

London, Sept. 9.—Reliable reports here indicate that Al Woods is preparing toa banden his American interests and launch into business in London. He is already negotiating with several producers with a view of acquiring connections here.

Woods is reported to have three stars with whom he will present new plays. They are Peggy O'Neil, Pauline Frederick and Margaret Bannerman, the Canadian girl at present starring in Decameron Nights and who created a furore when she appeared nude except for a long wig.

It is understood here that Woods has already disposed of his Chicago interests to the Shuberts.