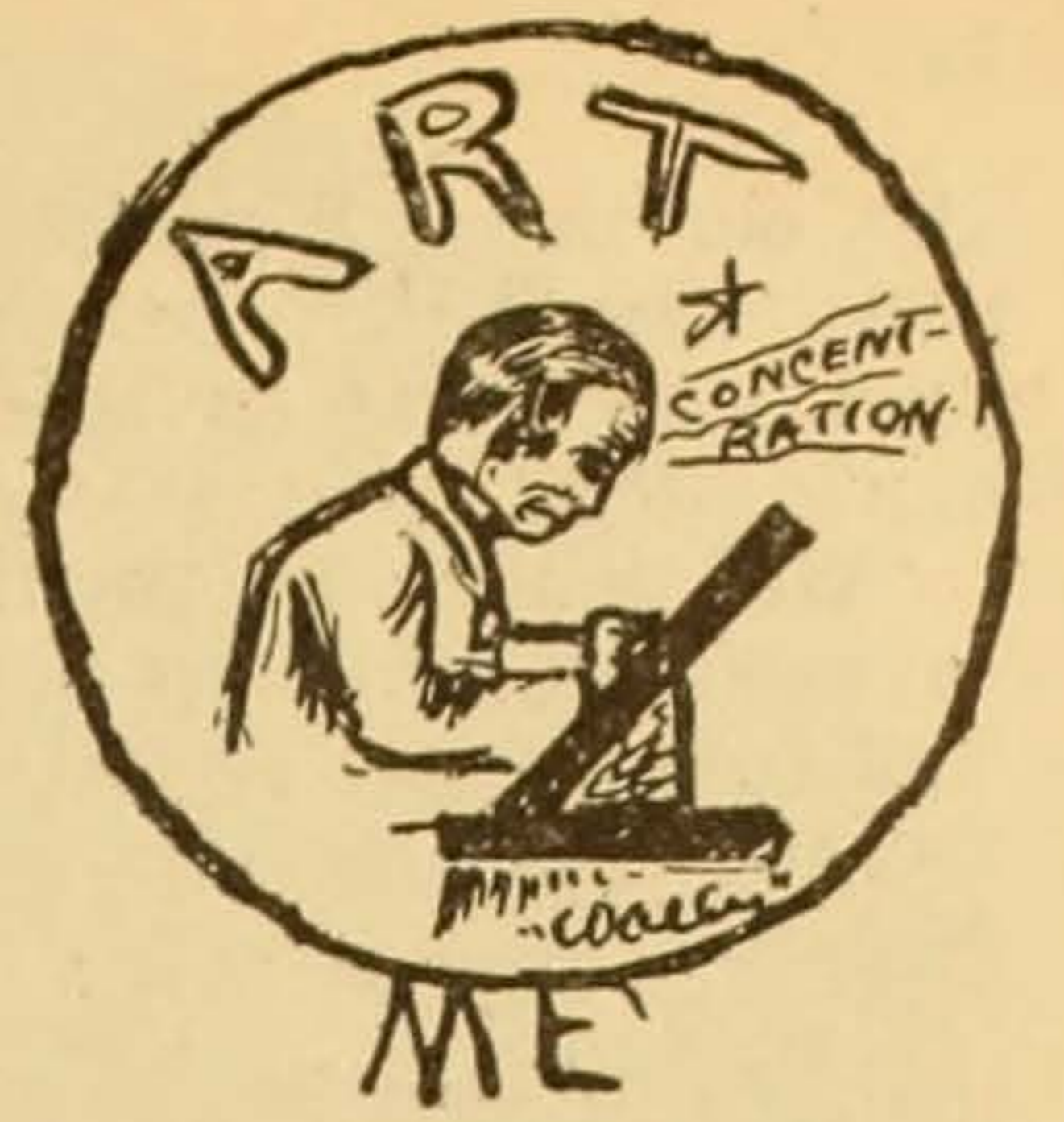


Wandering With Wally



Wallace Reid has outdone Ulysses as far as wandering is concerned—but is he a better artist?

Art by Wallace Reid
Literature by Kenneth McGaffey

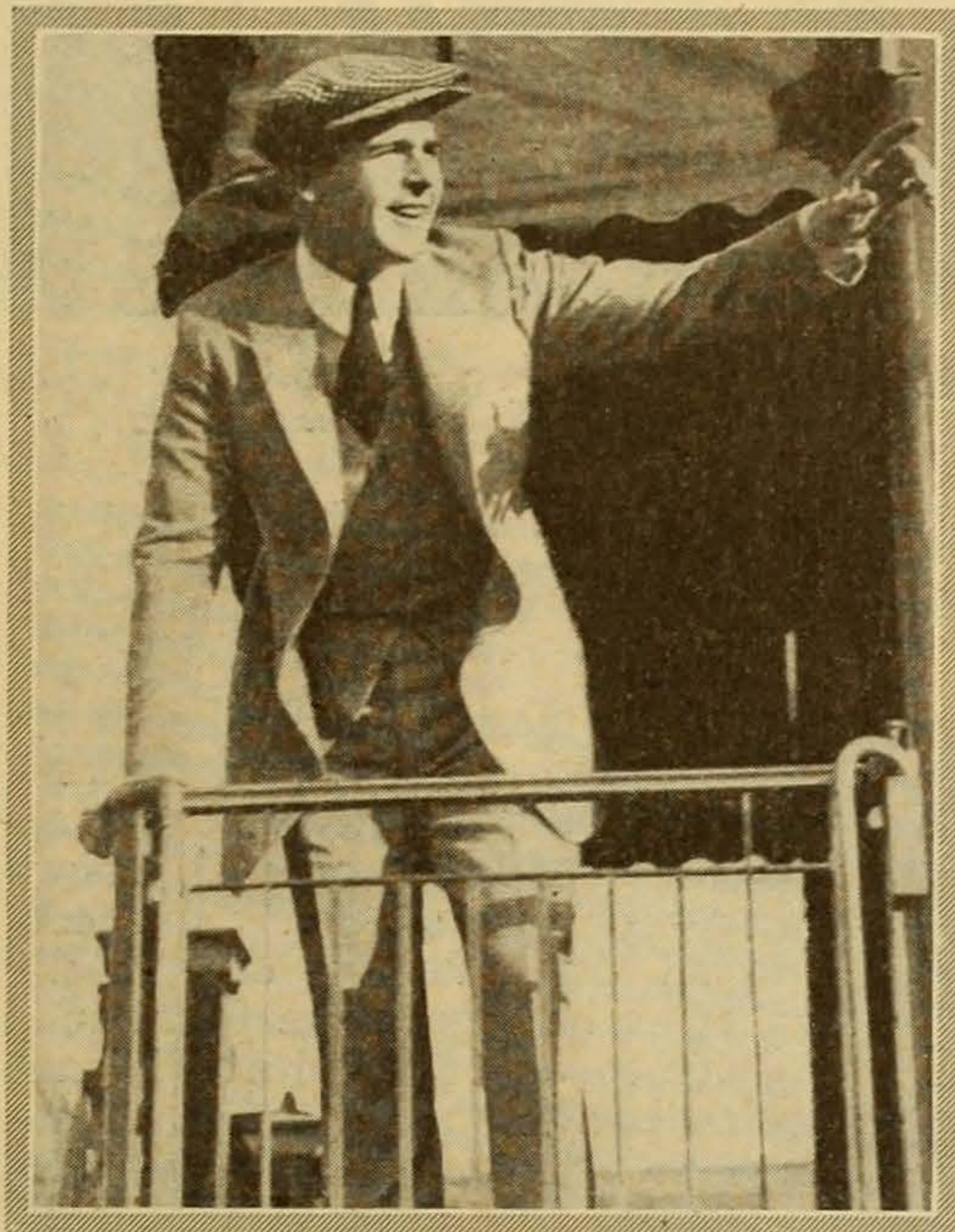
TAKING it by and large, to and fro, pro and con, back and forth, as someone else has said more ably but not so prominently, it was *some tour*.

Would that I had the pen of a Gibbon or a John Fiske that I could chronicle in detail the events as they took place and thus contribute my bit to the pages of history.

Little did we—referring to Wallace Reid—(hereinafter known as “Wally”), the celebrated cartoonist and well known Paramount star—little did we—I repeat—dream of the adventures which would befall us when—like the innocent little babes in the woods, which we are—we set forth, hand in hand on our voyage of discovery.

You see, it was this way—Wally had been a resident of California for a constant period of six years; had graduated from the rank of “native son,” and been promoted to the exalted degree of “California pioneer.” It is the concensus of opinion that six years is too long to keep away from any one place, and Wally was eager to make a trip to New York to attend the opera season and perhaps run up and hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra. And I yearned to once more gaze upon Grant’s Tomb and see what new finny treasures had been added to the Aquarium.

When it was breathed in the daily prints that Wally was threatened with a



The camera caught Wally on the observation platform. Here, at least, he can be recognized.

“knock ‘em dead” with our “act” once we began to appear at the different theatres. Anyone believing our conversation could have visualized a performance that would have made vaudeville’s greatest headliners look like a deaf and dumb duo in a dark cellar.

It was not until we had commenced to climb into the hills that Wally remarked:

“Now that we have this tour of personal appearances what are we going to do with it? What have I got to do?”

“All you’ve got to do when we get to a town,” said I, “is to be met by a

delegation of prominent citizens, fed, and then escorted for a little talk at from five to fifteen theatres, get on the train and then try to get a nice sleep before doing it over again in the next town.”

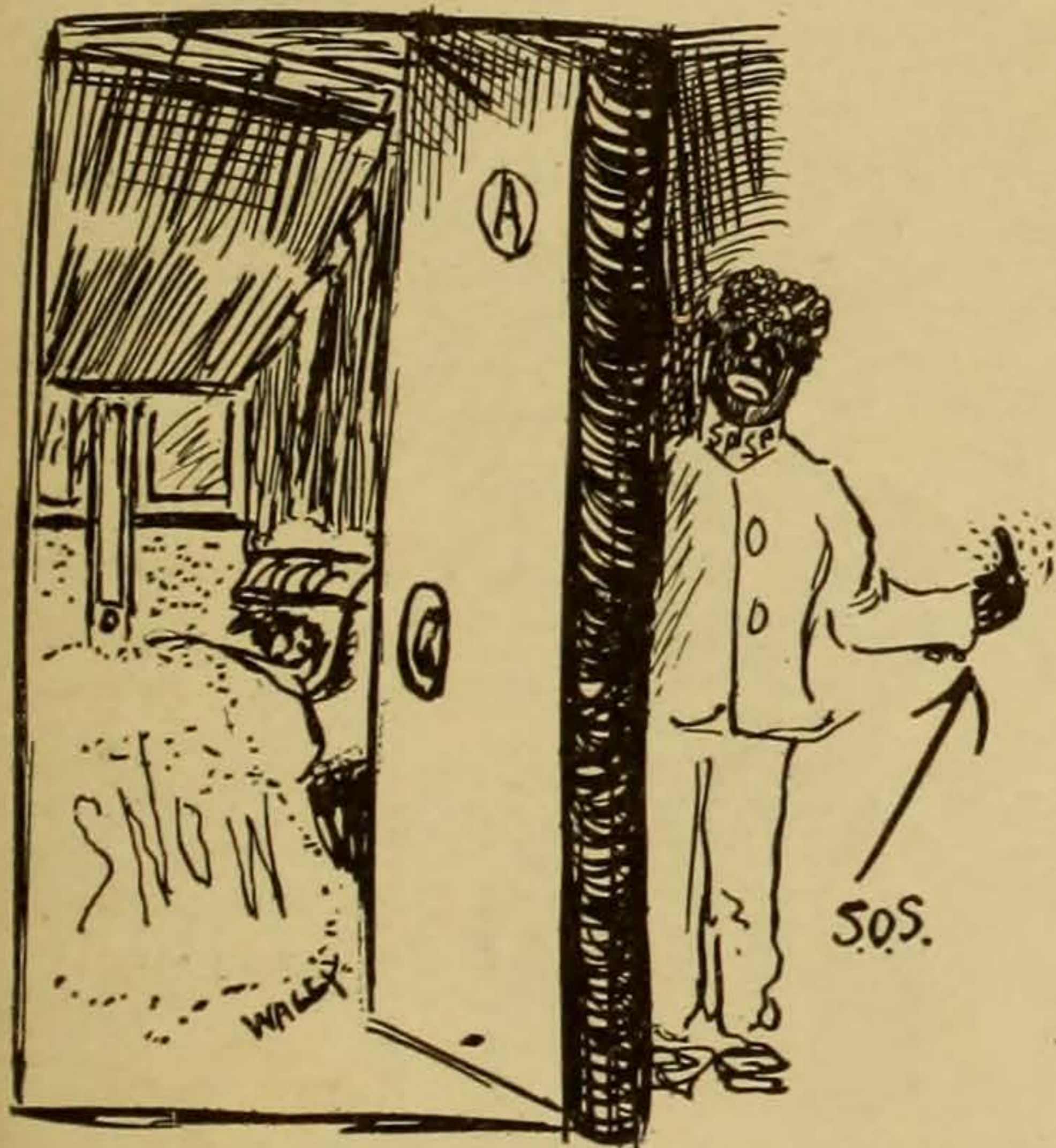
“What do you do?” demanded Wally.

“Well,” I explained, “I have really the hard part. The burden of toil is upon my humble shoulders for while you are entertaining the audiences and yourself with your feast of reason and flow of soul, I have to stroll casually about the town, inspect the various points of interest, view the exhibits at the Chamber of Commerce, and select suitable souvenir postcards to mail to my friends out West.”

“Is that all?” asked the noted star.

“Yes,” replied the lowly companion.

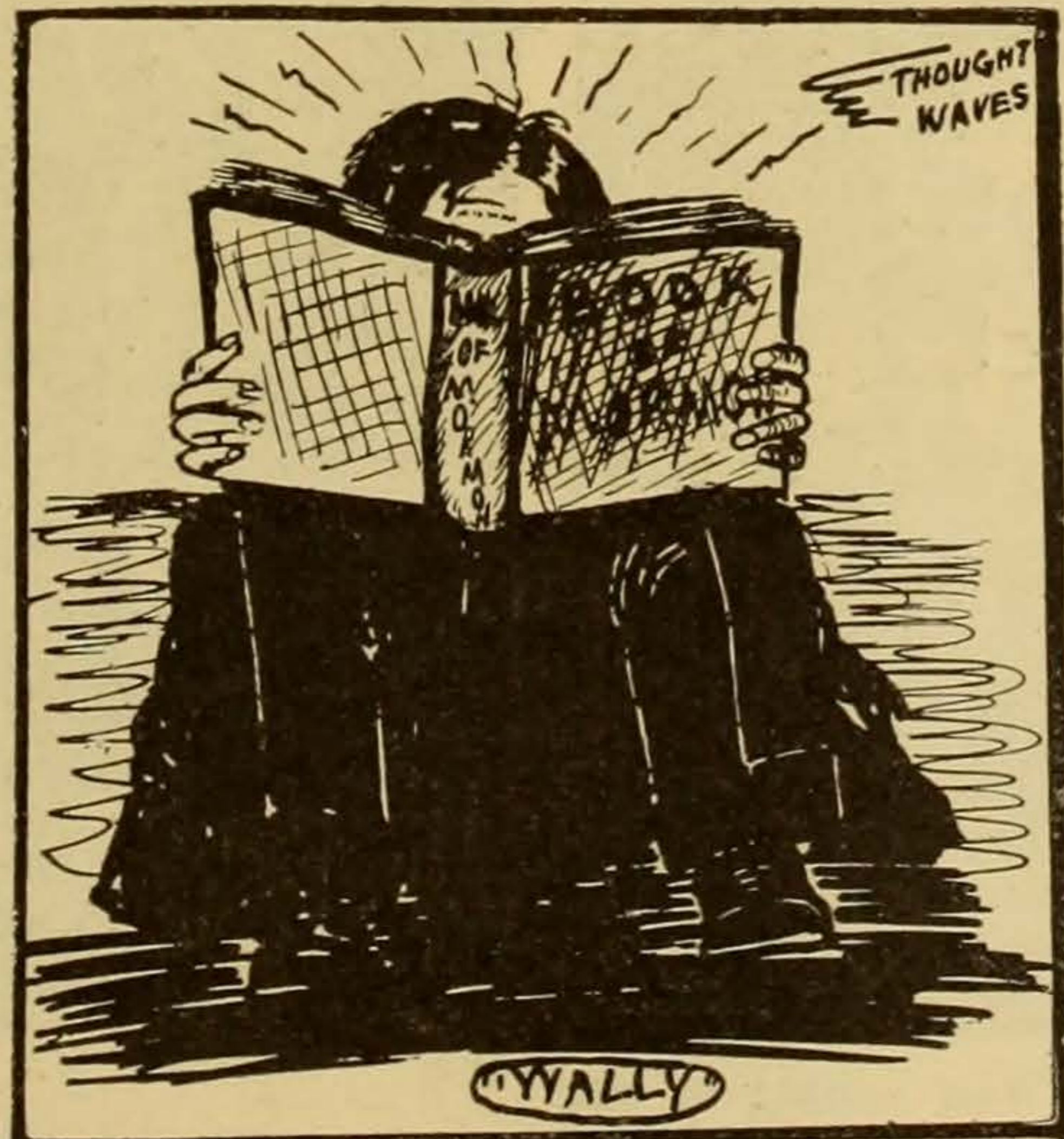
“No, it ain’t!” he retorted, using a common colloquialism to make his point more effective. “There is one more slight duty you will have to perform, namely this: *You will appear on the stage each and every time I do—or I’m going to be awfully hard to catch.* You don’t get me thrusting my shy young self before an audience without both physical and moral support—and *you are it.* Any stage that is denied the privilege of supporting your slight form will also have to get along without me.



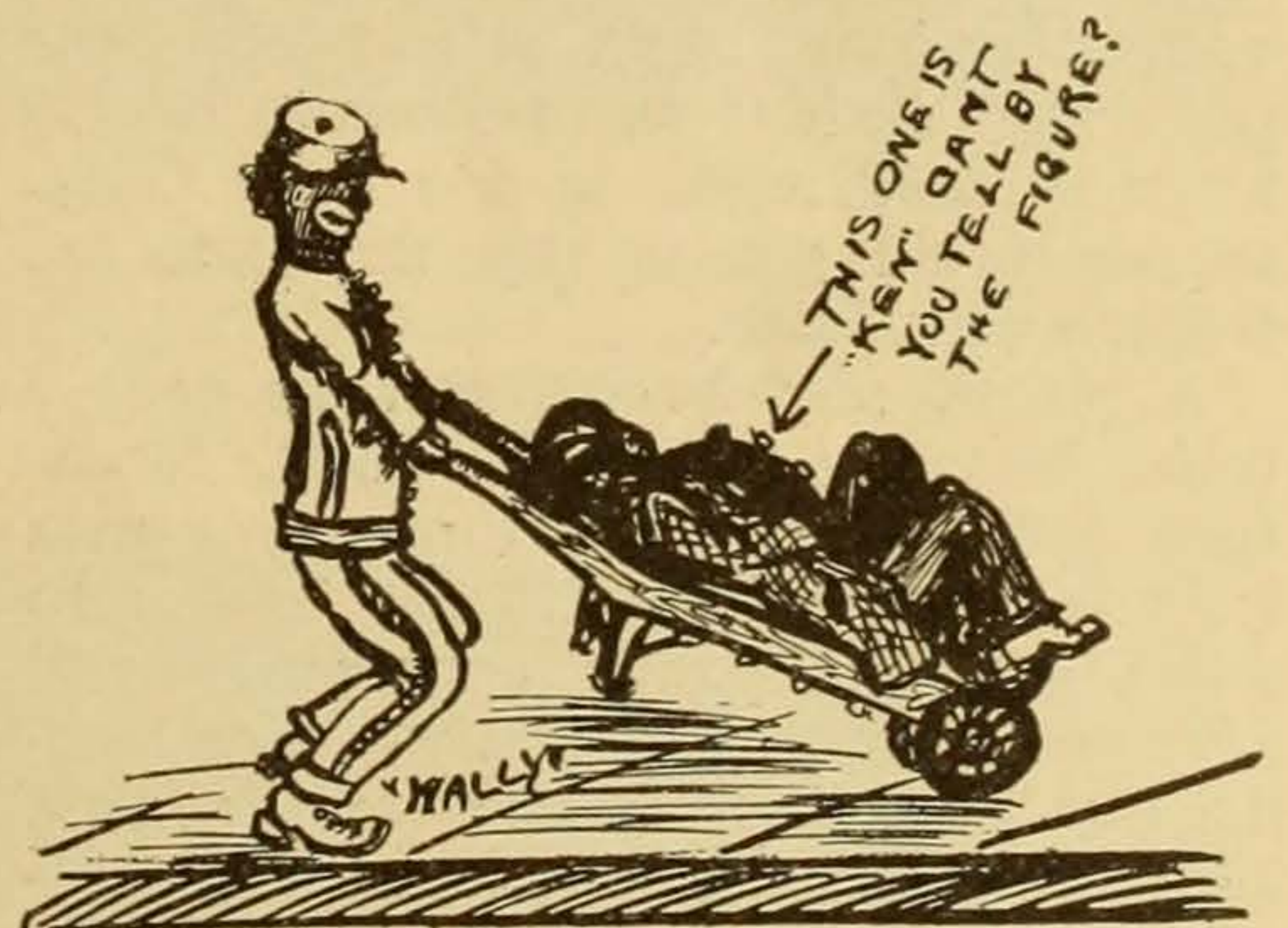
“And if the porter hadn’t broken in to see if we were still alive—who can tell?”

visit to New York to do a picture, large portions of the public began clamoring for him to stop off in their respective towns and show himself in person, so that they might observe what a real actor looks like.

The itinerary was duly organized, and heart-light and fancy-free, we set forth. Around the studio we had bragged at great length on how we were going to



“Ken bought the Book of Mormon at Salt Lake and liked the idea.”



“In Kansas City they rolled our remains out of town.”

“That point being settled to the satisfaction of all,” he continued, stretching his legs and sprawling his feet on the opposite seat in utter defiance of Pullman regulations, “what am I going to talk about?”

“Tell them how good an actor you are,” was grouchy suggested.

“No, I’ve got to talk longer than that,” mused Wally, pensively knocking the ashes from his pipe into his confer’s open suit case. “What will I talk about? How pictures are made is old stuff and would take too long. I must talk about something that won’t take too long, because after three or four min-

utes out there, I am going to pass away—and besides, I can't stand long on this bum hip."

"Well, it's a cinch you'll have to explain your limp anyway. Tell how you got it, and why," the *real genius* of the troupe suggested.

"Good idea," complimented the artist, "what are you going to say when you introduce me?"

"I shall wait until I hear what you have to say," responded the introducer, "and if it is good stuff I shall use the best part of it in telling about you, thereby leaving you flat when you come on and paying you off for forcing me to introduce you. In military nomenclature this is called reprisal."

It was warm when we retired but some time during the night a blizzard sneaked up on us and when our little pink eyelids began to flutter at daybreak it was raging as strong within the drawing room as without. The push button had been worn out the night before and as the celebrated cartoonist wouldn't get up to close the transom and turn on the steam, we were due to lay there freezing until a relief expedition arrived. Along in the afternoon just as we were about to pass away from frost bite and starvation, the porter got curious as to whether or not we were dead, came in and fixed things so we could get up by the time we reached Salt Lake.

A lot of nice people met us at the train, drove us up to the hotel, forced food into our starving forms and then we were dragged over to the theater to make our first public appearance, still with no speeches. Just as we were leaving the hotel, I grabbed the trusty fiddle and stuck it under my arm.

"What's that for?" asked the Charles Dana Gibson of the silent art.

"That," explained the rest of the organization, "is the life preserver. When you get out there on the stage and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen' and then can't think of anything more, I'll hand you this and say, 'For heaven's sake,—fiddle!'"

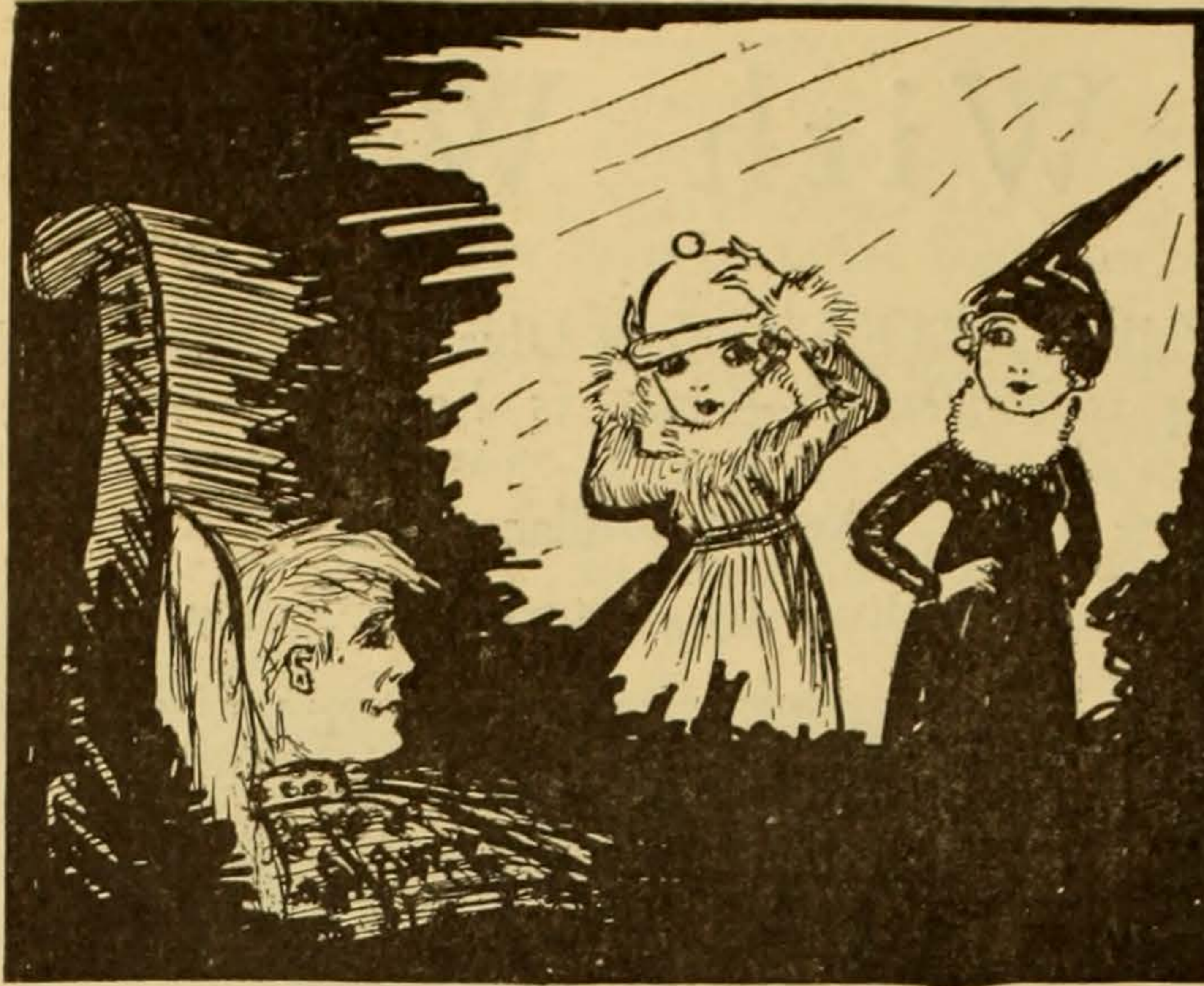
Tears of gratitude sprang into the strong man's eyes.

As we started back stage for our first conquest, Wally whispered—"What will I talk about?"

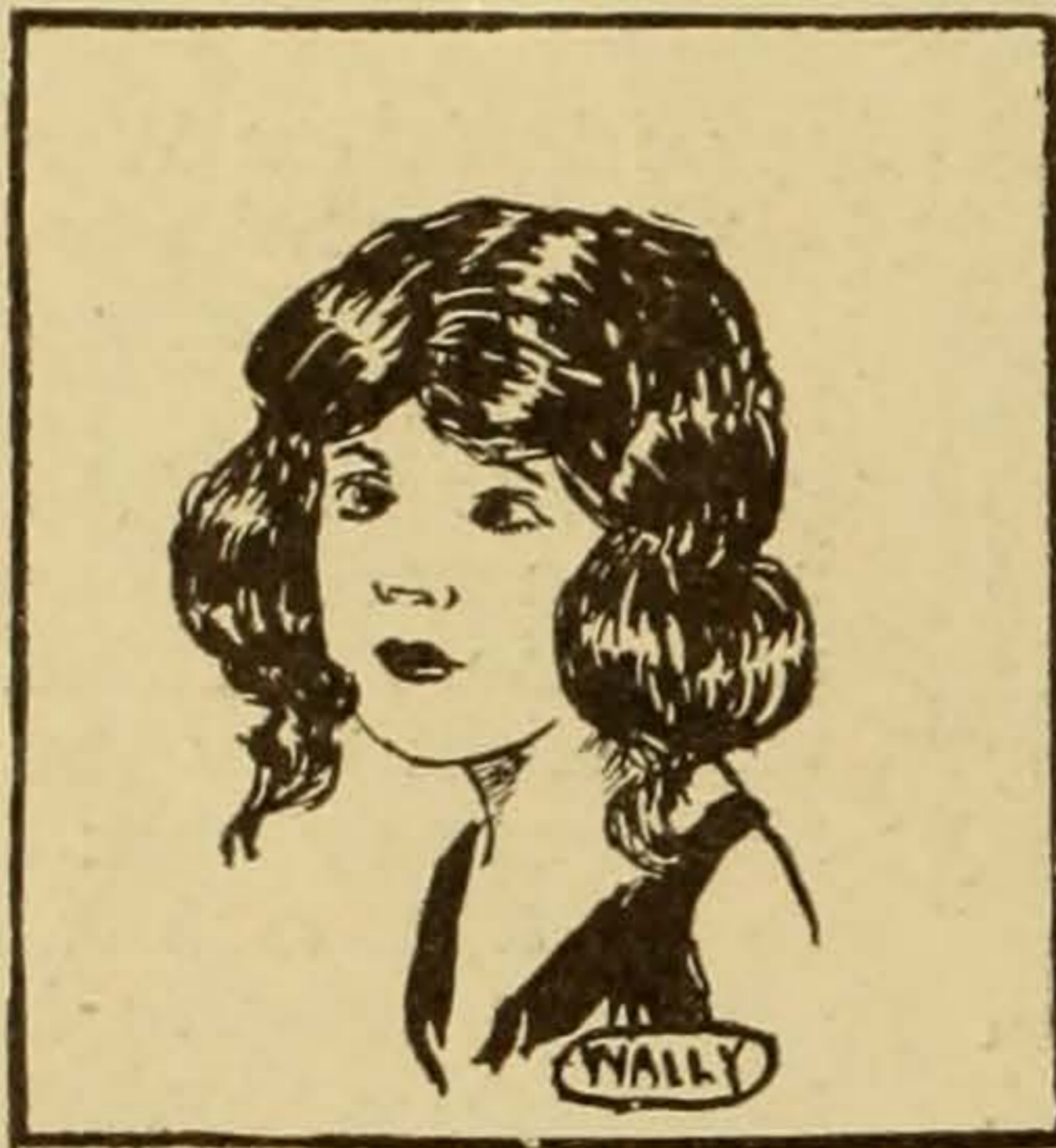
"Tell them how you got hurt in 'The Woman God Forgot,' and frozen in 'Nan of Music Mountain.'"

"Gosh!" said Wally.

I had an original introduction all



"In Baltimore the darkness of sleep was dispelled by the entrance of two reporters. Oh boy! some reporters!"



"In Pittsburg we met a girl who confided that she was Miss Clark's double. (Get the eyes.)"

framed up in the back of my head to spring as a surprise. It began, "Mr. Mayor, Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen! We have with us tonight the most famous, the most popular and most beautiful masculine exponent of the silent drama, etc., etc." I had it all set. Knew what to do with my hands and feet and all that. In the dark, back stage, we both got stage fright and to hide it we both started kidding each other in whispers—then all of a sudden someone pushed me out in front of a lot of footlights, faces, orchestra, spot light and things. After crowding my heart down where it belonged and adjusting my soaring Adam's apple, I began—

"Ladies and Gentlemen." That portion of the entertainment. The rest of the oration was elsewhere—it was not with me. Wally blocked the wings so I couldn't get off so there was nothing left for me to do but to fall back on



"Ken wanted to see Grant's Tomb, but this is what he saw the most of."



"And most of my 'grand opera' looked like this."



"Our first night in New York we saw lots of Spanish at the cocoanut grove."

the kidding we had done in the dark, so I told the audience about it, knowing that I would be shot at sunrise anyway. After four long years of conversation I managed to mention Wally's name and ducked during the applause. Wally stepped out with his knees and teeth sounding like the dance scene in "Carmen."

"For once," I thought, "the handsome actor has met his Waterloo."

By the time the applause had subsided he got his nerve back and without trying to be a Daniel Webster, told about the snow scene and how it was taken up in Truckee. He got away with it. My stuff was probably over their heads. Reid finished with a lot of applause and every one seemed to take to him. The nice, hearty reception we

were given afterwards gave us our nerve and by the time we had finished the fourth and last appearance in Salt Lake we had enough to borrow money from the audience if the orchestra hadn't been in the way.

The next afternoon we headed for Denver. I knew we would be a big hit in Denver because at one time I was a prominent citizen in those parts and the papers could come out with headlines, saying: "Local Boy Back With Star"—and other thrilling headlines.

To cheer up the Wyoming plains, Wally dug out his little soprano saxophone and began to render a little harmony. Wally had just reached the second or third bar of some lilting ditty when the train stopped with a jerk, doors flew open and the train crew jumped out. I rushed to the platform and saw a whole gang looking under the cars and back along the track. "Somebody thought we hit sumpin'," explained a porter. The train started and we started more melody in the drawing room. With a jerk that

nearly threw us out of our seats the train stopped again. More excitement on the

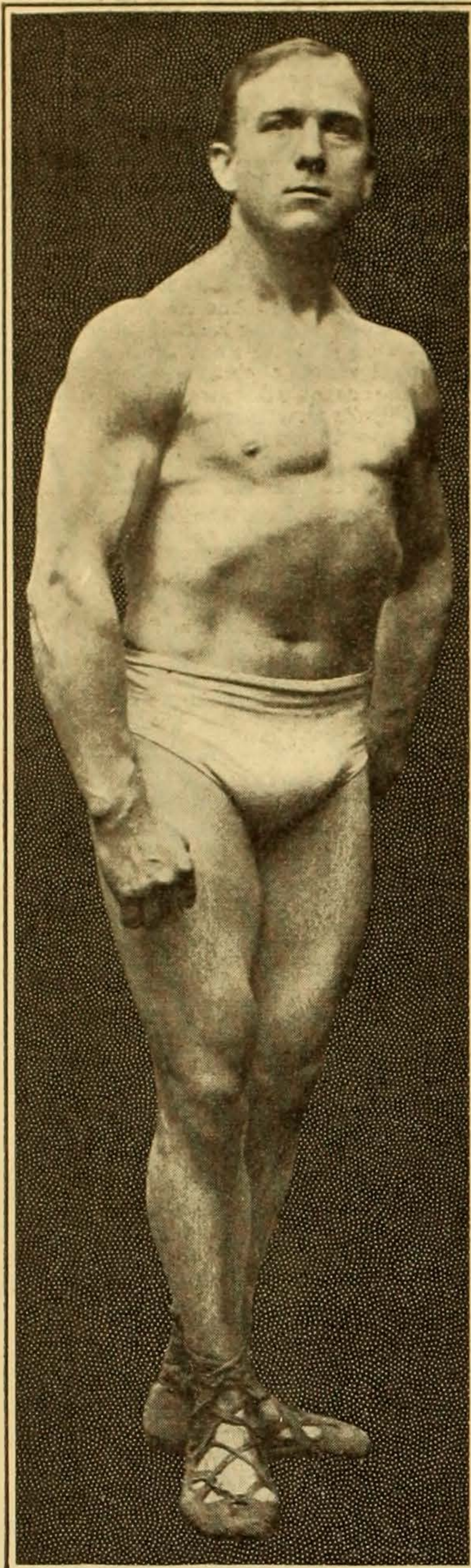
part of the train crew and as I stuck my head out of the drawing room door, I heard the conductor say: "Check up the women and children."

Then I realized. Saxophone! That was it! The train crew thought murder, not music was being committed.

Back went the saxophone out of sight and from Denver it went home. No use taking chances with the railroads and police.

(Continued on page 110)

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| ...Headache | ...Constipation | ...Despondency |
| ...Thinness | ...Biliousness | ...Round Shoulders |
| ...Rupture | ...Torpid Liver | ...Lung Troubles |
| ...Lumbago | ...Indigestion | ...Increased Height |
| ...Neuritis | ...Nervousness | ...Youthful Errors |
| ...Neuralgia | ...Poor Memory | ...Sloped Shoulders |
| ...Flat Chest | ...Rheumatism | ...Muscular Development |
| ...Deformity (describe) | ...Vital Losses | ...Great Strength |
| ...Insomnia | | |

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THE man who deliberately marries a good, pure, wholesome woman, knowing in his heart of hearts that he is not 100% perfect, that he has abused Nature and is otherwise unfit to be the father of those innocent souls he is about to bring into the world, is unworthy the name of Man—unworthy to be a Citizen of this great Nation—unworthy of happiness or financial success. He actually commits the worst crime known to Civilization, because he abuses the love and confidence of the woman he pretends to love and who confides in him and places her future in his hands—because it is the progeny of just such beasts that are filling our hospitals, our jails and our asylums—**don't do it, my brother. Don't do it—**come to me, confide in me and I will make you worthy of the best woman in the world—worthy of the deepest respect of your fellow man. I will build you up so that you can look the whole world in the face and say, "I am a man—100% man."

To Err Is Human and To Correct These Errors Is Manly

The man who admits he has physical defects has taken his first step toward manhood and honesty, but he must not stop there; he must see to it that he gets good, competent advice and attention, and to do this he must go to the one who can prove by his own physical condition that he is able to really give him that **health, strength and physique** he desires—**go to a man who practices what he preaches—I am that man;** I built myself up first, I experimented with my own body, until I made myself what I am today, what those competent to judge say I am, "The living illustration of the perfection of the human form, according to the highest standard." I don't care a rap what has caused your present unfitness, whether you have been brought to your rundown, physically unfit condition by your own indiscretions, your own folly, or whether it has been caused by circumstances over which you have no control. **I will rebuild you. I will make a man of you, not a 50% man, but a Man—a 100% man.** I accomplish all this in Nature's own way. **No drug-ging, no medicines, no fads of any kind.** Simple scientific instructions added to the proper method of living; and what's more I care not who your physician has been, for I guarantee you that I will accomplish all I undertake and I won't undertake what I cannot accomplish.

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"Wandering With Wally"

(Continued from page 60)

Wally got a big reception in Denver on Saturday afternoon and evening. Bright and early Sunday morning Hi Henry called in his open roadster to show us the town, including Inspiration Point.

So far the going had been grand—three or four appearances a day and plenty of time to send postcards to our friends.

We struck Kansas City with all the pep in the world. A delegation of genial and mild-mannered citizens met us at the city gates with badges, cameras and automobiles. We were escorted to a luncheon given by the local exhibitors to the celebrated pen and ink artist. After the luncheon it started. Four appearances, and an hour selling Red Cross subscriptions in a crowded store.

Two limp and weary fragments of humanity crawled into the train at midnight. All their pep had been strewn around K. C. Chicago wasn't so bad. We called on our editor at PHOTOPLAY, smoked a lot of his best cigars and made a few personal appearances.

It was at Chicago we began to strike the big and beautiful photoplay theatres. Standing on the stage and looking out over the sea of faces, one of them looked as big as Lake Michigan.

Pittsburgh was another round of hurry, lunches, appearances, blizzards, dinner and a mad dash for the train. We were routed out of the sleeper at seven-thirty, went over to the hotel to bed and remained there all day Sunday. Monday in Philadelphia and then an early train next morning for Washington and out of there that night for Baltimore.

The next morning about dawn, or perhaps nine o'clock, the telephone rang and a masculine voice announced, "Two reporters to see Mr. Reid."

"Send them up" was the sleepy order.

I went into the next room and blasted the Howard Chandler Christy of the flickering celluloid into a sitting position in bed and was looking through his coat pockets for a cigarette, when in walked two beautiful young ladies. One yell and they stopped spellbound at the door. I hastily slipped a dressing gown over my willowy but pajama-clad figure and Wally went out of sight under the bed clothes. The handsome star didn't even have his hair brushed. I didn't even have mine on, but then I don't capitalize my beauty so it did not matter.

The two girls kidded Reid for about a column in each of their papers but it was days before either he or I could look a woman in the face without blushing.

From then on until dewy eve we were on the jump. Wally sold Red Cross subscriptions in the street until his feet froze and then moved into a store. That night after a wonderful banquet we crawled onto the train for little old New York.

Wally proved throughout the journey that his popularity was universal. He made a hit with everyone he met and acting natural, instead of pulling a lot of chest, proved that he was a regular fellow. It was a great trip and we had a wonderful time, but if it had lasted much longer we would have been killed with kindness.

Hearts of the World

(Continued from page 48)

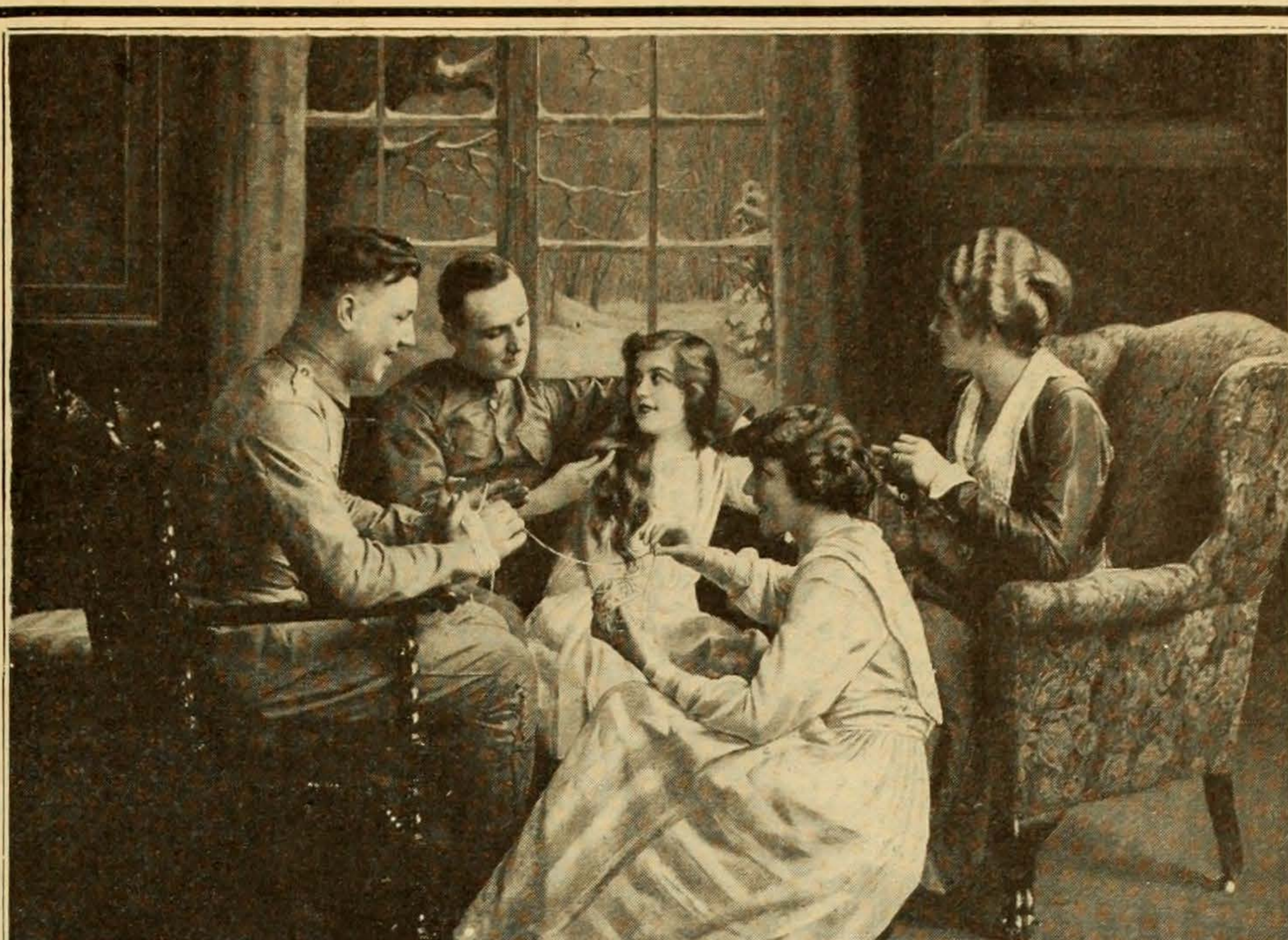
that; the Little Disturber, demoiselle whose practical philosophy is that if she can't get what she wants to want what she can get; the village-carpenter, a lovable Gallic rube; the idolizing wee brother of Douglas.

When the horde of the Potsdam Attila strikes, it is with throat a bit tightened that we see Marie put away the wedding clothes she had "sewed with white thread and whiter thoughts;" observe the grotesque ends of the girl's mother and grandfather, and Hamilton's father; witness the enslaving of Marie; the decline and pitiful death of Douglas' mother; the destruction of the village we have learned to love, and the all-but-death of Douglas Hamilton himself. When the French retake these stone-heaps—once homes in which we saw love and laughter—it is as personal as if someone had saved the relics of our own home town after a German uprising.

The two most significant portrayals are Robert Harron's, as Douglas Hamilton; and Dorothy Gish's, as "The Little Disturber." Young Mr. Harron has come to mature stature in acting without losing a whit of his lovable, boyish personality. He makes Hamilton the prototype of the liberty-loving young man of the world today—gentle, tender, yet an implacable and ferocious soldier when his loved ones are menaced. Dorothy Gish, as a little twelve-o'clock girl in a nine-o'clock town, jumps clear out of all Gish tradition. Saucy and startling, bewitching inspite of her pertness, she and her swing-walk (descendant of the Mountain Girl's stride?) are to be seen rather than described. Lillian Gish, as Marie, is called upon for possibly the hardest and most continuous work of the piece, and, for the first time in her career, is drafted for the most extreme emotions. The intelligence and sincerity she manifests throughout remark her misfortune in not having the magnetic personality of her younger sister—who gets much bigger effects with a minimum of endeavor. Robert Andersen seems to be the Griffith find of the year, playing that glorious fool, M'sieur Cuckoo, the town boob of comic love and grand heroism. Smaller parts fall to that jewel among actors, George Fawcett, playing the carpenter; to George Siegmann, as Von Strohm; to Ben Alexander, playing a most lovable little boy.

The portentous moment of the picture (to me, at least) was that episode in which Hamilton's mother, a delicate woman forced into the hardest sort of service by the German occupation, fails and finally dies in the cellar she and her three little boys inhabit. Whereupon the little fellows, sprung from babyhood to manhood in a day by the fearful elixir of war, resolutely dig her grave in the floor of their one-room habitation and lay her where they can be sure no Saxon ghoulish will disturb her rest. This scene, simply written, realistically acted and directed by the hand of genius, is Tolstoy literature.

"Hearts of the World" is the most timely photoplay that could possibly be devised. It should be a tremendous box-office attraction in every country in the world—save one.



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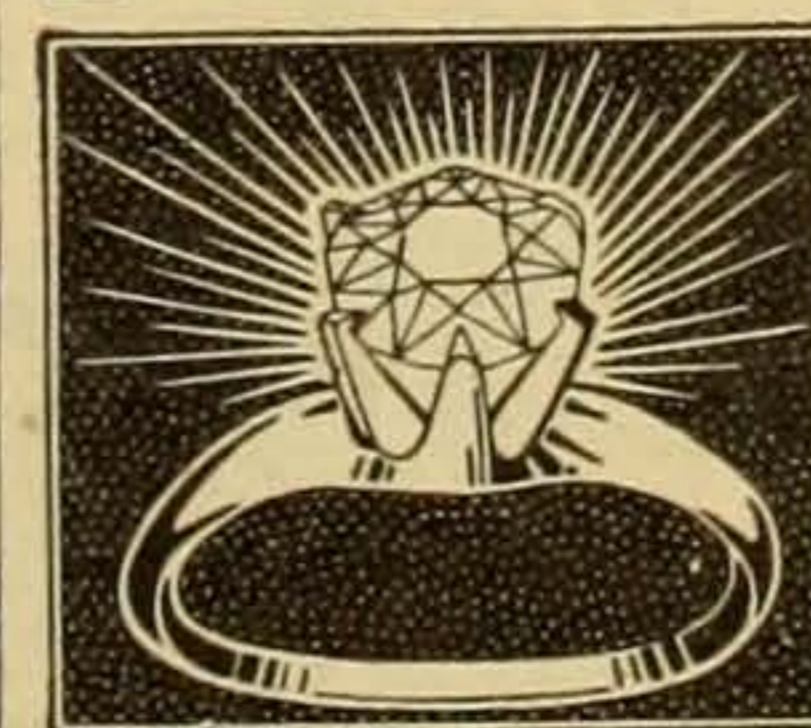
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