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Blazing the Trail

When the movies were young, new and silent

*By seven-thirty we were
beaded for the desert*

By
GENE
GAUNTIER



THE O'Kalems faced the season of 1911-1912 with heavy hearts. Before we left Europe Sidney Olcott, our beloved director, had announced his intention of resigning, largely because his onerous and responsible duties were out of all proportion to the small salary he received. Again he had decided that there was neither a big future nor big money in the pictures.

But when shortly afterward the New York Pictures Corporation offered him a contract to take entire charge of its western enterprises at a large increase of salary all his enthusiasm for the pictures was rekindled and he went directly to the Kalem offices to resign. Mr. Long and Mr. Marion were thunderstruck and stalled for time. In the middle of the interview Mr. Marion left the conference room and telephoned to me. His voice was electric with excitement:

"Mr. Olcott is resigning. Will you take over the management and direction of his company?"

A vision of the intensive work such a position would entail passed before me like one of our own films. I needed no time to think it over.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Marion, but I couldn't."

"Why not? You have been with Mr. Olcott a long time and understand his method of production."

"Yes, but no woman has enough physical strength even if she possessed Mr. Olcott's other qualifications. His task seems easy when the completed picture alone is viewed, but if you had been in the field with him you would understand what strenuous times he has had. No woman could survive the work."

HE rang off and reentered the private office with an entirely different attitude. He assured Mr. Olcott that Kalem would be desolate without him. Whatever salary the New York Motion Pictures Corporation had offered him they would meet. Olcott signed a new contract for two hundred dollars per week and important concessions which would increase his income considerably. He also stipulated that Kalem must raise my salary and pay me thirty-five dollars a reel for scenarios.

The gloom which had overhung our studio for the past few weeks was dispelled. We departed for our annual winter sojourn in Florida filled with anticipations of a happy and comparatively peaceful season. But three weeks after our arrival at Kalem House on the outskirts of Jacksonville we were plunged into fresh excitement. On November twenty-third, Sid, without a word of comment, handed me a day letter from Mr. Marion:

"Can you and Miss Gauntier leave at once for Egypt stop Want you to take Hollisters and children Vignola

and Farnum and sail Adriatic December second stop Await decision anxiously and hope you see way clear to accede to our plans.

MARION."

"It's impossible!" I gasped.

"I don't know about that," said Sid. "Let's sit down and talk it over." We did, and wired the Kalems we would leave Jacksonville on November twenty-sixth.

ON reaching our New York office we learned that E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., had dropped in with some scenarios using Egypt as a background. The tales he spun were gloriously colored and our volatile Mr. Marion was enthusiastic.

The few intervening days before we sailed were a nightmare of breathless preparations. As usual our instructions were lax. We were to proceed to Cairo and Upper Egypt and I was to write scenarios on the way. Travel pictures were to be made wherever we stopped en route.

From Mr. Powell, Mr. Marion had bought four scenarios at the unprecedented price of one hundred dollars per reel, and another extravagance was his purchase of the famous Tissot Bible in four parts, then the last word in manners, customs and costumes in Palestine. These we were to consult in making pictures in the Holy Land.

One definite order only was issued: in no picture was the character of Christ to appear. If absolutely necessary to indicate his presence we might use a light effect or a shadow, but nothing more clearly defined.

Mr. Powell had undertaken to secure for us the services of a remarkable dragoman, Ameen Zatoun, who had been in his employ when he was stationed at Alexandria.

The importance of our Egyptian tour to the development of the motion picture industry is best suggested by a quotation from the announcement which appeared in the Moving Picture World:

"Encouraged by the success of its two expeditions to Ireland the Kalem Company has undertaken a campaign to foreign countries that makes the Irish affair look like a Sunday-school picnic and which will, if successful, place the promoters at the top of the list of motion-picture makers of the world in point of enterprise. On

Saturday, December second, there sailed on the White Star S. S. *Adriatic* bound for points on the Mediterranean: Mr. Sidney Olcott, director; Mr. George Hollister, expert photographer; Miss Gene Gauntier, star, assistant director, editor and writer of scenarios; Miss Alice Hollister, Mr. Jack J. Clark, Mr. Robert Vignola and J. P. McGowan, players;

and J. A. Farnum, scenic artist. Mr. and Mrs. Hollister took their two children, George Junior and Ethel Doris, with them, and 'Philly' McDonald, general utility man who joined the company in Ireland, is also one of the party.

"Their itinerary constitutes the most extensive trip for so large a company of players and comprehends the most ambitious plan for picture-making that has ever been attempted."

We arrived at Madeira December ninth, and were allowed only six hours for taking scenes for *The O'Kalems* in the Isle of Madeira but we crowded into this brief time shots of the company driving in bullock sledges or the cog railway train, riding up the incline of Funchal and coasting down its sides again on wicker sleds.

On the eleventh we reached Gibraltar where we spent a long day taking pictures and acquiring Spanish lace mantillas and the pretty jewelry made of steel with inlaid designs of gold.

Genoa we found cold and uninteresting, stopping at Naples we took scenes in the ruins of Pompeii, the first ever made for the cinematograph; at Rome movies were made for the first time in the Vatican gardens. And on Christmas Eve we sailed for Alexandria.

AT Alexandria we were met by our dragoman, Ameen Zatoun, who had traveled three days and nights without sleep, from Beirut, to greet our arrival. He was a fine fellow, handsome, well-educated, speaking fluent English (with a Scotch accent), French, Egyptian and Turkish. And so gentle, so kind, so thoroughly a gentleman! To Ameen must go much of the credit for the success of our enterprise. His courage and intelligence, diplomacy and initiative helped us over many a rough pass and smoothed away many troubling incidents.

We went to Shepherd's Hotel, of which it is said one has but to sit on its terrace for an hour and all Cairo passes before him.

The mosques, the narrow native streets, the minarets, the wide glorious views over Cairo, the picturesque Nile with its feluccas and golden brown lateen sails, the beautiful gardens of Shepherd's, the Pyramids and the Sphinx, all were ground into our camera. We fin-

ished up the Pyramid scenes for Captured by Bedouins and spent a glorious sun-drenched day climbing far up the sides of the Gizeh pyramids.

And then Mr. Olcott announced we must be off to Luxor, over three hundred miles up the Nile.

We arrived late at night and in the morning a devastating beautiful scene met our eyes. The Luxor Hotel is set in the oldest and largest palm garden of Egypt. Scattered about the garden were white villas with red tiled roofs which could be engaged for large parties. The one we selected had been the home of Cecil Rhodes three months before his death and was just large enough for our company. The walls were two feet thick and the interior dim and cool. At the back of the house in a separate building were our bathrooms to which we ran from our rooms in bathrobes when no one was looking. Adjoining the gardens were the delicately beautiful ruins of Luxor.

We settled down into regular routine. Often we made up in our rooms and by seven-thirty were mounted on our donkeys and headed for the desert. Abdullah, a black Arab, carried the camera cases and tripod before him on his strong little donkey. Servants from the hotel looked after great hampers of lunch containing every delicacy including half-gallon vacuum bottles of thick Turkish coffee, which we learned to drink down as readily as we would *café au lait*. Our luncheons were laid out on the desert sands by the serving men, and we squatted in Arab style as we ate while servants kept the fly brushes going incessantly.

OUR first task was to finish up Captured by Bedouins.

With this I had a rather painful experience. Mr. Olcott's instructions to the Arabs were to pursue me on my camel and take me captive no matter how I fought. Unfortunately those on one side seized my right arm and leg while those on the other grabbed my left limbs. I kicked and fought and screamed in earnest, but they obeyed orders, each pulling his own way until Ameen made them understand that a victim in two portions was not desired.

With the completion of this picture we shipped back five reels, a comedy, a drama and three reels of travel stuff. We had been gone from New York but five weeks, which gives some idea of our industry.

We then began The Fighting Dervishes of the Desert, a story of the struggle between the Mohammedans and the Christian Copts. It gave me a new experience, my first ride on an Arabian horse.

At the edge of the desert we were met by sheiks and their tribesmen. Soon several hundred people on donkeys, camels, horses and afoot were straggling out across the undulating sun-baked sand to where far in the distance a few brown specks indicated the mud villages which would temporarily house the wanderers. The first of the crowd was a good mile on the way when Ameen led up a desert horse, at first glance disappointing. Its rough coat several inches long had never known a curry comb. A closer survey, however, disclosed the fine little head, the arched neck and tail, the dainty hoofs and the fiery intelligent eyes of the true Arabian horse.

I HAD never made any great boasts about my riding but it seems Sid had given me a reputation which Ameen had accepted as a fact. I reluctantly allowed him to assist me into the huge clumsy saddle amid appreciative grins from the natives. Then he gave final instructions:

"She's a gentle mare, but swift. Don't spur her and whatever you do, don't pull on the reins. Arabian bits are so cruel that one little jerk will pull her backward on you." And with these reassuring words he slapped her hind-quarters and away we went.

One bound and the little mare, feeling a light weight on her back and a green hand on the bridle, tore out across the rock-strewn desert. I never realized one could go so fast and still stick on. I was sure she couldn't be doing less than a mile a minute. We overtook the first ranks of the party in less time than it takes to tell, and as they scattered out of our way I caught the director's angry voice:

"Hey, quit that, Genie! Stop showing off!"

PRESENTLY I realized that I was riding as easily as if I had been in a rocking chair and I marveled at myself. But when I ventured to look back the picture people were nowhere in sight! And here was I, an American girl on a runaway horse, helpless and bound for heaven knew where.

Somewhere I had read that Arabian horses were bridle-wise. Gingerly I laid the right rein against the arching neck. It worked! I kept that bit of yarn pressed against the neck and began describing large circles. We must have looked like an equestrian act in a circus to Ameen who, now badly frightened, came galloping up. Under his guidance I was able to face the little beast homeward and really enjoy the return trip.

We had other problems, among them the question of the studio. In Florida we were accustomed to an enormous stage, large flats and every facility for interior sets, but here—Shades of Cleopatra! I quote from my diary:

"The scarcest thing in Egypt is lumber. The first time we had occasion to use an interior, Farnum, with Ameen, visited the local lumber yard, a building about forty feet square. Upon passing an armed guard at the front door they were met by a most suave proprietor. At his courteous invitation they seated themselves crosslegged on the floor, facing their host. A languorous wave of the hand, and tiny cups of coffee were served, hot, sweet, thick and black, followed by Turkish delight.

"After these had been consumed, the courtly proprietor consented to discuss business. Through the interpreter Farnum made his wants known. Then ensued an hour's haggling in Arabic, with coffee every ten minutes. Finally a mutually agreed upon price was quoted Farnum. He nearly fainted. He figured that at the given rate it would cost about two hundred dollars to buy a hen coop. At length for the modest sum of fifty dollars he secured enough lumber to make the frames for three 'flats.' Another coffee and he was allowed to stagger out into the open air and, dazed, he headed homeward."

For some time afterward he wandered around the grounds with a foot rule in his hands muttering "Fifty cents a foot, fifty cents a foot," until we began to think the heat had gone to his head. Then at lunch one day he entered the dining-room with a smile from ear to ear. That afternoon he explained to the assembled company

how we could get ahead of the Egyptian "lumber trust." My diary records the plan:

"Between the back of our villa and the rear walls surrounding the garden is a rectangular space of ground about fifteen by thirty feet. At the end of this and at right angles to the wall is the building containing our bathrooms. The walls being smooth and amenable to paint make excellent backings, while the doors and windows are made realistic by simply hanging the draperies on the outside. So it is a common occurrence now to hear Director Olcott call out to those not in the scene, 'Stay in your room; the camera is running!'"

We took a picture called Egypt in the Time of Moses, and for atmosphere Sid and the cameraman had only to join the old pottery makers, working in the sun by the roadside where we passed on our way to the desert; go to any patch of ground that was being cultivated, with the old wooden plows drawn by water buffalo or camel, or both together, or to the banks of the Nile where on the shore, halfway up and at the top, chanting breech-clothed fellaheen passed to one another the earthenware jugs of water to empty into the irrigation ditches which cut up the land.

IN March I had a touch of the sun and collapsed. As the symptoms were much like those of smallpox then raging among the natives the English doctor isolated me. No nurse was available and Alice Hollister sat with me during several long days. I was partly delirious and all sorts of vague fancies floated through my mind. Then they concentrated on one subject.

I mulled it over for a while, sat up in bed, much excited, and exclaimed:

"We're going to make the life of Jesus of Nazareth. We'll go to Cairo first and take the flight into Egypt at the Pyramids, then to Jerusalem."

Alice, as always, responded to the thought; Sid came in and caught the enthusiasm. Mr. Marion's injunction not to allow a representation of the Christ to appear in a picture was forgotten or ignored.

I was too weak to take the day journey to Cairo with the rest of the company and followed on the night train. When we reached Cairo we found that it had rained one of those ten times scheduled by statistics. It was twenty degrees cooler than in Luxor, and we sat on the broad flagged terrace at Shepherd's drinking in the sweet cool air, so refreshing after the heat, and with each breath new strength came back.

Cairo, gay, intriguing, brilliant! We were to have two weeks of rest there and we immediately threw ourselves into the fascinating life of Shepherd's.

ON Palm Sunday we went out to the Pyramids and took the opening scenes of the big picture, those scenes depicting the flight into Egypt, and according to an old legend, the night spent in the shadow of the Sphinx.

Just one year before on that same day I had sat at High Mass in a cathedral in Charleston, South Carolina, with Alice, Bob and Jack. Not understanding the service and tired with the length of it, I had allowed my gaze to wander around until my eyes had lighted on a stained glass window picturing the Madonna and Child. I had stared, for the Virgin's face looked very much like my own. And here, just one year later in old Egypt, I was portraying the same Virgin Mary.

An Australian baby, six months old, whose parents were staying at Shepherd's, was the little Jesus of the flight into Egypt, and Georgie Hollister, aged three, played the part for the later sojourn. These scenes were taken over the exact spot pointed out as the home of Mary and Joseph in that part of Cairo that was then called Old Babylon. The little fellow

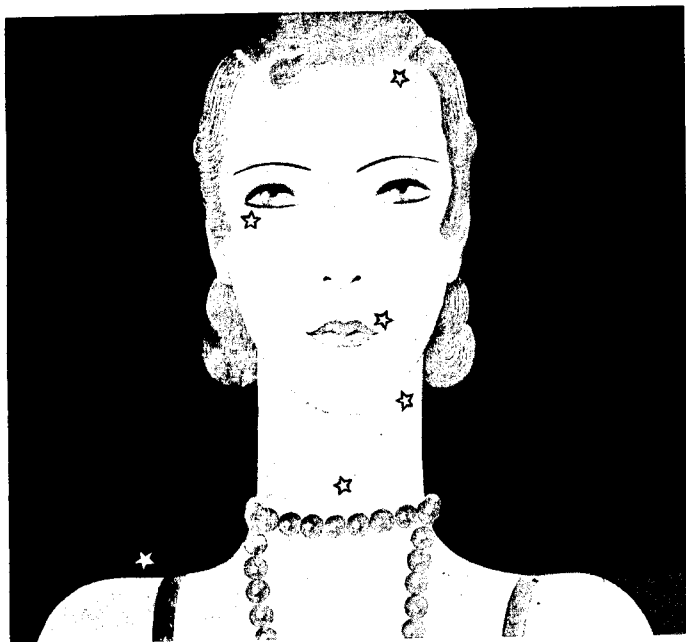
CONT'D ON PAGE 92



The villa we took at Luxor had been the home of Cecil Rhodes

Below is the famous Ingram Mannequin. Her image shows the six spots most difficult to care for, and the text tells you how best to do so!

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"



THE Skin of Youth may be yours! A clear complexion can be yours, a soft, smooth wrinkleless skin, if you will follow carefully, word for word, the directions which come with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream!

The secret is in the "six stars"—shown in the mannequin above, and explained point by point—in this text!

For the slightest lack of perfect smoothness—the slightest blemish or wrinkle is evident to every man or woman whom you meet—each one speaks volumes about your age and the condition of your skin.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream protects each of these vital points and not only protects but ameliorates their health. It is even slightly therapeutic in its effects—it does things no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It tonics your skin—it is excellent against roughness, redness and blemishes. It smooths away the tiny wrinkles. It is perfect against chapping and flaking.

★ Thread-like lines soon turn to furrows if the skin on the forehead is not kept soft and supple.

★ Tiny rays or puffiness about the eyes should be watchfully avoided if you are to look young and fresh.

★ The curve of the lips—the expression of your face—may so easily be spoiled by lines at the corners of the mouth.

★ Nothing so quickly betrays age or neglect as a wrinkled neck. Keep the skin here soft, the contour rounded.

★ Guard against a "crepey" throat if you would keep your youth. It is frightfully ageing and unflattering.

★ Many women never feel right in evening gowns because their shoulders are marred with blemishes and coarseness.

There is room for Ingram's on your dressing table. For Ingram's is a basic cream, excellent as a cleanser, but with the added virtues of demonstrable benefits to the skins of all women who use it. Use one jar of Ingram's—and you will find your skin growing softer, more lovely—with every passing day.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

©1929 Bristol-Myers Co., 75 West St., New York

Woman's Home Companion February 1929

Red Silence

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

turned down Dory's bed and lighted a bedside lamp. Dory went to the sickroom door.

"You're not going to sit up with him?"

"No, I've fixed myself a couch in the dressing-room; I'll leave the door open. Tomorrow night will probably be the bad night," said Miss Budd.

"My throat feels sort of thick," said Dory reluctantly. "What ought I to do?"

"I noticed you swallowing hard at dinner, and that you didn't eat anything—" the nurse said instantly alert. "All you've got, probably, is a sympathetic sore throat; it often occurs. Come in here to the bathroom."

AFTER that Dory spent a week in bed in all the miseries of tonsillitis. She was never too sick to be appreciative and apologetic; beyond that she made no effort whatsoever.

Porter's illness passed its crisis and he started on the long slow road to recovery. And on the eleventh day of her California life Dory had an antiseptic bath with the ever-sympathetic Kate in attendance, and was formally transferred to the big house. She walked there, rather limp and broken still, on her own feet, and then for the first time met Granny, a magnificent old person in silk, and Mary Jay, the adored married daughter, high-strung, beautiful, animated, and expecting a baby almost any hour. Also she met Jerd.

It came about quite simply, in one of the shadowy green alleys on the north side of the house, between it and the croquet field. Rhoda and Dory were hurrying there and overtook the tall, slightly stooped, slowly moving figure.

"You know Jerd?" Rhoda, whose

young man was waiting for her, said as she ran on. Jerd Penheld turned to face Dory. A lock of bright hair had fallen across his forehead.

"No. I've been waiting—" he said pleasantly. And they stood staring at each other.

Something magical seemed instantly to possess the lane; the sinking rays of the sunlight took on an unearthly beauty. There was a hush over the flowers, and the freshly watered green plants; a silence among the lofty spreading branches of the oaks. The sounds of the world seemed to fade far away; there was a faint distant cooing of doves and the buzzing of bees droned through the stillness like an organ tone.

After a minute Dory, small and squarely planted upon her little white shoes, flushed with friendliness and emotion, the sunshine tipping her fair hair with gold, put out her hand.

"I thought you were—different!" she said.

"I have to give you the wrong hand," Jerd explained. His right hand was on his cane. There was something friendly, unalarming and usual about his brownness, fairness and smiling eyes, the simple appeal of his sudden grin. Not commonplace, but infinitely endearing—

"Oh, that's—that's all right," Dory assured him politely, clearing her throat, after a pause.

Her warm vital little fingers still held his left hand tightly. Their bewildered smiling eyes were riveted together.

"You're Miss Garrison?"

"I'm Miss Garrison—" She was a little breathless.

"We—we seem to have come quite a way to meet each other," Jerd said.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN THE MARCH ISSUE]

Blazing the Trail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

realized the significance of the rôle he was playing, and was angelically good and sweet during the whole of the long hot day.

We left Cairo on April second, and went to Port Said where we boarded a worn-out Russian boat only to discover that Cook's had not reserved accommodations for us. However, we managed to stow ourselves away, some of the boys being compelled to go second class with the negroes and praying natives. Just before the sun dropped we took a scene of me alone in the bow of the boat, to complete one of our pictures, and arrived at Jaffa at eight o'clock next morning. After a few hours in that unprepossessing sun-baked town where according to tradition the whale disgorged Jonah, we took a train for the Holy City.

We reached Jerusalem late in the afternoon and drove in carriages up the winding hills. This was on Wednesday, April 3, 1912. It was the middle of Holy Week with many colorful events ahead to be recorded in our travel series as soon as we could obtain necessary permits and untie the red tape.

The experiences of the Kalem players in the Holy Land proved a fitting climax for their eventful history. Never before had our emotions been so deeply, so profoundly stirred. And we were gravely impressed by our task of picturing the Holy Word for mil-

lions of theater-going people wherever motion pictures were shown.

Permission obtained, on Holy Thursday morning Mr. Olcott succeeded in having a stand erected in the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre just in time for the Ceremony of the Foot-washing, which is performed in the court by the Patriarch of the Greek Church. For days the Russian peasants had been pouring into Jerusalem. Most of them were old men and women who had saved all of their lives with one object in view, to make a pilgrimage to the Holy City at Easter time. If they could but die there, their salvation was assured. Many had brought their shrouds, and indeed many got their wish: hundreds paid the supreme price of the hardships which had sapped their last ebbing strength.

MOST of them had tramped all the way from Russia. In their heavy boots, legs swathed in cloth bound on by string, baggy trousers, and dirty sheepskin coats they were clothed exactly as they had been for their severe northern winters, and they continued to wear the only garments they possessed through the terrible Palestine heat. Long matted hair swept to their shoulders and the untouched growth of beards transformed them into something closely resembling terriers, except that the faces were sweet and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

The Story of Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream

Over thirty years ago, when I was a young medical student in Vienna, I worked under the direction of a famous physician and skin specialist who had remarkable success in treating the greatest variety of skin troubles. And although he gave different prescriptions to his patients, they were all founded on one special base.

I marveled at this unguent which had power not only to soothe and heal the skin, but to invest it with great beauty. And I began earnestly to wish that more people might know about this wonderful preparation and benefit by it . . . I dreamed of possessing the formula and re-creating it in the form of a beauty preparation that would be a cleanser, molder and revitalizer in one . . . a balm soothing and protective to the delicate skin of a baby.

I will spare you a recital of the struggles and the failures bridging this vision of mine and its realization. It took years and years of persistent effort before I finally persuaded the Viennese physician to part with his secret recipe . . . the price was a fortune! From this recipe, after many, many more years of research and experimentation, I evolved my Pasteurized Face Cream. And nothing can equal my satisfaction and my joy when the great task was completed . . . when I held in my hands this concentrated beauty treatment!

WHAT IS "PASTEURIZED CREAM"?

The word "pasteurized" is the keynote to the cream's extraordinary wonders. When Louis Pasteur discovered the process that would purify milk and cream, and make it safe for the most delicate of children, he unknowingly discovered also the finest process for purifying face cream too, so that it would be safe for the most fragile skin.

Pasteurized Face Cream is far more than a cream . . . it is a reproduction of the skin's natural oils and youth essences! Here is no mere temporary freshener of the skin, on and off in a twinkling — this is a beauty-builder which works hand in hand with Nature! The skin welcomes it . . . hungers for its beauty-giving essences. And the longer it is left on the greater the benefits derived from it. *There is no necessity for washing it away!*

As a cleanser, Pasteurized Face Cream is perfect. Pore-clogging dust and impurities disappear at its touch. And while it cleanses, Pasteurized Face Cream revitalizes the tissues . . . it lifts away the tired, drawn look from eyes and forehead . . . it sculpts contours into clean-chiseled lines of youth! Sensitive skins, skins roughened and scaly from exposure, hard water and harsh soaps, find in Pasteurized Face Cream soothing comfort . . . renewed smoothness . . . silken softness. Oily and pimpled skins which rebel against most face creams, respond amazingly to Pasteurized Face Cream.

Women whose fancy is captured by a pretty jar do not buy Pasteurized Face Cream. But women—and men—of discriminative judgment realize that here is unparalleled value . . . For with all its rareness of quality, its swift, unfailing powers to beautify the skin, Pasteurized Face Cream is so priced that it is accessible to every man, woman and child.

Helena Rubinstein

PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM 1.00
The Largest Selling Quality Cream in the World

Helena Rubinstein's Salons, offering her world-famous scientific beauty treatments, are located in the following cities: *New York*, 8 East 57th Street; *Chicago*, 670 North Michigan Avenue; *Boston*, 234 Boylston Street; *Philadelphia*, 254 South 16th Street; *Newark*, 951 Broad Street; also in *London*, 24 Grafton Street, W. I, and in *Paris*, 52 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré.

Helena Rubinstein Beauty Preparations and Cosmetics are obtainable at the better shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

-----[Clip and mail immediately—it means new beauty for you]-----

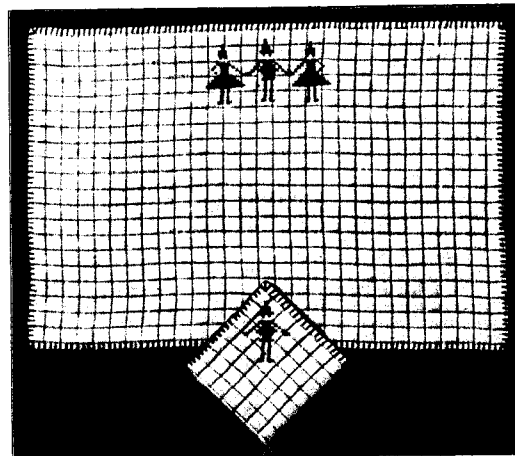
MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, 8 East 57th Street, New York.
Please send, without charge, the booklet, "Three Steps to Beauty," also full instructions on the daily care of my skin, which is:

Average Skin Oily Dry Wrinkles Blackheads Flabby

Name _____

Street Number _____

City and State _____



Junior Embroidery

A jolly little traycloth set for suppertime

SUPPER becomes a cheerful meal even when you eat it alone, with the friendly little people on this traycloth set to keep you company. Because there are two girls and one boy on the cloth there's a boy on the napkin to even matters.

The set is stamped on red-checked

towelings and the figures are cross-stitched in bright red and dark blue. The edges of the cloth and napkin are finished with dark blue buttonhole stitches. The cloth measures 16 by 11 inches when it is finished.

If you have brothers and sisters, each of you could have a tray set.

J-13—Traycloth and one napkin stamped on red-checked towelings with floss and directions for making 20 cents

Please order by number and address Woman's Home Companion, Service Department, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Blazing the Trail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

meek, the eyes kindled with religious fervor.

After the Foot-washing, we went in carriages to the top of a hill outside of the great wall, to witness and record on film a Mohammedan religious rite --the return from Mecca of pilgrims bringing home the sacred carpet. There must have been fifty thousand natives perched on the hillsides and the massive old city walls, shouting and waving scarfs and banners as the pilgrims drew nearer and nearer. With their precious burden these pilgrims passed our grinding camera at just the angle where we could rightly record their characteristic faces and dress.

ON Thursday night was depicted the Agony in Gethsemane, and on Good Friday we attended special services in the Church. On Friday afternoon came the procession, the Via Dolorosa, over the route taken by Christ with the cross, from Pilate's Palace to Calvary, known as the Stations of the Cross. This was not well staged nor interesting, but on Friday night we watched the most impressive ceremony of all, the Descent from the Cross. We were taken to the scene by the official interpreter and found that places had been reserved for us just behind the Governor of Jerusalem and the French Consul, and directly before the altar which is supposed to mark the identical location of the cross.

We were packed in so tightly I could not get out the smelling salts brought as a precaution, because our arms were pinioned tight to our sides. I have often thought with horror of what could have occurred had a fire broken

out while we were locked in those upper chambers! Hours seemed to pass before the solemn procession wound its way up to the altar where hung the figure of the Crucified One. This figure was jointed and about half life size. When the nails were hammered out from the hands and feet it collapsed so realistically that shudders passed through the spectators and an imaginative person could readily visualize the actual scene of so long ago.

But the Holy Fire which took place on Holy Saturday was the event the Russian peasants had awaited with impatience. Here their candles were to be lighted and carried, still burning, back to Russia. For these candles they had spent all of their pennies and nearly every one had also bundles of candles sent from Russia by friends who had been unable to come in person. During the long tramp back to their native villages their chief anxiety would be to keep these tapers alight that the Holy Fire might ignite the candles of their little native churches and ikons. Their absolute belief in the miraculous quality of the fire was pitiful in its sincerity.

We were in place early and got many interesting scenes of the crowd outside, the entrance of the Greek priests and the numerous fights that took place; for there were one hundred or more Turkish soldiers who paraded and tried to maintain order in the crowd which counted among its number all of the seven sects laying claim to the Holy Places, all of whom were bitter enemies.

After the entrance of the Patriarch [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]

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the great door was closed and locked and the fifty thousand spectators within the church were again at the mercy of fire. The Patriarch who was to call down the Holy Ghost in a tongue of flame at eleven o'clock was searched before he entered the Sepulchre, to prove that he had no matches or fire-producing materials concealed upon him, as were all who entered the building.

THE prayers within the tomb were apparently successful, for through two big holes in the side the flame belched forth. After fifty or sixty hours' wait for this miracle those peasants seemed to go mad, the whole mass swaying back and forth in great waves, screaming and shouting, clinging to each other's backs and walking over a solid floor of shoulders, to light their tapers at the fire, then passing them from one bundle to another, until the whole interior was a mass of flames.

All this we learned later from our boys who were in the church, for we were outside, straining with excitement for the opening of the doors. What a sight it was when the great door suddenly gave way and the thousands of blazing tapers poured out into the already crowded court. The first to emerge was a grinning young man in European dress, carrying a camera—our own Bob Vignola.

Alice and I, almost crushed in our positions on the ground, clambered up within the railing of the camera platform; but even there we were not safe for we had on flimsy dresses and the blazing torches and sheepskins menaced us on all sides. They surged against the frail stand and it creaked and swayed ominously and would have been down in a few minutes had not Ameen and Jack Clark, who stood by, seized pieces of boards left over from the building and, swinging them right and left, driven the crowd from us by force. Never shall I forget that scene, the howling raging burning mob washing hands, faces and breasts in the flames and crossing themselves as they shrieked in madness and ecstasy; and George, calmly grinding and panoraming all the while, eyes and ears for duty only.

On Easter Sunday we attended the Pontifical Mass. While we could not of course obtain pictures inside the church, George got the Greek procession entering it.

THIS ended the Holy Week ceremonies and we awoke on Monday morning with our thoughts centered upon getting along with the big picture. Several days were spent surveying our surroundings and summing up their possibilities. The result was so encouraging that we immediately decided to enlarge our plans and instead of producing a three-reel subject, which up to that time had been the limit, make it a five or even a six-reel feature. In 1912 Jerusalem presented such a picture out of the Bible that we held our breath in sheer anticipation of the scenes which we hoped to obtain. The narrow arched streets, the great towered walls with the numerous gates let into them, the Via Dolorosa, Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives; Bethany a scant three miles up the winding road over the Mount, Bethlehem but seven miles distant, the Pools of Solomon just beyond it, the money changers at the Joppa gate, the

hundreds of natives anxious to act as extras, still garbed in the black and white abbas of Christ's time, all filled us with delight.

Sid decided to return to London and bring back a dozen or so actors to play apostles and other principal parts. The journey would consume three weeks and in the interim the big sets would be built. As far as possible we were to keep to the authentic exterior scenes but many essential interiors, now non-existent, were required, and for the erection of these we rented a large plot of ground almost across the road from the Hotel Fast where we were staying and began the work of clearing it of the refuse.

Sid cabled to Mr. Marion that he was returning to London for people and received an answer that Mr. Marion would meet him there. I decided we needed an additional woman and a versatile one, and cabled to Helen Lindroth, formerly of our old stock company in Jacksonville and now working there with Buel, to come to Jerusalem immediately. She left Jacksonville the day after receiving the cable, met Mr. and Mrs. Marion in New York and sailed with them.

Mr. Marion took this, his first ocean voyage, merely to shake Mr. Olcott's hand and wish him luck in the undertaking, returning to the United States on the next steamer. Moreover he reversed his opinion after giving us explicit instructions that we were not to attempt a picture containing a figure of Christ.

IN Egypt we had several times rented wardrobes from a big theatrical costumer in Cairo. There being nothing of the kind in Jerusalem, we sent to Cairo for one of the firm's tailors and he soon arrived with many fabrics to make up and a small sewing machine which screwed to the table and was turned by hand. Several assistants were engaged to help him and with what would have appeared an inadequate outfit in these days the several hundred costumes were made. And they were authentic for we copied those in Tissot's Bible, than whom there is no greater authority. The bazaars of Jerusalem gave up oriental prints and velvets, tinsel and bangles; sandals were still worn and were obtainable at scores of shops; the richness of embroideries was obtained by cutting out garlands and flowers in warm colors from gay cottons, and appliquéing them to soberer materials, one of Vignola's inspirations. Thus the bridegroom in the marriage feast was attired in the richest of robes at the cost of a few piasters. This bridegroom, by the way, was played by the native tailor from Cairo, while the bride was my little Armenian maid. As heretofore in Kalem pictures everyone with whom we came in contact was pressed into acting service.

The plot of ground that was to be our studio lay just outside the new wall of Jerusalem which could be used as one side of our enclosure. Inside this wall and overlooking our activities was a monastery of the Franciscan monks; while on the opposite side of the lot rose the convent of the Brides of Christ, an order strictly secluded and made up of women and girls who paid a large sum to enter the order. Their garb was the beautiful azure

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

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blue robe of the Virgin Mary, exactly like the one I wore in many scenes of the picture. These holy people were intensely interested in our work, nor did they make any objection to it. Instead, whenever a scene was being filmed they could be seen on the roofs of their buildings watching with intense interest all that was taking place until they saw themselves observed, when they withdrew. Noting this, Mr. Olcott gave orders that no one was to look in their direction and that they must be strictly ignored, with the result that they spent many a happy hour watching us.

THE Temple of Solomon was the most difficult of all settings to build, necessitating the fifteen great circular steps at the entrance. Our carpenters were crude and unskilled but we followed the model of the temple executed by Dr. Schick, who was said to have spent fifteen years in making it, and which was on exhibition in Jerusalem. It was made of pieces of wood and was about fifteen feet square. Allen Farnum, our scenic artist, reproduced it to scale. The great stairs and entrance to the temple took over six weeks to build and were used for just one scene lasting half a minute in which the distracted parents, having found the boy Jesus with the doctors, questioned Him as they led Him away.

During those three weeks of Mr. Olcott's absence, our boys, Jack Clark, Bob Vignola, J. P. McGowan and Allen Farnum, worked in the blazing sun with hammers and nails and planes as diligently as any of the native carpenters and far more efficiently. This strenuous work of theirs was entirely voluntary let it be said.

Meantime I worked on the continuity of the scenario which was proving more difficult than I had anticipated. My idea was to show as little of the supernatural as possible. Originally I called the script Jesus of Nazareth, and was much disappointed when, on learning that this name could not be copyrighted, we were compelled to change it to From the Manger to the Cross; or Jesus of Nazareth.

As it was to be His life on earth only the story of the Man of Nazareth, I withstood all efforts brought to bear on me to show the resurrection. Opinions differ as to whether I was right or wrong but I have never changed my mind.

THE amount of research necessary to a faithful portrayal of the life led by Christ and his followers was at first appalling, then fascinating and absorbing.

We found for instance that Mary Magdalen must wear her hair hanging. Women of her character were compelled to wear their hair down, and a scarlet headress. After her repentance she continued to wear it down as a penance. We discovered that Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the Last Supper was far from correct. He has everyone seated on one side of a long straight table, whereas the tables used at that time were semicircular, the servants usually serving from the center and the guests reclining on couches. If we had followed da Vinci's picture it would have been impossible for Judas, from his position, to have "dipped sop" with the Master without deliberately rising and going for-

ward. We placed Judas opposite Jesus, so that when the dramatic moment arrived, the dipping of the sop was performed naturally, not seeming forced or deliberate.

In most paintings of the Marriage Feast of Cana, Mary the mother and other women guests are present at the table. This is incorrect according to all oriental customs, as all women were segregated. We therefore placed Mary and the rest of the women behind the grating at the back and had her call to her Son, who arose and went to her for the suggestion that the guests were out of wine.

In all paintings of the Crucifixion the Savior is represented as hanging upon a solid cross, the upright beam projecting two or three feet above the cross beam. We used the T cross, because according to Tissot it was not until after the placard "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," ordered by Pontius Pilate, had been nailed to the top of the cross that it appeared to be as we have it now. We also tied to the cross our actor representing Christ, because Tissot claimed this was done prior to the nailing, as the weight of the body would have torn the nailed hands loose.

I CITE these outstanding instances to show the detail and research necessary when action renders it imperative to have all things plausible and consistent. The importance of this work was proved even before we began to shoot the scenes. Among the parties of belated tourists who showed great interest in the studio we were building was a group of clergymen from the States, on their way home from Damascus. One, as I recall it, was head of a theological school in Colorado. I received a note asking if I would give them an audience and went down to the library to find them all very serious about discovering if I were fitted to outline such a work. They were five men who had spent their lives on research of the Bible and they indicated a vacant seat facing them all and proceeded to fire questions at me, probing my knowledge of Biblical facts.

It was a rigid cross-examination, but I answered glibly enough for I was steeped in recent reading. Finally when they appeared satisfied, I questioned on my part. Turning to the dean of the Colorado school I asked:

"Do you know that Mary the sister of Lazarus, and Mary the sinner who washed His feet with her tears and dried them with her hair, were one and the same person?"

"Where do you get your authority?" he asked. I gave it and he smiled.

"That is correct," said he, "but not one in a thousand knows that fact."

Such was our preparation for making the first moving picture of the Master's life and works. And I will say for our little group of nomads who had been merry in Ireland and carefree in our own South, each day found us more deeply impressed with the task before us. And often, after a day of ingenious planning and hard physical work, we would gather in one quiet dim room to speculate on the manner of man Mr. Olcott had chosen to play the rôle of the Son of God and Savior of Men.

In the March issue of the COMPANION will appear the final installment of Miss Gauntier's recollections.