



Beat the Heat!

An inviting bottle of refreshing *Pale Pilsen* is a cooling breeze down your throat.

When you're hot and tired during a hard day in the field, *Pale Pilsen* goes right to the thirsty spot.

There's a sparkling tinging tang

Order it by the case

Pale Pilsen

Brewed by

San Miguel Brewery



Let's Go to the Movies



By MRS. GEORGE READ

In Manila, at the present time, the moving picture show, to use its less contemporary but more descriptive name, is The Theatre. It is the one inexhaustible mimic commodity which theatre-goers can rely upon every day in the year.

So much has been and is being said for and against the silent drama, and so little of it, either pro or con, carries a thimbleful of weight with the majority of individuals. They are not interested, pre-eminently in the Stage vs. Screen question,—but in pictures, plays, playwrights and players. Both Stage and Screen seem to be quite firmly entrenched behind active box-offices. They are both being more and more royally housed all over the world. To prosper variety in our entertainment, and variety is essential—else we stagnate—, it is altogether desirable to sponsor the best of each, hoping in the meantime that the recently exploited "film with a voice" will prove to be yet another play-house diversion and not a sort of Titan who might in time squeeze the blood out of the other two under consideration. More than likely it will be nothing more than an additional feature of certain film productions,—for a long time to come as unsatisfactory an experimentation as Shakespeare in modern dress so far turns out to be on the legitimate stage.

Certainly there is a type of dramatic writing suited peculiarly to the stage and to the stage alone. And there are contemporary playwrights who would shriek fire and rush into the wilderness, as an eminent raconteur of our acquaintance ends all his dramatic tales, at the mere mention of turning their plays into scenarios. Apart from the element of the speaking voice, so essential to a satisfactory representation of these particular plays, there is the part color plays, which in and by itself goes far toward establishing the mood of a situation. Color! The color in costume, the color in stage setting, added to the color in voice with its contrasts of light and shade as distinctive and important as opposing colors in a painting. For



Tell-Tale Letters

All the careful dictation in the world, and the best efforts of the stenographer, can not make a poor typewriter write NEAT letters.

Don't let YOUR machine embarrass you. If it is worn-out and obsolete, get a new one—

Replace it with an

UNDERWOOD

The Machine You Will Eventually Buy

Smith, Bell & Company, Ltd.

Agents for the Philippines

example: the stirring effect of sudden silence followed by a bright fanfare of laughter.

As well as we like "one who hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument," we find a peculiar interest in going to a theatre where the choreography of human emotion displayed in the expressions of the face, the magic of comprehensive gestures, the descriptive power of movement which the body possesses, must tell us all. The point, the significance, is in the personality, not in the sub-title.

We wonder how long it will be before the Cinema Theatre will produce a group of outstanding characterizations uniquely of the silver screen. This cannot come about until some creative artist looks with sympathy upon this type of theatre as his chosen medium.

Just now the more or less sensational "thriller" seems to be before the house. But too often we see movies that were heralded with such flaming rhetoric the phrases burned holes in the press sheets, and are left utterly cold. We keep on going, knowing that it is the movie fan who now and then has the satisfaction of seeing the ugly duckling transformed into a swan. If we did not criticize the movies so freely, perhaps we would not enjoy them so much or care for more than a "season's greetings" sort of an acquaintance.

What is it on the Screen, for us at any rate, that seems to diminish the sense of loss of vocal quality and of actual color?

Movement, for one thing; the uninterrupted continuity, as of life itself, if you will. The Oriental Theatre long ago appreciated the advantages of a continuous performance, unbroken by entr'acts. It is a mistake to believe that all theatre in the Orient is long drawn out. A very high form of the dance drama, evolved in China and now seldom seen, was brief in respect to time, yet complete and perfect in its way. And there is the too little known Wayang Purwa of Java, drawing its dramatic plots from the Hindu legends of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. The actors of this Wayang, exquisite and finished in the art of pantomime and excelling in an extraordinarily graceful dance that is peculiar to Java, may be seen all over the Island, from Djocjakarta to the smallest village market-places.

The moving-picture show is blood brother of the Pantomime, of all the arts of the theatre perhaps the most distinguished. It is commonly known that the better a film-play is, the fewer will be its sub-titles. Too many "Came-the-dawns" which certain well-known producers seem to revel in, go far toward interrupting the mood of a performance, as do long waits between the acts of a tense melodrama on the legitimate stage.

These camera men seem to know black magic as well as white and can transform human beings into goblins, ghouls, fees, pegasii, chimeras, as they wish. They can make a tall man short, a fat man thin. They can lure the wild peacock, the tiger and the ape close enough to touch. What do we care about the tele-photo lenses and the scientific exposé of all these miraculous feats. The Jungle Book lives again and the Arabian Nights; Mephistopheles and the Witch of Endor raise the hair and curdle the blood; Fairy Berylune rides down the pale moon's pathway on her brush-wood broom and Peter Pan in his bird's-nest banca sails to an enchanted Island in Kensington Garden.

We may see the rarest flowers unfold before our eyes; Arachne spin her intricate web; the finished craftsmen of Murano blowing sheerest glass into exquisite shapes. Would that their rainbowed iridescences, their arrogant reds and deep patrician blues were palpable on the silver screen. But at any rate the form is there. And to the individual who responds more readily to sculpture than to painting, this absence of color serves to intensify the significance of the architectural accent. The angle of a shadow, the curve of a stairway, the juxtaposition of this property to that, must rely solely for effect upon a harmony of design.

Here the instinctive good taste or bad taste of the scene director is continually apparent,—his fine restraint and economy of objects, or his passion for a multitude of details. There have been scenes taken in the boundless Texas

plains that were so cluttered up with men and steers—human as well as animal extras—wagons, carts and what-nots, and the dust arising, that you could not have followed even a most important episode in the career of the Stetson-hatted hero if your life had depended upon it. A cloud of dust is about the only impression you could bring away with you. Just how much, and how little—that exquisite mean—is the difficult question for the producer of movies, even if he happens to be born with an artist's instinctive sense of restraint.

"The Gaucho," with Douglas Fairbanks, shown recently at the Lyric illustrates this greed on the part of a producer sometimes to crowd too much into the scene of action. But the best directors the world over, in order to compete in the movie game at all, are perforce too prolific to achieve a high average of really first-rate pictures.

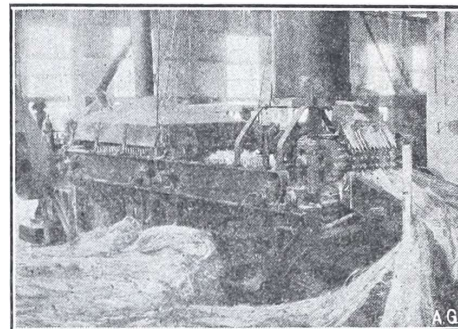
We do wish all of them were strong enough to resist the lure of the metaphysical. It is too offensive if the least bit bogus. It is too elusive to lend itself to anything but suggestion.

₱10.00 FIRST PRIZE:

₱5.00 SECOND

There's a big picture coming to town, *The Big Parade*. The *Journal* wants to know what you think of it. Confine your opinion to 300 words or less. For the best, ₱10; for second best, ₱5. Address your manuscript to Mrs. George Read, P. O. Box 1638, Manila, P. I.

In "The Gaucho" an almost revolting appeal was made to the superstitious, the ignorant, and the cheaply sentimental. Yet "Doug" seemed to revel in it all and to perform his usual impossible feats, with this difference—the flavor was ineffectual and prosaic. It was all so much Fairbanks "repetative" if there be such a word. His complacent struttings and grimacings called to mind John Barrymore's recent appearance here in the Beloved Rogue. Not that we offer any comparison save in that attitude of tedious self-satisfaction.



Manila Cordage Co.

P. O. Box 131

Manila, P. I.

TOWLINE BRAND

High Quality Pure Manila Rope

CROWN BRAND

Good Quality Pure Manila Rope

PLOW BRAND

Mixed Fiber Rope Low in Price

DRAGON BRAND

Made of Pure Philippine Maguey

Ask for Prices.

There was a rather charming buoyancy about the holding of the miraculously healed hand to the candle flame and the joyous persistent application of spurts of match flame to the fingers, one after the other. But the whole theme was so lumbering and far-fetched that the audience was little prepared to receive any spontaneous action with conviction.

There were miracles galore, black deaths, symbolism of the stupidest variety and a weird quasi-impersonation of the Catholic Virgin.

Atlantic Gulf and Pacific Co.

OF MANILA

ENGINEERS

MANUFACTURERS

CONTRACTORS

71-77 Muelle de la Industria

MANILA, P. I.

Here was a tawdry illustration of a theory psychoanalysts have been expounding this many a day, drawing their most colorful examples from the life of Renaissance Italy. It was a day when no single altar in the land, from the private chapel of the Borgian popes to the poorest Florentine parish church was without its painted masterpieces depicting scenes in the life of the Virgin, nominally from Scripture but really from romantic Italy. From Fra Beato Angelico's ethereal little wispsaints to the golden glow of Titian's sumptuous Madonna of the Roses, feminine beauty made its most vaguely defined and its most vibrant appeals. Fra Angelico was naive and guileless and most wholeheartedly religious. Giorgione, Bellini, Titian, following da Vinci's example, painted with the undisguised purpose of blending Christianity with Paganism.

It would be difficult to imagine a more blundering and crude conception of this etheroerotic, this heaven and earth complex, and its effect on susceptible human beings, than that depicted in "The Gaucho". Eve Sothern was cast as a sort of high priestess of the church in the "city of the miracle". Here she alternately interceded for the diseased, the halt and the blind who came there to pray, and rebuffed their honest efforts to come to terms of intimacy with her. She was obviously a siren with a song, but of course too obviously so to move any save the dullest or the shabbiest imagination. It is true that in walking and posing she did not resort to the conventional snake-like sinuosity. On the contrary, she was annoyingly wooden. Perhaps this static attitude represented the divine side of the characterization as nearly as she felt capable or could be directed to suggest.

Well! All we can say is that even the least of the commercial little blue and white replicas of the Virgin, in wax or china, sold to curious tourists at Lourdes,—where Fairbanks is said to have gotten his "inspiration",—possess more of the inner and the outer manifestations of grace than Miss Sothern in "The Gaucho". The crowning touch of metaphysical banality was spared us, although it would have had no more effect than a shot fired at a man already dead. That touch would have been to have shown the Girl of the Shrine ascending and descending a sort of rose-twined Jacob's ladder from the rock-bound altar, made, of course, of papier maché, into skiey bowers and back again. Who suffers with us the recollection of the realistic ascension to Heaven of Marguerite and Faust in an otherwise excellent picture with adorable Madame Guilbert as Dame Marthe and Emil Janings as Mephistopheles?

We go unwillingly to press before seeing Eddie Cantor in his first film play, "Kid Boots". We hope and anticipate that he will, for Comedy's sweet sake, have a greater share of center-stage than Ziegfeld's Broadway production allowed him. He was very seldom seen during that production and "between whites" the action sagged deplorably. Every song, wise-crack and dance was hoary and hackneyed except Cantor's own particular contributions. It was, of all the late musical comedies, the one that went farthest toward reviving the now almost extinct *tired* business man. He was indeed very weary by half-past eleven p. m. However, one of them, a rather prominent man-about-town and an habitué of the bobbed-head row—recently acquired from the vanquished bald heads—was seen after the first act, displaying an uncommon amount of energy. It was the popular first night, and orchestra seats had been sold out at twenty-three dollars gold, tax inclusive, a seat. This enterprising homme du monde was down on his knees with a screw-driver, working fast to disengage his costly aisle seat from contact with the floor. He explained in a loud voice that he had paid for that seat and he expected to take it home with him. It was not until the curtain was about to rise on the second act that he completed his task, so it was too late for other sympathetic abettors in the audience to follow his example. And at the end of the performance, the orchestra and electricians who had received instructions from the panic stricken manager of the theatre, play-

ed about half a bar of music, and put out the lights so screw-drivers could not be passed around and all the furniture moved out. So much for the blithe spirit of give and take in Gotham.

We look forward with mighty zest to the presentation of "Chang," March 15th to 18th, at the Lyric. Press notices indicate that it is of the bigger and better order of movies, which are not necessarily a test of art, but rather more often of novel entertainment. It has strained the camera's ingenuity to the utmost for the leading characters are wild animals—elephants and tigers. "Chang" boasts not a single trained actor and very few human characters. It has been made in the jungles of Siam, and the story is a true exposé of the lives of the people who live in these jungles practically untouched by civilization. If you enjoy animal pictures you

won't cavil about a plot and if you are going out to Angkor-Wat and thence to the jungles to hunt, anytime in the near future, this picture should prove an extraordinarily interesting diversion. Of course it may not live up to its possibilities, but important news reaches us concerning Ernest B. Schoedsack who handled the camera for the shooting of the picture. For one thing he played an important part in Beebe's expedition to the Sargasso; and there in Siam penetrated its fierce, lush, northern reaches, three weeks journey from civilization, to study the playful habits of wild tigers and to record them for the Screen.

"This is the hour of pride and power,
Talon and tush and claw.
Oh hear the call!—Good hunting all
That keep the Jungle Law!"

Kipling's Night-Song in the Jungle.

Great Northern Railway through America

See the GREAT NORTHERN ROCKIES and CASCADES.

"New ORIENTAL" LIMITED



No Extra Fare on this "Finest in all America" for particulars see AMERICAN EXPRESS Co. or A. G. HENDERSON Agent Chaco Bldg., Manila