

Likewise This One.

"Me for a quiet time this year," Rex Davis declared. "I shall not be knocking any villains about before dinner, nor seeing Crimson Circles after. Just ourselves, and a fire. No; no house-party. Not this year. As to the New Year, well—I'm still an Optimist, you know. So we'll leave it at that."

Circumventing the Calendar.

"Whatever shall I do this Christmas," wondered Violet Hopson, "if my work takes me to the South of France, which seems very likely? And whatever will Nicholas and Jessica do? Because I've always spent Christmas at home with my loved ones; and if the Riviera is to be my filming ground, it will be the first year my children and I have been separated. We shall simply defy the calendar, and keep Christmas when I return to England."

The Outdoors and the Inner Man.

"I love Christmas in England, though I've spent so many abroad," was Victor McLaglen's mandate. "I mean to go skating, if only the weather will oblige. I'm fond of tobogganing, too, though when we tumble—which *does* happen sometimes—it isn't always great fun for the fellow I fall upon. But it's great sport. Healthy exercise in the snow gives one a wonderful appetite for Christmas fare—and I like turkey and plum-pudding. The charms of a country Christmas attract Gregory Scott, too. "I shall positively play golf," said he, "and probably go a-hunting. In any case, I shall have a good time. I always do at Christmas."

"The Green Caravan"—ers.

"I," said Valia, the "Vamp," of the Green Caravan, "mean to sit and toast my toes before the largest fire I can build. I shall long for the sunshine and the springtime, and thank goodness I'm not in Russia whilst the snow is on the ground." "And I," said Catherine Calvert, "expect to be appearing on the London stage, so I shall not be able to be at home. But home's wherever little Paul is, and we shall have a tree and a turkey in English fashion." Catherine Calvert is Mrs. Paul Armstrong in private life, and her small son Paul is her one and only hobby. He is a bright little fellow, and last time I saw him could talk of little else but his "family," as he styles the stray kitten he has adopted.

"Holmes' Home Hobby."

Eille Norwood, no matter what he may say to the contrary, is certain to spend part of his Christmas in what he calls his "workshop" at home. For he is playing "Sherlock Holmes" in *The Sign of Four*, and as soon as that's finished, he is to

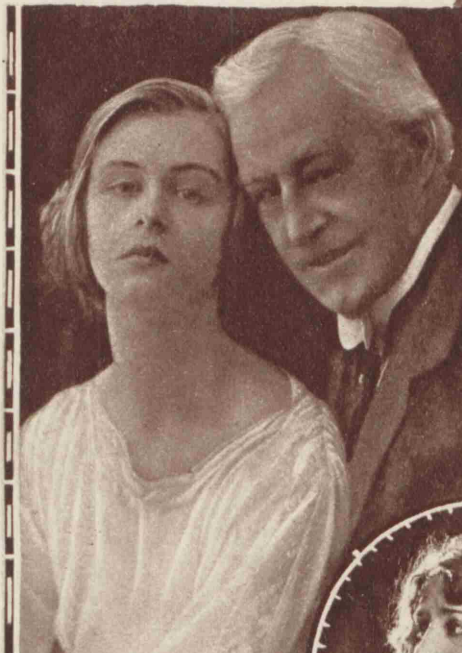
star in another fifteen two-reelers in the Sherlock Holmes series. Entirely surrounded by grease-paint, hair, gum, and what appear to the uninitiated to be mediæval instruments of torture, Norwood will perfect and plan out the new disguises in which he will be seen on 1923 screens. Most probably he will try them out upon his wife and daughter first.

Tony and Tod.

Undeterred by the painful progress of the character he portrayed in *Gamblers All*, Tony Fraser unblushingly replied, "I'm going to gamble," when I asked him what he intended to do this Christmas-



Bromley Davenport hopes his screen matrimonial experiences won't come true in real life this Christmas.



Henry Vibart and his daughter, Myrtle, who play together in "Weavers of Fortune."



Circle: Catherine Calvert in "The Green Caravan."

become the owner of a saxophone, and he has procured an extra large-sized Christmas stocking in the hope that someone will deposit one of these instruments of torture therein.

A Family Affair.

Henry Vibart, the famous "father" in so many Hepworth successes, has had most of the best-known British leads for his "children," in one film or another. Just now, he is working at Davidson's; and, for the first time in his career, his film child is his own daughter, Myrtle Vibart. Myrtle is not so well known to picturegoers as her Dad whose silvery hair and benign cast of features make him an ideal exponent of fatherly rôles. When they

were in the Chiltern Hills on location for this film, which is titled *Weavers of Fortune*, the scenario demanded that both should be out in a heavy rainstorm. But, for once, the British climate did not live up to its rainy character, and so pails of cold water were called into requisition. After several drenchings, Myrtle decided that, even film life has its draw-backs. Father should have warned her in advance.

Two Busy Players.

I met Clive Brook and his pretty wife, Mildred Evelyn, deep in discussion of the relative makes and values of fur coats. I leave it to you whose coat it was to be and who won. Clive and his fair partner only meet after working hours these days: for he is playing at Elstree, in *Green Sea Island*, and she is "Doreen" in *Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing*, at Islington.