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MORENO FROM MADRID.

(Continued from Page 20.)

and are the unofficial godfathers of the Los Angeles Orphanage, of which Mary Pickford is fairy godmother. Wally Reid is also another good chum of Tony's; in fact, the latter, who lives at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, has a host of men pals in the camera world who admire him, not only as a fine athlete, but as a real good fellow as well.

And the ladies? Well, of course, Tony is a firm favourite with them. His looks guarantee that, to begin with; and then he has charm, too—quite irresistible charm. But I don't think his path has been strewn with broken hearts—not of his conscious breaking, anyway—he is too honest and sincere in his ideals for that.

It is *de rigueur* to conclude one's interview with a tactful reference to marriage. So I broached the all-important subject.

"In my opinion," said Antonio Moreno, "an actor does not make a good husband. Yes; I know there are many exceptions—lots of my own friends are perfect husbands. But, all the same, I do not think that the exacting career of the film star can be combined with the normally happy married life. Of course, if you feel you cannot live a single instant longer without marrying the person you love—that's different."

I diplomatically switched the conversation to the Hollywood girls—even mentioning Viola Dana by name. But Tony would not enlighten me

concerning the state of his affections. "Surely in these enlightened days one can have a jolly girl pal without being immediately engaged to her by the general public?" he asked me.

We did not forget "Bobby," the star's beloved dog. "Wish I could have shown him to you," said Tony; "but you know what these hotels are like. Won't have a dog near the place. However, you'll see him on the screen. He's appeared in several pictures—played with Lew Cody not long ago. Got a salary, too! Perhaps one of these days he'll be supporting me!"

"Just tell me some of your serials," I said, as I rose to go. "I'm afraid I don't remember them all."

"*The Iron Test, Perils of Thunder Mountain, The Veiled Mystery, and The Invisible Hand* were the favourites, I think. Yes, it was exciting work making them. That's one of the reasons I have to keep so fit, and why I've learnt to swim like a fish—the boys call me Annette Kellermann's rival, you know. *The Invisible Hand* was my final serial flutter before being starred in features, and now I have many interesting plans for the pictures that are to follow—*Three Sevens*. But be warned in time and don't send me a scenario based on your dream!"

"And yet," I said, as I wished him good-bye, "I have my regrets for that bull-fighter!"

ALICE HALL.

THE LAMENT OF LANGHORNE.

(Continued from Page 13.)

it once before, in *At the Villa Rose*, where I appeared to be the hero until the end of the second reel; after that my true character was revealed, and I had to be a heartless sort of wretch. It was a new experience for me, as I am generally cast for hero."

"Do you play both hero and villain in *A Man's Shadow*, like Tree did?"

"Yes; and at different times in their lives. First I am both men in their youth, then in their middle age, and I've tried to make them as different as possible."

We studied some "stills" from this film. He appears to have succeeded in his aim.

"This," he said, handing me a photo, "is how I appear in *Appearances*, which is the last thing I have done to date."

"You appear," I told him, "to resemble Basil Gill a good deal."

He laughed. "He's a great friend of mine, don't you know. It's curious the way we switched over. A couple of years ago I was doing mostly theatre work, and he was busy principally with film work. Then I turned my attention to films alone for a while, and he has reverted to the theatre."

"I enjoyed my work at Famous-Lasky very much, and had many a long chat with Donald Crisp, who directed *Appearances*. No; it is not a costume play."

I wanted to ask him if he has anything to eat in *Appearances*; but thought it best to let well alone. Instead—

"You were born?" I entreated. "Obviously; how else should we be here?"

"You're incorrigible," said I, and gave it up as hopeless. "Tell me about your hobbies."

"Oh, gardening, riding, and most kinds of sport." I know he's a good boxer, having seen his strenuous fights in *The Amateur Gentleman*, not to speak of his earlier films.

"If you do not give me the information I have so perseveringly angled for," I threatened, "I shall ring up every meal-time until you do." So he laughingly told me he was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire.

The time had flown whilst we were chatting, and as I wished him good-bye, I could not refrain from wondering whether I had kept him from dining out that evening. In which case there will be further lamentations next time we meet.

JOSIE MARGUERITE.