

When the Five O'Clock Whistle Blows in Hollywood

~ a drawing made on the spot by Ralph Barton ~



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Key to the Drawing

PRESENTING a typical scene on Hollywood Boulevard in front of the Hollywood Hotel just as the movie studios are closing. Reading from up to down, we have first, at the top of the steps, the two DeMilles, who introduced riding habits for directors—possibly so that they could better “ride” the actors. Harold Lloyd, the comedian, and Will Rogers, who claims that he spent two years in the Follies on the strength of his legs; Elinor Glyn in hieratic costume, now a deviser of plots for the Famous Players. “Buster” Keaton, Rupert Hughes, the novelist who has joined the Goldwyn staff of eminent authors—in Hollywood all authors are eminent. In broad checks, and with unmistakably pugilistic profile, Bull Montana, the ex-wrestler; Rex Ingram, whose *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* is a distinct improvement on the Ibañez novel; Alice Terry, the blonde heroine of the *Four Horsemen* and also of Ingram’s new picture, taken from Balzac’s *Eugénie Grandet*. Bebe Daniels, still wearing stripes after her recent imprisonment for speeding. Douglas Fairbanks, who has given up comedy for romantic rôles; Bill Hart and Fatty Arbuckle; Wallace Reed; and, returning to the extreme left, Peter the Hermit, who lives in the hills about Hollywood and sets forth daily on crusades to the studios. Jack Coogan and Charlie Chaplin, the society man who discovered him. Mary Pickford; Nazimova, in her street costume—pyjamas; and, finally, Gloria Swanson.

V A N I T Y F A I R

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