

TIME

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Rupert Hughes

An Articulate and Well-Colored Encyclopedia

Few authors have been successful at the business of creating motion pictures. This may be for a variety of reasons. Perhaps the present legendry and technique of the moving picture is partly blamable. Rupert Hughes, however (whose *Souls for Sale* was the recent nine days' talk of Broadway), has proved to be exceedingly able in the Hollywood studios. He not only writes his stories and his scenarios, but he directs his pictures.

Rupert Hughes, short, stocky, quick in his movements, almost jumpy, has an unusual store of nervous energy and mental vitality. His life has been a succession of quick successes; but these have been backed by tremendous effort. After his regular college course at Western Reserve University he took an M.A. degree at Yale. There are dozens of successful novels to his credit and at least a half-dozen plays, among them the markedly successful *Excuse Me*. He has an extraordinary memory for facts and to talk with him is almost like talking to an articulate and well-colored encyclopedia. His ability to create things is due in large measure to his absolute belief that whatever he is doing is worth while. The moving pictures to him are a new art. He is proud to be one of those associated with the early development of this art. That his pictures have been in the eyes of the critics more popular than artistic does not worry him greatly. Here the business of writing is at its most efficient. Rupert Hughes has been hailed by some critics as a fine writer of the realistic school. Others have patronized him as a popular author of sensational novels. The truth lies, perhaps, somewhere between the two. He has the art of being able to tell a story well. He has a sense of the details of life. He does not always write his best. Who does?

The new Rupert Hughes novel is called *Within These Walls*. It is the story of a house and the many happenings within it—the story of how a family fought for generations to preserve the outward respectability of its home, only to have it flooded by the onrush of the water which destroyed towns and valleys and hills at the birth of the great Croton water system above New York City. It is the romance of this great engineering feat that led Mr. Hughes to make it the focal point of his novel. Flooded towns, broken walls, rushing waters! What a movie! J. F.