

Document Citation

Title	The gold rush
Author(s)	Mae Tinée
Source	<i>Publisher name not available</i>
Date	
Type	review
Language	English
Pagination	
No. of Pages	1
Subjects	
Film Subjects	The gold rush, Chaplin, Charlie, 1925

"THE GOLD RUSH"

Produced by United Artists.

Directed by Charles Chaplin.

Presented at the Orpheum theater.

THE CAST.

The Lone Prospector.....Charles Chaplin
Big Jim McKay.....Mack Swain
Black Larson.....Tom Murray
The Girl.....Georgia Hale
Jack Cameron.....Malcolm Waite
Hank Curtis.....Henry Bergman

By Mae Tinée.

Good morning!

Ten reels of Charlie Chaplin as you like him, folks!

"Ten reels" sounds like a heap and it would be—a heap too much—if "The Gold Rush" weren't, well—"The Gold Rush." Being, however, "The Gold Rush" as "The Gold Rush" is, the end finds you satisfied, but far from sated. Why, Miss Tinée, you must have liked "The Gold Rush!" O, yes, said she, I did.

The little man with the funny feet, the large cane, the sad derby, the squashed mustache, the embarrassed puppy dog grin, and the haunting pathos that shades exquisitely his most comical characterizations in this picture, ventures into the snows of Alaska to seek his fortune.

"The lone prospector," the cast calls him. You'll say that he is the LONEST prospector you ever saw; the saddest raggedest bum of an adventurer, screen or stage or story ever saw fit to pit against cruel blizzards and rough big men in a primitive country where men are brutes, and jeering dance hall girls and bears, and hunger—O, LOTS of hunger!

Mr. Chaplin cooking and eating one of his famous shoes is a sight to make you rock with laughter—that has in it a low rumble of sympathy. Mr. Chaplin dodging a hungry comrade to whom, in the latter's starvation madness he looks like a chicken is another rarely humorous spectacle.

He is a rarely humorous spectacle in many other instances. Won't tell you about them for I wouldn't spoil your fun for the world. But he DOES give you lots of original and fascinating comedy. And always there is the note of sadness. He's so lonesome and so game and so darn unlucky! Until:

Georgia, the dance hall girl he loves and who has jeered, is brought up sharp by the realization of the heart-ache her thoughtless foolery has caused the gallant little simpleton whose wanderings have landed him in the tough town where she is queen. Until:

His goodness to the erstwhile hungry comrade reaps for him a golden reward. Until:

Homeward bound—a multi-millionaire, fate casts the lovely Georgia in the steerage of the boat on which he and his pal are making a sensational voyage. THEN, you draw a sigh of relief for the final closeup has shown you that the lone prospector will be alone no more.

"The Gold Rush" really is a dandy! Georgia Hale, the new Chaplin leading lady, is clever as well as pretty. Big Mack Swain is rib-tickling as the little hero's scourge and savior. Minor rôles are excellently played and the snow scenes are marvelous. Taken in the Sierra Nevada, some of them.

Wish I could go more into detail regarding this fillum, however, for your sakes, no can do. Butcha better see Charlie's latest if you know what's good for you.

See you tomorrow!