

January 21

10¢

Weekly

# Pantomime

MOVIE TOPICS



Irene Castle



# OH! BOY!

# A CAR AND THE WORLD IS MINE—

## READER'S COUPON (30 Votes)

Name .....  
Address .....  
Town .....  
State .....

Void June 3, 1922

PANTOMIME, World Building New York

## \$22,000.00

## 100 Wonderful Prizes

*You May Start Now!*

*Write for Particulars*

## Your Questions Answered

- Question**—How can I enter this race? **Answer**—Just send PANTOMIME your name and address and ask to be enrolled.
- Question**—Who is eligible to enter this race? **Answer**—It is open to everyone of good character who is not connected with this publication or related to anyone connected with it.
- Question**—How can I win one of the prizes? **Answer**—The prizes will be given away for securing votes.
- Question**—What are votes? **Answer**—Votes are milestones of the race, marks in your favor given by PANTOMIME for each copy and subscription you sell.
- Question**—How can I secure votes? **Answer**—A. Send in Reader's Coupons. Each is good for thirty votes. B. Send in paid-in-advance subscriptions.
- Question**—Where can I get votes? **Answer**—Wherever you have friends.
- Question**—Can votes be purchased or transferred? **Answer**—No.
- Question**—Is it hard to get votes? **Answer**—No! It is easy to get votes if you'll just tell those you meet about PANTOMIME. Better still, show it to them.
- Question**—How many votes will it take to win? **Answer**—You can answer this question just as well as we can. This race is like an election. The winner of the \$2,395.00 Elk-Hart Sedan will be the person with the most votes. The \$1,545.00 Elk-Hart Touring Car will go to the person with the fourth largest vote.
- Question**—How can I learn the number of votes the others have? **Answer**—PANTOMIME will print lists of those enrolled and the votes they have, from time to time.
- Question**—How will the votes be counted? **Answer**—At the end of the race the votes will be carefully counted by disinterested persons.
- Question**—Do I need any material to work with? **Answer**—No. However, receipt books and instructions as to how to get votes will be sent free on request.
- Question**—When does this contest end? **Answer**—It ends July 8, 1922. All subscriptions must be in the mails at midnight of that date.
- Question**—How can I get more information about this race? **Answer**—Write about any point not clear to you.

### THE VOTES YOU GET FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscription	Cost	January 7th March 4th Inclusive	March 7th April 15th Inclusive	April 16th May 27th Inclusive	May 28th July 8th Inclusive
United States:					
6 months.....	\$2.50	1,000	900	800	700
12 months.....	5.00	3,000	2,700	2,400	2,100
24 months.....	10.00	9,000	8,100	7,200	6,300
Canada:					
6 months.....	\$3.00	1,200	1,100	1,000	900
12 months.....	6.00	3,600	3,300	3,000	2,700
24 months.....	12.00	10,800	9,900	9,000	8,100

Make your remittances by Money Order direct to

WORLD BUILDING

PANTOMIME

NEW YORK

### A BUSHEL OF GOLD FOR EXTRA PRIZES

To every person in the race who sends in subscriptions totalling \$30.00 from January 7 to March 4, 1922—PANTOMIME will give

### A FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE

You may send in your orders one at a time. Or all at one time. But they must be in the mail at midnight, March 4, 1922.

### HOW TO GET VOTES

Send in Reader's Coupons. Each is good for thirty votes. Now, suppose a friend gives you Five Dollars to pay for a one-year subscription.

Send that subscription to PANTOMIME and on its receipt, you will get 3,000 votes more. And so on.

## What You Get

At the end of the race the First Prize will be given to the person with the largest number of votes; the Second Prize to the person having the next largest number of votes, and so on. In case of ties, the full prize offered will be given each person so tying.

### SIX ELK-HART AUTOMOBILES 1922 Models

- 1st Prize—Sedan S-67..... \$2395.00  
(Seven-Passenger, Six-Cylinder Type)
- 2nd Prize—Special Sport S-64-B..... 1845.00  
(Four-Passenger, Six-Cylinder Type)
- 3rd Prize—Special Sport L-54-B..... 1595.00  
(Four-Passenger, Four-Cylinder Type)
- 4th Prize—Touring Car S-65..... 1545.00  
(Five-Passenger, Six-Cylinder Type)
- 5th Prize—Touring Car L-55..... 1295.00  
(Five-Passenger, Four-Cylinder Type)
- 6th Prize—Touring Car L-55..... 1295.00  
(Five-Passenger, Four-Cylinder Type)

### NINETY-FOUR PATHE PHONOGRAPHS 1922 MODELS

- 7th to 10th Prizes:  
Four \$425.00 Gothic Actuelle..... \$1700.00
- 11th to 20th Prizes:  
Ten \$175.00 Mahogany Modified Sheraton 1750.00
- 21st to 30th Prizes:  
Ten \$175.00 Mahogany Model-16..... 1750.00
- 31st to 40th Prizes:  
Ten \$150.00 Fumed Oak Model-12..... 1500.00
- 41st to 50th Prizes:  
Ten \$125.00 Fumed Oak Model-10..... 1250.00
- 51st to 100th Prizes:  
Fifty \$85.00 Fumed Oak Model-7..... 4250.00

Prices Quoted as of December 1, 1921, net, without tax, delivery at factory.



Volume 2  
\$5.00 a Year

# Pantomime

Number 3  
10 Cents a Copy

Published weekly by Movie Topics, Inc.,  
Suite 914, World Building, New York City.  
President, Murray Lazarus; Secretary and  
Treasurer, Albert Singer.

JANUARY 21, 1922

"Pantomime" entered as second class mail  
matter, under the act of March 3, 1879.—  
By subscription, \$5.00 the year. Canada  
\$6.00 the year, single copies, 15c.

Copyright 1922 by Movie Topics Inc.



*Lucille Carlisle is fully as decorative off the screen as on. Here we have  
her worshipping at a miniature Oriental shrine. Miss  
Carlisle is Larry Semon's leading woman.*

Editorial Offices: Suite 914, World Building, New York

Victor C. Olmsted, Editor-in-Chief



# So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Walt

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each week on this page, the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

WHEN Mary and Doug were in town, just back from that dear France (please to remember, too, that *dear* also means *expensive*) they held a reception, of sorts, up at their hotel. Several hundred people were there. Mostly girls and women. And there wasn't any doubt which was the more popular with the gentler sex on this particular occasion. Not that Doug hasn't his appeal to the ladies on the screen. But this time he was at a distinct disadvantage. For Mary had brought back thirty brand new Parisian gowns. No mere man with a single brain in his head would even try to fight such an appeal. So Doug roamed about the suite, and drank coffee, and looked rather bored, and very neglected.

This for half an hour, or so, while Mary told the girls just what they were wearing in the land that invented the short skirt. Then in came a thin dribble of men—among them your humble servant.

The lure of gowns wasn't any lure to them at all. So far as they were concerned, Mary might just as well have been talking Sanscrit. Besides—us men must stick together. So we concentrated on Doug.

And Doug talked. And talked. And talked some more. He tried to discuss the ethics of the drama. (Why do even the best of 'em get highbrow the minute an interviewer comes close?) He did manage to edge in a word or so about the future of the moving picture art (still in its infancy, of course, you know). He vouchsafed the opinion that Movies would spread Americanism all over the world. And ever and again he would revert to that *ethics* stuff.

And every time, we would stop him! We were more interested in hearing him tell about that time on the Sahara Desert, when he tried to get fresh with a camel, and the durned beast turned around and bit him.

Then in came a new he-person. He looked something like Jack Dempsey, only more so.

Right away he corralled Doug, and led him off into a corner. After which, for fifteen minutes solid, we sat and watched, while the pair were in deep and earnest converse—with Doug doing most of the talking. Then the stranger went out, and Doug came back to us.

Later in the afternoon, when all had departed save the writer, and Doug, the dynamic, was lolling back in a deep chair, listening to Mary admit that she was "just plain tired out," we got real chatty, and everything.

Then up spoke Doug. "Mary," said he, "did you notice that chap that led me off into a corner—I mean the one with the particularly dirty shirt?"

"No, dear," said Mary. "Why?"

"Well," said Doug, "I wondered how he got by the hotel desk—but then I remembered that newspaper men are more or less artistic and never pay much attention to dress, anyhow. So I took him off, and told him my ideas of the ethics of the drama.

"Mary, he was one wonderful listener. He just stood and listened with his mouth open. And I was flattered. 'At last,' I thought, 'I have found someone who appreciates real stuff.' So I talked for about fifteen minutes—until my breath gave out.

"And then that fellow cut in on me.

"That's all very fine, Mr. Fairbanks—at least, I guess it is," he said. 'But I ain't much interested in ethics. I came up here to borrow the railroad fare to St. Louis.'"

Mary giggled.

"And did you give it to him?" she asked.

"I most certainly did not," said Doug.

Mary pouted. "Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she remarked, just like that. "You really owed it to him—after boring him."

Which brings us to our muttons. The greatest actors in the world really are tiresome sometimes. And frequently it's just as well that we only see them on the screen, instead of meeting them personally. It helps us to preserve our ideals.

\* \* \*

Incidentally, we'd still like to know why it is that the average actor, being interviewed, thinks he just has to be highbrow.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER experience of the same general sort came my way just a couple of weeks ago at a luncheon given in honor of Ernst Lubitsch, the D. W. Griffith of Germany. He's the bird, as you'll remember, who brought out Pola Negri—One Arabian Night—Passion—etc., etc.

Mein Herr Lubitsch had just arrived in America, for the first time in his twenty-nine years of life (he looks nearer forty, but he says he's only twenty-nine, so let it pass). He spoke not a word of English—but none the less, a group of editors were invited to meet him at luncheon.

Also there were two or three other screen luminaries from Berlin, and also one Adolph Zukor, whom you may have heard of as one of the owners of the Paramount Company.

It was a wonderful meal. If Lubitsch is accustomed to luncheons like that, it's no wonder he's sort of fat.

At any rate, we stuffed ourselves. And then Mein Herr Lubitsch rose and delivered a few carefully prepared extemporaneous remarks in German. These were translated to the effect that America, with which he had all of twenty-four hours' acquaintance, had made a wonderful impression on him; he was confident moving pictures would strengthen the new ties between this country

and Germany—and more, much more—to the same general and not too original effect.

And then the other Berlin luminaries arose and lauded Lubitsch.

Then arose Mr. Zukor, who spoke good plain English, thusly:

"You have all heard enough, I believe, about how successful Mr. Lubitsch has been. Let me tell you a little about the other side.

"When Mr. Lubitsch first went into the movies—after a career on the so-called legitimate stage which *did not* set the world on fire, he scored quite a hit as a comedian.

"Then he got the idea that this was all wrong. Comedy was beneath him. He would be a lover—a prince charming—a German Wallace Reid. He wrote a two-reeler, cast himself as the hero; acted it—also directed it.

"I am confidentially and reliably informed that that film was shown in just two theaters in all Berlin—and both of those in the suburbs."

Get it? Everybody, especially actors, wants to be something he is not.

## IN THIS ISSUE

How to Be a Star (by Director George Melford).....	Page 7
Taming Mr. Bill (by Julian Worth).....	Page 14
A Literary Business Man (by Caroline Williams).....	Page 24
Just a Real Girl (by Cecil Bryant).....	Page 6
Jane Jennings, Heiress (by Herbert Robinson).....	Page 8
He Shines Tomorrow! (by Myrtle MacMahon).....	Page 15
Wesley Plays "Hookey" (by Blythe Sherwood).....	Page 25
Has a Dog a Soul? (by William E. Mulligan).....	Page 6
How About Those Viking Ancestors? (by Helen Hancock).....	Page 10
Grand Larceny (a Novelette).....	Pages 18 and 19
Making a Picture (by Director Henry King).....	Page 27
Making 'Em Better (by Jesse L. Lasky).....	Page 28
A New "Kid" (by His Dad).....	Page 20
Colleen Refutes a Libel (a chat with Colleen Moore).....	Page 21
The Old-Fashioned Girl (by William E. Mulligan).....	Page 23
So I Said to the Press Agent (by the Editors).....	Page 4
The Look That Made Betty "Babbie" (by Frank Lyle).....	Page 23

## SPECIAL FEATURES

Pantomime's Scenario Club (a Page for Those Who Write).....	Page 22
Pantomime Paragraphs (Direct from Hollywood).....	Page 12
Big Moments in Pictures You Haven't Seen.....	Pages 16 and 17
Dressing Up for "Saturday Night" (a Page of Fashions).....	Page 11
How They Play (by Our Own Photographer).....	Page 5
Just Kids (Photographs of Child Movie Stars).....	Page 9
Outside the Studio (Intimate Snapshots of Stars).....	Page 13
What Do Press Agents Smoke? (Drawings by Fred R. Morgan).....	Page 29
Fandom Notes, Studio Jottings and Questions and Answers.....	Page 30

## CONTESTS

Our \$22,000 Contest.....	Page 2
Pantomime's \$1,000 Puzzle Contest.....	Page 31

## PORTRAITS

Portrait of Irene Castle.....	Front Cover
Portrait of Harold Lloyd.....	Back Cover
Portrait of Lucille Carlisle.....	Page 3

Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—determines it be-

cause Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.



# How They Play



This is a deuce of a way to treat a star! Mary Miles Minter, below, got pretty weary the other day, while making scenes for her newest picture, so she hunted up a "prop" bed in the studio, took up a book, and settled back for a rest. She fell asleep, and some bird came along and propped this sign against her.



You'll agree Irene Sedgwick is mighty pleasing to the eyes in this pose. This musical moment (we presume it's musical, although that arrangement in Eileen's hands looks suspicious) was certainly a decorative one. We have it on good authority that Miss Sedgwick can make this instrument talk baby-talk.



Which of these is the baby doll? You can't guess? Well, no wonder! The bigger of the baby dolls (and not so big at that) is lovely little May McAvooy. At her right, in the Greenwich Village hair cut, is Mary Jane Irving, aged six, who will appear in May's next Realart picture. The other baby doll speaks for itself.



Helene Chadwick goes Secretary Hughes one better. The Washington diplomat would have the navies cut down their equipment: the Hollywood strategist would have everybody scrap everything in the way of a weapon. She even advocates the painless extraction of razors from cullud gemmen.



Pauline Frederick can do many things beside several varieties of excellent acting, riding bucking horses, and looking like a million dollars cash in her clothes. She can, for instance, play that jolly bally old game of cricket, old chappie. The chap behind the wicket, y'know, is that jolly old bean, "Snowy" Baker, of Australia.



# Almost Human

By

William E.

Mulligan

**H**AS a dog a soul?  
Can a dumb beast reason?  
How nearly like man is a four-legged animal?

These are some of the questions which have long puzzled scientific and literary circles.

And these questions were turned over in the minds of Dr. James Watson, famous psychoanalyst, Albert Payson Terhune, noted author and authority on dogs, and other members of a distinguished group of men and women who attended a private motion picture showing to study the work of the famous Belgian police dog, Strongheart, who is the sensation today of the film world.

So remarkable is this dog that he has been made a motion picture star. He plays with humans, but they're only secondary. The dog himself plays the leading role in "The Silent Call," the Lawrence Trimble-Jane Murfin production, which was screened the other day before an invited audience in New York City. Mr. Trimble, Miss Murfin, John Emerson, playwright and president of the Actors' Equity Association, Dr. James Watson, Albert Payson Terhune, Dr. Emily Burr, consulting psychologist, mental clinic, Bellevue Hospital, New York, and the editor of PANTOMIME were among those present.

Dr. Watson was particularly interested. He came to get a conception of dog psychology, as contrasted with human psychology. He is to write a magazine article giving his observations of this study.

"The dog is the most remarkably intelligent I have ever seen," he said. "I did not believe it possible that an animal could be made to express



*He does everything but talk.*

so many different moods and emotions and act as though he had the mind of a human. Certainly I am convinced, after seeing him work, that a dog has individual character.

"A striking fact has also been brought home to me, and that is that man has many of the worst characteristics of a dog and a dog has many of the best attributes of man."

Lawrence Trimble, owner and director of the dog, explained how he succeeded in getting Strongheart to go through his extraordinary performances. From October, 1920, to March, 1921, he lived constantly with the animal. During all that time, he said, he had never been away from sight of the dog for longer than twenty minutes. "I cared for him like a baby," he said, "and I trained him night and day. I never used force. I never ignored or scorned him. Scorn is the worst punishment you can inflict on a dog."

Mr. Terhune interrupted to say that "scorn is worse than a kick, any day, to a dog."

After six months of constant training Trimble began production of "The Silent Call."

The wolf used in the film was a tame wolf. "That is," qualified Mr. Trimble, "she was as tame as a tame wolf can ever be; she bit everybody in the company except me."

Trimble got Strongheart in Germany. He served during the war with the Belgian army as a Red Cross dog, and was wounded and decorated for his work at the front. "The Silent Call" was adapted by Jane Murfin from Hal G. Evarts' story, "The Cross Pull." The story deals with the dual strain of wolf and dog in an animal and the fight to make the civilized element victorious.

PANTOMIME assures you that the result is a rattling good picture.

# Just a Real Girl

By Cecile Bryant

**P**ATSY RUTH MILLER, who recently completed the leading role opposite Cullen Landis in "The City Feller" and now is working in Rupert Hughes' personally directed "Remembrance," always makes me think of a black-eyed susan. Her eyes aren't really black—but a great big dark-brown, with little red lights dancing right out of them into your heart—but she has that saucy, pert quality that seems to say, "Well, here I am, what're you going to do about it?"

Patsy Ruth is always doing *something*—or getting ready to.

Her most likable quality, in my mind, is her refreshing youth and buoyancy. She is 1922 girlhood epitomized—the girlhood of your own home town. There isn't a thing of Hollywood and the studios about her.

You don't think of her as a screen star—not ever! She is too *real*—as she says, "too darn healthy to be temperamental or unnatural." She is the sort of a kid whom you invite over to your house to spend the night, provided you're a lady of Patsy Ruth's tender years—and lie awake for hours swapping confidences with—and take to the matinee—and giggle over the comedian's jokes with—and gush over the leading man with—and feel silly and girlish and natural with—and *like*!

In short, Patsy Ruth is—just a real girl.

You see, I knew Patsy Ruth before she became a leading lady with the privilege of kissing handsome gentlemen like Cullen Landis in the last reel. I knew her before anyone, even Patsy Ruth herself, ever dreamed she would be a leading lady with such advantages. She lives in a white bungalow across the street from me—and when she isn't busy before the camera or "going somewhere" she's sitting on the floor with me looking at my picture albums.

Patsy Ruth, like many a sister before her, rode the waves to fame and fortune. And she's still just as thrilled and excited over it all as you would be. She dived her way into drama in the most fetching one-piece suit you ever saw—but not, as you may think, in a comedy. True she was "discovered" on a beach—but there was no camera around. A director saw her listening intently to what the waves were whispering—but what he said into her other ear about her possibilities in motion pictures Patsy Ruth found much, much nicer than the old moaning of the waves.

The Miller family then was fresh from St. Louis, and, like most tourists, expected golden California to smile upon them. And they weren't disappointed. For within a few weeks Patsy Ruth was playing good parts.

Patsy Ruth has the kind of smile that doesn't wash on and off but rather one that *comes out* and *goes back in*. She has the face of an Angel just a wee bit willing to "step out" and see things—but Papa Miller keeps the reins tight. I know—for I once kept Patsy Ruth out after dark—and when we approached our neighborhood we thought there had been a fire or burglary or something, the excitement that prevailed!



*Her smile doesn't wash off.*

I don't believe in writing those interviews where the writer always goes into raptures over an actress as though she were a being from another world. I believe you folks would rather read about a *real* girl who is trying very, very hard to make good—and who enjoys every minute of her life and makes every one around her feel the contagion of her happiness.

That's why I'm telling you about Patsy Ruth Miller.

And that's why she was the *only* movie actress I introduced my brother to when he came out from Chicago on a visit!



# How to Become a Movie Star

AS TOLD TO CHARLES L. GARTNER

By George Melford

**P**ARADOXICAL as it may seem, the best way of getting into the movies and becoming a star is to stay away from the studios! This is the advice of George Melford, director of special Paramount Pictures, including "The Sheik," "The Sea Wolf," "Behold My Wife" and, more lately, "Moran of the Lady Letty."

Mr. Melford, who is almost universally known as "Uncle George," has been in the movie game as a director for a good many years, and when he says that the best way of getting into the movies is to stay out of them, you may be sure he knows what he is talking about.

"Uncle George" is different from a great many other directors inasmuch as he never uses a megaphone or speaks to his players while they are making a scene.

"An actor should know how to act—and not be just a mannikin," he told me. "I do not approve of the methods of a lot of directors in standing behind the camera and yelling instructions to the players while the scene is being taken. I consider this form of directing a slight upon the ability (if they possess it) of the players. It is also an injustice to the public, for the results show themselves upon the screen."

"Before I start making a picture I hand a copy of the story to every one of the principals to be in the film, and they are required to study it before the first scene is taken. And the players must live the characters they are to portray. If an actor cannot properly live the part he is to play, in justice to the public and to himself, I make a change."

"You movie fans know what happens if an actor gets a part he cannot feel. He is 'out of character,' and the result is an insincere portrayal. Can you imagine Wallace Reid trying to live the part of a grouchy, decrepit father-in-law? Or Theodore Roberts as a dashing, fearless racing car driver? These illustrations of the point I am trying to put over may seem a bit extreme, but I can assure you that there is almost as much difference in the roles assigned to some of the actors on the screen to-day. And that is one of the reasons why a good many movie stars do not last very long these days. In fact, the surest way of 'killing' a player is to give him a role he cannot sincerely portray."

"A lot of directors think that they can help players who are out of character by standing behind the camera and shouting every move the player is supposed to make. A highly strung actor, working with a director of this sort, would be a

physical wreck in three weeks, for he would be continually waiting for some cue from the director for an inkling of the next move to be made. The result is a jerky, mannish performance. I will say, though, that some players *have* to be prompted in this way. Which brings me to a subject upon which I have wanted to speak for some time.

"The screen needs more good actors; actors who can take a characterization and put their hearts into it. We have a number of just such players with us now, but we need more of them. But—the new ones must possess a sense of dramatics, which can only be obtained by study and hard work. By study I mean first-hand observation of the methods used on the stage and screen."

"A word here about the so-called 'dramatic schools' would not be amiss. Take my word for it, a 'diploma' from one of these 'schools' would not even get you past the doorman at any motion picture studio. These diplomas mean absolutely nothing to a casting director or a director. You cannot learn how to act in one of these schools in one month, two months or even six months. All that most of these schools can give you is a false sense of ability. Which is a mighty poor asset for a beginner in the movies."

"To a person really sincere about going into pictures I would give the following advice. First, seriously study your face and figure in a mirror and ask yourself, as a movie fan, if there is any comparison between yourself and some of the stars you have seen in the theaters lately."

"If you honestly believe there is a favorable comparison, ask yourself again if you are willing to work, off and on, for at least a year before you even get a job as salaried extra or a member of the stock company. Ask yourself if you would have *patience*!"

"Remember—Betty Compson, one of the best of the stars on the screen today, played comparatively small parts for almost two years before she was given serious recognition. Rudolph Valentino had to wait three years. Agnes Ayres waited—and worked—for four years before she was starred. Gloria Swanson had to wait three years."

"And you men aspirants who think that a handsome face is all that is needed to succeed in the movies—Wallace Reid, considered the best-looking man on the screen today, had to study *acting* for at least two years before he was taken seriously."

"If you cannot get a job in the studio, I would say that the next best thing is to secure a position *near* one. In this way you would have a chance of getting a job as extra during your Saturday afternoons and Sundays off. But if you do not live near a studio *do not* resign from your present position and take a chance on coming to New York or going to California. Get your job *first*!"

"Remember there are thousands of people all over the country who are as fully qualified as you are to get into the motion picture business, and if you throw up your job and take a chance on going to Hollywood you will, in about three weeks, most likely find yourself washing dishes in some Los Angeles restaurant. I mean that seriously. There are hundreds of intelligent men and women scattered through California doing all sorts of things trying to make a living as a result of their foolishness in leaving a good home and job and going to California to get into the movies."

"So if you feel the urge to become a movie actor, just think of the thousands of failures in California and New York; just think of the hard work and disappointments which must necessarily be your lot if you intend going into the game seriously; think of the hundred-to-one chance against you. If you still want to take a chance, well, go to it!"



Leon M. Goodstadt, casting director at the Lasky studio, looking over some extras.



Extras waiting at the Paramount studio for a call from the director to work in a picture.



# Jane Jennings: Heiress

By Herbert Robinson

GOOD fortune is something that everyone looks forward to. Of course, this is not a remarkable statement—it is just one of the truest, and one of the hopefulest little facts that ever popped up. And it continues on its merry, popping way.

She represents the only time: young man preters the mother to the daughter, for all are courting Dame Fortune, while young Miss Fortune is as welcome in a young man's fancies as a Bolshevik in a barber shop.

One of the greatest advocates of optimism and good fortune is Jane Jennings. You've all seen Miss Jennings on the screen. Why, certainly you have! Don't you remember that movie you saw, where there was a certain sweet-faced, white-haired woman who played the heroine's mother, or the hero's mother, and after you left the theater you felt kind of homesick because you were far away from home, and you wondered what your own mother was doing at that particular moment? Of course! You remember her now!

Well, now that that's all cleared up, we can resume.

When you saw Miss Jennings on the shadow stage, you watched her intently, you took in every facial expression, every mannerism. You came out of the theater knowing that you had at last seen the real mother as she should be portrayed on the screen. And you probably wondered about this Miss Jennings.

But here's something you didn't know—or didn't realize. You didn't know that you were looking at a real, honest-to-goodness heiress. That's a fact, and don't forget it!

Jane Jennings: Heiress! That's what they call her at the studios, now that the truth is out, and she hears it often, because she is lending her motherly art to first one photoplay and then another. She is in such a demand that she is beginning to wish she were twins—and a lot of our best directors are wishing the same thing.

"But," you will ask, "if the lady is an heiress, why doesn't she retire from the screen and lead the life of Mrs. Reilly?"

"Well," we will answer, "she doesn't do that because she loves her work, and she is going to donate her wealth in such a manner that others less fortunate may profit by her charitable good will."

But more about Jane Jennings!

Miss Jennings went into motion pictures by accident. She didn't realize at the time what she was getting into—she had other aspirations. Jane Jennings wanted to write short stories and novelettes, particularly about the "inside" life of the movie folk—their idiosyncrasies, their human side, their life. She saw the great possibility of stories around that art which some people are silly enough to say is still in its infancy—because in our own opinion it is almost old enough to wear long pants.

But to get back to the subject, Jane Jennings took her pencil and pad and hid herself to one of the larger studios in the East and quietly asked to see the director. She confessed afterwards that she was horribly frightened, as



Jane Jennings as Artist Hal Phyle sees her.

she didn't think she had any.

"Prove it!" he smiled at her.

Well, it wasn't long before Jane Jennings was discovered to be the ideal screen mother. Just for the fun of it, she laid aside her pencil and pad and submitted to a screen test. Then she appeared in a picture—then another picture. And now, she is almost ashamed because the pencil and pad have cobwebs on them, for Jane Jennings is always in the studio or on location.

Perhaps you saw her in "What Women Will Do," with Anna Q. Nilsson. That was one of her finest characterizations. A lonely mother who harbors a young woman passing herself off as the widow of her only son. Because of the mother's sweetness, the girl goes straight. We'll bet that Anna Q. was thinking of her own mother when she was appearing in scenes with Jane Jennings.

In "The Gilded Lily," starring Mae Murray, Miss Jennings makes the most of a splendid opportunity. There is that rare something about her work which makes you stop and think—and think some more, and you leave the theater feeling a little better toward everything. "The Girl Who Came Back" furnished a typical Jennings role for our heiress, and Grace Davison, who starred in the production, got so homesick she shed real tears when the "mothering" scenes were taken.

"But," you interrupt, "what's this about Miss Jennings being an heiress? Oh, yes! Please accept our apology, and we'll let you in on some real secret stuff. The wealth which Jane Jennings has fallen heir to, was handed down by her parents, and consists of a vast amount of irresistible personality, motherly tenderness, and, last but not least, ability. As we said before, she stands ready to donate it to charity in the form of assistance to anyone who entertains the idea of entering upon a screen career.



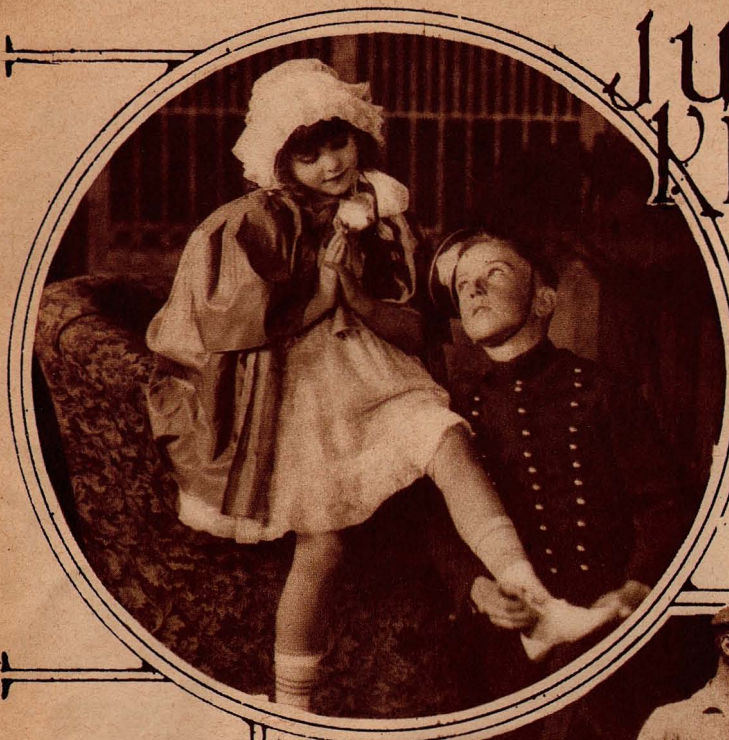
Jane Jennings in character, in a scene with Anna Q. Nilsson.

she knew a director was about as busy as a small boy's eyes at a three-ringed circus. Anyway, Miss Jennings was admitted, and the amused producer courteously placed the studio at her disposal. Maybe he scented publicity. That's why we are leaving his name out of this story.

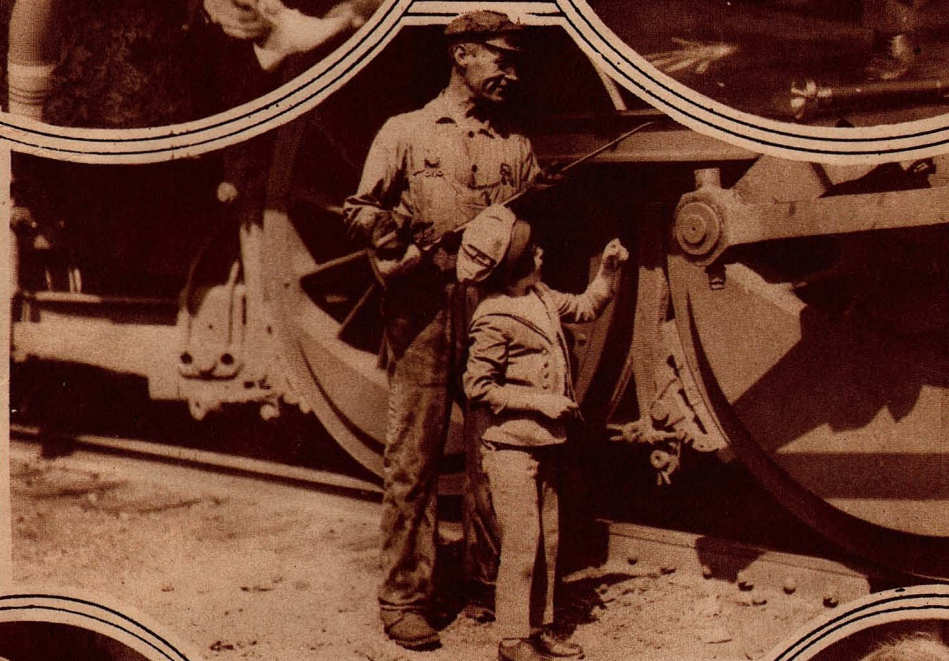
Pretty soon Mr. Blackton became less amused. He began to study his literary visitor. The next time Miss Jennings called, he questioned her in regards to her histrionic ability, and Miss Jennings modestly replied that



# JUST KIDS



For one so young, Verne Winters may be here described as a "fast worker." He is showing the adorable Peggy Cartwright just how a young gentleman should attend to the business of attaching a shoe to a young lady's foot. Verne and Peggy are two of Al Christie's youngest bets, appearing in Educational-Christie comedies.



Sherlock out - Sherlocked! Shades of Sir Conan Doyle! This is the very clever Johnny Jones, whom you may have seen in the clever Booth Tarkington comedies put out by Goldwyn, and his fellow sleuth, Edouard Trebaot. Johnny Jones created the part of "Edgar" in the Tarkington series of that name.



Jackie Coogan may be pretty famous as a screen actor, but he is just boy enough to believe there would be a great future for him as a locomotive engineer. Here's Jackie in the railroad yards at Chicago.



On the left are two of the loveliest children in the land of Pantomime—Stanley Goethals, at the left, and Francis Carpenter. The two are in the arms of the beautiful Alice Lake, with whom they appeared in a recent picture.



This child on the right—Jeanne Dawson—gives every indication of heading toward a career as a "sufferingist" when she grows up! Note here how she attempts, even at this tender age, to fill Daddy's trousers. Strange as it may seem, Jeanne is just a beginner in pictures.



## How About Those Viking Ancestors?

A little talk about Swedish  
Matinee Idols

By Helen  
Hancock



He looks rather mild  
—but dare him to do  
something!

**A**NOTHER American monopoly has been smashed!

Heretofore we girls have rather prided ourselves on the fact that in all the world there was not such another collection of handsome members of the genus homo—that means just plain "man"—as today tread the boards of the legit, or flirt before the square of the silver sheet in this little old U. S. A.

And now comes an aggregation of he-members of the Swedish Biograph Company from that far-off land of the midnight sun, and knocks into a cocked hat our corner of the matinee idol market! Not that American men are less handsome, but the Swedish ones are the same! Even more so!

Come hither, ye admirers of Wallace Reid and Charles Ray; of Bert Lytell and Thomas Meighan; of Tom Moore and Eugene O'Brien! Gaze into the depths of the eyes of five of the foremost members of this stellar group, and say whether, when they come over to visit you this Fall, you will be able to remain true to your first loves.

Here is Lars Hanson, for instance. Lars is a cross between Douglas Fairbanks and Charles Ray. In deeds of daring he is much like our own "Doug," although the characters he portrays are rather more like those of Ray—the simple country boy, full of fire and ambition, but bashful to the point of distress at the sight of a "skirt." A star of the legitimate stage, where, for a number of years, he has been one of the principal attractions at the Intima Theatre, Stockholm, this virile specimen of manhood is best known for his psychological characterizations.

Such little stunts as climbing up the face of a steep mountain where a slip would have meant a drop of 2,400 feet to certain death in the waters of the fjord below, are part of an every day's work for Hanson. A dummy could easily have been used, but Hanson refused to allow any substitute. And he really gave the cameraman and the company the fright of their lives when he missed his grasp on a piece of projecting rock, and, but for his level head, and quick

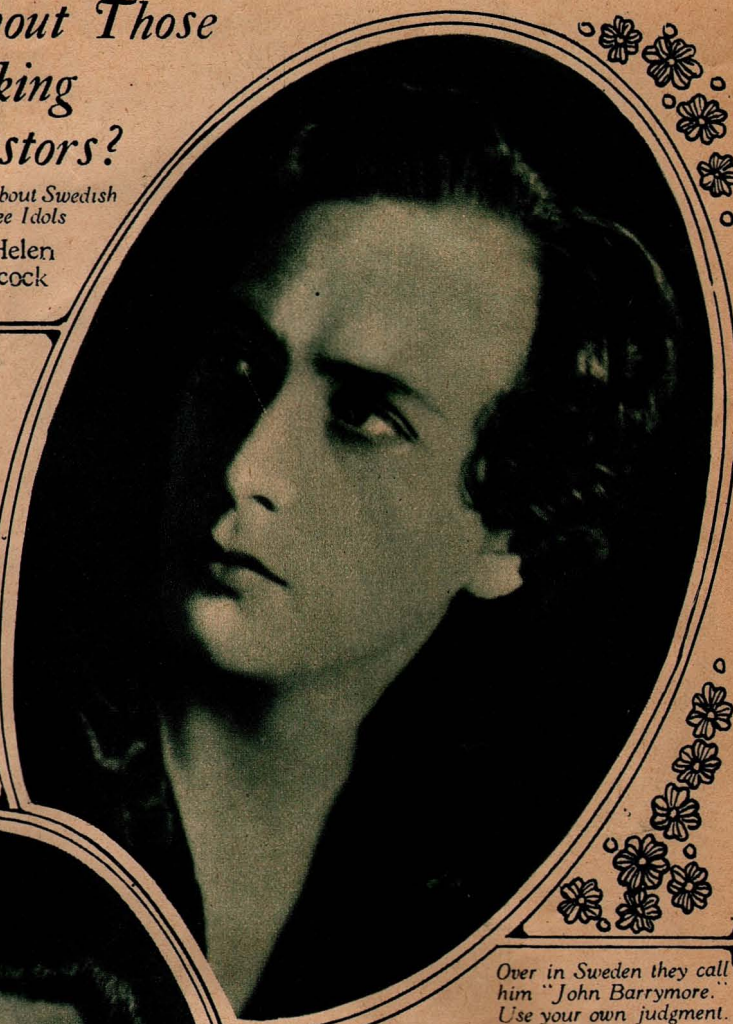


His eyes, the girls say, "just read you!"

wit, would have ended his career then and there!

Gosta Ekman is another prime favorite with the Swedish movie fans. He is of the romantic type—he does best in roles like that of the swash-buckling d'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers." He plays the impudent but lovable adventurer to the life, and his slender blonde figure lends itself most admirably to graceful interpretations of this kind.

Richard Lund is the Swedish film public's *primo amoroso*. With his large dark eyes which sometimes caress, sometimes entice and then become wild and passionate, handsome and manly with a form that would clothe a Romeo, he is the brilliant lover of many a screen leading lady, to the utter despair of the girls on the other side of the footlights. As the youthful lover of the Lady Elga in "The Secret of the Monastery" you will agree that to resist him would be a hard thing for any woman to do.



Over in Sweden they call  
him "John Barrymore."  
Use your own judgment.

and we predict that some of you matinee girls are going to lose your hearts completely when you see him.

Lund has been on the legitimate stage for sixteen or seventeen years, and although he is still a young man he has had the experience of a man twice his age. In one year he has played as high as ten great roles before the camera.

Of course, Mother has her idol as well as daughter, only he is perhaps an actor who is a little more mature; a little more inclined to roles such as those played by John and Lionel Barrymore in this country. In Anders de Wahl Sweden has just such a type. His versatility is a thing to be admired before all else. Roles such as "Everyman," in the play of that name; "Hamlet," of course; "Master Olof," in Strindberg's great play of that name; and "Prinzessalle," in Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," show his dramatic ability. In comedies such as "The Adventure," and de Fler's "The Green Coat," he is delightful.

De Wahl is much sought after by society in Sweden. Especially he is always a wonderful attraction at charity bazaars and concerts.

We have kept Victor Seastrom until the last. Because perhaps Mr. Seastrom might not like to be called a matinee idol—leaving that phrase to younger and perhaps handsomer men. But he is one, just the same, and he has a strange hold on the affections of his public—especially the feminine portion!

Of the heavy, rugged type, portraying men of strong emotions and virile personalities, Seastrom reminds us most forcibly of Lionel Barrymore. Born in America, he spent the first twelve years of his life here, and then went to Sweden, where he has become one of the foremost directors of the day, and probably the pioneer in this line in that country!

Not only is he a wonderful actor, but he is a director and producer, too!

Like so many other recent recruits to the screen, Seastrom belongs, first of all, to the legitimate stage. And so, far from wishing to be altogether off with the old love and on with the new, he is still constant to his first one.



# Dressing up for Saturday Night



Here's Leatrice Joy in an evening gown of black chiffon velvet, with long, square sweeping panels edged with bands of wolf fur, unusually formed from a sleeve arrangement. Around the neck and open cap sleeve shoulder is pearl beading.

Miss Joy is seen above in a straight-line afternoon frock of beige shade duvetyne. The soft, crushed collar terminating in a pointed bib is most novel. Narrow moire ribbon is used in the cut-outs of the full sleeves, and long ends of the same material make a floating panel up the front of the dress.



Edith Roberts, above, has an evening gown of geranium shade chiffon velvet. The absence of a back in the gown may be noted, and pearl bead trimming is used to hold same on figure, and heavy bead tassels are used on the gathered knee and long sea-lion train.

Gold cloth and foot-length jet are used to build this Spanish straight cape for the decoration of Julia Faye. The costume is completed by a wide-brimmed sailor hat of the same cloth, edged with short jet fringe around the brim and a long jet tassel off the right side.

Just to show she can be equally easy to look at à la American, Miss Faye here wears a princess model evening gown of crepe satin with the new long Vandyke point skirt and float train. Edging the gown is pearl trimming, artistically used on the bodice as a necklace and also serving the very utilitarian purpose of holding the gown on Julia.



# Pantomime

By Myrtle Gebhart



# Paragraphs

from Hollywood

ONCE said that the only kick I'd gotten out of Hollywood was the climate. But that was before I'd attended "The Writers' Cramp"—the jollification staged with great pomp and gusto at the Ambassador. The occasion, brilliant though it proved to be, had its inception in the bright thought of somebody, I believe it was Marion Fairfax, that the treasury of "The Writers" needed replenishing for their athletic fund, and therefore why not give a party, a pay-as-you-enter kind? It was a worthy cause and you got your money's worth—and then some.

For weeks before the event nineteen "baby stars" canvassed Hollywood for table reservations. Who could resist Madge Bellamy, Margery Daw, Leatrice Joy, Lila Lee, Bessie Love, Colleen Moore, Marguerite de la Motte, Zasu Pitts, Edith Roberts, Lois Wilson, Pauline Stark, Gladys Walton, May McAvoy and others? George Foster Platt, stage director, controlled the events of the evening by means of a novel electrical switchboard. Guests were met at the door by Eugene Presbrey, Thompson Buchanan, Richard Dix and Bryant Washburn. Members of "The Writers" arrived in lookstep formation, spreading jollity. Rev. Neal Dodd was toastmaster. Frank Woods gave a welcoming address and read telegrams from authors who were unable to attend. Rex Beach wired: "I hope nothing puts a crimp in your cramp and wish I could double up with you."

"Father's Sin," an amusing playlet of delicious satire, was presented by Enid Bennett, Mary Miles Minter, Sylvia Breamer, Roy Atwill, Theodore Roberts, Tully Marshall, Lionel Belmore, Bert Lytell, Noah Beery, William H. Crane, Herbert Rawlinson and Mayme Kelso. Ruth St. Denis, flaming in cerise and jet, gave an original dance, "The Writers' Cramp," but I'll say her style wasn't cramped.

Among the birds of paradise I noted Dorothy Dalton radiant in black satin and diamonds; the orchidlike beauty of Gloria Swanson in wistaria velvet, embroidered in silver and pearls; demure May Collins in black net with silver spangles; Marguerite de la Motte in black and gold; a magnetic Mabel Normand in white and silver chiffon; Mary Thurman, a silver moonbeam of gossamer net; Bessie Love in modest pink tulle and pearls; Blanche Sweet, wearing black velvet and silver; Colleen Moore in an imported French gown of lavender chiffon, embroidered in blue. Ruth St. Denis in rose Canton crepe; Enid Bennett regal in white velvet and ermine; Jackie Saunders in white chiffon and black Chantilly lace; Carmel Myers, glowing like a rose in American beauty velvet with mink coat; Mildred Davis in blue and silver net; Marion Fairfax in black satin and lace; Mrs. Sam Wood in black sequin gown; Mrs. Bob Wagner, cloth of gold; Mrs. Roy Stewart in rose velvet; Mrs. Tom Mix in white velvet and ermine; Claire West in black lace with headdress of silver and coque plumes; Mrs. Albert LeVino in black sequins; Mary Miles Minter; Florence Vidor; Mrs. Wallace Reid. And among the gentlemen: Larry Semon, Milton Sills, Jack Gilbert, Mahlon Hamilton, Charles Chaplin, King Vidor, James Young, Jack Holt, Byron Morgan, Wallace Reid, George Ade, Rupert Hughes, William P. Carleton, Lionel Belmore, Harold Lloyd, William D. Taylor, Herbert Rawlinson, Montague Glass, Jesse Lasky, and goodness knows I can't remember all the rest—just say "Hollywood," and let it go at that.



Mildred Davis was there.

George Ade, Rupert Hughes, William P. Carleton, Lionel Belmore, Harold Lloyd, William D. Taylor, Herbert Rawlinson, Montague Glass, Jesse Lasky, and goodness knows I can't remember all the rest—just say "Hollywood," and let it go at that.

NORMA TALMADGE is beginning to feel at home here, having acquired a house, lawn, butler, cook, two chauffeurs, and a love for our etc., etc., climate. "I'm afraid I'll never get even a peek at New York again," she wails, "my husband is so crazy about Los Angeles." They planned a trip to Honolulu, but Norma is so anxious to get back to work that it may be postponed. Incidentally, Norma did not bring Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, society woman and quondam actress, with her. They quarrelled, as you may have heard, because Mrs. Hoyt couldn't see why Norma should have the center of the spotlight.

GET out the pink-edged handkerchief, girlies. Bull Montana is ill. Loads of flowers and candy arrive daily at the hospital. And "Spike" Robinson—tallest girl in pictures, who plays with Bull in Max Linder's burlesque of "The Three Musketeers"—snuck in and purloined a jar of preserved peaches. Don't worry, fair dames, the Adonis is in no danger of passing away—he merely injured his leg a trifle. Think you can bear up under the strain?

MR. AND MRS. Hal Rouch gave a dinner in honor of Harry "Snub" Pollard, who has just completed his hundredth one-reel comedy. Guests included Marie Mosquini, Charles Parrott and other studio-folk. No, they didn't throw the crockery around—comedians have real good manners when they're out in society.

COLLEEN MOORE is becoming very domesticated. The other day she cooked the dinner from soup to pie—and you can take my word for it, it was good soup. She also designed some new frocks and made them—with her mother's help. She is on the last lap of an Irish story, "Sent For Out," written for her by Rupert Hughes, and plans a few diversions during her vacation of a couple of days: a trip to Catalina, sessions with dressmakers, one with her dentist, four teas, three parties to which she has been invited, reading some new books, swimming, dancing and golf lessons. I'll bet all Colleen does is sleep! By the way, did you know Colleen is now the highest-salaried leading woman?

REDONDO BEACH—ocean resort near here—recently woke up and rubbed its eyes—and prayed that the dream would continue. For Larry Semon brought a train into town—something that seldom happens in Redondo. The whole place turned out to welcome the rattler, thinking it brought high railroad officials who were trying out the long-unused tracks. But when they found it was Larry making a comedy, they gave him a royal welcome anyway.

BUSTER KEATON and Pauline Stark had no privacy at all when they met the other night for the first time. Their pictures were showing sir alternately at a local theater and the manager—who has one of the keenest publicists running around loose—staged an introduction right in front of the playhouse, with photographers from news weeklies on hand to film it and a battery of giant Kleiglites to illumine the territory for blocks around so all the folks would know something was doing and come over. There was a supper party afterward—for Buster and Pauline—not for all the folks.

REX INGRAM found difficulty in getting Alice Terry, his girl-wife-actress, to cry for a scene in "The Prisoner of Zenda"—somebody played "Sweetheart, Sweetheart" on the piano. The tears came then, with a rush. A rather embarrassed Alice confessed that it was the one bit of music that could always draw out her sobs. She first heard it during her engagement to Mr. Ingram, while he was absent in New York, and what with the loneliness and all, it had made a profound impression on her.

THOMAS MEIGHAN returned from one of his bi-monthly jaunts to New York and started immediately on "The Proxy Daddy," under the direction of Al Green. Tommy is happy, because there are five children in the cast—he loves kiddies. Leatrice Joy, one of the beautiful bathers in Cecil DeMille's "Saturday Night," supports him.

EDITH ROBERTS, another of those lucky damosels who made "Saturday Night" look like it never did before, was to be the leading woman for Wallace Reid in his "Across the Continent" jaunt—another Byron Morgan racing story, scenes for which will be "shot" back and forth across the country. But she was tied up with another company, so Mary MacLaren will take her place. Watch for Wallie's dust—he's liable to hit your town! They're in San Francisco now. But I never knew anyone to stay there long except—well—

GLORIA SWANSON and Rudolph Valentino have been hiding out beyond the rocks. Oh, my! No, Dr. Crafts need not hasten either. The appointment was made for the filming of Elinor Glyn's new story, "Beyond the Rocks," and is well chaperoned by director and camera men. Bad fogs delayed the work several days—but I never saw a fog yet that could obscure Elinor Glyn, did you?

JAMES PATRICK HOGAN, director, has an Armistice Day baby, named Colleen in honor of her godmother, Colleen Moore. The Goldwyn auditor also has a new daughter, Jim Tully, former prize fighter and traveler "on the rods," and present protégé of Rupert Hughes, has had his first novel accepted for publication. And Joe Jackson, publicity expert, brought into the world a corking good vaudeville sketch. Looks like a Goldwyn month, eh?

ELLA HALL, beloved of yore, is returning to the screen in "The Midnight Call," being directed by her husband, Emory Johnson. Ralph Lewis and little Ben Alexander are in the cast. Remember Bennie in "Hearts of the World"?

LEE MORAN, haunting Southern California football grids for scenes in his newest comedy, was presented with a new leading lady, Blanche Payson, who measures but 6 feet 4 inches "on the hoof." "That's your foil," the Century manager told him. "If that's a foil, I'd hate to see a full-grown sword!" Lee gasped.

TRAGEDY of the month: Ben Hampton is playing to the box-office. Maybe Mr. Hampton likes his ham and eggs as well as other men. And I've no fault to find with the Western pictures he is putting out nowadays, for I regard Westerns like corned-beef-and-cabbage: all right for those who have the appetite constantly; but I'm no figgs. But I can't help remembering "A Certain Rich Man"—that classic in my poor opinion entitled Ben Hampton to a harp and wings in the Directors' Heaven. Though Griffith himself did say that he "had to make a 'Way Down East' in order to finance a 'Broken Blossoms' or a 'Dream Street'." So maybe some day Mr. Hampton will give us another real-life classic.

MARSHALL NEILAN is having his hands full, keeping temperamental mamas calm. You know, he has a great many children playing in "Penrod," with Wesley Barry, and each of the ringside spectators of course, thinks her own offspring should have the center of the stage! Neilan's photographer, though, isn't working much, as many of the scenes are being filmed by visiting notables who like to grind the camera for the novelty. The close-ups of Wes, where he swipes the janitor's overalls to hide his red trunks that were once Pa Schofield's flannel underwear, were photographed by Alma Taylor, English "Mary Pickford"; the barn scene where the village bully makes the child-hero "eat dirt" was filmed by Prince Pignapelli of Italy (always want to spell him "Popocatepetl"); other scenes were "shot" by Cecil Hepworth, English director; Fanchon and Marco, musical comedy favorites; Cornish Beck, original "Penrod" of the stage, and other notables.

DOROTHY DALTON was wailing a few weeks ago because she had to wear overalls in scenes for "Moran of the Lady Letty." Dorothy, just like the rest of the sisterhood, would rather look smart than be comfortable. She started this week playing a Western girl part in "Tharon of Lost Valley." Apparently she has transferred her activities from the Yukon permanently. Wonder what those Alaskan dance-halls will do for warmth and spice now?

HERBERT RAWLINSON is wearing a beard in his Universalization of the novel, "Barry Gordoff," scenes occurring in the gutters of Bagdad streets. Anna Lehr was called upon to kiss him for a Dorothy Dalton dislikes overalls, love-episode. She took one look and refused. "Those horrid whiskers—they look like barbed wire!" And for that she got the long, derisive laugh. Herb explained that his hirsute adornment was not the work of nature but of a paint-brush and rubber massage instrument, skillfully applied. It was the best imitation I ever saw—don't blame Miss Lehr for refusing.

AT the Brunton studio the other day: First youngster: "Why don't you go to our church?" Second youngster: "Cause we don't belong to the same abomination."

CULLEN LANDIS' smile is broader than ever—just because Mrs. Landis has a brand new daughter who weighed in at thirteen pounds when she arrived to look us over. It beats all the way the men hand around cigars and puff their chests out whenever a new baby comes to town—they act like they really think they're the bosses! Cullen has another daughter, June, four years old, who hasn't quite made up her mind what she thinks of this new person, Verette.

WHEN filming Betty Compson's "The Noose," Director William D. Taylor removed an extra man standing nonchalantly against a stove painted to look red-hot! Betty studied dancing with Theodore Kosloff, preparatory to starting work on the picture, and mastered three intricate dances. When the camera started grinding, Kosloff metamorphosed from dancing-master into leading-man, an Apache with a busy foot. Thank the Powers that Be for recognizing Kosloff's marvelous genius at last!







Frank Mayo, above, being a regular married man again (he just married Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of the piano master, you know), spends a good deal of his time in the garden of his Hollywood home. Frank has to go through considerable physical exercise to keep fit for those strenuous roles of his. Wonder wher Mrs. Frank is? She's his leading woman.

This, below, looks like the chief entrant in a guessing contest, eh? But it isn't. It's Wallace Beery, none other. This is the manner in which he was made up for his role in "The Octave of Claudius." Harold Holland, studio make-up artist, is the man who is manipulating the shears. You'd think he was clipping a grizzly, wouldn't you?



This was snapped outside the studio, all right, all right, but nobody in the picture was loafing at the time. It shows Director William Beaudine telling Cullen Landis, how to "go through the motions".



Constance Binney just couldn't cry, even with Director Maurice Campbell exerting every tear-jerking device he had [in stock]. So he had to resort to the old dropper full of glycerine.



By the beard of the prophet! Here's a motion picture star kissing his own wife! Harry Carey is the gentleman on the sending end of the kiss.



# The Taming of Mr. Bill

By Walter J. Beliveau

**L**EAVE it to William S. Hart to be properly dramatic! Not satisfied with ladling out thrills in his hectic western reel tales, he steps out with a handful of thrills in real life.

After the general public of several continents and the Lord only knows how many nations *just would* have the grin hero of many grimly heroic tales of the screen engaged to one or the other (or both!) of the Novak sisters, Bill just gives 'em all a thrill by marrying a girl that didn't figure in the running at all.

It's Winifred Westover, whose five feet, three inches of blonde daintiness suggest *anything but* the wild and woolly ideas of life one gets from sitting through a William S. Hart film.

A large and profound air of mystery envelopes the whole affair. Mr. Hart is not talking for publication or anything else, thank you, as concerns his grabbing off a wife. The Novak sisters—Jane and Eva—have nothing to say on the subject of Mr. Hart, and the former Miss Westover is giving an excellent imitation of an oyster. It seems that the dear public will have to puzzle it out as best it can. There'll be no help from Hollywood.

For three years prior to the climax in the drama of "The Taming of Mr. Bill," many peoples, employing many tongues, gossiped about the Hart domestic future. Being a contented bachelor, you see, made him fair game for all the married people in the world. They wouldn't leave well enough alone. They just naturally insisted that friend Bill just had to be engaged and on the point of committing matrimony. What he might think about it didn't matter a bit.



*This is how Bill made love to Mrs. Bill before she was Mrs. Bill.*

First off, it was rumored that the stately and Juno-eyed Jane Novak was to be the bride. It just happened that Jane had played opposite Hart in a number of pictures just released at that time. If you'll recall, she was with him in "The Tiger Man," and "Selfish Yates." Then a short time later, Hart having said absolutely nothing about it (that is, in public, though we understand he owns a remarkably well-trained cussin' vocabulary), the dear public switched to Eva.

That was due, no doubt, to the fact that Eva appeared opposite Bill in "The Testing Block." A few months later she was seen with Bill again in "O'Malley of the Mounted." Then, indeed, did the chorus swell! Bill and Eva were to be made one (or as near one as they ever get in Pantomime Land!) and try like the very devil to live happy ever after. So, at least, said the fans.

So, with everybody (but himself and Eva) satisfied that Mr. W. S. Hart and Miss E. Novak were to be married, Bill just naturally and quietly went and took unto himself as wife one Winifred Westover. And just to think! Miss Westover had only played in one picture with him—"John Petticoats."

Well, so it goes! It was left to a rank outsider, so far as the matchmaking fans were concerned, to come along and tame Bill.

The erstwhile Miss Westover is a San Francisco girl and a convent graduate. She's been in many pictures, having spent two years with D. W. Griffith at the start of her professional career.

It is to be presumed that Mrs. Bill will get a lot of close-up "shots" in Mr. Bill's future productions.

## We All Like Pretty Girls and "Regular Fellows"



That's why we go to the Movies.

They are making  
people rich every day.

They are making  
some millionaires.

*Let them Make Money for You*

Send in the coupon below and we will send the full particulars.

Many of our representatives are making upwards of \$100.00 a week. No obligation assumed in making an inquiry. DO IT NOW

Pantomime  
World Building  
New York City

Gentlemen:

Please send me the particulars of your offer in the last issue of PANTOMIME.

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town..... State.....

R. F. D. Route..... Box.....





# He Shines Tomorrow!

By Myrtle MacMahon

IT used to be that Dad and Mother decided Baby was to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or a plumber, when he grew up. And Little Sister would marry Joe Smith's boy and settle down to the monotony of pork-and-beans matrimony.

But today many a little Shining Light has taken matters into his—or her—own hands and settled the perpetual argument—by going "into the movies."

No longer does he allow Dad the infantile amusement of "playing elephant." He is more seriously occupied. No more does little Susie mourn, "If it isn't 'Susie-come-sweep-the-kitchen', it's 'Susie-come-wash-your-ears'." For Susie has learned independence—in the movies.

And no one can deny the youngster's effect upon the film. Even the Chemically Pure smile when, after five reels of beautiful sin, the players are led into the Right Path by little Shining Light.

Foremost among these youngsters who but twinkle today—but shine tomorrow—not foremost in years, for he's only half-past three—comes spreading his sunshine-smile: Richard Headrick. Even hardened filmgoers respond to the pathos of him when he clasps his tiny hands in prayer, the while his film-mama repents to the tune of "Poor Butterfly."

Do you remember, in "The Child Thou Gavest Me," that poignant scene when the child, frantic with fear of the thundering storm, begged, "Oh, Dod, help me out of this bed!"

Taking matters into his own hands, he jumped out and, pausing in thankfulness, "Never mind, Dod, I dot out by myself!"

Remember? Just a clever twist by the continuity writer? Maybe so—but the child put it over, not the writer.

"God bless the little darling," rose a caressing murmur of feminine voices throughout the theater.

Oh! Richard has the ladies on his side, no question about it!

Though only three and one-half years in this complex world and as yet unable to solve a number of problems—such as the necessity for having your hair combed and your face washed when you'd rather be out playin'—little "Itchie," as he is called around the studio, has learned some things many grown-ups have neglected.

For instance, he can swim a half-mile—which you'll admit is ever so far for such a wee one. And he's won just oodles of medals—he calls them "fings"—for his swimming prowess. They say he swam in the bathtub before he could walk. And he certainly takes to water like a fish—

*We had a dog like this once. It ran away. Mebbe, if Dickey let go—!*



though I'd hate to repeat his frank opinion of soap!

I have seen him give exhibitions in a local natatorium—with the whole place yelling itself hoarse over him.

"Itchie" can play the violin too—several sweet little tunes—and write his name on the typewriter. "I a-m a g-o-o-d b-o-y. I-t-c-h-i-e," he laboriously spelled out for me, without prompting—and in the next breath asked me please could I make spit-balls, and did I have to take a nap every day, and wash behind my ears?

I do not think Richard has appeared in any pictures outside the Mayer studio, with the exception of two with Bill Hart. The place seems like home to him—and working is a game. John M. Stahl "plays" the scenes with the child patiently coaxing him to do so-and-so "just for fun." "You do this, Itchie," he will suggest half-banteringly, indicating certain actions he wants the child to perform before the camera; "bet anything you can't."

Richard eagerly proves that he can.

Mr. Stahl says he is far easier to direct than many grown-up stars, for he hasn't yet learned to be temperamental!

And as his mother and daddy seem to be very sensible people, it's possible he never will be.

He is a very beautiful child, as you who've seen him on the screen can well imagine. His hair is like a fluff of gold drained through sunshine—how in the world they ever comb it, I can't see, for it is a mass of tiny ringlets, fine as down.

He isn't a "perfect" child, by any means. God forbid! He's just about as mischievous as your own little brother. But he is so naturally imitative that you just can't stay mad at him.

One day we went over to one of the movie zoos to see an alleged \$3,000 parakeet or some such bird—a green and yellow kind of parrot—very small—and it was perfectly killing to watch Richard mock that crazy bird!

Away from the studio, too, "Itchie" is all boy. He likes to get on roller skates. He'd like to get out and make mud pies, and get all beautifully dirty, and everything. He'd like to—but he doesn't. Because Mama and Daddy won't let him.

And one of the curses of being only three and a half years old is the fact that you have to do "actly what 'Muvver and Daddy' tell you.

Otherwise you're liable to get spanked. "Itchie," as I've said, regards acting as a game. He likes it—but he isn't half as proud of being a baby star as he is of something else. That "something" is a recent appointment to the position of deputy-sheriff of the City of Los Angeles. He got the job on the theory that his shiny badge might have a fine and dandy moral effect on the bad little boys of his home city.

It's hardly necessary to add that he's the youngest deputy-sheriff in captivity.

Also:

There is a persistent rumor floating that Richard is to be starred and, though it can't actually be confirmed, I asked a big producer about it—and he just smiled behind his hand and gave me what I do believe was a most undignified wink!

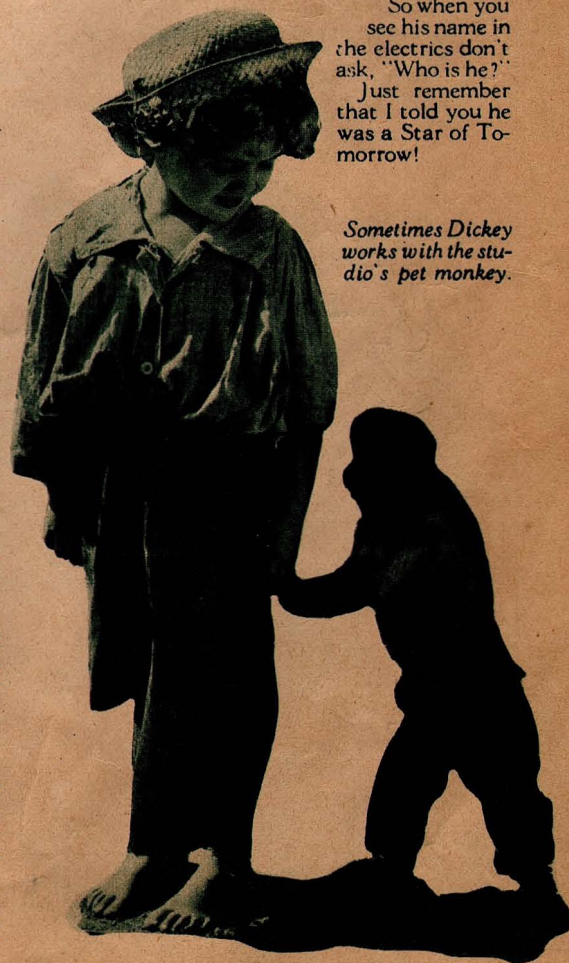
So when you see his name in the electric don't ask, "Who is he?"

Just remember that I told you he was a Star of Tomorrow!

*Sometimes Dickey works with the studio's pet monkey.*



One of the gentlemen holding Dickey up is Louis B. Mayer, producer. The other is John M. Stahl, the director. Guess which is which!





Big M



Can you imagine Wanda Hawley being "Too Much Wife?" Well, she is. That is, she is in her newest picture of that name, soon to be shown as a Realart release. It's one of those snappy dramatic comedies in which the little blonde star has won herself a great following of admirers. In this scene Wanda has been told she's a widow. But her grief is all in vain, for friend husband happens to be much alive.



Hester Bevins, at the right, is torn between Jerry, who loves her, and New York, which is calling her away from the little town. She answers the city's call, because her taste of it has been pleasing. Matt Moore and Seena Owen play the leading parts in this Fanny Hurst story, "Back Pay," which was directed by Frank Borzage, the maker of "Humoresque." A Cosmopolitan-Paramount picture.



Things in the city are not what they seem, discovers Al St. John in this scene from his newest William Fox comedy, "Straight from the Farm." Al is attempting to mail his hand, it seems, but has forgotten to address and stamp it properly. That's the reason he is attempting to remove it from the mail box, in which he so thoughtlessly plunged it.



# Comments in Pictures You Haven't Seen



Well, another new star. It's Barbara Bedford, whom you may remember as having appeared in Tourneur's "Deep Waters" and a few other films. William Fox is now starring her. This is a scene from "Winning with Wits," her first starring vehicle. William Scott is the good-looking young chap you see gazing at her.



There's a lot of comedy and just the right amount of drama to please the Wallie Reid fans in "Rent Free," his next Paramount starring picture. Here's the scene where Wallie and the girl (Lila Lee) discover the lost will, a disinherited daughter, a villainous stepmother, a count 'n' ev'rythin'.



Yep, here at the left, is another Westerner, in which the West is as wild as the movie producers would have you think it is—but isn't! New producers have made this picture, which is called "The Man from Broadway." Interesting, if true. The two energetic gun handlers are J. B. Warner (right) and Charles Edler.



Colleen Moore takes it very much to heart when she plays the title role of "The Wall Flower," new Goldwyn picture. It's big drama and considerable comedy, this picture, which was filmed from one of Rupert Hughes' stories. Incidentally, Rupert Hughes' son makes his screen debut in a small part. Richard Dix, Tom Gallery and Gertrude Astor are also in the cast.

Here, at the right, is a new star, just completing his newest starring picture. His name is Glenn Hunter, and he's on the stage, in New York, with Billie Burke, while not making "Apron Strings," the picture from which this scene is taken. Marguerite Courtot and Emily Chichester are the two grown-up ladies in the picture.





ROMANCE seemed to flood the very air, mingling with the heavy fragrance of the jasmine blossoms that perfumed the soft Southern night. The little group on the portico of the old Vaughn home—a half dozen lolling youths and a sprinkling of vivacious girls—turned expectantly toward the light-flooded door as the beautiful Kathleen Vaughn stepped from the house, and stood surveying her guests with an expression of easy joviality on her face.

Kathleen Vaughn was the last and loveliest of a long line of beautiful daughters of the Vaughn family. Through two generations the Vaughn girls had been noted for their vivaciousness, their charm; born coquettes, every one of them, Southern queens with long lists of male adorers.

Kathleen was quite conscious of the charming effect of the picture she made as she stood framed in the doorway, with the lights of the house at her back. In her simple organdie frock she was indeed worthy of the flood of admiring glances swept toward her by her guests. She joined the little group, sinking to the top step and leaning her head back against one of the white pillars that supported the portico roof. As one of the attentive youths slipped a pillow behind her head, she gaily ordered another to strum his guitar. He started an old, sweet air, and her soft voice sent the words out over the perfumed night.

The air and words stirred memories in the brain and heart of Kathleen's mother, for years an invalid. She was seated at the open window, her face reflecting the dreams of the past that stirred in her memory—she visioned the days when she had all Helton Corners at her feet. Toward the end of the song, she turned gentle eyes on faithful old Caroline, the faithful mammy who had nursed her since childhood, with the words:

"Miss Kathleen's voice is not what mine used to be, is it, Caroline?"

"Indeed it's not, Missy," the faithful negress replied, with an indulgent smile. Caroline wheedled her mistress into taking her medicine. Placing the glass down, Mrs. Vaughn said, as though she were speaking her thoughts aloud:

"It is time Miss Kathleen was thinking of one of her beaux."

She thought of the past years, of the training she had instilled. Position and wealth must come first, she made it plain to her daughter. The Vaughns were a luxury-loving line of women.

Two blocks from the Vaughn home two men were making their way through the quiet village street. John Anixter, a deep, reserved man, a New York corporation attorney whose business had brought him to the Virginia village, had come upon his friend and fellow college man, Ernest Presbury.

"So you're too busy to bother with women?"

It was Presbury talking. He was bantering John, who had just completed his recital of the years of hard work and close attention to duty that had at last brought him success.

"Well, you may have been too busy for women, but wait until you see Kathleen Vaughn," Presbury went on. "You're going to forget some of your business. That's the reason I'm taking you over to meet her."

John, preoccupied, shrugged his shoulders as his friend tucked an affectionate hand under his arm, and the two passed up the walk leading to the Vaughn portico. The sound of the thrumming guitar and the sweet tones of Kathleen's voice intoning the old, old song; the moon over head, the scented air—it was as though Romance itself had reached out a hand to stop

# Grand Larceny

From the Story

By Albert Payson Terhune



Kathleen Vaughn was the last and loveliest of the old Vaughn family.

## GRAND LARCENY

A Goldwyn Picture from the Story

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Kathleen Vaughn	..... Claire Windsor
John Anixter	..... Elliott Dexter
Barry Clive	..... Lowell Sherman
Franklin	..... Richard Tucker
Thad	..... Tom Gallery
Harkness Boyd	..... Roy Atwell
Emerson	..... John Cossar

John in his tracks. Presbury urged him forward but Anixter paused diffidently as he noted that the group on the porch had caught sight of the pair. Presbury laughed, and again urged his friend forward.

Kathleen feigned indifference, but a keen eye could have seen that she was far from uninterested. Presbury pressed his way through the group with John at his heels.

"This is Mr. Anixter, John Anixter," he presented him. "He was my roommate at college."

He presented Anixter to the others in the little group, and Kathleen very graciously moved over a trifle and waved John to the coveted place of honor beside her on the steps.

John was unaccustomed to women, and he had never before met a woman of Kathleen's type. He was swept off his feet by the arts of coquetry in which this Southern beauty was so proficient. He stared frankly at her, as he sat beside her on the step, and the girl, well aware that his eyes were on her, drooped her lids that he might get the full benefit of the dark lashes on her creamy cheeks.

He suddenly fidgeted, realizing his rudeness, and the girl flashed a smile at him.

"I'm certainly grateful to you," he thanked her. "I am not very much at my ease in the company of beautiful women."

Kathleen leaned toward him. The two had neither eyes nor thoughts for others of the company. Kathleen thrilled with the sense of bringing this older man under the spell of her charm, and she brought into play all of her arts to keep this man at her feet. Neither noticed that one or two of the younger blades in the group displayed unmistakable signs of jealousy at John's success.

"I'm to be in town for the night only," Anixter told Kathleen. "You see, I was motoring through—I'm on a business trip—and my car broke down just outside the town. So I looked up Presbury—and here I am—I intend to leave early in the morning."

"Oh, don't say that!"

There seemed to be genuine concern in the girl's voice and face.

"Don't tell me I sha'n't see you again."

And she leaned closer to him. John, on the lower step, looked very earnestly into her eyes. The others on the porch were watching the little drama, one or two of them amusedly, but several of the young men of the village could not conceal their jealousy.

The silence of the group made Kathleen aware of the interest of her guests and, with a smile of mischievous triumph on her lips, she jumped lightly to her feet.

"Let's go inside and have some music," she exclaimed, and her guests, grateful for the suggestion, started for the door. Kathleen maneuvered about so that she and John were the last of the group on the porch. John looked at the moonlit grounds that surrounded the big home.

"Life in such a beautiful place must reflect itself in the lives of those who live in it," he said.

"Very prettily spoken," laughed Kathleen, and she took him by the arm and led him into the golden-lighted hall and on into the quaintly charming drawing room. The girl sat at the piano, pulling the spellbound Anixter to a seat beside her on the piano bench. John watched her as one fascinated, as she sang the old Southern melodies that seemed a natural part of the romance of the soft Southern night.

Two hours later found Kathleen still at the piano, with John leaning above her, looking down,



at the hair that shone so alluringly in the lamp light. The guests began to leave at eleven o'clock. John lingered, hovered about until the other guests had taken their leave. Awkwardly and with apparent reluctance, he bade her good-night, and started hesitantly for the hall. Amused at his tactics, but wishing to see him again, Kathleen waited until he was almost at the hall door. Then she called him.

"Oh, Mr. Anixter."

He wheeled and hurried back to her, a strained, eager look in his serious face. He stood before her, waiting for her to speak. Kathleen, holding her head down and her eyes veiled, held out her hand with the low-spoken words, "Good night."

John held her hand in a firm grasp, and looked at her intently. For the first time the girl realized the deadly seriousness of the man. This was no flighty youth with whom she could trifle, a boy who would forget her with the sign of the next pretty face. John drew her slightly toward him.

"May I call tomorrow night?" he asked.

Kathleen was genuinely surprised.

"But I thought you were leaving in the morning."

"But I've changed my mind."

He spoke crisply, as a man accustomed to making swift, sure decisions.

"Have you decided what you are going to do?" Kathleen turned from him, her lips tightening to keep back a sob. Then, smiling bravely, she turned to him.

"You must have heard that our little income stopped with mother's death."

Anixter looked at her tenderly. He took a step toward her, then hesitated. He seemed at a loss for words. Then he blurted out:

"I wish you would let me take care of your affairs."

"You are so kind—but our lawyer attends to all that."

"I don't mean just that—"

She turned to him, suddenly realizing his meaning. Her eyes telegraphed her understanding.

"I mean as your husband," he finished.

Kathleen started back, startled with the suddenness of the appeal.

"You must be taken care of," Anixter urged, walking toward her. "Won't you let me do it?"

Bewildered, half-frightened, she walked away, shaking her head. He stood over her as she sank sobbing to a divan, then suddenly seated himself beside her, talking to her soothingly. The girl suddenly straightened.

"Stop, Mr. Anixter," she said, her voice calm. "I haven't been fair with you. I deliberately tried to make you care—when I didn't care for you. It was—it was, well, sort of a game. I—I wanted to see—"

"Yes, I know all that," Anixter answered quietly, a tender smile on his lips. "But now you need me. And in time I shall make you care."

He drew her to him, and she buried her

Kathleen stood before her boudoir mirror, her maid busied with the final touches of her toilette. John appeared in the doorway, administering a last pat to his dress tie, and stood smiling at his wife across the room. As the maid left he crossed over to her. She greeted him with a flirtatious smile.

"Well, John, our first party is about due. I so hope it will be a success."

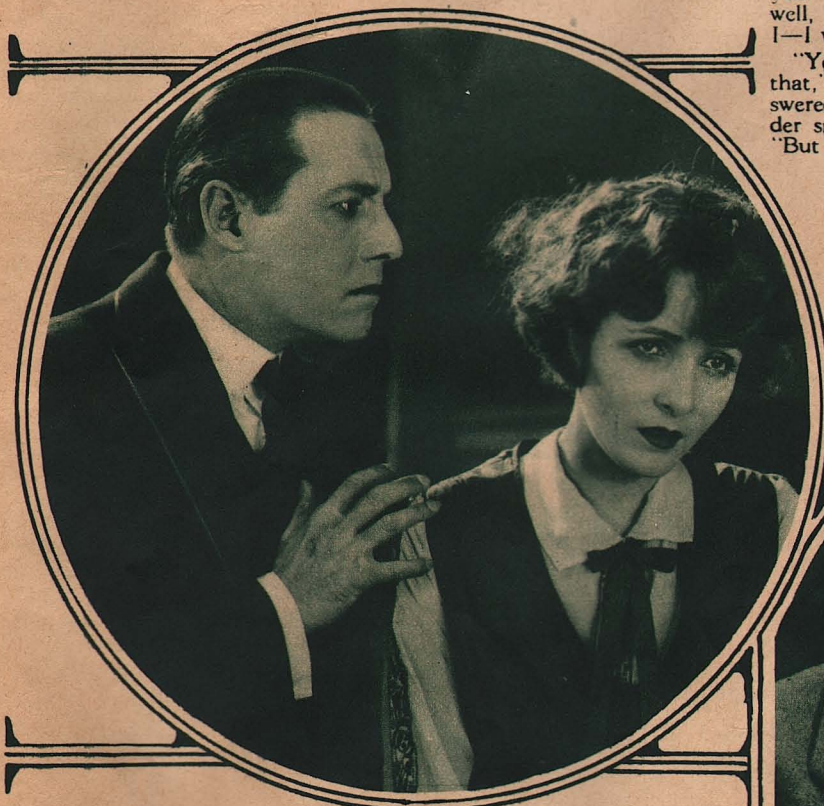
John patted her cheek indulgently.

"If success depends on the number of hearts you'll break, it will be a triumph."

They both laughed happily as two children, and John left her to go to his own room. Kathleen looked after his retreating figure with a slight frown of annoyance on her face. He hadn't kissed her before leaving her! She walked quietly to the door of her husband's room and peeked in to see him seated at his library table, reading a book. She cuddled her brain for an idea that would bring him back to her. Then, with a mischievous smile, she ran back to her dressing table, took up the heavy jewel case, threw it to the floor and gave a scream of affected dismay.

Kathleen dropped to her knees and began spreading the baubles over the floor as she heard John hastening into the room. Out of the corner of her eye she saw his form come through the door, and she began industriously to pick up the jewels. Anixter gazed down at her amusedly for a moment, then knelt beside her and the two finished the rescue of the gems. Throughout the little scene Kathleen flirted with her husband, brushing his hand or bumping into him as though by accident. Who could be grave under the circumstances? Surely, not a man so much in love with his wife as was Anixter and the retrieval of the last jewel was the signal for a kiss.

By the time they came down from dinner every man was voting the Anixter party an immense success. When Kathleen reached the bottom of the steps she was surrounded by a throng of eagerly-chatting men, each apparently intent on carrying off their charming hostess, taking her away from the rest of the laughing group. Conspicuous in the crowd about her was David



Anixter blurted out: "Have you decided what you are going to do?"

"I need a holiday. So I will spend it here."

With a conscious thrill of her triumph, Kathleen smilingly agreed that he might call on her the following evening, and John left her.

Kathleen had started for her room on the second floor when Caroline rushed up to her.

"Oh, little Missy," the panting colored woman informed her, "come, come quick, yo' mammy's done had one of her bad spells."

\*\*\*

Kathleen's mother died that night. Anixter, though a comparative stranger, was the most solicitous of all in the village. He seemed to be the owner of a super-human sympathy that supplied him with the energy of a dozen men. A few days after the funeral Kathleen came down to him in the drawing room. Her frail beauty was accentuated by the somber mourning gown, and there was an expression of infinite compassion as he came forward at her wan smile.

Anixter, obviously nervous, fumbled about a while, then blurted out:

face in his shoulder. "I shall make you happy, dear," he told her. "You need me as much as I need you. My God, how I need you!"

\*\*\*

John and Kathleen Anixter had a year of honeymooning in Europe—a free, happy year in which they sauntered from one continental resort to another. It was a year of great happiness for Kathleen, who grew to think more and more of this man who had wooed and won her so suddenly. Away from his business preoccupations, he was the personification of tenderness and attentiveness. He was very much in love with his vivacious, pleasure-loving wife.

Back from their delightful year, the Anixters were to open their New York house with a dinner-dance. An hour before the guests were to arrive



"I deliberately tried to make you care, when I didn't care. It was—it was a game."

Franklin, tall, slender, immaculate in his sombre black and contrasting white of his linen.

There was something of humor to see the troubled glances of the women in a nearby group, as they glanced toward Kathleen.

(To be continued)



# A New "Kid"

By His Dad

"ALL the World Loves a Baby," especially a cute baby boy, the kind that all fathers think they were in the long ago. All fathers love their children. Also, individually speaking, they admit there are other children—but none like their own. The best proof of this statement is, that of all the nice words I have heard other fathers say of their children, they could not paint the beautiful picture that I have in my mind of my own kiddie.

The subject of this article is Master Edwray Keyes, whom I take pleasure in introducing to you. He was born in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, on June 16th, 1917, and from the time he was able to move about he displayed a keen aptitude to be merry and mimic others. And, of course, I was his first victim.

First, he would parade around the house with my carpet slippers on his feet, and even at that he did not seem to be satisfied. Many an evening when I would be washing the perspiration of honest toil from my troubled brow I would emerge from the bath only to find my collar and tie about his neck with numerous finger-prints thereon, and my hat on his head. When he was able to carry a little more baggage, to my great surprise, he donned an old pair of my trousers, which he rolled up at the bottom, and an old sweater, and endeavored to imitate Jackie Coogan, from what he had seen in the movies and in magazines in the house, among



Edwray Keyes, an amateur baby impersonator, and George Mangooni, another amateur who is a little older.

which were copies of PANTOMIME.

His appearance appealed so to me that one evening, last September, when a Brooklyn theatre was holding a Moving Picture Contest, I entered his name at the box office. I was delighted when I learned that he won first prize impersonating "The Kid."

The Director, who was running this Contest, pleased that my baby screened so well, requested me to bring him over to another theater, where they were holding a contest open only to those who could impersonate some screen actor, or actress. While over there, a young man, George Mangooni, of 340 West 49th Street, New York City, was impersonating "Charlie Chaplin" and we arranged a little act for the two of them. They made a big hit and won first prize. They also won first prize at still a third theater, little Edwray being introduced as "Jackie Coogan's Twin Brother."

This brings us up to the present time. The picture with this article was taken last month, and will convey some idea as to why my "Kid" is called "Jackie Coogan's Twin Brother."

## "ADJUSTO" BLOOMERS for ATHLETIC GIRLS



Off with that new suit. Loll around—all nice and comfy—"Adjusto" Bloomers always fit. Adjustable to any figure—fine for skating—fine for play—fine for work and Pretty!

Heavy Black Sateen . . .	\$1.95
Serge . . . . .	\$3.95

Sizes 12 to 20 years

Special Prices to Clubs, Schools and  
Gymnasiums

## PANTHEX MILLS

40 East 19th Street

New York City



Mail your order enclosing check or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. :: :: :: ::



# Colleen Refutes a Libel

By Proving an Actress Isn't Necessarily a Butterfly

**D**OMESTICITY in Hollywood!

Large, raucous, not to say coarse, laughter from Mr. and Mrs. Fan and all the little Fannies.

"It can't be done" and "There ain't no such animal" swells the mighty chorus, and Echo, elfish wench, carries the derisive shouts from crag to crag, and back again. But pause.

PANTOMIME'S editor sent a frenzied query to its Hollywood correspondent to this effect: "Do movie actresses do anything besides emote in the studios and raise the devil outside 'em? Prevailing opinion among general public is that life outside the studio is just one glad, mad round of chucking Life under the chin. How come?"

And here, on this page, is the answer that came back—these four poses of Colleen Moore in the act of going through the motions of domesticity. With the pictures came the firm assurance of the Hollywood correspondent that the pictures were not posed especially, but that the cameraman had called on Colleen rather early one morning and had found her "as is."

"Colleen herself answered my ring when I called," came the message. "She was aproned right up to her chin, and she had forgotten to discard the dust rag when she answered the door."

"She finished sweeping and dusting the rooms, running off into the kitchen frequently to note the progress of the pot roast. Her dusting finished, she took down seven beautiful silver cups which decorated the dining room sideboard, and began polishing them."

"What's them?" I asked her. "Oh," she replied with nonchalance, "I won these in dancing contests." And she finished the job.

"Then she invited me into the kitchen to watch her make a salad. An honest-to-goodness salad, it was, with onions—and she peeled the onions to an accompaniment of tears. I asked her if someone peeled onions under her nose when she had to start the water works in the movies, and she got sore! But I kidded her out of it, and, in a repentant spirit, she asked me to stay to lunch. And I did. And I'm here to testify that one movie actress, at least, can do more than divide her time between emoting in the studio and raising the devil outside of it."



The fragrant onion causes emotion.



She won the cups as a dancer.



The roast was done.



She swings a wicked mop.



# Pantomime's Scenario Club

## Conducted by Florence McIntyre



EDITOR'S NOTE.—Announcement of Pantomime's new Scenario Club met with warm approval by readers of the magazine. Although the Club was launched only last week, a large percentage of readers who are also ambitious to write stories for the screen, lost no time in making application for membership.

The response has been so prompt that the editors are congratulating themselves upon having offered a service with so wide an appeal.

I HAVE been working on your scenarios just a week—but during that week I've had scarcely a moment to call my own. I've been figuratively drowned in a sea of questions.

Many interesting stories have been received, too, and I and my own special staff are busily working with them.

Letters asking all sorts of questions regarding stories have been sent to the Club. Indeed, I did not realize that so many questions could be asked concerning the writing and placing of scenarios. But of them all, the question paramount in the public mind seems to be: "How can I be sure that my story or idea will not be stolen if I submit it to a studio for consideration?"

Now, let me tell you right here, that the stealing of your "ideas" need be the least of your worries. The producer of today is not trying—nor wanting—to get anything for nothing. And as the story is the all-important factor in keeping the wheels of the motion picture industry moving, producers are only too willing to pay a fair price for any material they find available.

Perhaps in the old days, when the art was truly in its infancy, there might have been some plagiarism. But today the motion picture industry is on a highly ethical basis. And you may rest assured that if you can present a story, or even an idea, which is worth production in pictures, you will receive your just reward for it.

Aside from a desire to be "square" the producers know that lawsuits are expensive propositions both in point of money, and reputation. Rather than run the risk of becoming involved in such a suit, the producer realizes that it is cheaper to buy a story or an idea outright than to go ahead, make his production from stolen material, and then find the film held up by the process of law—and many enemies made in addition.

"Fair play" is the slogan in the motion picture fields today, and no producer wants to be blacklisted by the authors of the country because of a shady reputation. Indeed no! He is too dependent upon them for "raw" material with which to keep his plant in operation. Also he is altogether dependent on their friends for support.

It is a remarkable fact, but many people actually "hit" upon the same idea in their stories at about the same time. Perhaps someone who has submitted a story to a studio may see an idea similar to that contained in his manuscript portrayed upon the screen sometime later by that very company. Naturally he concludes that his idea has been stolen.

As a matter of fact a story with a similar idea may have been in production at the very time yours came to the studio.

From my own experience I know that sometimes four and five stories, very similar in plot are received within a day or two of each other, usually from far distant parts of the country. I recall one instance at a studio where a story was received from Australia, written by a sailor in the English Merchant Marine, and was almost identical, in plot, with one which had come in from Kansas City, Missouri.

There is no way of accounting for this, unless both these people had seen some film from which they unconsciously gathered an idea for a story of their own. This may account for the sameness—or, on the other hand, it may have been purely coincidental.

The same is true of titles. It is amazing how many stories bearing the same title come in to a studio—yet the stories may be widely different in theme and from far distant points.

Speaking of titles, and just to demonstrate to you that the producer generally is fair and square, let me tell you something about titling a story in the studio. In most of the large picture organizations, after a production is completed, the entire studio staff is called to the projection room, where the film is run off. Then each one is requested to hand in a slip of paper bearing an appropriate title for the production.

The originator of the title selected, as a rule, receives a nice little bonus for "christening" the production. So, you see, when producers are willing to pay people right in their employ for suggestions or ideas, they have no desire to cheat the "outsider."

An amateur author—a woman of my acquaintance—despite all I said regarding the producers' honesty, was still a skeptic, and she outlined to me a scheme for "protecting her rights," as she called it. Whenever she sent a manuscript to a studio, she did so by registered mail, and at the same time she had a friend mail her a carbon copy of the story—directed to herself, at her home address. This she carefully put away. When I inquired as to the object of this procedure, she informed me that in case any question should arise, she would have the duplicate of her manuscript, under the unbroken seal of the United States Government, with the date stamped by the postal authorities on the outside of the envelope. She insisted that should the question of plagiarism on any of her stories ever arise, and the matter be taken into court, she would have the sealed duplicate of her manuscript to hand the judge.

Of course, I do not know whether or not there is any value in her scheme, but I am passing it along for the benefit of the skeptic who is just a little wary of the producers' honesty.

But really, you will find as a general thing, that motion picture producers are the last people in the world looking to get something for nothing. They are in such constant need of new material, that they are only too glad to buy available stories before someone else does so.

Many of the members of the new Pantomime Scenario Club seemed baffled and uncertain on this point, and I thought it well worth the while to devote your page to an honest opinion of the matter this week. I am glad to tell you what I know from experience to be the producers' attitude on stories. Club members must feel entirely free to write on any point on which they desire information and if the subject is of wide enough appeal, we will devote at least part of the page to it, for the benefit of all.

Remember, PANTOMIME'S Scenario Club is yours, and its object is to assist you to the best of its ability in attaining your ambition.

When you send your manuscripts in do not become impatient. You cannot expect to receive your story back the next day. In order to read them carefully and thoroughly—to consult with other critics upon them—to do your effort full justice, and give you the benefit of our best judgment, requires time. We are going about the task conscientiously and are not rushing through the work haphazard.

So, if you do not receive your manuscript back immediately, be patient, because it will come to you in due course after we have given it our very best attention.

It may be necessary for PANTOMIME to limit the membership in the Scenario Club ultimately, so if you are interested in writing stories for the screen, do not delay in joining now. Remember, there is no initiation fee—a year's subscription to the magazine constitutes your membership, and once you are a member, you may send in as many stories during the life of your subscription, as you desire. But send them one at a time. Each manuscript must be accompanied by one dollar, either in currency or in postal money order.

As already explained, this small fee does not begin to pay for the maintenance of a trained staff of studio critics, but it does cover the clerical work involved in handling the manuscripts. If you desire to become a member of the Scenario Club, and indulge in its privileges, be sure to state the fact when you send in your subscription, so we may list your name as a Club Member.

Fine literary style is not necessary. Write the very best you can, of course, in clear, concise, straightforward manner. Bear in mind that the scenario is really the brief outline of the story which you have to present. It is up to the continuity writer at the studio to develop the idea contained in a story for the screen.

If your story contains the fundamental "theme" or "idea" which the producer wants, he will see that it is properly developed for the screen by his own staff. The producer is ever on the alert for the new dramatic "situation" and if you can suggest to him something unique, something different, he is satisfied. Therefore, remember when writing your "movie" story, make it brief, without losing any of the dramatic value. Be sure to enclose postage for the return of your manuscript, also a self-addressed envelope.



# The Old-Fashioned Girl

He-man stars continue to prefer her to aggressive flappers with bobbed hair and rolled stockings.

By William Edward Mulligan



Jane Novak and Robert Gordon in an old-fashioned scene from "The Rosary."

WHICH feminine type is most popular among the real he-man stars of the screen today—the modern girl or the sweet old-fashioned girl?

First of all, let's get a picture of the girls.

A sketch of the modern girl: Plucked eyebrows, beaded lashes, no paint on cheeks, but gobs of rouge on the lips, face as white as snow, lips carmine red, roll-your-own stockings, exaggerated ear puffs or straight bobbed hair unless naturally curly. If bobbed hair is worn, low-heeled shoes are the rage. If hirsute mountains bury the ears, high heels are adorned to match. Vivacious, athletic, aggressive.

A close-up of the old-fashioned girl: Sweet, retiring, plainly but becomingly dressed, hair done in comely fashion to frame a face that does not need to be made over by the beauty specialist. Gentle, steadfast and home-loving, but heroic and emotional withal.

"Give us the sweet, old-fashioned girl every time," is the chorus that comes from those men who have distinguished themselves on the screen in strong, virile drama not of the ballroom or parlor variety.

Check up and see for yourself. There are, for instance, stalwart Bill Hart, bashful Charlie Ray, rugged Hobart Bosworth, Lewis S. Stone, Tom Moore and a host of other sterling actors to whom the flapper type is an unknown quantity in their motion picture wooing.

The old-fashioned girl, demure and charming, self-reliant and capable, is invariably their screen sweetheart.

Just such a type is Jane Novak, whose latest vehicle is the stupendous Selig and Rork production, "The Rosary," a new First National release.

Throughout her film career Jane has been ever known as the "sweet, old-fashioned girl." Probably her first bid for fame came when William S. Hart selected her as his leading lady. In all she has appeared in five of Hart's biggest successes, namely, "Three Word Brand," "Wagon Tracks," "The Money Corral," "The Tiger Man," and "Selfish Yates." Her splendid work with Bill Hart established her as a most admirable contract on the silversheet for he-man stars. Straightway, such actors as Ray, Bosworth, Stone, Tom Moore and others sought her screen hand.

The "sweet, old-fashioned girl" soon became almost as popular with the fans as the stars with whom she appeared. Producers sought her services for all-star casts, and with her hit in "The River's End," Miss Novak practically achieved genuine stardom.

As a matter of fact, exhibitors throughout the country starred her of their own accord in such epics of the outdoors as "Kazan" and "Isobel."

It is significant that with the completion of her work in "The Rosary," Jane Novak rose to stardom at the head of her own company.

## One Look Made Betty "Babbie"

By Frank Lyle

MANY folks have broken into the movies on their looks. Elsie Ferguson and Bull Montana, for instance.

But this is a story about a girl who was already in the movies, a star who was awarded a very important role—a part which almost any feminine star in filmdom would have given five years of her life to play—because she could summon a certain look into her eyes.

Penrhyn Stanlaws, the famous artist who is now directing pictures for Paramount, related the story to me.

"When Mr. Lasky told me I was to make Barrie's 'The Little Minister,'" Mr. Stanlaws said, "I tried to bring back into my mind how the story had been produced on the speaking stage. It had always been a favorite of mine, and I had seen Maude Adams give her delightful performance of 'Babbie' several times. There was one episode in the stage play that always appealed to me as one of the finest bits of acting ever done—the scene in which 'Babbie' and 'Gavin Dishart', the 'Little Minister', have tea together at 'Nannie Webster's' cottage. At one point in the scene Miss Adams used to look at 'Gavin' over her tea-cup. In her gaze there was mingled tenderness and roguishness. It was a look that warmed your heart. It was charming—the whole charm of 'Babbie' and of Barrie in a single glance.

"Charm—especially the whimsical Barrie charm—is a tremendously difficult thing to put upon the screen. I knew that if I could find an actress who could look over a tea-cup as Maude Adams did, I would have my ideal 'Babbie'. One name came to me at once—Betty Compson. I had already directed her in two pictures—'At the End of the World' and 'The Law and the Woman'—and in certain scenes in each of these there had flashed into Miss Compson's face the 'look over the tea-cup', the 'Babbie look'.

"When I went to Mr. Lasky and told him that I would like Betty Compson for the heroine of 'The Little Minister', he did not approve at first. He had been considering several other stars for the role and had about settled on one. She was not Miss Compson.

"Miss Compson is a fine actress, but is she Babbie?" he asked me.

"I am sure she is," I replied.

"Mr. Lasky was not convinced and said he would think it over. A week or so later he sent for me and told me that if I wanted Miss Compson for 'Babbie', it was all right as far as he was concerned.

"Well, we made the picture, and Miss Compson more than lived up to my expectation. The 'look over the tea-cup' was perfect.



This is the look that copped the job.



# A Literary Business Man

By Caroline Williams

THERE is a common supposition that all literary folks look tensely Intellectual, act temperamental and are utterly incapable of co-ordinated thought and action in a strictly commercial sense. In short, no good business man should attempt writing—and an author would make a mighty poor executive.

But the other day I found this rule knocked ka-floey—by no less a personage than Will Payne, noted *Saturday Evening Post* writer, who now occupies one of those soft leather chairs in Realart's scenario sanctum, where he is writing directly for the screen.

Instead of the dreamy, irresponsible idealist, I expected, I found a quietly forceful, determined business man: Will Payne. He is gray-haired, scholarly, yes; but if you had met him in a different environment, you would not hesitate an instant in judging him an executive of some large concern. He has about him that quality of quiet management, of keen perception. In his conversation, ramble though it may over many points about the studio work, there is noticeable a gift for piercing right to the point of a thing—a suggestion of organization ability.

"I find much to interest me—and to marvel at—in watching the taking of motion pictures," he told me, as he sat beside me on an upturned box watching Wanda Hawley do a scene before the camera, part of his first original story written directly for the screen. "For instance"—there was a merry twinkle in his eyes—"it reminds me of the time, in my youth, when I had my picture taken at the village photographer's. My, how he did pose me, with that brace behind my head, each arm bent just so—and then told me to 'look at the little birdie'."

"I had fancied that the actors in a motion picture just sailed right through their scenes, after a bit of preliminary coaching by the director. But I find,



He has an "executive" look.

to my amazement, much the same process in effect as in those days when we were told to 'look at the little birdie'. The area within the camera's focus is measured off—sometimes even the distance an actor is to walk. He has to stand just so, and face this way, that the battery of spotlights may strike his face at an angle to bring out certain effects. Why, every scene is grouped and posed as painstakingly as our early photographs."

We spoke further of the method the business efficiency of present-day motion picture production—and I do believe Will Payne, author is more interested in this methodical business-like work connected with the filming of a picture than in the creative end of it!

While we watched, Wanda and Charles A. Stevenson did over and over again a little bit of action occurring in a business man's office. And that office-set came in for the distinct approval of Will Payne, author. Everything, he said, was correct, to the smallest detail, quiet, unobtrusive, the sort of an office that character would have in real life.

"But what do you know about offices?" I was frankly astonished. "You're a writer—not a business man!"

"You forget," he reminded, "that most of my stories concern commercial life and affairs."

Just then he was called away to advise upon some technical detail, with the director. "Will Payne would have made a wonderful corporation executive, if he hadn't been possessed of an itching pen," spoke up one of his intimate friends. "He has the business man's brain. Perhaps that is why he has been so

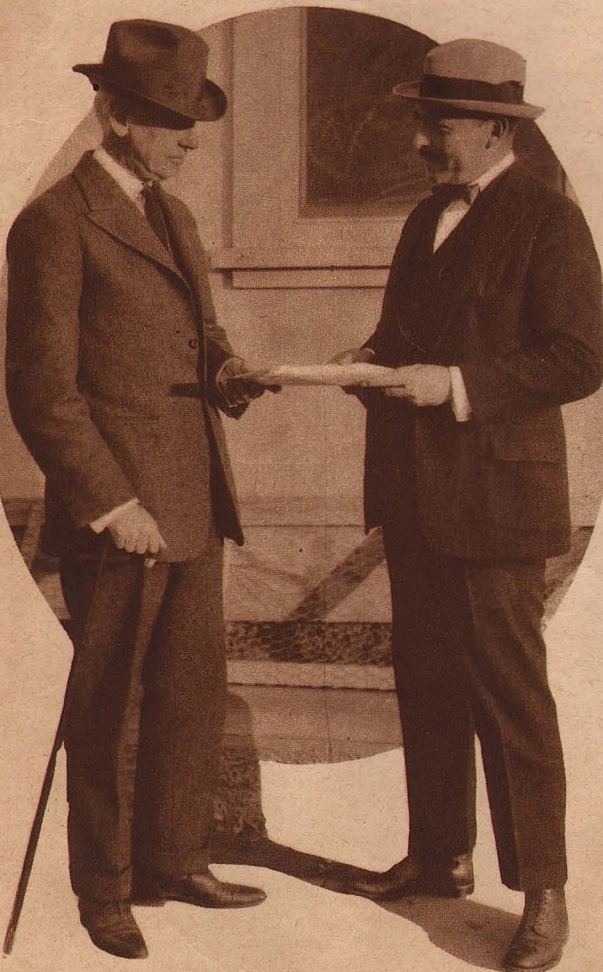
singularly successful in transcribing into fiction the romance of every-day business."

During the morning Mr. Payne strolled back and forth about the "set" and, whenever a chance offered, would stop for a furtherance of our chat. He told me many interesting things of business life in New York, of the courage of many prominent men known to me through the columns of newspapers and magazines. For instance, he told of how one of the largest magazines in the country came very near never being started. Its originator, having failed to borrow money from the banks in the Big Town, had despaired of his purpose and was about to return home, but dropped in to see a show on his last evening. The play concerned the difficulties of a young business man—obstacles which he finally smoothed out in the last scene. The plot seemed very reasonable.

"If he could do it," mused the spectator, thoughtfully, "why can't I?"

He stayed in town, next day went down to interview the bankers, but with a new determination—and got his loans! That was the beginning of perhaps the best-known magazine in this country.

The motion picture world needs idealists, yes; but we have had enough of these talkative fictionists whose brains operate on one-cylinder imaginative ways and skirt the practical roads. We need more men like Will Payne—business men!



Here's Payne turning over his first story for the screen to Supervising Director Elmer Harris.

## PANTHEX HOSE

### Style No. 208

Pure silk — Semi full fashioned split foot, mercerized lisle garter top. Sizes 8½ to 10, inclusive. In black only.

Price per pair, \$1.65

### Style No. 222-B

Pure silk, full-fashioned, re-inforced heel and toe, mercerized lisle garter top. Sizes 8½ to 10 inclusive. Black only.

Price per pair, \$2.45

No seconds—none but perfect hose of superior quality. All guaranteed. You take no chances. Send us an order, the goods will be mailed you, examine your purchase, and THEN pay the postman.

## PANTHEX MILLS

40 East 19th Street  
New York



# Wesley

By Blythe

# Plays Hookey

Sherwood

THE cameraman, the director and the producer trudged over a dusty road on a hot summer day. They had been up since daybreak looking for the proper location in which to film their morning's work. The scene was to be where Wesley Barry in "School Days" comes back from the city to sob on the bosom of his "Uncle."

After four hours' quest in torrid temperature they found the exact spot! Hungry, but forgetful of breakfast; eager, now that they had attained their mission, to begin work, they decided to call the company together.

As a matter of fact, the little tots engaged to be in a picture with Wesley Barry did not need summoning. Had not the treat of their lives been put into their hands? Were they not only "in the movies," and earning money? And in the country, besides, enjoying the breezes—if any, and also enjoying the scenery when they had time—like this, for instance—to look at it?

Since daybreak, they, too, had abandoned their cots and couches. For a week past they had been housed in the palatial Kittatinny Hotel at Delaware Water Gap, but even the novelty of hotel service, of hearing the whip-poor-wills chirp them to sleep, and being awakened by the thrust and the glow of early morning light, and—yes, mosquitoes too, mebbe; and patchy-patchy quilts, and four little girls sleeping in one room, and six little boys in another, did not restrain them—it could not—from running free of sheets and slumber out into the open summer air at the time most youngsters fuss with "Ma" for waking them up.

When the directorial triumvirate saw their faithful troupe ready, they agreed it would be a good idea to first finish a scene which included the entire company; one that had been left incomplete when evening shadowed them the night before. So the camera man deposited his tripod, the director flourished his megaphone, turned his cap around back to the front and rolled a fresh cigarette. The assistant director grouped the kiddies as the action called for, and was about to tell the director all was set to "shoot" when cameraman, director, assistant director, and producer looked dazedly at one another. Where was the star?

"Wesley!"

The hills reverberated with the echo.

"Wesley!"

Nary a hallo came back.

"Wesley, you little devil, you red-head! Hey!—Freckles!"

If Wesley was within distance, he would have recognized his pseudonyms.



He's happiest in clothes like these.

Evidently Wesley was not. There was no response, save a tittering on the part of the children. How could the awaiting company help but giggle? Didn't they know where Wesley was, or where he was most apt to be? They sure did!

Harry Rapf guessed it first. He is one of the producers of "School Days," but aside from that he is also a father with a son not far from Wesley's age. Incidentally, too, said son, Maurice, was on location, probably, at that very moment, conspiring with the star of the film on the art of playing "hookey." So Mr. Rapf's suspicions were alert.

The pet Ford was hailed. Into it piled the cameraman, the assistant director, and the poor producer.

"Step on it!"

Not only were salaries at stake, but who could tell how long the sun with all its fervor would continue to shine? It was stepped upon.

Away, and over the hills. The dust flew; the heat was forgotten, but the waning time and the idle workers were not. The car (it performed its duty that time) finally was brought to an abrupt stop near a vista overlooking a glimpse of a pool. The pursuers jumped out, pushed through the trees and started down hill. Grass and daisies and wheat and bushes rustled behind them. They hurried down, down, slipping towards the water bank. As they approached, the splashing of water was distinguishable.

Except for three men panting breathlessly, there was a momentary silence. The water no longer splashed. From the direction in which they had first heard that clue of mischievous evidence,



Nobody felt sorry for him but himself—and his dog.

there was no sound. The three men looked at one another inquiringly.

But Harry Rapf knew. He put his finger to his lips to motion silence, "Jiminy cricket," they heard somebody whisper, "Jiminy cricket, I bet they're lookin' for me."

"Aw, go on." It was a younger voice. "It's early yet."

"We should worry! Oh, Boy—!"

Simultaneously assistant director, producer and camera man darted from their ambush and made for the pool.

"Jiminy cricket," Wesley blurted. "How did I know you was ready?"

"It's early," said Maurice to his daddy, who had him by the ear.

"You'll be going home earlier than you expected. Come on, you young devils, a company is waiting for you, and something else afterwards."

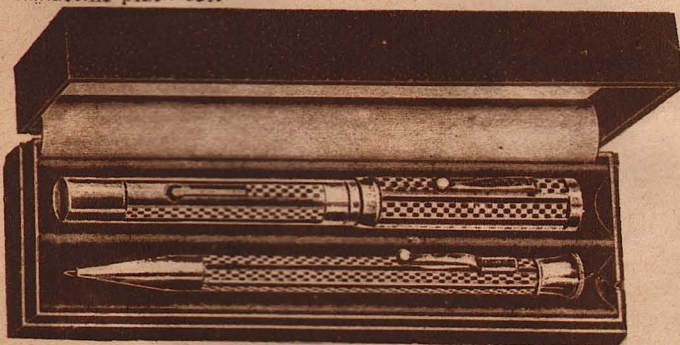
The star of "School-Days" skirmished into his clothes.

"Ye gods, can't a feller have some fun?"

"Not when it's working time."

## TO PANTOMIME READERS

Fourteen carat gold filled, self-filling fountain pen and fourteen carat gold filled pencil, sent to you in a specially constructed, handsome plush case



MAIL THIS AT ONCE TO

Subscription Dept., PANTOMIME,  
914 World Building, New York, N. Y.

Without any obligation on my part, please send me particulars of your above offer.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



# ZIT'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

**The Greatest Theatrical Newspaper in the World**

ALL THE NEWS OF THE STAGE  
ALL THE NEWS OF THE SCREEN  
GOSSIP OF THE DRESSING ROOM AND STUDIO  
LAUGH COLUMN BY H. I. PHILLIPS, THE FAMOUS COLYUMIST  
"ZIT'S HEADLINES THAT TELL A STORY"  
EDITORIALS BY THEODORE C. DEITRICH  
LIFE DRAWINGS AND INTERVIEWS BY STELLA FLORES  
"ALONG BROADWAY," BY PAUL C. SWEINHART  
THE VAUDEVILLE CHART BY "ZIT"  
REVIEWS OF ALL THE NEW PLAYS BY EXPERTS  
REVIEWS OF ALL THE NEW PICTURES BY EXPERTS  
COMPLETE DIRECTORY OF BROADWAY'S THEATRICAL ATTRACTIONS  
COMPLETE DIRECTORY OF ALL NEW PLAYS TO OPEN  
COMPLETE DIRECTORY OF ALL FILMS PLAYING NEW YORK  
NEWS AND GOSSIP OF BROADWAY RESTAURANTS  
LATEST THEATRICAL STYLES BY DOROTHY RITZ  
ARTISTIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES  
THE PUBLIC'S ONLY THEATRICAL PAPER  
THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE STAGE, SCREEN AND PUBLIC  
THE AUTHENTIC AUTHORITY ON AMUSEMENTS  
THE PAPER OF CLASS TO CLASS  
IT'S FULL OF PEP AND PUNCH  
A JUMP AHEAD OF ALL DAILIES ON NEWS

**10c - All for - 10c**

**Subscription Price \$5.00 a Year**

# ZIT'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

**On All Newsstands from Coast to Coast**



# Making a Picture

As described to Dorothy Craigie

By Henry King



He estimates the cost of a picture before he starts it.

and women whom he was addressing were famous on the speaking stage. A number of them were making their debut before the camera. The company was going on location down to the Virginia mountains the following day where "Tol'able David," in which Richard Barthelmess would make his debut as a star, was to be filmed. Mr. King was to direct the picture.

I was much impressed with this tall magnetic man with keen steel-blue eyes, which seemed to impart to his listeners the force which his words were uttering. He looked like a companionable sort of a chap, too, with a sort of "hail-fellow, well met" manner of greeting one. Even if I hadn't already been told, I would have instantly guessed that he had been prominent on the stage, for that easy unconsciousness of self was his, as well as that quiet personality which because of its quietness seems to pervade the room with its presence. I liked him for his charming smile and cordial manner also. But most of all for the competence with which he got across his desires and made them effective.

I have just seen a showing of "Tol'able David." I will confess that even my vanity box had not been able to remove the ravages of emotion and tears which the story brought forth. I was still in its grip and I knew that a master hand had directed the destinies of the picture. Of course, there was some hokum in it, but it was interwoven so neatly that not once did it detract from the story. Instead, it was what you might expect in the life of any healthy boy who was anxious to appear grown up.

Then I remembered the words I had heard the director give to his cast. And that is the secret of it all. The characters actually lived their part!

"Directing," said Mr. King, as I started to interview him, "is the art of telling a story."

That is true. There are good story tellers and we have all met those insufferable people who think they are story tellers, but who are in reality nothing but borous chroniclers of their own uninteresting experiences.

Busy! I wouldn't have known there was anyone in the room into which I had been shown in his office had it not been for a persistent rustle of papers coming from behind a veritable mountain of manuscripts, letters and books which were piled on a desk in front of me.

"Come right in," called out that hale and hearty voice I first encountered on that June day in the studio, and rustling up courage to invade the unknown, I waded through three tons (more or less) of white paper, liberally bescribbled with notes, maneuvered around to the side of the desk and there came upon Henry King—up to his ears, literally, in work.

"Tol'able David" by this time was a past experience with Henry King. Further than this he had already completed Mr. Barthelmess's second picture. More too, than this; on the night of its completion he had hopped the Twentieth Century Limited for Los Angeles, in order to spend a week-end in the West. Reason—to get a third story for Mr. Barthelmess! All this he told me, while running his eyes lightning-like up and down several rows of figures.

"I'm making estimates on a new picture now," he explained.

**P**ORTRAY your characters. Live their lives. Eat their food. Wear their clothes. In short, become one of them. Don't try to act!"

I was in the Biograph Studio last June when I heard this advice given to a number of actors and actresses. The speaker was Henry King.

At the time the name "Henry King" meant nothing more to me than that he was a director. I had heard of him as a man with ideas, who had something on his neck that he used for more than a hatrack. It was his first experience as a motion picture director in the East. The men

"Don't you ever stop work?" I gasped.

"Well, I'll tell you," he remarked confidentially, actually allowing his fingers and eyes to be idle for a moment. "When I finished my last picture on the coast six months ago, I hopped a train East and determined I would have a whole year's vacation. Thought I was entitled to it. Hadn't had one in fifteen years. Been here two days, when Charles Duell, president of Inspiration Pictures, came to me and insisted I do 'Tol'able David'."

It was right at this point that Mr. Duell paused at the door on his way home (it was 5:30 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon; and suggested)

"How about a foursome of golf tomorrow, Henry!"

"Fine," agreed our victim, enthusiastically. "Let's make it early in the morning."

"Don't you ever sleep either?" we demanded at this point.

Again confidence was forthcoming.

"I sleep a lot here in the East, sometimes as much as six and seven hours a night. But out on the coast it was different. The salt water there is better for you than any shots old Morpheus can hand you any day in the week. There were six of us who banded together and solemnly agreed that come what may, each and every one of us would meet on the shore of the old Pacific for a dip in the briny at 7 o'clock a. m. prompt. Penalty for non-appearance—to be shot at sunrise. Nobody got shot, for the simple reason we were all glad to do it. Many a time I'd be getting into the hotel just in time to get into my bathing suit and report for duty on the shore."

Here he smiled that winning smile.

"You see," he went on quite seriously, "in the motion picture business where I have to live, sleep, eat and breathe pictures, I have learned to play while I work, and work while I play. That keeps me from being a dull boy."

And those who know Henry King's reputation in the motion picture world are all agreed that he is far from being the "dull boy."

"What is the first requirement necessary for a successful picture?" I asked Henry King.

"First of all, you've got to have a real story," he responded, "for after all in motion pictures, as on the stage, 'the play's the thing.' Then co-operation of all concerned is necessary. Nothing can be accomplished without it. We must all be striving for the same end, and to accomplish this, it is necessary to get the point of view of all."

"I suppose the censors keep you in constant fear for your pictures when they are completed?" I suggested.

"Not a bit of it," came back the ready answer. "My formula for that is simple. Meet censorship with sense. In other words, make the picture so clean and so beautiful as to prohibit the censors from eliminating a single scene."

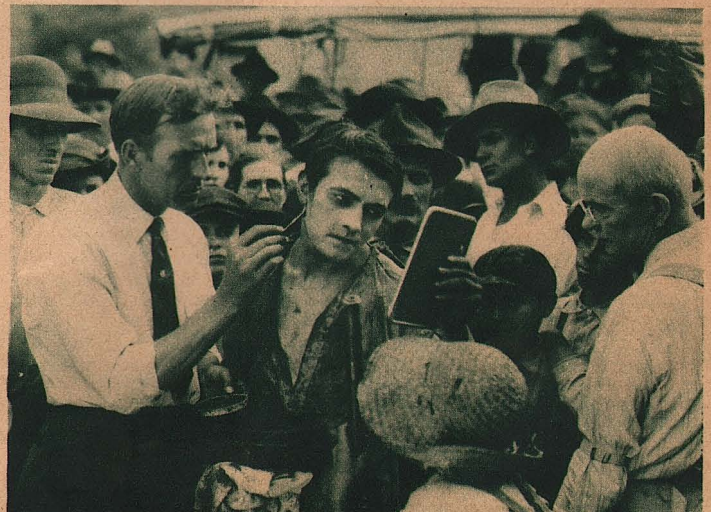
"What do you think is the future of the motion picture industry?" I finally asked him.

"Fewer and better pictures," he answered shortly. "Remember that Abraham Lincoln once remarked: 'You can fool some of the people all the time; all of the people some of the time, but remember you can't fool all of the people all of the time.' Nuff sed."

And as we left we thought so too.



In "All at Sea" King didn't like the way the women rolled the dough, and he gave 'em a lesson in that art.




"Blooding" Dick Barthelmess up for the big scene in "Tol'able David."




# Make 'Em Better

By  
Jesse L. Lasky



He loves movies—and next to movies he loves his pipe.



Here's his Director-General, Cecil B. De Mille—who isn't really as blood-thirsty as he seems.

IT is now several years since the slogan "Fewer and better pictures" was adopted among producers, and in the main I feel that most of them have tried to live up to the ideal thus expressed.

But I do not believe that any of us have fully succeeded. True, we are making better pictures than we made a few years ago. I may say, for example, that Paramount Pictures are very fine, generally speaking. But they can be better. That is the crux of the matter.

Not only must pictures be better; they must be so much better that there will be no necessity of trying to convince the public of the fact. This is essential for the simple reason that unless pictures are produced with a positive insistence upon superior quality, they will ultimately find themselves without an audience and the producer will be like Othello, "with occupation gone."

More than ever before are audiences discriminating. The exhibitor has to present something that is a decided attraction before he can hope to fill his house—not merely a sensation. It must be good in story material, cast, direction, production, presentation. There is no single element in the art and industry, from scenario to theater, which cannot stand some advancement almost daily. And this advancement is imperative if the business is to retain its past popularity.

Where does the shoe pinch hardest? Who suffers first from falling attendance at picture theaters?

Unquestionably the exhibitor, and immediately through him, the sales organization and, ultimately, the production organization.

It also means that artists and technicians suffer. Motion pictures are like any commodity plus art. They are made, they are sold, they are witnessed. If they are not good they will not sell. The public must be attracted. This cannot be done by flamboyant advertising, by "booster" methods, by mere promises without fulfillment. There must be truth behind every promise, and it must be carried out.

We are living in an optimistic world, despite the many causes for possible pessimism. The world is filled with plans for ideal conditions of living and working. The Limitation of Armament Conference is the greatest of these plans; the administration of tax problems is another; the gradual adjustment of trade conditions is still another. People are inclined in this country to be optimistic, a characteristic which has carried us through many vicissitudes. So I do not for a moment maintain that we should immediately become pessimistic and decide that the motion pictures are going to the "demnition bow-wows." I do insist, however, that no amount of optimism will enable producers to continue successfully in business if they do not heed the handwriting on the wall and make better pictures—not merely talk better pictures.

So far as we are concerned, Paramount Pictures are going to be better all the time. They've got to be, so that the exhibitor may be able to fill his theater and send his audiences away satisfied.

We believe that every picture produced as a Paramount Picture for future release approximates at least the ideal we have set, but we realize fully that by next month or next year we shall have advanced the goal post several miles and be striving for something still finer.

Take Cecil B. De Mille's two latest pictures, "Fool's Paradise," and "Saturday Night." If I am any judge, I pronounce them both as nearly perfect as it is possible to make a production. If I were not convinced, I would say so. The public will soon enough discover the actual facts and tell you so.

The stellar combination idea in special pictures made good with "The Affairs of Anatol," another De Mille picture, and "Peter Ibbetson," wherein Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson are co-starred. It has proved to us that the public likes to see several of its favorites together.

I can understand this. I remember reading novels by various authors and wishing my favorite characters might meet one another. What will be the effect, thinks the playgoer, of seeing Wallace Reid, say, and Elsie Ferguson making love or involved in a great dramatic situation? And the producer fulfilling this desire, meets a popular demand.

So we are planning now to combine Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in a William De Mille production.

George Melford's "The Sheik," with Agnes Ayres and Rudolph Valentino, touches high water mark in popularity. Certain critics assailed it, but the public placed upon the production the seal of its approval, which is the final test. It is a picture that women in particular like. Why? Because love is the central theme and *motif*. Love against the background of the desert sands and the life of the Orient.

Mr. Melford has only recently finished making "Moran of the Lady Letty," with Dorothy Dalton featured and Rudolph Valentino in the male lead. I am firmly convinced that it will also appeal, this time to men and women almost equally.

I feel sure the public is going to like "Miss Lulu Bett," William De Mille's production. It is so intensely human, so applicable to every-day life that it can hardly fail to win the audiences of every class.

So with the pictures starring Wallace Reid, Ethel Clayton, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Thomas Meighan and the specials, such as "One Glorious Day," with Will Rogers and Lila Lee.

In every instance the most strenuous effort has been made to secure material that could not be surpassed. Following this, the directors were accorded every facility, fine casts, fine settings. Not every class, perhaps, will like every picture, but I think that in every picture there will be a special appeal to a wide enough audience to insure individual success.

But we are not pausing here. Unless we progress, we stagnate. With stagnation comes dissolution. That must not be. It is up to the producer. If he fails in his task, failure is the order all along the line.

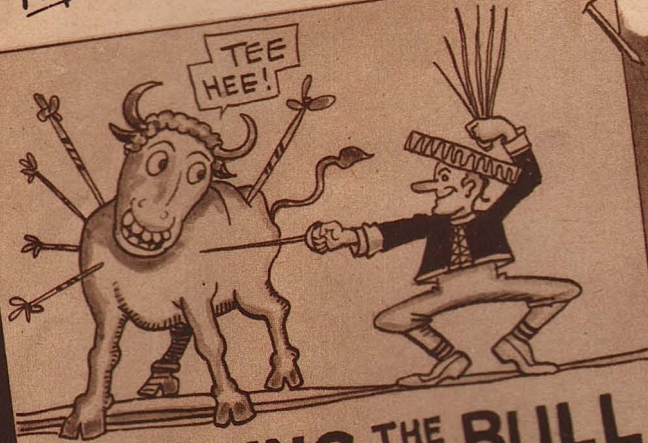
And there can be no such word in our lexicon!



# What Do Press Agents Smoke??

## WE WANT TO KNOW!

By FRED R. MORGAN



### TICKLING THE BULL OR A MATADOR'S LUFF!

A PLAY WITH MANY POINTS  
IT'S A LARGE PORTION OF  
SCRAMBLED AND UN-DATED EGGS  
WITH 1000-ISLAND DRESSING

**SEE** SUNNY SPAIN BY  
NIGHT AND  
THOSE BOO'FUL DANCING GELLS!

### SHOULD GIRLS BE KISSED?



DISCONTINUE  
YOUR  
BUSINESS

-CLOSE YOUR  
OFFICE - FORGET  
EVERYTHING UNTIL YOU HAVE SOLVED  
THIS BURNING, VITAL QUESTION!  
REMEMBER, WE GIVE A  
BEAUTIFUL LIP-STICK TO  
THE MOST KISSABLE  
GIRL AT EACH WED.  
MATINEE!

MR. EXHIBITOR-  
BOOK THESE  
FILMS AND ENGAGE  
MOTOR TRUCKS  
**NOW**

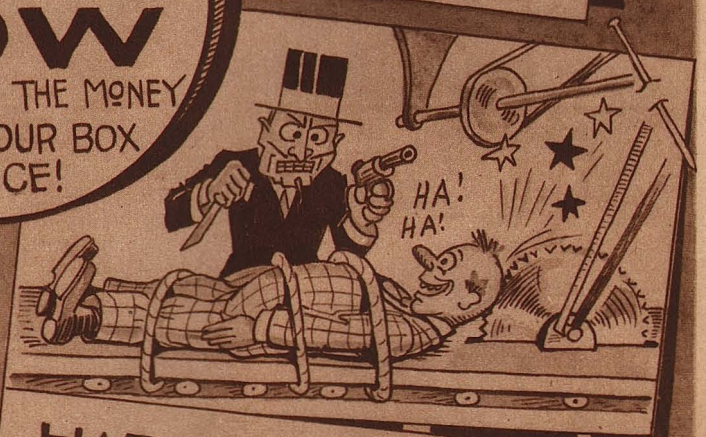
TO CARRY THE MONEY  
FROM YOUR BOX  
OFFICE!



### MUSH AND MONEY!

OR  
WHY SHE HESITATED!  
ROSIE, THE CHORUS GIRL WAS  
OFFERED JEWELS, MONEY, RICHES  
UNTOLD - AND **REFUSED!**

CAN YOU BEAT THAT?  
WELL, IT'S TRUE! - COME  
AND SEE **WHY!!**



### HARD HEADED HARRY IN THE PLUMBER'S REVENGE

A DIRTY VILLIAN AT  
HIS DIRTIEST!  
A THRILL A MINUTE!!  
YOU'LL BITE YOUR NEIGHBOR'S  
EAR OFF WHILE WATCHING IT!  
NO CHILDREN ADMITTED  
UNLESS  
THEY HAVE  
A TICKET



## FANDOM NOTES

Dorothy Dalton had her hair bobbed while making scenes for "Moran of the Lady Letty," in San Francisco. Wonder if she had it done on the Barbary Coast.

\* \* \*

George Melford's next Paramount picture is called "The Cat That Walked Alone." We have one on our back fence.

\* \* \*

Lila Lee is glad that a week has passed without the newspapers getting her engaged to somebody. Lila says she has to subscribe to a clipping bureau in order to keep up with her engagements. Well, in these unemployment days in the film industry it's nice to know somebody has lots of engagements.

\* \* \*

Since his whole "Man from Home" company was held up in Italy by a general strike, George Fitzmaurice is no longer neutral on the labor question. One more experience like that, Fitz says, and he will cancel his subscription to the *New Republic*.

\* \* \*

John Robertson writes from Spain, where he is making "Spanish Jade" for Paramount, that he has met some queer eggs in Spain but no Spanish omelettes.

\* \* \*

Hollywood is back to normalcy. Elinor Glyn has returned from Europe, and the firm of Swanson, Glyn and Co. has resumed operations, with Sam Wood in the role of general manager. A sizzling Glynian romance, "Beyond the Rocks," which simply seethes with great moments, is in the process of celluloidization.

\* \* \*

Gloria's gowns are said to be a revelation.

\* \* \*

Take that as you like.

\* \* \*

Rudolph Valentino, the great lover, plays opposite Gloria. Swanson-Valentino-Glyn! How can they make such a picture on celluloid?

\* \* \*

Paramount has bought and paid for "Bought and Paid For," and William De Mille is making it. Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt are bearing the chief burdens in the piece.

\* \* \*

With a wife to support, Bill Hart is going back to work soon.

\* \* \*

We overheard two fans quarrelling over the pronunciation of Tom Meighan's name the other day. A said it was "Mee-jam"; B maintained it was "Mee-gan"; C wins.

\* \* \*

T. Roy Barnes is being featured in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" T. Roy answers the question in the title by saying, "Well, it all depends on what you consider a passing mark for marriage." Judging by the divorce records in America, it's about 98.

\* \* \*

Having put the final punch into "The Champion," Wally Reid is working in "Across the Continent," a new *opus* in which a racing automobile will not be absent. Can any little girl in the class recall at least one other occasion on which Wally appeared in an auto picture?

\* \* \*

A five-star extra says that Theodore Roberts plays papa in Wally's new autoplay. (Cheers.)

\* \* \*

Betty Compson does an Apache dance in her new picture, "The Noose." Parisian Apache, not the kind that plays on the Carlisle Indian football team. Betty does other dances also—Columbine, Amazon Maiden, and everything. Teddy (doesn't that sound too queer!) Kosloff, formerly of the Russian Ballet, taught her. We know some nice dances, too, Betty.

\* \* \*

Pola Negri in "The Last Payment" and "The Red Peacock" has arrived via Paramount. Pola hasn't her gang with her in these newest continentalisms. Ordinarily Pola's gang consists of some 10,000 extras. They and the rest of Europe are in Paramount's humdinger of a multiple-feature, "The Mistress of the World."

\* \* \*

"Multiple-feature"—that's a new one, isn't it? Yes, Mrs. Goldfarb, when the same story runs through several feature pictures, that's a "multiple-feature." Like Shaw's "Back to Methuselah."

\* \* \*

"The Mistress of the World" is five pictures of five reels each—all in one.

## STUDIO JOTTINGS

By a Staff Correspondent

On the site of an old mining-camp town of the boom days of the West was erected the town of "Panamint" for Jack Holt's second Paramount starring picture, "While Satan Sleeps," dramatized from Peter B. Kyne's "The Parson of Panamint." Jack is one of the true gentlemen in pictures—he always remembers to tip his cap when he rides past my house every day on his sleek chestnut. Writing ladies like to be remembered by handsome stars even if the h.s.'s are happily married and papa to three children.

\* \* \*

Alice Terry has discarded her beautiful blonde wig for "The Prisoner of Zenda." Personally I like Alice's burnished red-brown hair best.

\* \* \*

Bobby Vernon is making "A Barnyard Cavalier," a costume play, with Viora Daniel in the lead.

\* \* \*

I wouldn't call Viola Dana a "Five Dollar Baby," would you? But that's what she's making now—Irvin S. Cobb's story.

\* \* \*

Harry Myers is getting quite a kick out of Alice Lake's "Kisses"—who wouldn't? But these are the taffy variety and form a clinging substance of her new picture by that name, which has to do with a young lady's ambition in the candy line. Lots of young ladies have candy ambitions!

\* \* \*

Betty Compson, having finished in "The Little Minister," starts soon in "The Noose," in which she plays a girl who leads two lives, one a singer and the other an Apache. My, how that plot does keep up with me! I first heard it at my mother's knee and it has recurred at intervals since—I've begun to think it's one of the inescapable things of life.

\* \* \*

Most of the big scenes of Gareth Hughes' next picture, "Stay Home," will be "shot" in Mexico City.

\* \* \*

Al Christie is considering starring "Laddie," a clever collie dog, and little Jane Hart, who has just passed the first numeral on age's timepiece.

\* \* \*

William Courtleigh is a lamb. I mean he is one of the few Hollywooders who belong to the New York Lambs' Club. He is frolicking with Constance Binney in a new picture.

\* \* \* \*

I wouldn't have believed this either, if I hadn't seen it myself—at the Goldwyn studio, standing on the sidelines watching Reginald Barker directing an emotional scene. Mr. Barker had his ears stuffed with cotton! They say he does it so he can't hear them talk and be influenced by their accents—he wants only the effect on the eyes to register with him. See? I saw. And promptly fainted.

\* \* \*

In October, 1919, Cecil B. De Mille, at Seattle, Washington, wrote a letter to Mrs. Florence Meehan, expert on Oriental life and customs, then in Bangkok, Siam.

In June, 1921, the epistle was delivered to the addressee as she was working for Mr. De Mille in Hollywood. The letter had travelled completely around the world, requiring twenty-one months in the transit. On arriving in California, the face of the envelope was a maze of writing, practically every single inch of its surface being covered with addresses and re-addresses.

\* \* \*

Lots of tourists from Twin Falls and Buffalo have always longed to get into the movies. They had their wish last week—when John Griffith Wray filmed scenes in their local playhouse lobbies for "Jim." My, I'll bet they can hardly wait for the release of the picture to show the folks back home what actors they are! Maybe they'll all sell the old homestead and move to L. A. It's being done every day—the moving, I mean, not the getting into the movies.

\* \* \*

Colleen Moore was estimating a few expenditures yesterday. "Teas for two weeks, \$15; soda fountain drinks, \$20; candy, \$10; bread, 10 cents." That child's mother should get after her, wasting a whole dime that way. "A necessity may be 'the mother of invention,'" she laughed, "but it's not what we pay war tax on."

## Write the Words for a Song

We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication by a New York Music Publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Submit poems on any subject. We examine them free.

BROADWAY STUDIOS, 281 Fitzgerald Building  
Broadway at Times Square New York, N. Y.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Ginger—Niles Welch and Mary Thurman have the leading roles in "The Sin of Martha Queed." No, Mary did not have her hair bobbed at the time. Niles Welch is six feet in height. Oh, yes, Ginger, he is married.

\* \* \*

Fortinbras—Thomas Meighan's latest picture is "A Prince There Was." Quite naturally, he takes the part of the prince. The picture to which you refer is "The Off-Shore Pirate." Viola Dana was the star while Jack Mulhall played opposite her.

\* \* \*

Agnes Valentine—Francis X. Bushman, Harry Carey, Ralph Graves, Charles Ray, Thomas Meighan, Rudolph Valentino, Niles Welch and Charles Meredith are all married. The most popular stars in the unmarried list are Eugene O'Brien, Harold Lloyd, Harrison Ford, Antonio Moreno and Charlie Chaplin. However, we do not know how much longer Charlie Chaplin will remain so. Who knows?

Genevieve Steeple—Katherine MacDonald has two sisters, but no brothers. One sister is known to screen fans as Mary MacLaren and the other one is Miriam MacDonald. Louise Lovely is twenty-five years old. Jackie Coogan is six years old. He has been in vaudeville. He is 3 feet 1 inch in height.

\* \* \*

Maryland—Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres had the leading roles in "The Sheik." Yes, the screen version has been taken from the popular book by George Hall. No, Fox did not handle this picture. It has been released by Paramount.

\* \* \*

Grace D.—I thought that by now everyone knew that Mme. Yalima was not an American by birth. She was born in Yalta, Crimea, Russia. Gloria Swanson has dark red hair and not black. "A Heart to Let" had beautiful Justine Johnson as its star.

\* \* \*

C. L. B.—Yes, Alice Terry and Rex Ingram are married. No, they have not gone to Ireland. Phyllis Haver is twenty-two years old. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Address her at 3924 Wisconsin Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

\* \* \*

A. T.—Charles Ray is in New York at the present time. His latest picture is "R. S. V. P." You might be able to guess what the initials mean by seeing the picture. In it Charlie portrays the role of an artist. His leading lady is Jean Calhoun.

\* \* \*

Sylvia—I Herbert Rawlinson was born in Brighton, England, in 1885. He played opposite Anita Stewart in "Playthings of Destiny." He also has an important role opposite Priscilla Dean in her latest production entitled "Conflict."

\* \* \*

E. Ballen—Jack Mulhall has the important part of leading man for Mabel Normand in her latest production, "Molly O." This production has a splendid cast consisting of Jacqueline Logan, George Nichols, Carl Stockdale, Albert Hackett and Eddie Gribbon.

\* \* \*

Adrian—"One Arabian Night" certainly was an exceptional picture. I quite agree with you. It was Ernst Lubitsch, the great European director, who played the part of the hunchback, and Paul Wegener was the sheik.

\* \* \*

Eileen—Lois Wilson has three sisters, Constance, Roberts and Janice. Peggy Shaw was a Midnight Frolic girl before entering the motion picture world. She is soon to play a leading role in a forthcoming Fox picture.

\* \* \*

Nona—"Breaking Through" is the title of the play in which Wallace MacDonald co-stars with Carmel Myers. Wallace is married to Doris May.

\* \* \*

Mark—Rube De Remer has returned from Europe. You can reach her at 33 West 67th Street, New York City.

\* \* \*

Mabel—Mabel Normand recently finished "Molly O" and has commenced work on her new picture which will be called "Suzanna." Yes, I like slap-stick comedy now and then. There are plenty who do. We're not all high-brows, you know, and even the high-brows find mental relaxation in such entertainment. It is frequently an excellent tonic for the blues.

\* \* \*

Zinzendorf—Anna Q. Nilsson played the lead in "Why Girls Leave Home." She has an important role in "The Lotus Eater" with John Barrymore. Yes, she is married to Guy Combs.

\* \* \*

Bonny—Mac Marsh played the part of Flora, the little sister, in "The Birth of a Nation." She is married to Louis Lee Arms, a newspaper man.



# The \$1000 Contest



**57** This young lady has been starred in her own productions on her last three screen appearances. Before becoming a star in her own right she played leads and second leads with Famous Players, Goldwyn, Triangle, Vitagraph, Robertson-Cole and others. She's a Quaker City girl with brown hair and eyes, and her five feet, three inches bring the scales to 122 pounds.



**58** This man is so well known, so popular, such an excellent actor and has been so long in pictures and on the stage, that it seems absolutely unnecessary to write anything about him. Everyone in this contest should get his name immediately. He has been on the stage with David Warfield. He started his career in a stock company in the city of his birth.



**59** Here's one of the most wholesome young actresses of the screen. She is twenty-five years old, a native of Arkansas, and, unlike most of her screen sisters, had no stage experience before appearing before the camera. She has brown hair and eyes, weighs 128 pounds and is five inches over five feet. Goldwyn, Thomas Ince, World and Essanay are among the companies for whom she has worked.



**60** This determined mouth over this square chin should be easily recognized. Their owner is an excellent actor, recently seen as the hero of an Ethel Clayton picture. He has had far more stage experience than silver sheet work, although he has appeared in Fox, Selznick, Paramount and Goldwyn pictures. On the stage he was with Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore and other famous stars. He was born in Canada.

## RULES FOR CONTEST

*Write your identifications on the coupon to the right.*

**SAVE THE COUPONS UNTIL THE CONTEST ENDS AND THEN SEND THEM ALL IN TOGETHER.**

*Send only the coupons, together with your name and address, and remember, send them all in together, after the contest ends.*

### DO NOT SEND THEM WEEK BY WEEK

*This is for your own benefit, because it gives you the full period to figure out the "stickers."*

*In case of tie full award will be given to each.*

*All answers must be in our office not later than March 1, 1922.*

*Back numbers may be had by sending twelve cents, coins or stamps, to the Circulation Manager, Pantomime, Suite 914, World Building, New York City. Contest began December 3, 1921.*

No. 57 is.....

No. 58 is.....

No. 59 is.....

No. 60 is.....

No. 61 is.....

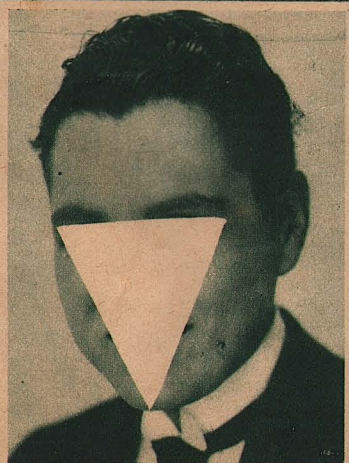
No. 62 is.....

No. 63 is.....

No. 64 is.....



**61** One of the most beautiful women of the screen, the stage did not see this good actress before she took up camera work. Though not yet a star, she threatens daily to become one. You have seen her in some pretty big Goldwyn pictures, as well as First National, Pathé, Paramount and National productions. She is now with Goldwyn. New York State was her birthplace.



**62** This good-looking man (he's from the Middle West, and spent several years on the stage) can now be found on the Goldwyn lot, although he spent a good many years making pictures for Griffith, World, Thannhouser, Paramount and other concerns. He's an excellent leading man. He is six feet in height and weighs 180, as well as the owner of lustrous dark eyes and brown hair.



**63** A pleasing actress of wide experience, this, and mighty easy to look at. Born in Montana and educated in a famous Eastern girls' school, she went on the stage when quite young, appearing in some pretty big productions, including "When We Were Twenty-one." She is an excellent character actress of the better type and, incidentally, a very beautiful blonde.



**64** The stage gave this pleasing leading man to the movies. He's a Southerner, with all the traditional charm of the Southern man. His screen career has been a long one, and he has appeared as the hero of many a splendid romance. He isn't tied up to any one company being a free lance and appearing in many productions. If you saw him in a big special Goldwyn picture of a couple of years ago you'll never forget him.



# Pantomime



Harold Lloyd