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Pantomime

MOVIE

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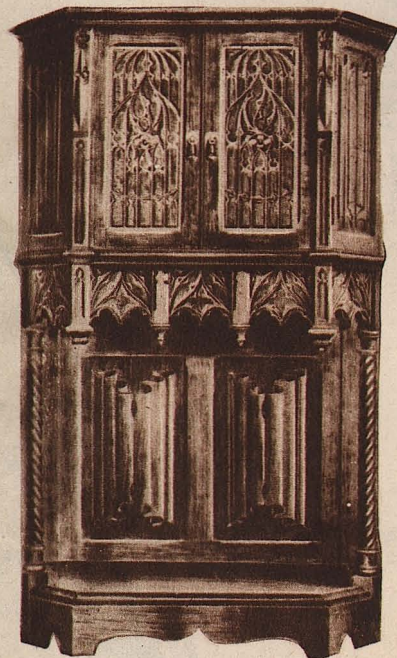
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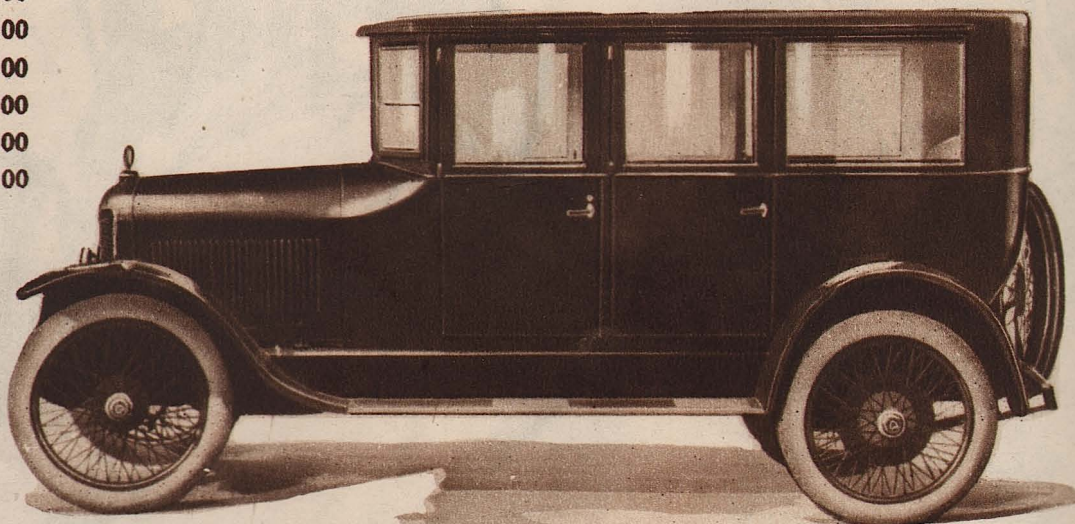
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Number 7
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Published weekly by Movie Topics, Inc.,
1600 Broadway New York City.
President, Murray Lazarus; Secretary and
Treasurer, Albert Singer.

FEBRUARY 18, 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

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1 Before Mae Murray went into the movies, she ran a big Broadway cabaret palace—and before that she was one of Ziegfeld's chorus beauties. But the above portrait typifies Mae as she really is. She has a big country place on Long Island, which she calls "Just Home." You can find her in the garden, like this, most any day in the summer.

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.

WILL H. HAYS, it seems to me, has been engaged to head the united producers and distributors of pictures just in time to save the picture industry from a harmful mess. As a matter of fact, these blind makers of pictures may be a bit late in coming to this action, which they should have come to a good many years ago, for in many parts of the country the exhibitors of motion pictures—the men who conduct the theatres that make it possible for people to spend money to see them—are in a pretty bad way financially.

The men who make pictures, the men who distribute pictures and the men who exhibit the pictures form a trilogy that can't be broken. One can't exist without the other. If the exhibitors can't pay for pictures, the producers won't have money with which to make them, and if the producers can't produce the distributors won't have anything to distribute.

That seems as simple as a yodel's face, but the producers have been years in seeing it. Up to the engagement of Mr. Hays the picture makers have insisted in giving this obvious trilogy a list of complications as involved as a Prohibition's heart. While not generally known to the public who pay the bills, it is nevertheless true that these three chief branches of the industry have stupidly been at outs ever since picture making became the much-vaunted "fifth industry."

To the credit of the exhibitors, the fault, in the main, has lain with the producers. They have gone their own merry way, producing what and when they pleased, without regard to the men who are in touch with the public wants. And also in touch with what the public doesn't want. Hence this epidemic of censors, who belong to the blue nose family that seeks to put a muzzle on life. To this bland and complacent blindness of the producers is also related the general dispute that many attach to the whole motion picture business.

Will Hays, business man, good fellow and first chop politician, is just the man for the job he's going to take early next month. He will weld together links binding in common interest the three branches of motion pictures that made the industry possible. And this is as it should be, for no one branch of the industry can exist without the other. A good many of the theatres in the country have been hard-hit in the past year or so, and some of them are just barely keeping their doors open. There are many factors responsible for their plight, but the most malignant of the lot is the producer. Yes, the producer has been so busy exploiting the exhibitor that it took him years to realize that the process was but the hurling of a boomerang, which is right now hurtling through the air on its return trip. Bad pictures are not the only sin committed by the producer against the exhibitor; for years the producer has been jumping the prices of his films until the exhibitor, in more instances

than are pleasant to contemplate, has been literally brought to the threshold of bankruptcy. There are other evils, too, noticeably the action of some of the biggest producers in establishing chains of theatres in opposition to the houses to which they have for years sold films.

Indeed, Will Hays has his work before him.

SINCE I am on the subject of producer and exhibitor relations, let me pay tribute to Carl Laemmle, industrious and far-seeing president of Universal Pictures. Mr. Laemmle is the only one of the lot of producers who has enough brains to see that the producer can't live if the welfare of the exhibitor is threatened. At any rate, he's the only one who has done anything about it.

Mr. Laemmle has come out with a scare-head advertisement addressed "To exhibitors Who Are Losing Money." He offers:

"Prove to me that you are actually operating at a loss and I will authorize Universal's nearest representative to cut film rentals enough to enable you to at least break even!"

To be sure, Carl Laemmle is no altruist; he knows full well that no one can take advantage of his offer without screening Universal pictures to do so. But, nevertheless, he's the only man in the production field who has so far proven himself intelligent enough and big enough to make it.

* * *

WITH no idea of bringing up unpleasant recollections, we are wondering what caused the vanguard of the German invasion of the infant industry to turn back to Berlin without having accomplished its objective.

Ernst Lubitsch, than whom no one has had a heavier barrage of publicity to herald his approach to this country, has returned to Berlin, and the reams upon reams of written matter about his wonderfulness have ceased.

For once the press agent has failed us—no reason for his unexpected return and abandonment of his visit to Hollywood. But nothing has come forth.

So we wonder if the appearance of Pola Negri in "Her Last Payment" and the reception given her had anything to do with it. Pola is no doubt wonderful, but bereft of the support of the "mobs" which have played a prominent part in all her previous productions, she did not appear to be so far in advance of American players as she had been declared to be. As a matter of cool comment, there are several who aren't even starred, who could give a performance equalling hers.

Possibly this twenty-nine-year-old German, well fed and healthy, coming to this country with an assured fortune ahead of him, was too strongly reminiscent of others who would have been twenty-nine years old, if—
Or maybe he was just homesick.

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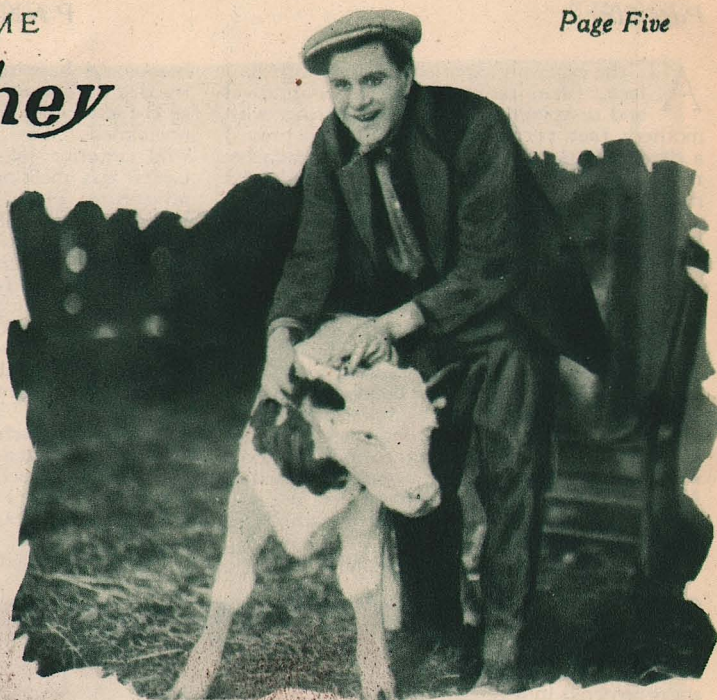
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Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—determines it be-

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

How They Play

Jack Hoxie considers rough riding play as well as work. He gets paid for doing simple little things like this but he also does 'em outside of working hours, just for fun. He's riding "Inuo," his pet, who has probably appeared in more pictures than any other horse in the movies. "Inuo," as you can see, has little respect for the laws of gravitation.



Bert Lytell thinks this is good fun, but we wonder what the poor baby cow thinks. (We wonder if it is a cow!) Bert goes in for "the old farm stuff" when the cameraman's around, but we have a man-sized hunch that the matinee idol never in his life got out of bed in time to feed the stock.

Betty Compson is just as unconcerned in this extremely graceful pose as if she didn't know a camera was anywhere around! Truly, though, Betty thinks it great sport, this cross between an acrobat's stunt and a classical dance, particularly when she can "team up" with such a dance master as Theodore Kosloff.



"I love good music," says Edward Burns, punishing the ivories. "So do I," Marjorie Daw answers, meaningly. And Eddie is still wondering if it was meant for a compliment or an insult. From all indications Eddie throws a mean pair of fingernails at the keys, and shakes a wicked head of hair à la Paderewski.



Who says all the girls in motion pictures are lollypop ladies? Marin Sais (says) (no pun intended, truly!) demonstrates to the contrary. This California girl is one of the most enthusiastic, not to say expert, horsewomen in Pantomime-land. There's a reason. She's Jack Hoxie's wife.



ALL the eager anticipation went out of Alix's face. Clem frankly voiced her disapproval and disappointment. Mrs. Lansing, with motherly tact, tried to make excuses. It proved a dreary dinner. Alix, on plea of a headache, retired early. But she could not sleep. She did not even undress. She felt faint and dizzy. Over and over the thought kept racing through her brain: where had Gerry gone? Why didn't he come home? She listened tensely for the sound of a key in the door. The hours slipped by. Wearily she rose to prepare for bed. It was long after midnight. Suddenly she felt faint—everything turned black.

When morning came Mrs. Lansing found Alix unconscious on the floor of her boudoir. A doctor was hastily summoned. A few questions to Alix, who had recovered from her faint, then the doctor asked Mrs. Lansing to come into the next room with him. When the elder woman returned to Alix after the doctor's departure her face was beaming. She stooped and tenderly whispered to Alix.

Instantly Alix' listless face was all aglow.

"Oh, Oh Mother, when Gerry knows, he will come back," she murmured happily.

"He must come back," she whispered in a tender tone. "Mother—take me to Red Hill. I want to go home."

And so Alix, gay butterfly though she had been, answered unerringly the call of home and let its soothing peace envelop her when she found she was to face woman's most critical hour. She wanted her baby born in that serene atmosphere at Red Hill.

For a time her hope kept up. Each day she felt that Gerry might be with her before sundown. Eagerly she watched for the daily mail.

But as time went on and not a word came from her husband, her courage died. It seemed at times that the very strength of her longing and love must reach him wherever he might be and bring him back to her.

AND in the little seaport town of Cuerta, Peru, Gerry Lansing, because of a letter just received, was seeking to cut himself still more completely adrift from those who loved him at Red Hill.

The letter was from Alan, stating that Alix no longer loved him and that if Gerry would not contest a divorce his wife would be free to marry Alan within three months. This, of course, was mere deceit and treachery on Alan's part. He could not bear the thought of giving Alix up, even after her amazing leap from the train.

It was just by chance that Alan learned through Gerry's lawyer that he had gone to South America, but that his address was unknown. By writing him in care of various consuls Alan was able to reach him.

The consul at Cuerta was used to seeing men of mystery drift for a few brief days into the glaring little town with its red tiled roofs, its eternally swaying palms and its thatched huts. Often they disappeared and nothing was ever heard of them again. From the half-drugged state in which he usually sought to forget his present existence, the consul sympathetically watched this new visitor tear up the letter, then curtly state that he was leaving town and would leave no forwarding address.

The consul shook his head after Gerry was gone. No home—no home. The consul was almost moved to tears; then he thought better of it and took another drink.

It was some days after Gerry had gone off into the wilderness, leaving no address that the letter from Alix which would have changed the whole of life for him and brought him back to

home and happiness arrived at the consul's office.

The letter was returned unclaimed. Far in the wild interior of Peru, Gerry was meeting with adventure which swept his life into strange channels. Dangerous ones, too!

Drifting down the broad river in a canoe, he little cared what the ultimate end of his journey might be. And it came near being the definite end of all things for Gerry. Before he knew it, the light canoe swung into treacherous rapids heading for the falls. Over it went and Gerry found himself fighting for his life in the mad swirling waters. Then suddenly from a piece of the bank which jutted out into the stream some one reached a bough and pulled him ashore.

He found himself confronting a girl, a young, slim, brown girl. He learned, after he had recovered from his unexpected plunge, that her name was Margarita.

He accompanied her back to the run-down

The Call of Home

Fictionized by permission of R-C Pictures. From the scenario by Eve Unsell, and adapted from the novel, "Home," by George Agnew Chamberlain.

his host that he should make Margarita his wife. "She is madly in love with you. It would kill her to have you leave," the padre said.

Bitter thoughts of Alix surged through Gerry's mind.

"If you do not contest the divorce, in three months we can marry," Alan had written. The three months were already past. Why not give his life to Margarita, since there was nothing left to him of his old happy existence. Besides, he owed her much for saving his life. That remnant of his life she had salvaged was hers by right—if she wanted it.

And so Gerry and Margarita were married to the accompaniment of much feasting and dancing by the servants and the smiles of the old padre.

* * *

AND far to the North Alix, now the mother of a baby boy, had gently been told the news of the finding of the overturned canoe and Gerry's coat with identifying letters in the pockets found on the bank. Still Alix would not believe he was dead.

"Please don't pity me," she said. "I don't believe Gerry is dead."

The weeping mother and Clem, however, could not restrain their tears.

And one day Alix was startled by an unwelcome visitor. It was Alan, overcome by remorse after all these months when he heard that Gerry was dead and that Alix still clung to the belief he was alive.

"Why are you here?" said Alix, white to the lips. Alan sank to his knees in front of her.

"To tell you I am to



"A man without a country is bad—but a man without a home

ranch which she occupied with a few servants. He found himself in a comfortable, rambling old adobe house. Margarita and the old women servants treated him as though he were a lord.

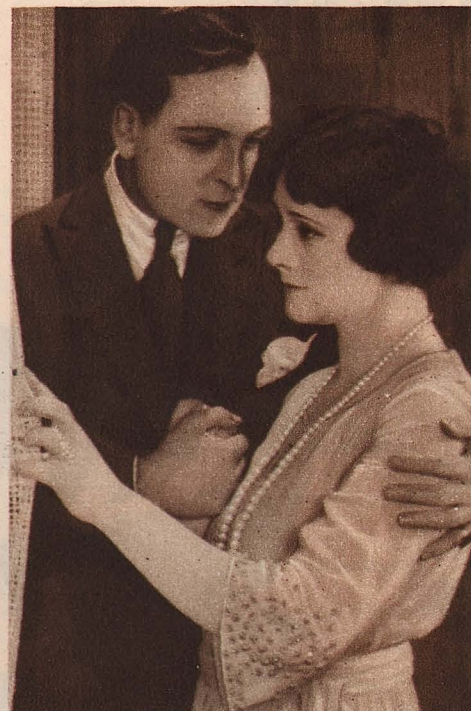
Unresisting, Gerry sank into the lazy new life offered him. The old Gerry was dead. The new Gerry had shaken off bonds of convention which it had taken generations to forge. Days of basking in the sunshine, the companionship of this slim, brown, adoring-eyed maid of another race made up his days now.

One day as they sat on a hillside overlooking the plains, Margarita told him: "This land my parents left me was once fertile, but the river bed changed."

A spark of his old ambitions, relic of the time when he studied to become a civil engineer, stirred in Gerry.

"Perhaps I can repay you for saving me, Margarita. I believe I can reclaim your land—at least I can dig ditches," he said. The girl was wild with delight. She was confident this new god from strange lands could work miracles. And in the reclamation of the waste land Gerry's knowledge of engineering indeed stood him in good stead. Sluice gates were built to divert the river into a new channel. Landers and Kemp, two Americans engaged in cattle raising in South America, seeing the wonders worked by the irrigation ditch, offered to pay Margarita a good sum for the privilege of pasturing their cattle on her land.

Closer and closer the net of the new life enclosed Gerry. One day the visiting padre came to the ranch. He and Gerry had a long talk. At the conclusion of it the padre had convinced



Gerry Lansing was "home" at last.

THE CALL OF HOME

An R-C Picture

Cast

Alan Wayne	Leon Bary
Alix Lansing	Irene Rich
Gerry Lansing	Ramsey Wallace
Gerry's mother	Margaret Mann
Clem	Jobyna Ralston
Nancy Wayne	Genevieve Blinn
Captain Wayne	Wadsworth Harris
Butler	James O. Barrows
Kemp	Carl Stockdale
Lieber	Emmet King
Margarita	Norma Nichols
Priest	Sidney Franklin
Consul	Harry Lonsdale

blame, even more than you know. I wrote Gerry that you didn't want him back—that we—

Alix' thin white hands went to her throat as though the emotion aroused by his words was more than she could bear. She dropped limply into a chair. Alan was beside himself with misery and remorse.

"I feel that Gerry is alive—I know it," said Alix, solemnly, her eyes staring into space and almost unconscious of the kneeling man before her.

"I was the one to blame," moaned Alan. "I'll stop at nothing to find him—"

Suddenly Alix turned to him, her face alight. "Bring him back to me, Alan," she said. "Solemnly, as though taking a sacred oath, he lifted a fold of her white dress to his lips—then he arose and without another word was gone. Alix gathered the baby up in her arms.

"He will bring Gerry back to us," she whispered, that light of faith which comes to women's souls in hours of darkest trials, shining in her face.

* * *

LIFE in the desolate ranch with Margarita soon drove Gerry to more and more seek the companionship of Kemp and Landers, the cattlemen. The three were drawn together by a common bond—their loneliness.

One day Kemp sat moodily staring at a picture of a grey-haired woman before a well-kept home. "It's no use, though," he said, shaking his head. "I was framed and they'd get me the day I set

foot on the home shore. Gentlemen, I tell you a man without a country is in a bad way, but a man without a home—"

He rolled a cigarette so savagely that it broke in the making. Throwing it aside contemptuously, he took a chew of tobacco instead. From the porch outside came the melancholy tones of Landers singing to the accompaniment of his guitar:

*"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."*

Silently the two men looked at each other. To Gerry it seemed that the memories of his lost home and lost love were almost more than he could bear. But an unexpected diversion broke in on his brooding.

It had been raining heavily all afternoon. They heard Landers' feet come down with a thump and the singing stopped. Then the door opened and two men entered carrying a limp figure.

"We found him in the swamp," they said. "Fever."

The sick man was muttering and throwing his arms about. They laid him on a bed.

"It is still raining up in the mountains," Kemp said. "This afternoon the river was rising. I guess from what these men say we had better be getting the cattle up from the lowlands. You stay with the sick man" (addressing Gerry).

They were gone and Gerry was alone with the muddled, unshaven man on the bed. He was calling for water. With the intention of giving him some Gerry lifted up his head, then he started back with an oath. Alan! Rage, unchecked by Alan's pitiful condition, mounted in Gerry. His strong hands ached to choke the breath out of that inert body. He clenched his teeth and glared at the sick man. Once his hands closed round his throat—then he let him drop. Alan, unconscious, continued to moan.

At last Gerry's better nature triumphed. He got some medicine and poured it down Alan's throat. Slowly the latter opened his eyes. Gerry leaned forward tensely.

"Where is Alix? What did you do with her?" he demanded in terrible tones. Slowly Alan raised his heavy lids and stared at the man beside him. He lifted one hand weakly.

"I remember now—that's why I'm here," he whispered. "She didn't run away with me. That letter I wrote you was a lie. She's home waiting for you—she and the boy."

For a moment Gerry stared at him, afraid to believe what he heard. Alix still his, still waiting—It was too good to be true. His mind groped amazedly to this new revelation of things. And what was that about a boy? Alan repeated it.

"You will go back to them—now?"



"The letter I wrote you was a lie," Alan whispered"

Then suddenly remembrance—bleak, unpromising—came to blot out the radiance of Gerry's new-found joy. Margarita. Slowly he shook his head. Heavily he arose and went outdoors. His horse, already saddled, was waiting. He mounted and rode down the lane. Before he turned into the main road he was met by two excited natives.

"Cloud burst. Flood coming down valley," they shouted. The need for immediate action was a life-saver for Gerry. He whipped up his horse and flew away. His one thought was to close the sluice gates and hold the waters back until the villagers were safe.

Now he could see the flood, a vast, swirling mass of water sweeping implacably onward. Now he could see the big sluice gates ahead of him. If he could only reach them and close them before the waters struck them! He flung himself from his horse and rushed out upon the gates. He grasped the wheel and commenced to turn. Obediently the big steel and concrete structure began to move, to close—The onward rush of the waters was within five hundred yards.

Suddenly Gerry, pulling with all his strength at the wheel, saw a woman, a shawl fluttering wildly behind her, rush out from the bank and into the very path of the oncoming waters. It was Margarita.

Gerry groaned aloud with the horror of it. That wistful, fragile little wisp of femininity against that implacable wall of muddy water! It caught her when she was half way across. A momentary flash of the red shawl—she was gone.

* * *

THE way to Alix was now clear. But, should he tell her—all? On the way back to the Stateshe struggled hourly with the problem.

It was almost dusk when Gerry turned in at the gate of the old homestead and rang the bell. The old butler answered it. At sight of the joy which lit up that carefully impassive old face, Gerry almost broke down.

A moment later he was in his mother's arms. Then he turned and saw his wife.

Gerry was the first to speak.

Bluntly, sparing himself nothing, he told the whole story. Alix listened quietly. Gerry looked at her pleadingly.

"Still she did not speak. With a sigh Gerry turned and was about to leave the room when she stopped him.

"Our boy is asleep—in there," she said softly. With swift, eager strides Gerry was in the bedroom, kneeling by the crib. Finally he rose and blindly stumbled toward the door.

"Gerry!" Just that single word, but it held the old love note. Quickly she was in his arms. Gerry Lansing was "home" at last.

(The End)



Face to face with woman's most critical hour, Alix answered the call of home.

The Falls and Rise of Harold Lloyd

By Joe Reddy

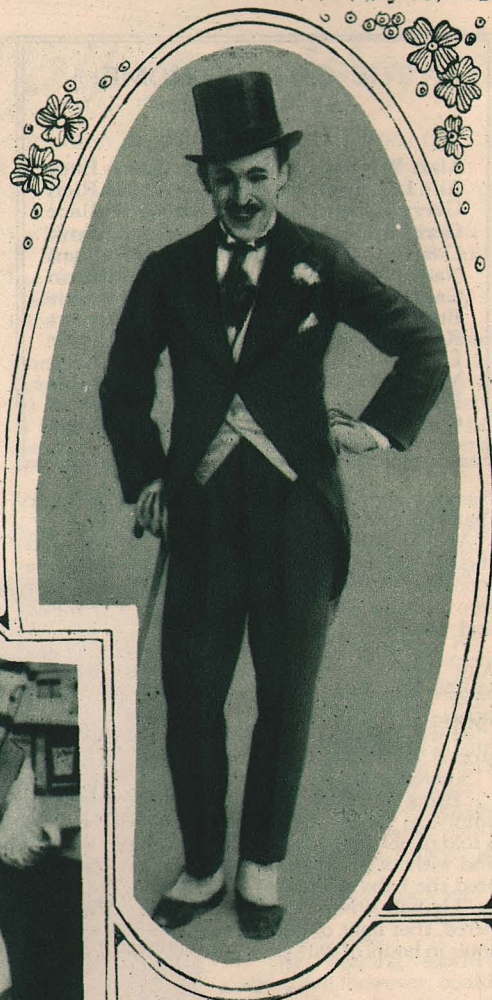
HAROLD LLOYD was always an actor, his love for the stage as for a land of enchantment dating back to his knickerbocker days when, with the youth of the neighborhood, he put on his own shows. So his greatest impressions of places are concerned with those where the footlights burned brightest for him.

He was born in Pawnee County, Nebraska, of Scotch, English and Welsh ancestry; but his memory of the little town where his father was in the mercantile business is dim. For at the age of three years he accompanied his family to Denver. Here he remained during the grammar school period, finishing most of the elementary branches of his studies though school wasn't the all-absorbing interest in his life. He declares he always had a "show and circus disposition" and his father, J. D. Lloyd, agrees with the statement.

"Harold never had any other thought than that he would be an actor," says the latter, who conscientiously racked his memory to see if he could recall any moment in the comedian's life when he expressed the desire to be anything else. Had his father uttered any prophecies about the son at the early period of his life, they would not have been connected with comedy, for Harold loved to read the thrilling tales of American history connected with the winning of the West. That love was fed by his father, who used to read aloud the lives of Sam Houston, Daniel Boone, and the early Spanish explorers.

So Harold's imagination blazed with doughty deeds and his boyish pencil transcribed them into plays which were enacted by himself and friends. He was probably the first to exploit Western drama, for everything that he wrote and everything in which he appeared in leading role at the age of nine years and thereabouts had the Western flavor.

Harold Lloyd was blessed with sympathetic parents, who encouraged his interest in acting and sanctioned the use of the basement in the Omaha house to be turned into a theatre and the back yard into a Wild West Circus ground. No punishment was administered when depressions occurred in "spots" in the upholstered furniture where the youthful actors had burrowed for the "makings" of curly hair and moustaches.



"Lonesome Luke" dressed up. This is the first character espoused by Lloyd.



This is a scene from a Lloyd single-reeler, which followed his adapting of the horn-rimmed spectacles. The girl is Bebe Daniels.

Harold having the lead as "Jack Dalton, the meanest cow boy of the West," while one of the parts is that of "Sal, a cow boy girl!" The three acts take place in a "saloon" in "Dead Gulch, Colo."

Real money was charged for the play, three cents for the first row, two cents for the second and one cent for the third. Most of the audience was in the third row.

Harold's father, who has seen the comedian in everything he has done, remembers that play as vividly as he does the comedian's present-day successes. The curtain goes up, according to the father's narrative, showing big-hearted Jim, the saloon keeper and "Happy Holiday," bar tender, dishing out tea to "Tenderfoot Bert," while Joe Luck, the card shark, and Tom Morton played poker. Upon this scene enters Harold as "Jack Dalton," gun on his hip, which he whips out when he spies the tenderfoot and exclaims, "Dance, you tenderfoot!"

Exciting scenes follow, including the kidnapping of the leading lady, the wild chase of cow boys graphically portrayed by Harold back stage pounding in imitation of horses galloping by. There was the thrilling last act when Harold enters in time to save the heroine, and plans to shoot the villainess in the wrist, as she is standing over the fair "Helen," about to stab her in jealous rage with a paper knife.

No shot came, for the paper cap refused to work at this juncture, but Harold's hoarse whisper did, imploring the villainess to drop the dagger and pretend she was shot. She acted promptly on the suggestion, dropped the dagger, clutched her wrist and staggered back, while the audience roared with laughter.

At this youthful period of his life, Harold Lloyd was as resourceful in the "business world" as he was in staging his plays. Always busy at something, he entered the labor procession at the age of ten years, earning his first money by selling popcorn. The transaction was a matter of thought and planning, Harold contracting for the corn by the sack. He did his own popping and filling the bags and his own selling, his "beat" being a train that pulled out of Omaha about 6 p. m. on which he dispensed his wares, so that school was not neglected. The comedian today alludes to his boyish industry with no apologies, explaining:

"It was not just a 'business endeavor' and the cleaning up daily of about \$2.50, a pretty good sum of money for a youngster; but the valuable opportunity it afforded of coming in contact with the public. There is no better place, to my way of thinking, of studying 'types,' than on a train. With only one ambition in my mind—to become an actor—I was consciously absorbing those 'types' and storing them away for future reference.

"Then I loitered in the railroad yards when my work was finished, for trains have always had a fascination for me from the construction standpoint, as well as the passengers carried on them. I was training power of observation that came in handy in after years. Trains have figured in several of my comedies, and I know the action was 'put over better' because I could draw on actual experiences so as to create the illusion of reality for which I strive in my pictures. I learned that independent feeling of having a bank account and drawing upon it for my needs, and so being a useful factor in society."

(To be continued)

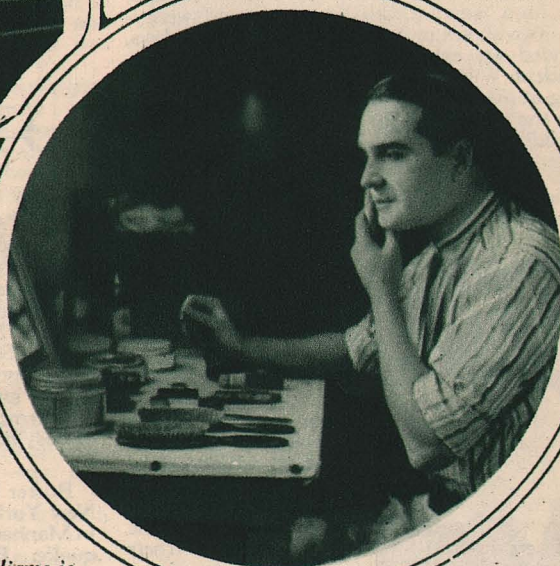


He laughs with his whole heart.

Outside The Studio



If beauty is poetry, here's a poem, sure enough. Constance Binney and Jack Mulhall were seen by the cameraman as they were canoeing in one of the many beautiful lakes in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. Behind them is the famous "portals of the past," the only standing remembrance of one of San Francisco's wealthy homes destroyed in the great fire of 1906.



Earle Williams is a pretty good-looking fellow, but he has to "make up," none the less. So, girls, cheer up. Take a lesson from Earle in the art of applying the powder and paint, to "make beauty what 'tain't." Earle, like most chaps of his profession, is a bear cat with the rabbit's foot.



We almost had to enlarge the page to get this picture in. On the right, reading from top to bottom, is Joe Roberts. Under his ponderous right arm is "The Mrs.," who used to be his vaudeville partner, and then comes Joe Jr., the real boss of the family.

Girls, let this be a lesson to you! Be careful to whom you send your billet doux. Note Eddie Lyons, here, opening his "fan" mail with the assistance of Friend Wife (his leading woman on the screen, under the name of Virginia Kirtley). Mrs. Wife seems to be asking an embarrassing question.



No, this can't be taken as bona fide evidence that Alice Calhoun sleeps in such an undainty arrangement as she is seen in here. Indeed, no. This is just a special pose. The dainty Alice is not so public about it when she goes to bed in real earnest.

Pantomime Paragraphs

By Myrtle Gebhart



CHARLES RAY showed considerable speed, for a "small-town feller." He saw twenty-two shows in New York in as many days, attended art exhibits, met the President, ex-President Wilson, a couple of governors and a string of mayors. He had to take one day off to learn the language they speak in Boston. Then he "did" the South in a hop-skip-and-jump.

May Allison has sold her lovely Beverly Hills home for \$50,000 cash.



Lloyd Hughes took six months off to grow a beard.

What with lady-fan-mail, divorces, picture-work and relatives, Rudolph Valentino is having a busy time. Only he can't "see" the relationship some claim to him. One chap insists he is Rudy's brother, apparently not knowing that Valentino is a stage-name!

Look what the movies are doing to "the best sellers." Authors often carp because the titles of their novels are changed in their screening—but here's "The Quarry," produced under the name of "The City of Silent Men," and now, in its late editions, adopting the screen-title as better known!

Robertson-Cole is a regular bee-hive of industry, with Pauline Frederick commencing "The Glory of Clementina," and Doris May and Sessue Hayakawa starting new pictures. Doris will be titled, "Gay and Devilish." The person who thinks up the titles for Doris' pictures should be given the tissue one-piece—remember "The Foolish Age" and "Eden and Return" and "Boy Crazy"?

Katherine MacDonald, having survived a birthday and finished "Domestic Relations," is now preparing to expose "White Shoulders." My, how titles progress!

I watched them making some "rags" for a poor child to wear out at the Goldwyn studio. They didn't cut holes in the garments, for they would still look too "new." They ground the clothes on a wet stone, dusted with fine soil. The result was quite realistic.

These are the only New Year's resolutions I came across:

Tony Moreno—I swear I'll marry a lady income tax collector.

Bill Hart—I swear I'll never be single again.

Robert Gordon—I swear I'll have seven umbrellas next year at this time.

Will Rogers—I don't swear.

Lige Conley, comedian with Jack White, found a tag attached to the steering wheel of his car. "Pinched," he groaned, and shoved the card into his pocket. Next day he appeared—possibly through habit—at the police-station. And found no complaint against him. Drawing the card from his pocket, he discovered it was an advertisement from a local tire company!

Claire Adams has a new way to reduce. "Play in a Zane Grey story," she says. "Stout ladies should try getting off and on a horse a hundred times a day, let themselves be tied to a horse and be dragged several feet on a cliff overlooking a canyon 12,000 feet below." But maybe the Stout Sisters' Society would rather keep their surplus avoirdupois! Miss Adams tells me she is under weight and drinks real cream every morning in an attempt to regain it. Climbing onto the decks of busy horses must be remunerative, anyway!

Buster Keaton has sent a bunch of "cops" to New York. Perhaps Buster aims to stop crime in Manhattan? No, it's his latest two-reel mirthquake. Buster believes that old adage, "Keep something seven years and you'll have use for it again." He invaded some older producer's sanctum and pulled the old reliable comedy-cops off the shelf.

Rupert Hughes will return soon to commence his second personally directed story, "The Bitterness of Sweet." He writes continuities, directs, sub-titles and edits. All he needs do now when he wants to kill time is to star.

They were filming a scene in a newspaper "city room" for Mary Miles Minter's picture. To make sure that these scenes were technically correct, the entire scenario and publicity departments, all ex-news hounds, turned out for criticism. Then they asked my opinion—me happening to be the only ex-sob-sister around. I told 'em everything was there except the cuspidors—in the newspaper office where I used to prod a useless typewriter there were more of those darn things than there were reporters. But the fil-lums are getting more up-to-date—maybe some day they'll train the newspaper offices to doll all up like the sobbing sisterhood would like to fix 'em.



Helene Chadwick is in a "surgical" picture.

All Hollywood is agog over the report that Jeanie MacPherson got herself arrested in a mid-Western city for petty larceny and spent five days in prison, to obtain "inside" information about that life so as to incorporate it in her scenario, "Manslaughter," which Cecil B. DeMille will film. The story has to do with a society girl who saves her soul—and the plot—in a "prison-reformation."

Jack Mulhall and Evelyn X. Winans were married the other day. She has won a number of beauty contests and is popular in the film colony.

"I've escaped the snow!" cried Constance Talmadge in New York, boarding the train for California. And as soon as she got settled here her director took her and her company up in the San Bernardino Mountains on location and they got snowed in!

Ben Turpin has turned motorman. He's running a dilapidated old horse trolley car in a jerk-water town. But the whole township—car and all—was built on the Sennett "lot." It's for "The Robin's Nest."

A while back Hope Hampton said she'd "never go West." But Hopie must have heard that there were lots of little pebbles on the beach out here getting their names in the papers with every tide. Anyway, they say she's coming out here soon to make a picture. So's Alice Brady—another of those dyed-in-the-wool Gothamites who think Indiana the limits of civilization.



They all fall, sooner or later. Conway Tearle, another Manhattan ballyhooper, is coming to play opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Duchess of Langeais," joining Harrison Ford and Kenneth Harlan in the Talmadge garden of leading-men.

I've always wanted to see inside a coal mine. And I did. Only, there was no coal at home. It was one of those sham affairs they had "dug" out of the Universal "lot"—you'd be surprised at the things you can get out of that "U" lot if you just keep digging; why, one day somebody even discovered they were sitting pretty on a river! The "mine" is for Priscilla Dean to play with in "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

Cleo Ridgeley, once a star in her own right and co-starred with Wallace Reid in Paramount Pictures of a few years ago, and Florence Roberts, noted stage star, are supporting Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker." Miss Roberts starred "on the boards" in "Sapho," "Zaza," "Strength of the Weak," and "The Eternal Magdalene." She is a very charming woman, poised, still beautiful in a calm, plastic way, and one is glad that her talents again will be given expression. It is pleasurable, too, to welcome back Cleo Ridgeley, who was, if I mistake me not, about the first film-lady to expose her back in the vamping business. Constance Binney is wearing her clothes again—she's been dramatizing around in her "nightie" for scenes in this story of sonambulism for several weeks and says it's a relief to put on a dress again.

Bebe Daniels has completed "A Game Chicken" and is enjoying her first vacation in eighteen months. Her grandmother, who suffered a slight injury in an accident a while back, is getting along nicely.

Playing in the movies has its advantages. Wanda Hawley is having the time of her innocent young life learning how to gamble. Scenes for "The Truthful Liar," Will Payne's story, occur in a fashionable New York gambling club. The "set" has roulette wheels, "African golf" cubes and those plushy, felt-covered tables that soften the click of the "galloping dominoes." I attended one of their "soirees," or whatever you call 'em, and lost two Canadian dimes—which the prop man later returned to me in disgust.

Gowns, Then and Now

By Eugene Clifford



Norma Talmadge and Harrison Ford in modern garb.

IF you happen to have some man friend of your acquaintance who loves to tell you that "women are not what they were in Grandmother's time," and who sighs for the good old days when Milady didn't have an ambition in the world except to stay home and cook, and sew, and raise a family, I'd suggest that you show him these two pictures.

Not that the one on the right looks so doggone bad. Not on your suffrage amendment!

But granting everything that's nice about the old-fashioned scene, the fact remains that the lady on the left looks considerably more nifty.

The foregoing, of course, refers only to clothes.

As a matter of fact, according to all we can learn on the subject, clothes are the only real difference between the gurls of the crinoline days, and those of today.

The scribe who ticks out these lines happens to live in wicked New York—but he hails originally from the Southland, where womanhood is generally conceded to be just about as purely feminine as is. And down there, even back in the mid-Victorian days, we have it on reliable authority that the girls were just as devilish and tantalizing as they are today. Mebbe they didn't show quite so much ankle—but they threw just as wicked an eye!

And it might be submitted that a neat ankle doesn't hurt a soulful eye one bit!

According to Norma Talmadge, who is portraying both gowns here, the tightly compressed waist and hoop-skirt of the bygone generation is all through, for keeps. She admits there is a strong attempt to resurrect it—but she says it simply can't be done. For, in order to reconstruct her modern figure into the lines of the sixties, Norma had to devote two solid weeks to the task of getting rid of twelve pounds. And the little star never weighed more than 115 pounds in her life, at that!



Norma and Wyndham Standing in the garb of Grandma's day.

Countess Helga, of Hollywood

By Ann Joyce

DEMOCRATIC though we think we be, we have our royalty, garbed in precious silks and satins of Old World splendor. To them we point with pride, for they epitomize the artistic growth of our industry and its accuracy of historical interpretation. And when the gentlemen who run those rubber-neck wagons pass a certain modest bungalow tucked away on a shady by-street of colorful Hollywood, they might truthfully say, "On your right," la-dies and gents, behold the home of that there Countess Hel-ga!"

Then, likely as not, the *Countess Helga* herself would appear at the door in modest gingham house-frock, armed with a broom, and, instead of waiting for legions of cavaliers to do her bidding, would swing a good right arm—an exceedingly lovely arm, methinks—removing the dirt from the tiny front porch. Which would put a puncture in the rubber-neck-gentleman's grandiloquent speech about our royalty.

Howsomever—à la Ring Lardner literature—our little *Countess* dons her regal robes but briefly, for a few hours' triumphant pageant in visionary lands of Make Believe, and, when the day's work is done, passes up the jeweled splendor of a mythical court in favor of the house-frock and the broom.

The *Countess Helga* in private life—which means when the camera's not looking—is Lois Lee, latest "discovery" of Rex Ingram. She is a demure little person, whose brunette beauty is poetically expressed in the swirling silks and golden laces that the royal ladies



In private life she is Lois Lee, Rex Ingram's latest discovery

wear in the court of Ruritania—I trust my memory serves me right!—that mythical province whose folk people the Anthony Hope novel, "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Lois was an "extra" I believe, though she may have done "bits" before. The part she plays in Rex Ingram's mammoth production is the first big opportunity that has come her way. She is a quiet little thing, with a kind of sparkle hidden away down inside, if you know what I mean—the sort who doesn't effervesce but has to be drawn out, the kind of personality that intrigues you into wanting to know more of it. Her work in "The Prisoner of Zenda" has earned her the rôle opposite Gareth Hughes in "Don't Write Letters," a comedy-drama in which Our Hero overseas has a French sweetheart and a home-brand and the two don't mix, though the letters do.

So it would seem that royalty is about to lose another beautiful member. But this one won't make for Switzerland. For *Countess Helga* of Hollywood is going to stay right here, even if they do take her title away from her when the picture is finished, and play love-making with Gareth Hughes. And after that—the future looks very bright for lovely little Lois Lee. She has made up her mind to keep right on climbing up and up until she plays with the stars and leases a place for herself in their very own firmament.

Eustace Yodels Again

Being a few more pearls of wisdom from the Office Boy



Not Eustace—not much prettier either!

WELL, you know it takes all kinds of people to make a world. But I'll be darned if you ever find it out till you have a job like mine.

You see, it wuz like dis: Last nite I made up my mind I'd take a squint at whattad been goin' on 'roun' dis place, so when dey all goes home I

gits de waste basket out on de floor and wotche t'ink I foun' it? Dey wuz a letter in dere from de Blond Lady wot ain't on de callin' list of de Boss's wife. Dis ain't de foist one I've foun' from her but was it mushy? Oh boy! That letter sure would make a mess in his fambly if fren' wife gits a look at it.

It's lots uv fun readin' dese letters. Dere wuz one frum 'nuther jane—a long un—and wot yuh t'ink it wuz about? You'd never guess, so I may as well tell yuh—well—it seems she'd read all about de \$22,000.00 subscription race and wuz madder'n a hatter. She wanted to know what business de Boss had givin' away six Elk-Hart cars and not rememberin' her? Crust? Huh, sumpin' awful—t'ink of de cheek on her!

De stuff got sicknin' after reading about a half dozen and I wuz gittin' hungry, so I gives de basket a kick. Dere wuz a pitcher rolled out on de floor wot looks like me. Maybe you'd like to see it, but if yuh wouldn't it don't make no difference—I'm goin' to give it to the printer to print wid dis page. Of course if yuh don't like it yuh don't haf to look at it, and me, not knowin' if yuh like it er not, ain't goin' to worry much if yuh say it's punk.

Funny how diffrent t'ings hit diffrent people. Have yuh read dat page about de \$22,000.00 prize offer? Well, on dat page dey's a reader's kupon—good for thoity votes.

Well, some guy out in Milwaukee rites in dat he has six of dem kupon and if PANTOMIME will giv im a receipt for dem he'll send 'em in—said he wuz afeard he'd forgit how many votes he had if he didn't have sumpin' to show fer 'em.

Dey wuz 'nuther letter dere wantin' to know if de Pathe Phonographs had foundations. Dat wuz a puzzler! I got a headache tryin' to figger it out before me brain giv a jerk and I decided to ast Sam—dat's me Pal—to pull de collégé stuff on dis letter and gimme de dope. You know Sam knows lots uv t'ings, more'n lots uv fellers ever does—and wot he don't know he's got frens wot does—he's got lots of frens he met at college—his daddy's de janitor in one—

Sam knowd right away wot it wuz. Says he: "Dey means a machine wot stands on de floor wid its own feet, wid a coop fer de jazz below de music. De Boss rote him dat all de music boxes has foundations.

But de funniest t'ing of all wuz a guy wot ast if he sent in a subscription would it count 3,000 votes fer Cox. I thot de cuckoo wuz cracked, but after I read de rest uv de letter I foun' dey wuz a swell fren uv his livin' in Cleveland named Cox and he wanted to send in subscriptions so's to help him git a prize, but he thought he ought to know foist wot'd git de votes.

Dey wuz another one dere frum a dame wot said she had \$30.00 fer six subscriptions and would like to know if she kin send 'em C. O. D. fer a five-dollar gold piece alike on both sides—said she'd read dey wuz makin' 'em dat way in New York. I couldn't stop wen I read dat. I beat it right over to de file to see wot de Boss's anser wuz. He says: "Sorry, Madam, but de people who made 'em dat way has moved to Atlanta and we can't give you their cell number."



Raymond McKee and his three prized possessions: his home, his dog and his car. He may soon add another possession to this collection—Frances White

Lots and lots of de letters wanted to know why de Boss didn't publish de names of de vote getters, so I guess dat's de reason dey's puttin' 'em in now.

I told yuh dis is a funny woild, and it sure is. My Boss raves and gits red in de face, when t'ings don't shove 'long de way he t'inks dey oughter, but he's a prince, too, sometimes. De other day he says: "Eustace, you ain't much fer intelligence, but you're faithful. Here's a ticket to the auto show. Go over and tell me what you think of de cars like de ones we're goin' to giv away."

Did I go? I beats it over there and looked 'em all over, but soon's I found where them Crow-Elkhart cars wuz I didn't go any further. There they wuz—all shined up. They wuz a mob uv people 'roun' 'em, some buyin' 'em and some wot didn't have de cush, wishin' they could buy 'em. If them wot didn't have de cush hadda knowd how easy it is to git one, they wouldn't uv had to stan' dere wishin'. Just cuttin' a few Kupons and gittin' a few frens to give 'em some subscriptions.

Dey's been 'a' lots of wise guys goin' 'roun' de country claimin' to know all about wimmin. Take dis guy wot cum here lately. He had a big crowd flockin' to hear 'im. Bet dem wimmin laughed in dere sleeves! T'ink of a man wot tells a woman wot it feels like to be a mother!

My boss tinks he knows all about wimmin—him bein' in de business wot mixes him up wid de movie actresses. The wiser dey are de harder dey fall!

Wen a guy buys hootch wot already belongs to 'im—well den, somebody ain't smart 'nuf to take no prizes. De Boss's wife is one o' dem wimmin wot knows t'ings.

But he ain't got no right to be so tight wid his money. De missus wanted some coin. A bootleggin' feller cum to dere house to sell de Boss some liquor. He wusn't home. Fren wife says: "We don't need none, they's lots in de cellar wot we had before men like you went into business. Dat guy knowd it must be real stuff and says: "Want to sell some of it?"

"Surest t'ing," she tole 'im. He got away wid about six quarts of ole Scotch wot Rockefeller 'ud put a padlock on.

I wouldn't a knowd about it only de guy cums right down and says to de Boss somethin' 'bout "Six Quarts." All de doors wuz shut tight and I couldn't tell wot it wuz all about.

I seen de guy leavin' de office wid a wad big enough to keep him outta jail if de dry officers got 'im. I knowd somethin'd happened.

De story leaks out, de Boss gettin' it frum de bootblack down de hall. He says to de Boss: "Hear 'bout de guy who bought booze wot had cum out'n his own cellar?"

"No, who wuz he?" "Dey wuz a bootlegger here got, shined and tole me Bamum wuz rite—but I can't find out who he meant."

De Boss smells a rat. He looks at his stock and sure nuff, de case he wuz savin' fer a grand blow-out some day wen nobody knowd wot Scotch wuz like, had holes in it.

Dey ain't no use holdin' out on de fair sex. Dey's more'n one way to skin a cat—if dey don't git you one way dey will 'nother. If dey asks fer coin, pony up. Dey'll git it if yuh only got one way pockets lined wid fish hooks.

Stars in the \$22,000 Race

Name	Votes
Dorris Arnold, Atlanta, Ga.	30
L. T. Anderson, Newport, Ark.	30
Edith Blakemore, Frontenac, Minn.	30
F. Baca, St. Louis, Mo.	30
Angela Buba, Braddock, Pa.	30
Peter D. J. Beekman, New York	30
C. L. Christiansen, Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y.	30
E. B. Cottrell, Richmond, Va.	30
Anna Comite, Newark, N. J.	30
L. E. Conery, Springfield, Mass.	30
Laura P. Cross, Kingston, N. Y.	30
P. E. Carlton, Nashville, Tenn.	30
Laurette Doucet, Salem, Mass.	30
Lewis Dodson, Rome, Ga.	30
Orville Eisele, Onawa, Iowa	30
Roselyn Falkenberg, New York City	30
Stella Firetto, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
Mildred Freshette, Taunton, Mass.	30
Miss D. Gilfert, Tamaqua, Penna.	30
Miss Grace Holt, Leavenworth, Kans.	30
Madeline Hoeh, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
Harold C. Honan, Oakley, Ind.	30
Christine Howarth, Greenberg, Va.	30
Susie H. Horn, Rochester, N. Y.	30
Louise Hammock, Kenova, W. Va.	30
Gertrude Hintz, Chicago, Ill.	30
Ora D. Haines, Dayton, Ohio.	30
J. P. Jones, Shreveport, La.	30
Anna Jennings, Portland, Ore.	30
Julius Koschoreck, Chicago, Ill.	30
Clyde Knerim, Lorain, Ohio	30
Frank Kealey, Dayton, Ohio	30
Leo M. Kinney, Lander, Wyo.	30
P. Q. Ledbetter, Moline, Ill.	30
Viola Lee, Idaho Falls, Idaho	30
Mrs. Jno. Lynch, San Francisco, Calif.	30
Emily P. Martin, Seattle, Wash.	30
J. W. Martin, Fairmont, W. Va.	30
William Norton, Fall River, Mass.	30
J. P. Oppenheim, New York City	60
L. W. Prairie, Glen Falls, N. Y.	30
Mrs. Julia Patterson, Washington, D. C.	30
Bernice C. Pullie, Minneapolis, Minn.	30
Garland M. Osborn, Independence, Kans.	30
Mrs. John S. Renco, St. Louis, Mo.	30
G. Reichman, Bronx, N. Y.	30
F. Salopek, Brewster, Ohio	30
Murray Simmons, Toronto, Ont.	30
Harry C. Shumard, Dodge City, Kans.	30
Eleanor A. Small, Washington, D. C.	30
Mary Schulman, Baltimore, Md.	30
Marjorie Small, Washington, D. C.	30
Jewel Steward, Oklahoma City, Okla.	30
A. Sargent, St. Paul, Minn.	30
Andrew Stein, New York City	30
Kathleen Tague, Detroit, Mich.	30

Orchids and Gingerbread

By Margaret Maurice

YOU wouldn't think they'd mix. Usually they don't—orchids and gingerbread. In fact, I never saw both of them together before in all my life—and in a kitchen, of all places! But strange things happen in Hollywood.

And Jacqueline is *some* girl! Jacqueline Logan, I mean—though you probably know whom, as the unusual handle to her name isn't often duplicated.

There may be lots of Logans in the world, but there are few Jacquelines in the movies—and there's only one who can wear orchids and evening gowns and make gingerbread in the kitchen all at the same time without displacing something. Though, to be truthful, she did remove the delicate orchids from her corsage and stick them into a vase while she mixed the flour and molasses and brown sugar and things you put into gingerbread.

Also, she carelessly heaped a

Though, to be sure, Jacqueline is such a busy person these days that there's little time for anything but work. Ever since Allan Dwan spied her in Ziegfeld's revue—the loveliest lyric of them all—and persuaded her to come to Hollywood, her days have been very full. "Of work," she says, ruefully. (In these hard times, those who have work can afford to adopt that rueful air when bespeaking its claim—it's a sure sign of prosperity!)

Jacqueline appeared in "A Perfect Crime," in Mabel Normand's "Mollie-O," in some Lasky pictures, in Goldwyn's "A Blind Bargain" with Lon Chaney, followed by "One Clear Call," which John M. Stahl has just completed—and now she has moved her make-up kit back to the Goldwyn lot to play in "Brothers under the Skin."

This isn't an orchid Jacqueline is holding, but it's the best she could do at the time.



At times she does a little fancy dancing.

She looks something like a flower herself.



few diamond and pearl rings in a glittering little mound upon the tile sink! "Diamonds," she said between beatings and stirrings, "don't mix well with flour. And besides if I lost 'em, I couldn't buy any more this week—I went shopping today for some new evening gowns. This is one. Like it?"

Being of the sisterhood that loves beauteous things, I should have been frightfully envious—and was. For the gown that swathed her lissome figure like a lover's glance was of gold iridescence and it sparkled with a thousand hidden fires in the bold light from the unshaded kitchen globe.

The golden gown, the orchids, her soft, thick hair exuding a faint perfume, the mischievous lights in her eyes reminiscent of her "Follies" days, when she tripped the light fantastic in that colorful revue in New York's chief joy-palace—what a picture for a painter endowed with a passionate brush! A brush that holds in its mysteries the genius of luxury, of pleasurable beauty, of opulence, of iridescence.

You would paint her in swift strokes of color, contrasting brilliant shades with lurking, changeable depths—that is, you would until she turned matter-of-factly to the mixing-bowl and stirred, just as if making gingerbread was one of the things she did every day of her prosaic life. And then you would pause uncertainly. For orchids and gingerbread are not supposed to mix.

She was gowned for a party. "Dressed too early," she elucidated, "and thought I'd make Mother some gingerbread. She loves it. So do I. Golly, where's the raisins?"

A frenzied search brought them to light . . . and the gooey mixture which was to be gingerbread proceeded to the oven.

"Now, that's that," she breathed in relief when the sacred rite of consigning the precious pan to the oven had been completed. "We can talk."

We did. Or rather, she did, and I listened. She talks at random, of this and that, and the other thing, with brilliant, scintillant wit. One sees Life, one does, in the "Follies," life back-stage and life "out in front"; and, if one is blessed with a sense of humor as Jacqueline is, one finds much to philosophize about. And laugh over.

While we were talking the doorbell pealed, once, twice, insistently. It was a gallant swain, come in his Hollywood chariot of flaming red to escort her to the party.

"Mother's just fresh from Boston. Gingerbread's her middle name," quoth Jacqueline with devilish satire, as she hastily pinned the orchids onto the golden bodice and slipped the diamond sparklets on her fingers. Slim, white fingers. Golden iridescence. Orchids.

"Gee, I kinda hate to leave," she paused uncertainly in the doorway of the little white kitchen, sniffing with appreciation. "Don't that gingerbread smell good?"

In a glittering swirl she dashed out to her cavalier, leaving a faint, heady perfume to mingle pleasantly with the aroma of baking gingerbread. Who says they don't mix?

A Real Two-fisted Star

By E. A. Paul

ATLETIC prowess and an aptitude with the "mitts" do not always lead to distinction in other fields. But in the case of Reginald Denny, it has been a big factor in putting him on the road to stardom.

Denny is an Englishman and back in his college days he especially excelled in swimming and boxing. He made a record while at St. Francis Xavier in Sussex, by swimming from Scarborough Spa, eight miles down the coast and back in something less than four hours.

He also won honors in the amateur boxing arena, then and later.

When Herbert L. Messmore set about picturizing H. C. Witwer's famous prize-ring classics, "The Leather Pushers," they were put to it for an actor who could portray the principal role.

The stories required that the hero should look as well in a dress suit as he did in fighting togs and he also had to be able to meet and match up with real "professionals" in the fighting "game."

Messmore and Pollard had just about decided that the man they required—one who was both a gentleman and a prizefighter of parts—didn't exist and that they'd better make some other kind of picture, when they found Denny.

They selected him to play the star role after just one interview.

In "The Leather Pushers" Denny plays the role of a young society man, who becomes an all-around athlete at college. He has a sweetheart, of course. Equally of course, his father has just failed in Wall Street and he has got to find some way to retrieve the family fortunes. He is discovered in evening clothes thinking it over on a park bench.

While he is thus "parked," a "pork-and-beans" prize-fight promoter who has learned of his athletic prowess, happens along, searching for a "meal ticket," otherwise a boxer who will earn the food for himself and his manager. The society pet and college athlete listens to the oily tongue of the fight promoter and is lured to the lair of the "mitt-slingers."

For a while Denny leads a "double life" in the picture. He goes among his society friends in evening clothes and in the morning dons the "gym" togs for his boxing "workout." In his first fight he makes such a poor showing in the early rounds that his manager becomes disgusted and sells him to another fight promoter for one hundred dollars.

Then Denny, or "Kid" Roberts, which is his fighting *nom de guerre*, suddenly "hits his stride" and defeats his opponent, much to the consternation of his first manager, who then devotes his entire time to seeking boxers to defeat "the coming champion," as Denny is heralded.



He can wear evening clothes as well as fight



Flayden Stevenson and Denny fight in front of the camera but nowhere else.



Denny has just walloped Sam Ryan. The others in the picture, from left to right, are Mrs. Andrew Toombes, Charles Ascott and Hayden Stevenson.

In one scene Denny enters the ring wearing an elaborate embroidered dressing-gown over his gaudy ring togs. His trainer and seconds, wearing gorgeous uniforms, appear bearing a silver chocolate set, soft cushions and other articles never before seen around a prize-fight. All of this caused a near-riot among the 400 "extras," who played the boxing fans.

Denny has had many humorous experiences in his travels around the world. He first made his appearance on the stage when only seven years old, in a play called "The Royal Family," with Gertrude Elliott, which was produced in London.

As a lad he frequently appeared in plays, more as amusement than with any idea of a definite stage career. After he had gone through college he set out to sail the seven seas and see the world.

Arriving in Bombay, Denny joined a stock company playing "repertoire." This engagement gave him a chance to see the Orient, and after the regular performance at the theatre he frequently took part in boxing bouts as an amateur. His frequent opponent was "Roy" Neill, the well-known director, then a rising young actor. A year or two later Neill and Denny returned to London, where they were frequent visitors to the famous Whitechapel District, chiefly to attend the boxing bouts which then were staged in small halls, and sometimes in the streets.

A boxer would stay in the ring until he had been knocked out or had enough "exercise" for

the evening, and it is related of Denny that he frequently took on four or five boxers an evening.

In this way Denny always kept in ring condition. His friend, "Roy" Neill, was generally his second in these plebeian bouts.

Denny and Roy separated in London and did not meet again until last summer, when Neill, who since their previous acquaintance had become a well-known motion picture director, was selecting his cast for Rex Beach's "The Iron Trail." Denny went to work for him.

In one of the episodes of the pictures Denny is supposed to be badly beaten up and his chest and arms are apparently covered with blood. Right in the midst of the big scene Mrs. Denny appeared at the studio to see some of the inner workings of motion picture making.

When she saw the apparent battle-scarred condition of her husband, she nearly collapsed. She was ushered to Denny's dressing-room and he appeared there shortly in the doorway with his usual smile and without a trace of blood. Denny surmised her thoughts from the look of astonishment on his wife's face and he anticipated her questions:

"Don't be alarmed, my dear. What you saw on my chest and shoulders was only tomato catsup. Where shall we dine?"

Tomato catsup is no longer on the menu at the Denny dinners.

Pages 15-18

Missing from source

turned to the apartment entrance. Kathleen stood in the door. The expression on her face told him that she had heard his last remark to Lucille. He drew in his breath sharply.

Kathleen, her face bitter, reflected on the months she had spent with Barry. Then, vividly, there flashed across her mind John's words:

"A man who will steal one man's wife will steal another's."

The memory stung and burned, and she stepped into the room.

"So John was right," she said, bitterly, gazing steadily at Barry. For some time she looked at him steadily, saying nothing. He became uncomfortable under her stare, and snapped out:

"Don't try to shift the blame on me . . . where were you this afternoon!"

Kathleen waited a moment before answering. Then, soothingly, as though she were addressing a child, she replied:

"You know where I've been."

Barry's eyes narrowed cunningly.

"You weren't with Edith Scott at the matinee," he said. "I met her on the street."

Kathleen, sickened at the thought of her husband's childish attempt to trap her, said nothing, but walked quietly to the telephone.

"What are you going to do?" Barry asked, with some apprehension.

"I'm going to telephone Edith and let you talk with her."

As she took the receiver from the hook, Clive gestured wearily to her to stop.

"I didn't see her," he said, miserably. "I was merely trying to trap you."

Kathleen turned away from him with a shudder. Then, as though speaking aloud her thoughts, she said:

"John spoke the truth . . . You stole his wife . . . I robbed him of his faith . . . We are both serving our sentences."

* * *

But to the curious eyes of the outside world Kathleen maintained an outward semblance of her old gaiety. None who attended the Hayward Bordean musicale and reception, for instance, could have told from her brilliant appearance the misery and the hurt which she carried with her.

Bordean, a distinguished-appearing man, was an excellent host. He showed no trace of annoyance when the butler entered to tell him John Anixter was awaiting him in the library and had requested to see him on urgent business.

"What is it, John," Bordean asked, "the Turner case?"

"Yes. It can't wait. I'm sorry to interrupt, but . . ."

"Don't concern yourself, my dear Anixter. It will be half an hour before the papers can come down from my office. In the meantime, won't you come in and listen to the music?"

But John declined. He was in his business suit. So the host left the door ajar that the strains might reach him, and returned to his guests. In response to the applause accorded their previous number, the musicians, a man at the piano and a tall, handsome woman, singing a full-throated contralto, started as encore an old, familiar song.

Kathleen started slightly with the first strains. It was the song she had been singing the night she first met John. Its haunting cadences sent her into a dream of the past, and her agitation did not escape the vigilant Barry. He scowled jealously as he wondered why the song should affect her so . . . what once-happy memory it could be bringing back to her.

In the library, John, too, was visibly affected by the song.

"Oh, I must go out and get some air," Kathleen whispered to Barry, as the music stopped, and she started across the floor toward the hall. Barry followed after.

As she passed the library door her eyes fell on John. He was looking abstractedly into the fire. She caught her breath, stifling her involuntary "oh," and took a step forward, her arms outstretched toward the man who had first won her love. Barry's eyes took in the situation at a glance, and, with an angry exclamation, he took her roughly by the arm and drew her past the door. He turned on her furiously.

"If you feel that way, you were foolish to leave him."

Kathleen looked at him steadily, as though she were seeing him for the first time.

"Perhaps I was," she answered, abstractedly.

"Well, if you feel that way, I'll see that something's done about it. You can't make a fool out of me."



"Don't try to shift the blame on me," Clive said.
"Where were you this afternoon?"



"How dare you barter for me as though I were a mere chattel?"

Furiously he railed on, working himself into a state bordering on hysteria.

Then, suddenly:

"I mean to have it out with him now."

Before Kathleen could stop him, Barry had rushed into the library, closing the door behind him. Kathleen followed, opened the door a bit, and listened. John, roused from his reverie, faced Barry coldly.

"You want her back?" Clive blurted out, half hysterically. "For God's sake, take her!"

John mastered his emotion.

"I've nothing to say to you," he answered, coldly. He turned away, but Clive took him by the arm and drew him forward.

"You listen to me," he told him. "Perhaps I'm mad, but the suspicion that you planted is driving me to an asylum—or suicide!"

John looked at him almost sneeringly, a gleam of triumph in his eyes. A half-smile curled his lips. And yet he said nothing. Bitterly, Barry, as though whipped, said:

"Oh, you were right . . . you can't commit grand larceny and get away with it—unpunished!"

John turned away as if the conversation were ended. Barry stopped him.

"You've proved you love her," he said. "Take her back."

John hesitated a moment, his face working. Then, calmly:

"I've taken my punishment—you must take yours."

This was too much for the listening Kathleen. She burst into the room. John started slightly as he saw Kathleen for the first time since he had confronted her with Clive in his library. He controlled his agitation. Head held high, Kathleen faced the two.

"I don't belong to either of you! How dare you barter for me as if I were a mere chattel? How dare you!"

John said nothing, staring coldly. Kathleen turned on her heel and walked from the room, Barry following, frantically attempting to explain.

The drive home was filled with ominous silence. Back in the studio apartment, Barry called to Kathleen as she was about to enter her bedroom. She paused.

"Kathleen, let's talk this over. What a horrible mess it has all been. Honestly, dear, I am miserable with my shame. Listen to me . . ."

Kathleen glanced at him, scarcely seeing him.

"I've suddenly grown up in the last hour," she told him, in a dispassionate voice. "And it isn't a pleasant experience." Kathleen went into her room.

Too late Barry realized that he was the victim of his own guilty conscience. This, then, was the payment. . . . He stood before the fireplace, thinking.

In half an hour Kathleen came from her room. She was in a tailored suit, and had her hat on. She carried a small bag. Without a word or glance to either side, she started for the door.

"What are you going to do?" Barry called, in an agonized voice.

"I am going away," she answered, simply.

"Going away!"

"You and John have made me realize that I am nothing but a plaything, a doll woman, to be bartered between you."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I don't blame either of you; I blame myself."

To his puzzled look, she answered:

"My frivolity, my so-called innocent flirting, has embittered the lives of two men. Small wonder they look upon me as a chattel well rid of!"

Barry took her arms, crying passionately:

"But I want you, Kathleen, I want just you."

"You'll be better off without me, Barry—so will John."

Barry started to plead.

"No," she said, and there was an air of finality in her voice. "I shall go out into the world and learn through suffering and experience the things that make a woman worth while, and not a mere trinket for some man's amusement."

As she finished speaking, she moved to the door. Barry, dazed, called to her:

"And then, will you come back to me—or to him?"

Kathleen looked at him for a moment, and then, with hands outspread as one resigned to Fate, she said:

"Who knows?"

And the door closed behind her.

(The End.)

Filmdom's Newest Star

By George Landy

MANY aspirants have been proposed at various times for the mantle of leadership which formerly draped the graceful shoulders of Richard Mansfield. The unanimous opinion of critics of the drama and theatre audiences all over the United States has conferred this title upon Guy Bates Post. Admittedly one of the most distinguished actors on our stage today, his performances have consistently reached a high level of genuineness, sympathy, virility and artistry that have placed him firmly in the drama's Hall of Fame.

The entry of so distinguished a player into Pantomime-land is, therefore, a matter of genuine self-congratulation for all of us who are interested in the motion picture field and in the advance of its stellar personnel, as well as its story material and investiture.

Guy Bates Post's film debut means much to us in addition to the forthcoming delight of seeing his performance imperishably inscribed on the silver sheet. Especially in the dual leading roles of "The Masquerader," which is being produced in pictures as it was on the stage by Richard Walton Tully, and which will be Post's first film, this actor will give us a screen performance which should become one of the classic characterizations, as it has come to be regarded on the speaking stage. Furthermore, every performance in each production in which Tully and Post have worked together as producer and star has invariably been marked by an excellent supporting cast and a superb mounting that has become a tradition of the theatre; similarly, in the film version of "The Masquerader," these elements will be of the same high calibre.

With producer Tully, Guy Bates Post has acted in only three plays, but these have run for over twelve years. First came "The Bird of Paradise," Tully's own drama that initiated us into Hawaiian fields and in which Post was the original beachcomber, "Ten Thousand Dollar Dean." Second was "Omar the Tentmaker," another picturesque production, with the now familiar Persian locale. Then came "The Masquerader," the production which has been Post's vehicle for over six consecutive years, and with which he has appeared in every city and town of importance in the United States and Canada, as well as on a tour through Australia. Until one week before commencing his film work, Post was engaged in his latest Eastern tour with this play.

Even before coming under Richard Walton Tully's management, Guy Bates Post's name had become synonymous with distinguished acting. At the organization of the New Theatre in New



He is one of the "legit's" most distinguished actors.

York City, endowed by philanthropic lovers of the drama and on which no expense was spared in assembling the finest casts, he was selected for the leading roles in the repertoire of modern drama. It was at this theatre that Post created the titular role of "The Nigger," Edward Sheldon's masterly play of the race problem. Post had previously been seen as the lead in "The Challenge," by Rupert Hughes, and in several of the Clyde Fitch comedies.

With this reputation backing up his acknowledged leadership among our contemporary actors, Post has received numerous flattering offers to be starred in pictures. But it was not until Tully had completed all arrangements to enter this field as a producer, that this polished player yielded to the Lorelei chant of the screen. Long and friendly association, the assurance of his initial vehicle being his familiar play, "The Masquerader," and the knowledge of the high quality of the entire production: it was the combination of these factors which brought Guy Bates Post to the screen.

Their concrete realization will be realized by all familiar with film personalities when we mention the fact that James Young is directing the picture, Wilfred Buckland—the pioneer and still the leader in the field—is the art director, and Georges Benoit, another recognized master of his craft, is at the camera. The supporting cast for "The Masquerader" includes Edward M. Kimball, Ruth Sinclair, Herbert Standing, Lawson Butt, Marcia Manon, Barbara Tennant, Kenneth Gibson, Thelma Morgan, Michael Dark and other leading players.

In addition to the oft-expressed statements of the greater public which the film can reach, the joy of handing down a portrayal to posterity, the more normal mode of living, and the other advantages of film work, Post has an interesting ideal in relation to this activity that is worth recounting here. He feels that the greatest thrills come from natural pictures: a sunset or a sunrise, a view from a mountain top, a glance at a throng of people, pictures of Nature's handiwork, and so on. The function of all art, as he sees it, is to approximate these pictures to as great a degree as is possible, and thus in turn approximate the thrilling effect upon the beholder—or the listener, in the case of music. In this line, says Post—and there is much food for thought in his statement—the motion picture has the most far-reaching possibilities and should rise highest toward fulfilling its unique, exceptional function.

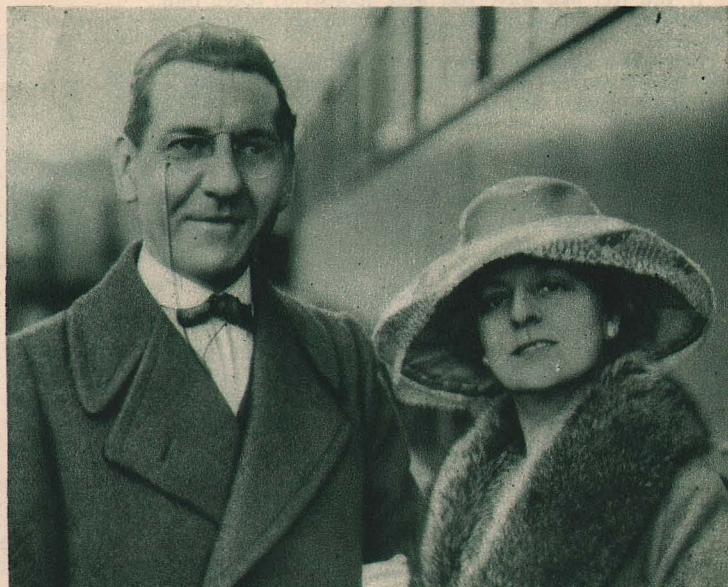
This thought is typical, in a manner, of the man. An accomplished musician, a lover and a student of all the other arts besides his own medium of expression—the pantomime—thoroughly well read and abreast of the times in every field of thought and action, widely traveled, a lover of nature and yet a gregarious person, Guy Bates Post embodies distinguished perfection in many lines. Yet he is totally unspoiled by the commendation which has been showered upon him for many years.

A visit to his beautiful, sun-warmed bungalow in Pasadena, California—if we may call a house with a score of rooms, each large and livable, a bungalow—or to his big estate near Winsted, Connecticut, or even to his private car when he was touring with one of his plays—wherever you call upon him, you will find him surrounded by friends of the calibre and the cordiality which makes them a man's proudest possessions.

That, after all, is the finest measure of any man.



Post and Tully get together every afternoon and map out the next day's work.



Here's Post and his real manager—Mrs. Post.

Just Kids



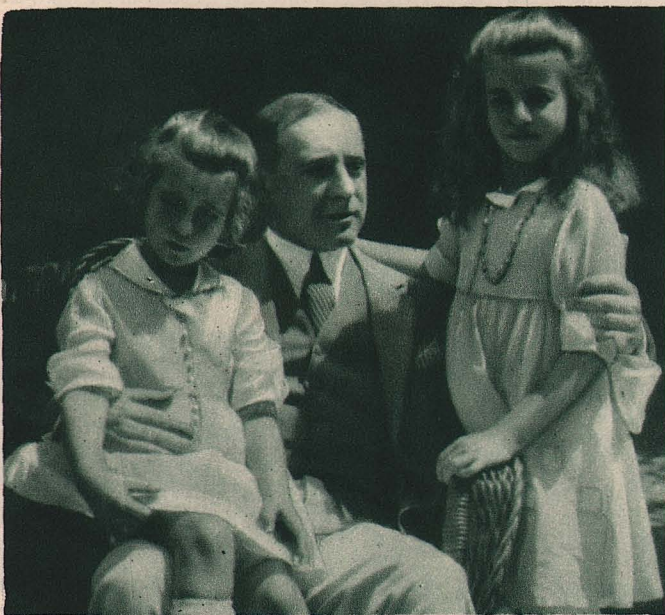
Below's a potential future great with her very talented and very popular mamma. It's Patricia Ziegfeld, if you please, with Mrs. Ziegfeld, whom the movie world knows as Billie Burke. This picture was taken on the lawn of the Billie Burke home on the Hudson.



Would you recognize this all-dolled-up chap as the ragamuffin who won such an instant way to the hearts of the fan world in "The Kid"? Yep, it's Jackie Coogan, all dressed up, and with a lot of places to go. While Jackie looks pleased enough, we're suspicious. We think he's just being nice to please mamma.



This coy young lady taking undue liberties with the scruff of Laddie Boy's neck is Jane Hart, who appears with the good-natured dog in Christie comedies. Miss Hart is quite self-conscious before the eye of the camera, but Laddie Boy behaves like the veteran he is.



Hilda tried to be pretty for the cameraman, but the sun interfered and made her close her eyes. Not so with Frances, who kept her eyes open in spite of the glare. They are the children of Abraham Lehr, who has them in his arms. When Daddy isn't showing off with his girls, he's production manager for Goldwyn.



Little Eugenia Hoffman, who is just a few weeks ahead of nothing in the matter of age, isn't particularly interested in the success of the picture she is posing for, being more concerned with the question of food. She's good-natured about it, however, for which Florence Vidor is grateful.

Listen Brunettes

By Milt Howe

The Marriage of Bill Hart Leaves But One

Bachelor Star, Antonio Moreno

"I POSITIVELY will not get married as long as I am in my right mind," says Antonio Moreno.

You've heard this before—haven't you? You'll notice that bachelors always leave some loop-hole in their statements, so they can alibi their way out in case the inevitable happens. In this case he says, "as long as I am in my right mind." That's the loop-hole. When some Circe does get him he can say that he is not in his right mind.

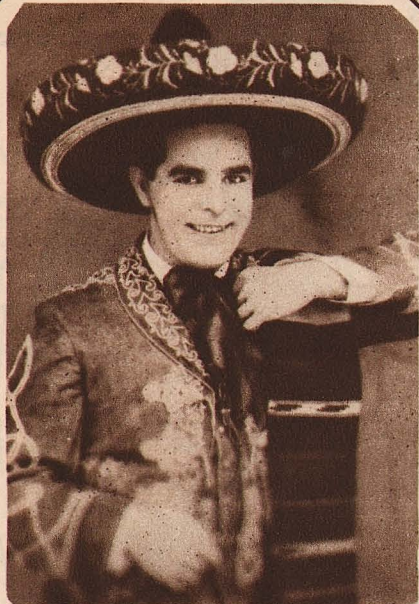
Surely some clever one will cause Tony to lose his right mind. Bill Hart lost his recently, although he had taken similar vows. But Tony Moreno is already making specifications as to how she must look and carry herself if she is to get his right mind. A brunette will do it.

"A brunette," said Tony, "is full of fire and animation. There is something to her. A blonde is usually just bla—"

He gives brunettes the credit of being above the intellectual plane of the blondes, who are also more inclined to be deceitful. Antonio Moreno's inimical attitude toward blondes may be due to his close association with them in pictures. All his leading ladies have been blondes, and, therefore, he should be well acquainted with them. The reason for choosing this type of leading lady is that she forms a contrast with his dark features. Tony claims that blondes are not real, nor natural. They are more or less affected in their poise and manner, and usually possess a very cold and distant nature. And, according to Tony, they are not endowed with any of the deeper emotions and passions—they are very, very inexpressive, to say the least.

But blondes should not despair because of the drastic laws laid down against them by the foremost bachelor of the screen. They should be consoled by the fact that any old time they please they can change themselves.

Tony does not claim that he knows all about women. In fact, he says that he knows very little about them, and that any man who claims to know women is a lunatic. His preference to brunettes is because he thinks them more suitable to his nature. His ignorance of women is one reason for him making the statement that he would never marry.



He's perfectly at home in a Spanish costume.



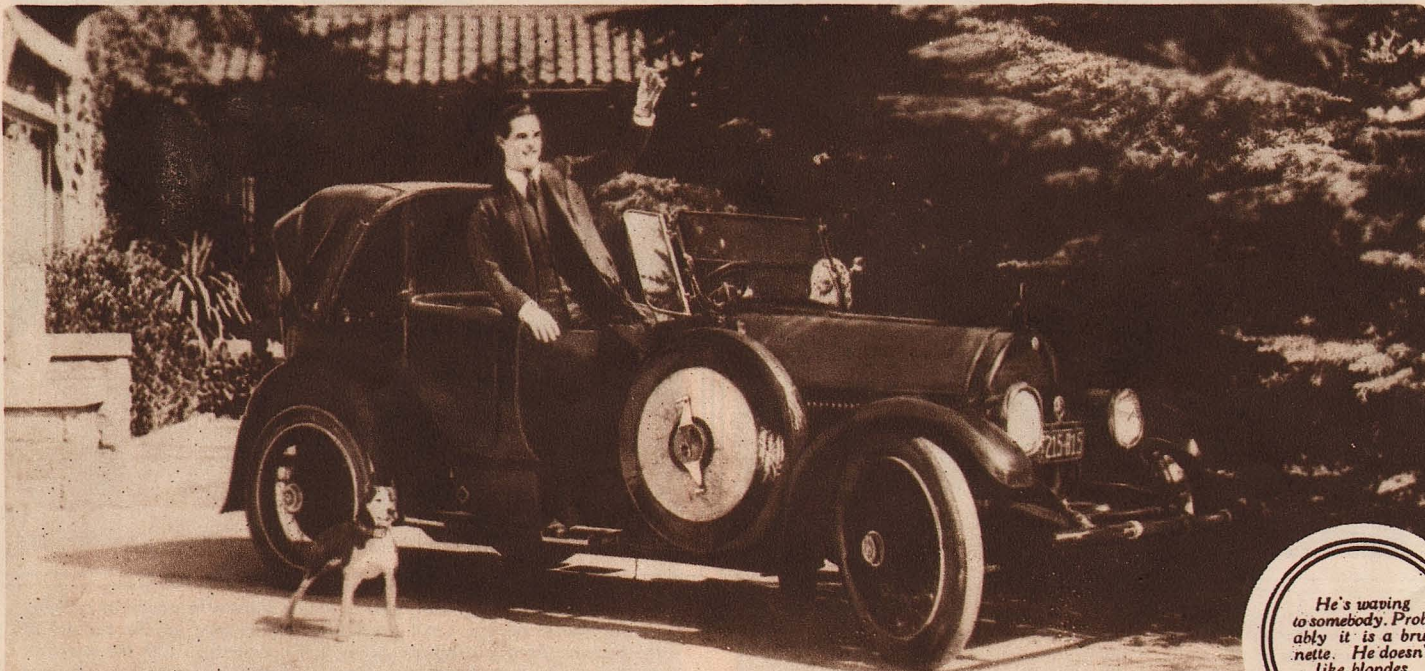
Here's Tony as is.



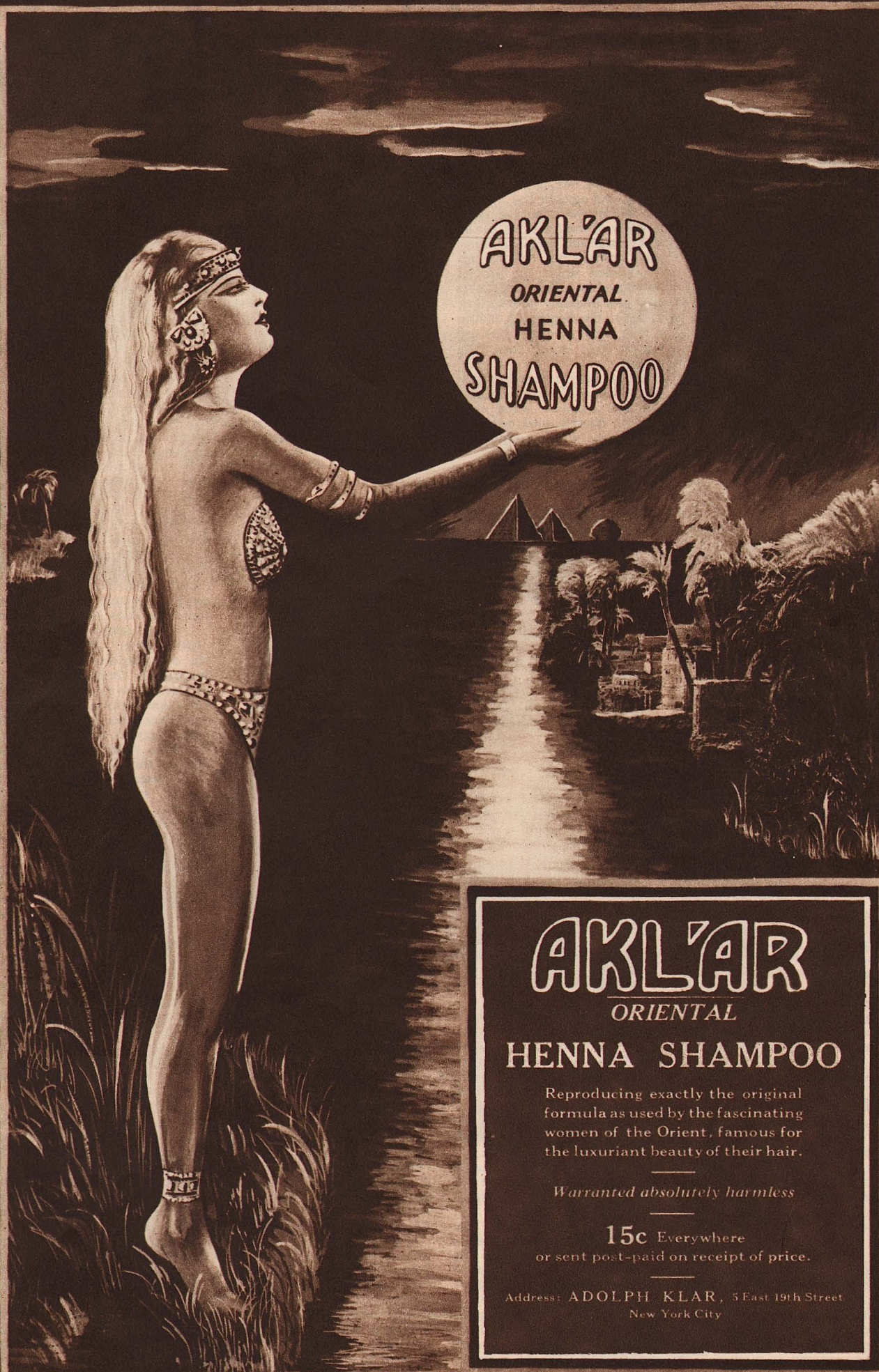
Tony grew this beard to order—and it caused him all sorts of trouble.



Here he is in the bolero affair all the Dons wear in Spain when they go courting.



He's waving to somebody. Probably it is a brunette. He doesn't like blondes.



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Pantomime's Scenario Club

Conducted by Florence McIntyre



MUCH has been said for and against the Motion Picture Censor since that body of men was instituted to pass judgment upon the films. Public opinion has been decidedly divided upon the subject of censorship, and producers almost unanimously were against the idea in the beginning, claiming that such a step deprived them of their good American liberties.

The men in the picture industry did not object so much to having their films passed upon, but they did feel that a great deal of unjust antagonism was being experienced in many parts of the country. What they demanded was a "square deal" in the judgment passed, and many of them believed that only people from the film industry were qualified to pass a fair, unbiased judgment.

One cannot too greatly blame the producers for their complaint, because it is a fact in some quarters the "censor" selected was a single individual in no way qualified to give a fair opinion. I recall the experience of a man who was sent by a body of producers on a tour of investigation of censors throughout the country. He returned to tell some very interesting and amusing experiences. In a certain town in the Middle West he found the censor to be a man decrepit with age, whose viewpoint had been badly warped by his own soured life. He was a "hard boiled" bachelor who had had a very disappointing love experience in his early youth. Long since had he crawled into his shell with a keen hatred of women ever fermenting in his heart. He was determined to taboo all things pertaining to love, on the screen or otherwise. He had no sympathy for youth, nor the spirit of romance which must be satisfied in youth. Needless to say, he fought desperately against pictures featuring love stories. To him all women were hypocrites and all young men who fall in love were simply ensnared by some scheming female. To his way of thinking, the screen taught the girls of his community the methods of ensnarement; he didn't approve of the "tricks" of some cute comedienne upon the silver-sheet. What hope was there of ever obtaining a fair judgment upon a picture from a man of this calibre?

Producers everywhere were delighted with the appointment of Mr. Will H. Hays to the position of Chief Censor at Washington, and a great deal of the censor dissatisfaction promises to be eliminated from now on. They are unanimous in their approval of this splendid American, broad of mind and wide of experience, for they know that from such a man they will receive the full measure of justice. The entire film industry is convinced that at last they have found the man best adapted to inspire public confidence and interest.

The film is bound to influence the national taste and interests, and the majority of producers are mindful of the tremendous responsibility which rests upon their shoulders.

Of course, it has been said that the producers brought censorship upon themselves, but as in all matters of life, the innocent must suffer with the guilty, and for the few who offered the public salacious pictures, all films must come under the ban of censorship.

There was a time when the motion picture theatre attracted only the very illiterate, but as the pictures improved both from a story and photographic point of view, the better class of people began to patronize the movies. The producer aimed at something better all the time in order to gain the patronage of the more intelligent and today, with even classic literature portrayed upon the screen, the motion picture theatre is enjoying the patronage of the best people everywhere.

But producers are not yet satisfied. They are eager for the educators to co-operate more closely with them and urge the college men and women to take an active interest in pictures. One representative of the industry suggested to Mr. Hays, the new Censor Chief, that the schools and colleges be used for the betterment of moving pictures. And what a splendid suggestion this is! The students of today are naturally the future citizens who will guide the destiny of the nation, and since the motion picture plays

so large a part in the way of influencing the national taste, where should the training for the right kind of films begin, if not in the schools? The day is coming when we will have this much-to-be-desired co-operation between the educators and the film industry, and this will decidedly be a step forward.

Censorship is a decided factor now and in attempting to write screen stories, it is well to keep in mind the fact that you have the censor to deal with. There is a large percentage of people who wish to portray their anarchistic or bolshevik ideas upon the screen. They devote hours of good time to whipping their doctrines into story form for use upon the screen. But as far as the producer is concerned, such stories for picturization are only a waste of time. No producer is going to invest the necessary large sum of money in a production which is purely propaganda, no matter how cleverly camouflaged with love interest or big moments. So, sincere as you may be in your desire to expound some political theory for which you would gladly and willingly die, do not attempt to offer it to the producer, for he is not interested in this kind of matter for picture production.

It is interesting to glance over the recent report of the Board of Censors at Albany, New York. Out of more than thirteen hundred films inspected by the Motion Picture Commission before January first, only five films were found so objectionable as to be positively prohibited in the State of New York. Many valuable pointers may be gleaned from the said report, which will serve as a list of "Don't's" for those writing screen stories.

First and foremost, the license commissioners are decidedly against passing upon pictures which contain unpatriotic or seditious features. In other words, leave radical politics alone in your scenarios.

Unquestionably, the movement for "better films" is firmly established, for the commission finds that ever since its institution, there has been a material improvement in the films presented to them for examination. A sincere investigation convinces this body that clean, wholesome pictures not only bring the largest financial returns to the producer, but attract the "family" patronage as well. Thus, merit in pictures brings its own reward, as in every other field of endeavor. It is gratifying to note also that the percentage of producers who desire to cater to the lower instincts of humanity is decidedly small.

So it seems that the "clean" story has proven itself the winner. Therefore, no matter what subject you "tackle" in your story, handle it in a wholesome manner, leaving out any and all unnecessary touch of the salacious. The Censors are bound and determined to eliminate from pictures indecency and scenes tending to incite crime or corrupt morals. This does not mean that you cannot deal with a live, red-blooded subject—something true to life—but it does mean that you will have to handle your subject, whatever it may be, in a clean manner. The unscrupulous "vamp" who cared not what she did nor how she did it, had a very short life upon the screen, and it is to be greatly doubted that her type will ever return to pictures.

Run over in your mind the list of actors and actresses who have lasted in the picture profession. The most prominent vampires and blood-thirsty villains of the screen are a dead issue, but those who have remained prominent are the artists who have gained the public's love and admiration through the medium of the wholesome, entertaining story, or the story carrying a big moral lesson. You never saw William S. Hart stoop to anything unclean in any of his pictures, and there is not a more beloved artist upon the screen today. Who are the girls you love best upon the silver-sheet?—the wholesome ones, of course.

The artist knows the value of the clean story and is keenly disappointed when asked to do the other kind of part. Of course some of the stars make the final decision on stories, but in other instances they do not. So, if you want to attract both producer and star to your story, remember to keep it clean and wholesome.

Remember a smutty plot wouldn't ever get by the censors, even if it were accepted. Even a suggestive one has very little chance, and producers, naturally, are not risking money making a picture they will never be allowed to show.

Besides, even if they were willing to show it, the chances are just about ten to one that after the first few nights—as soon as the real character of the film became public property—it would play to empty seats.

Smutty or suggestive pictures positively will not "go" with the public.



Will H. Hays, new head of the Moving Picture Industry.

Boudoir Fancies

A negligée for every type—which is yours?

Editor's Note—Ladies can look at the garments; gentlemen can look at who's wearing 'em.

Below we have Betsy Ross Clarke, who likes these Grecian negligees, with their gracefully classic lines. But then, Betsy Ross has the lines to match—and all of us good sisterhood haven't. The sleeves and the rest of the garment are all cut in one piece. Sounds easy to make, eh? But maybe there's a certain knack to it, at that—wearing it, we mean.



Now what is this little Sennett baby thinking so hard about? Maybe she's wondering where she packed away her bathing suit, or, maybe she's angry because the press agent forgot to tack a name on to her—isn't that an awful way to treat a girlie who can wear these silken, Oriental things so well? We know lots of plump sisters who've despaired of ever accomplishing the art.

The patrician beauty of Claire Windsor is best garbed in chiffons, ornamented with wonderful gold lace, at fifty dollars a yard—as in this picture. The petticoat is lace over satin, intricately embroidered. Of course you have to be a movie star to be able to afford it—but nobody can stop you from wishing!



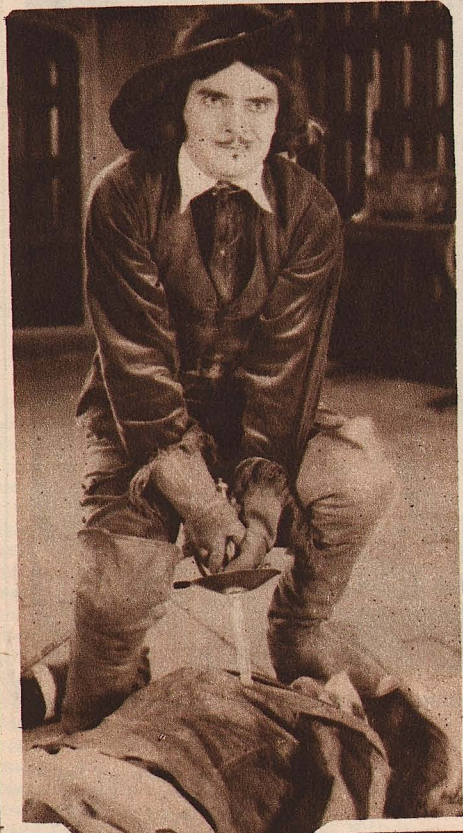
"Pearls and moonlight," and an ivory mantelpiece would still be lacking if Ann Forrest were not there to complete the picture. Don't tell anybody, but Ann really isn't nearly as statuesque as this negligée of cream-colored crepe de chine and lace makes her seem. "Strive for dignity by your own hearth-side," says Ann to smaller women. "Wear long, loose robes, knotted with a silken cord—and what husband will dare disagree with you?"

By her boudoir, so shall ye know her. Maybe. For it is in such intimate things as the choice of negligees and the decoration of her boudoir that a real woman proves herself. Proves herself what? you ask. Why, my dear, most anything she wishes. At any rate, here is Alice Terry in her favorite lounging robe. It is a creation of crimson crepe de chine, shot with gold.

BENEATH the opulent glory of a fulsome California sun, the flowers were colorful in bloom; the grass was green and sweet-smelling. A day just fashioned for Romance, a clime wherein it should dwell—and unto my nostrils came the tang of—garbage cans!

Romancing with Three - and - a - half Musketeers

By Susan Small



appeal. . . . I shall take ze mat-ter up wiz M. de Treville, whose lever I am attend. Perhaps a—er—slight change in our ladies' garrments—

"But who are you?" I was becoming exasperated.

"Zees ees ze town of Meung."

Trim little shops displayed their wares of cutlery, great square loaves of bread, jugs of—did my eyes deceive me?—wine! "Commerce de Vins" was proudly emblazoned upon the portal beneath the grilled iron lamps. My dapper, slim companion was armed to the teeth with sword shining in scabbard, corselet gleaming with embroidered gold in the lazy sunlight, his whole topped with plumed headgear that kept falling over one eye.

"I," he drew up proudly, eyes twinkling, "am D'Artagnan Slapsteek! Hence I came wiz ze wise counsel of mon père an' ze balsam recipe of ma mère to cure my ills. An' zounds, but I'm having ze hot time of eet!"

A braggart in silken doublet, sword dangling from his leathern baldrick, his barret-cap topped with a perky feather, had the insolence to accost me, demanding my opinion as to whether or not it was a helluva day to be working. Whereupon mon gallant, drawing his rapier—almost as long as himself—plunged the hilt neatly between the other's right arm and side. The insolent one fell gracefully and closed his eyes in death, though I am positive I saw his ears wiggle with the chigger that he wanted to scratch.

"I keep een practeece," quoth my defender. . . . Zirsty!"



The company gets a laugh out of its own work.



He's stabbing somebody every ten minutes.

Disgusted with this prosaic age, I wandered in search of Romance, into a big place—a medley of color and jazzed sound. Out of the sleepy mid-day quiet I came suddenly into an ancient town, peopled with strange folk, gesticulating, falling over each other, arguing in a patois—a cross between French and Hollywood slang!

Such a jangle! Peasants in gaudy, torn cassocks, horse-men gallantly falling from gaily caparisoned steeds, fair damosels chewing gum! Everybody having an affair de coeur—or stealing his neighbor's. Wandering dazed, I bumped smash-bang into a dapper young musketeer who flung about to face me with bristling mustache and snapping black eyes.

"Peste! Whattha devil ze mat-ter!" he expressed himself in a flow of vivid French and Hollywoodese. "Sweet Sassaparrrilla! Ah, ex-cuse me!" perceiving my gender. "Tis Miladi of ze Twentieth Century! Zrrr—voila!"

"Who did you think it was—Cleopatra?" His ingratiating manner could not make up for the bump. I dislike being bumped.

"Well, as we levee in ze past age, it was naturrrally surprrrizing, sort of, to collide wiz no—advance noteece.

He cast approving eyes over my bobbed hair and short skirts.

"Zounds! How ze times do change!" His eyes twinkled, as he bowed gallantly to a bevy of passing females, garbed in swirling long skirts and tight little bodices kerchiefed with old-fashioned "berthas." "Zees ees ze way our women dress.

But—short skirts, zey do have ze

The original D'Artagnan never heard of the telephone, but this one, alias Max Linder, does.

I was. I usually am. I stated my opinion upon the foremost national question.

"Proheebetion?" he spoke the strange word wonderingly. "I know not heem! What he do? But—come!"

I came—hopefully. In the wine-shop I had a draught of piquette, which was a Bryan Special, only more lively. The vest-pocket D'Artagnan swung a busy blade.

I begged to be introduced to Milady Constance, who, they say, measures six feet in height; but she was getting a marcelle and couldn't be bothered. We passed a mendicant: a haggard dame in tattered garments to whom I would have flipped a coin. But my high-stepping cavalier stopped me, laughing.

"What would you, damsel? Knowst thou not zat she gets seven-feefty, per for donning ze sad rags and drives here every morn in ze 'stripped Lizzie'?"

Beaugency. Looking backward—well, I sighed me a little regretful sigh for all my bobbed thatch and my short skirts and my pay check—how much nicer and more thrilling to be pedestaled and fought for—even in burlesque.

"Away, poltroon! Begone!" cried I to the astonished son of Erin driving the delapidated tin-henry. "Think you I ride thus? Nay! Pardieu! Mine is an equipage of gold—gold-filled—drawn by horses white-plumed with calcimine and gorgeous from the ten-cent store! For me fight Musketeers bold, always falling over their own toes. I have just quit the Land of Romance, where Max Linder and Bull Montana—where D'Artagnan and his Musketeers shook a wicked papier-maché blade in my defense.

He departed, making queer passes over his head . . . and I sheepishly went home and played "Bella Boola Rag" on the victrola.

That's what burlesquing Romance does to a person!

N. B.—"Ze Bool" who plays Porthos, I learned later, is "Bull" Montana.



He even got a dinner suit—but he didn't look very happy in it.

WESLEY BARRY has been in the pictures a long while, and he has starred in a few of them. It was not until he was "rented" by Marshall Neilan to Harry Rapf to be featured in "School Days," Gus Edwards' popular song screen adaptation, that Wesley's real opportunity came—the opportunity to wear long trousers.

Do you know what that means to a boy? Exactly what it means to a girl to get her first feathered fan to wear to her first dance party, and exactly what it means to a young scrivener to see for the first time his name in print.

When Wesley heard that he was to wear long trousers in "School Days," he didn't even ask about his salary. If it had not been for Micky Neilan, who managed the whole affair, Wesley might have worked for nothing—and the opportunity to wear long pants.

Not only does Wesley wear long pants in "School Days," but he also has a barber, and a valet, and a manicurist, and a butler to serve his breakfast in his room. Could any child ask for more—or any movie star? Of course, this was only acting, but it is nice to be paid while you are acting it.

You see, in the film, Wesley is "Speck Brown," speckled, rural, and *not* cherubin. He arouses the wrath of the deacon time after time, by not being present in school when he is expected to. Instead, he is usually found around the corner of the lane somewhere, down by the fishin' hole, baiting hard, and pulling vigorously.

Hippy is always with him. Hippy is his pup (the one you may have heard disappeared after the filming of the picture, and which you may not have believed because it sounded like an old press story. But ask Wesley, he'll tell you it's true, too true. It cost the producers thousands of dollars to advertise for him, and then the public thinks it is only a movie advertisement, anyway!)

Well, Speck is taken under the wing of a nice gray-haired uncle, who arrives upon the scene unexpectedly. The uncle has money, and as he has neglected the boy all through his youth, he thinks he will now put it at his nephew's disposal to be used to the very best advantage. That, of course, is an educational one; but not an education in school, as Speck won't take it that way. He tells his uncle: "Him wot's got brains don't need no education."

"I know a man who left a small town and his sweetheart to seek his fortune," the uncle tells him. "One day he came back an old man, rich but lonely."

Speck has but one response: "He must have been a nut!"

Speck needs a great deal of chastening, and he

His First Long Pants

By Blythe Sherwood

gets it. He is sent to the city to be put in charge of Mr. Wallace, a friend of the uncle's. Mr. Wallace is directed to give the lad anything he wants and as Speck falls under the influence of a debonair crook, to say it mildly, Speck's taste becomes "extravagant and extravagant."

A Rolls Royce is put at his disposal. He attends a French school. He demands natty clothes, "Speck" does, in the picture, and Wesley, who is playing him, makes no movie-make-believe requests of Harry Rapf, the producer.

Wesley did not go to Mr. Rapf's tailor, either. Instead, Mr. Rapf's tailor went to Wesley. If you saw "The Three Musketeers" you remember when D'Artagnan poses upon the platform for Athos, Porthos and Aramis while *le tailleur* fits his first costume as a *Mousquetaire*. Wesley looked something like that! His mother sat in front of him, his tutoress to the side of him, her heart giggling, but her mind skeptical as to whether her pupil would ever again tell her what is the capital of Burma or enumerate the exports of Rio de Janeiro.

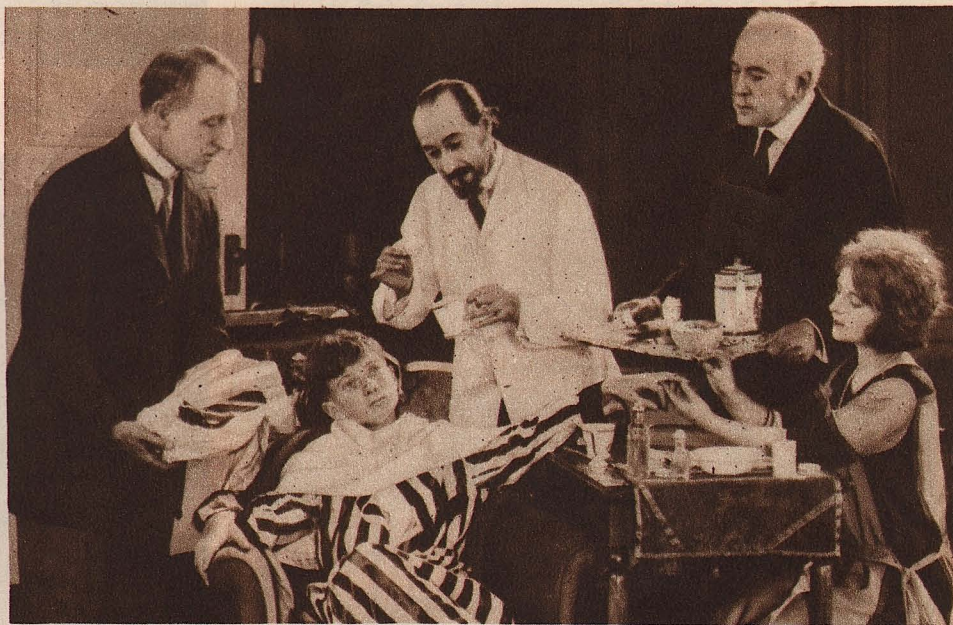
Although Wesley's work in the production of

how to dance, but as you see in "School Days," he had to be satisfied with just knowing how to jig in Irish.

It happened, however, after the costumes were all made, and after Bill Nigh directed the last part of the picture first, the first part had to be taken in Delaware Water Gap. Wesley's clothes for this occasion were procured "on location" at a general store for about ninety-four cents. Wesley's trousers were still long, but they did not fit quite as adhesively, and besides, they were dark blue cotton, and not big black and white checks.

Two days "on location" and Wesley's pants received their first dam. At the end of the film Mr. Nigh had to hurry up and take as much of the action as possible, because Wesley's trousers were wearing out, and there wasn't a duplicate pair like them to be had. What with barbed wire and thickets, thistles and even fishin' holes, how was a feller to remember he wasn't wearing short ones any more?

Perhaps, after all, the quick completion of "School Days" is due to Wesley Barry's unaccustomedness to his first long pants.



He has a valet, and all kinds of servants—and clothes galore.

"School Days" had just begun, it seemed, as he sat there, his chest puffed out, his head cocked à la Tommy Sandys, his posture rigid as any West Point cadet could desire, as for him, school days were forever over. Wesley had become a man. Didn't it feel grand! The tailor pinched and pinned, making tucks here, and expanding more material there, but Wesley never thought of the tailor. He just oggled his own reflection in the glass.

No more baggy trousers. No more short ones. Wesley's clothes were going to fit! No more suspenders, but a belt with a buckle; maybe a silver one, and initialled, too. "Make it tight," Wesley told the tailor, although he did not realize he was talking to anyone in particular. "Tight! It's gotta fit."

So, Wesley's trousers were pulled in at the knees, and the coat strained across his back. His overcoat barely went over his suit. Wesley had to be assisted into it, and pulled out of it. But he had seen pictures of Rudolph Valentino, and now he'd show 'em.

For a few days, Wesley soaked his hair in water, used a comb, and brushed a slick pompadour. He learned how to twirl a cane, and how not to walk like Will Rogers. He tried to learn



His other outfit cost about 94 cents, altogether.

The House That Jack Built

By Betsy Ross

LIKE another Jack before him, Jack Donovan—who architects when he isn't acting and is leading man for beautiful stars when he isn't designing dwellings—decided to build himself a house.

He wanted it a bit "different" from other folks' in Hollywood, where bungalows come like cigar-boxes, elaborately trimmed, each one a bit unlike its neighbors, yet all seemingly sat upon in the same manner.

Having a spare day or two between pictures, Jack took his thoughts into a corner—and there emerged some months later upon a beautiful corner of Sunset Boulevard a most unique "court" of tiny bungalows, titled "Donovan Studio Gardens."

It's a wonderful place of sloping lawns, riotous gardens, pergolas and quaint striped brick walls—it looks for all the world like a Lucille gingham frock, piped with white, in a tropical setting. There are several little bungalows, just a wee bit bigger than a minute, with one two-story chalet that Jack and his mother claimed for themselves.

Behind high wire fences and grilled iron gates, screened with climbing rose geranium, there is a unique out-of-door court with open-air fireplace. There is a gold-fish pond, fringed with sweet peas and roses. The lawns are dotted with gaily painted chairs and swings. Amid a grove of stately eucalyptus trees, their thatched roofs peeking over inquisitively, clusters the demi-tasse dove-cotes where live Rex Ingram and his bride, Alice Terry, Jacqueline Logan, Lorna Moon and others of Pantomime-land.

There are five cottages, besides the big "Manor House." The architecture is a picturesque blending of French and English. The curved red brick driveway is a reproduction of an Old-World European village street, and is to be flanked with other bungalows, as soon as Jack gets time to design them. It is the most colorful place you can find in all Hollywood, especially at night, when grilled lanterns twinkle like glowworms among the roses and syringa.



In the "studio" one finds wonderful art treasures from all the lands of the earth.



The entrance to "Donovan Studio Gardens."



Bungalow Court. The first house on the right belongs to Rex Ingram. Next door is the home of John B. Clymer.



Jack and his mother and the rest of the family

The big house—entered from artistic French windows hung with rose velvet curtains, beneath gilt cornices—contains many art treasures collected by Jack and his mother, an artist herself, in many lands. The "studio" is 24 by 35 feet, with a 16-foot ceiling; the hardwood floor is covered with rare Oriental rugs; and the chandelier is a large antique crystal "luster."

The place is truly marvelous, when one understands that Jack has practically built his "beanstalk" with his own hands. With no capital to speak of, he has fashioned his dreams from bits here, and bits there, until it looks like an Old-World mosaic into which Romance has breathed life.

Each little bungalow is different, the windows of Rex Ingram's being draped in ruby damask and the rugs a blood-red velvet. Each has an open-air fireplace and quaint cathedral ceiling. Jack himself designed the tables, beds, dressing-tables and chiffoniers and had them built under his own supervision, painting most of them himself.

When not designing poetic bungalows, Jack Donovan plays leading-man in pictures. He last appeared in Lois Weber's "What Do Men Want?" He is a descendant of Bobby Burns and Edmund Burke—which mayhap accounts for his artistic soul.

In the daytime "The House That Jack Built" looks like a Maxfield Parrish painting. And at night, with its lemon grove, its trim cypress guarded by giant eucalyptus, its glowing lights and Old-World charm—like a dream garden.

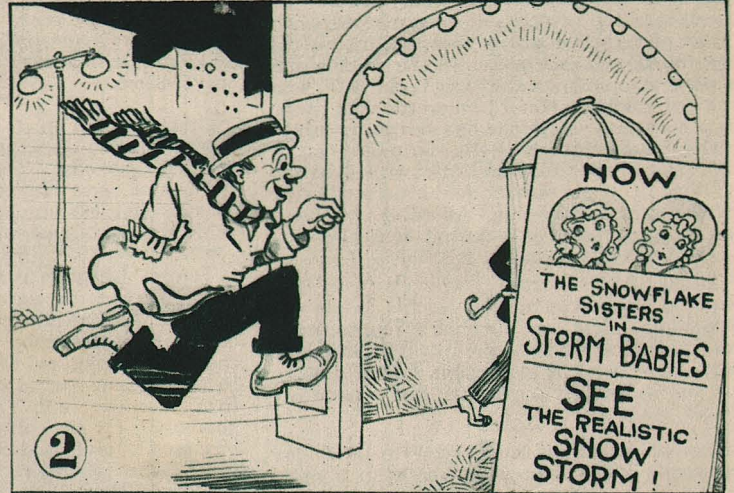
The Movies Have Much to Answer For!!

By FRED P. MORGAN



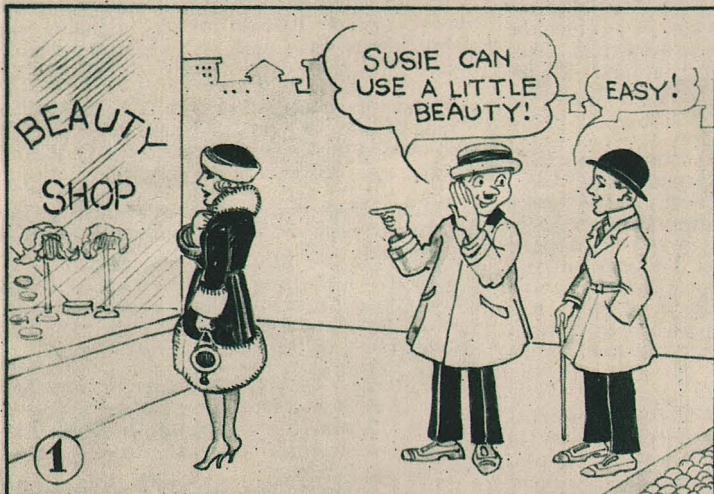
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THIS BIRD ALWAYS USES HIS FULL VOCABULARY AT EVERY SNOW STORM!



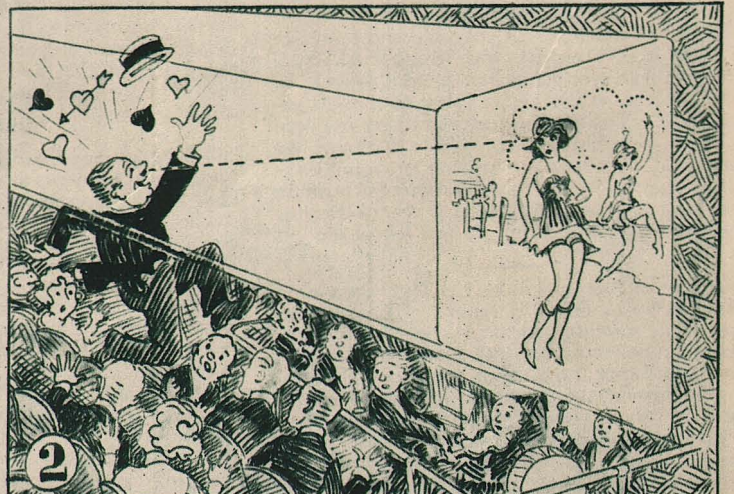
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AND YET - IN THE MOVIES A SNOW STORM IS ALL THE BERRIES!



1

HE USED TO THINK THAT SUSIE BROWN WAS THE PLAINEST GIRL IN TOWN!



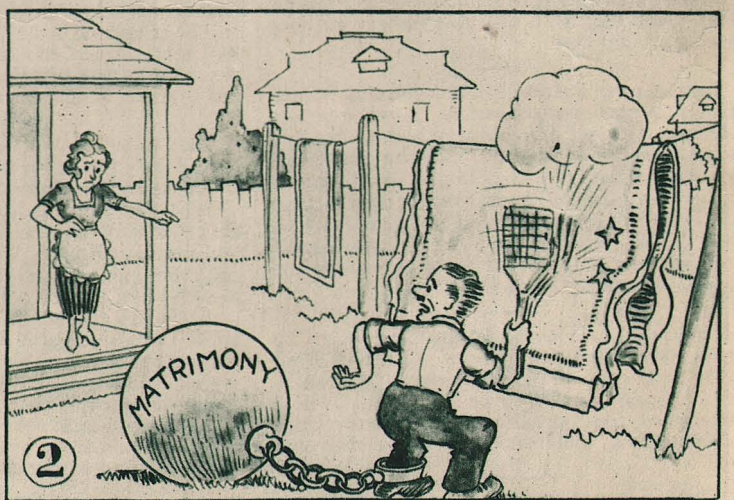
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BUT - ONE DAY SUSIE TURNED UP AS A MOVIE "EXTRA" -



1

HE SAW A NEAT JOB OF PROPOSING ON THE SCREEN AND JUST THOUGHT HE'D TRY IT HIMSELF!



2

-LOOK AT HIM NOW!

FANDOM NOTES

A stupenduous publicity scheme is about to break forth, heralded by the release of Jackie Coogan's "My Boy." "He" has written his "autobiography" which will be published, with a book of bed-time stories told him by his old negro nurse, his experiences in the studios and his personal opinion of the New York "400" who thronged madly to honor him on his visit there. His press-agent—methinks he's the guilty writer of the "autobiography"—has arranged for a number of "Jackie Coogan" toys, as well as the doll already on the market, and articles of boys' clothing named after him. All of which is very nice and important—if it doesn't spoil him.

"Broken Nose Murphy," who vies with Bull Montana for honors as film Adonis, is playing with Viola Dana in "Daphne's Disposition." She explained to me very carefully that Murphy's rough exterior is not responsible for the disposition she wears in the picture—but I have my doubts.

Rudolph Valentino was peeved the other day because he has to be at the studio at six a. m. in order to be made up and on the set when the director sounds "Camera!" for "Beyond the Rocks." Small sacrifice, indeed, those few hours' sleep, for the privilege of making love to Gloria Swanson beyond the rocks.

Richard Daniels, seven years old and possessor of some 75,000 freckles, was "discovered" by a Universal director haunting the pie counter of the cafeteria, where he had draped himself expectantly. The director, attracted by his non-chalance, gave him a feed. "They don't cut 'em very wide, does they?" After seven triangles of pastry, he was ready to consummate a business deal and is now working hard in the movies. Note to kids: line forms to the left of the pie-counter.

Goldwyn has nicknamed "The Octave of Claudius"—"A Blind Bargain." The play advances a startling medical theory—that ape blood can be transfused into man and change his nature and appearance. For better or for worse? If the former, then I know of several movie-stars—Well, the theme is timely, anyway, whether it works or not. Lon Chaney plays a maniacal physician and one of his unfortunate patients. Not a "pretty" picture, except for that soap-bubble dance scene.

Six years ago Universal made "The Lass o' Lowrie," Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel. And now they're going to refilm it—with Priscilla Dean. And that with all these hungry authors running around here!

"Lewis Stone, Ramon Samaniegos and Stuart Holmes have stripped for action," says the Metro publicist. Guess I'd better stay home. Sounds like no place for a lady, eh? But the gentleman goes on to explain that they're practicing fencing for "The Prisoner of Zenda," under the tutelage of a French master, learning the gentle art of what Will Rogers calls "frawgsticking." Lewis Stone has to spill the blood of the other two—he must have been watching *D'Artagnan*.

It takes a little while to get "acclimated to seeing them make the movies"—Ruth Roland had to do a scene all over the other day down at Santa Monica, because a nice elderly lady (who'd just arrived from the East) rushed into the range of the cameras "determined to rescue that poor girl!"

Jack Dempsey is in Hollywood. Says he's getting enough of this "monotonous" vaudeville. Jack begins to talk like he'd like to settle down into matrimony? He said a while back that when he married he'd pick a nice, innocent country girl—not an actress. Jack, you've come to the wrong town. He is wearing a natty suit but seems to have mislaid the coat of tan he used to be decorated with.

STUDIO JOTTINGS

By a Staff Correspondent

Constance Talmadge and her company returned from location at Catalina, where they took scenes for "The Divorcee." Don't know what a divorcee would do at Catalina—all the fish there are married. Hardware merchants and oil-kings out here always take their wives along on vacations.

Grace Martin, prop-lady at the Hal Roach studios, had to duplicate an \$800 chow dog for a Pollard comedy. She "made" the outside of the canine, and stuffed the fake with a real Mexican hairless who is still wondering how the yelp-yelp he got that way!

Tommy Meighan is the proud father of five children. But this announcement need not disrupt the Meighan domicile, as it is only a pro-tem affair. He is down on the border adopting 'em—the children of his pal who is supposed to be slain by those comic-opera bandits. The play is "The Proxy Daddy," and Tommy ought to make a good one. He has told me time and time again how fond he is of children. He took quite a shine to "Peaches" Jackson, who played with him in "A Prince There Was." "Life's just one darned train after another," groans Tommy. He's always on the rails.

May McAvoy is still "servin' 'em off the arm" at "Coffee Pete's." Meaning she is still dispensing doughnuts for scenes in a picture in which she swings a wicked cup of coffee as a waitress. But, judging from the hive of men around "Coffee Pete's," I don't see how they have any doughnuts left.

The Magicians' Club gave another of its mystifying entertainments at the Gamut Club. Adam Hull Shirk, director of publicity at the Lasky studio, and T. Roy Barnes metamorphosed rabbits and cards out of the air. And, believe me, if I were a poker-playing lady I'd never sit in at a game with any of those magical chaps. Spooks were scheduled for the program but I left—I was wearing the imitation pearl brooch my grandmother's aunt's daughter left me and wasn't taking any chances.

Guests of the Hollywood Hotel had a most unique party in the street the other night—and in their nighties, too! The affair was impromptu, resulting from the hotel's catching fire—a habit hotels have. Suitcases and ladies, jewels and babies, clambered in a comedy mixup out the windows and were rescued by gallant—firemen. I wish I could say that the heroine of the occasion was a serial-queen, brave and bold. But—the courageous lady was Mrs. Thompson, who stuck to her telephone switchboard until every guest had been warned and removed to safety. Only one wing of the building was damaged—and it has as many wings as a cat has lives.

That indefatigable Goldwyn press-agent (see what I called you, Joe?) says the cloaks worn by *Theodora* and *Justinian* in the massive spectacle, "Theodora," were made of gold cloth and so valuable that they have been preserved in the Imperial Library at Rome. Well, that's more than you could do with some of the costumes our bathing beauties and society sisters wear out here. I've seen women around the sets lately wearing the latest Parisian creations; and, take it from me, by the time they get through lolling around dusty stages, rescuing weak heroes from flooding creeks and spilling soup—there wouldn't be enough left to hang on a hook. As it is, when you want to do a "fashion story," you almost have to send out a search warrant for their clothes.

They were making some gra-a-and scenes for Betty Compson's "The Noose," the other day, in one of those tremendous salons the Parisian nobility always have—in the movies, for nobody but a movie star could afford them! Betty did a beautiful dance, coached by Kosloff, called "The Death of an Amazon Warrior." It is guaranteed to shake the chandeliers and gentlemen's hearts.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In order to insure the editors against the inquiry being a publicity trick, to win extra mention of some particular actor or actress, all questions must be signed by the writer's name and address. This is for our own information and will not be published unless desired. In case a personal answer is desired, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your question. Personal answers will be made the day the query is received. Others will be printed as soon as circumstances permit.

Conklin—Louis Bannison left the screen for a time. He has signed a contract to appear on the stage in Australia, after this engagement he will play in London.

Knickerbocker—Sorry, but Charles Ray has already left for the West, so your request will have to go by letter.

Fred—The ice in "Way Down East" was real, the scenes were shot during the breaking up of the ice on the Connecticut River. You're welcome.

Madge—James Rennie and Dorothy Gish were married December 26th, 1920.

Interested—I don't happen to know the favorite dish of Constance Talmadge, but I do know that Viola Dana professes to love alligator pear salad more than life itself.

Cissie—Yes, indeed, "Lorna Doone" is being filmed right now. It's one of my favorites, too, and I am delighted that it is to be adapted for the screen. Frank Keenan, Madge Bellamy and John Bowers have been chosen for the leading roles.

Honorine—Grace Darmond is to appear in "Song of Life" a John Stahl production. She is also making serials, and is starred by the Warner Brothers in "Shadows of the Jungle."

Bilson—Billy Joy is a brother of Leatrice Joy. He has been recently featured in "Poverty of Riches."

Clubby—A film version of the successful stage play, "Bought and Paid For," is soon to be presented, featuring Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, and Walter Hiers in the cast.

Constance—Are you? or does your name belie you? Well, it's a nice name, anyway, and we like it. "Morals" is the picture in which May McAvoy is starring. It's taken from the novel by William J. Locke.

Lilyan—May Allison was a stage actress before appearing on the screen. You must have seen her in "Fair and Warmer," as that was one of her greatest hits. She is soon to be seen in "The Last Card."

Little One—There is a report to the effect that Mary Miles Minter has eloped with Thomas D. Dixon. I am unable to tell you whether this is true or not. Time will tell. It is a fact that quite recently her engagement to this young man was announced, so it would not be surprising if they had stolen a march on their friends and been married.

Vivian—Rudolph Valentino and Jean Acker were married November 5th, 1919. It is said that they separated the day after the wedding. However, there is no divorce, according to latest reports.

Serious—Jules Eckert Goodman is the author of "The Man Who Came Back." I have never heard that the play has been adapted for the screen.

Myrtle—Elsie Mackay has not been playing this season, although she is to succeed Margalo Gillmore for the remainder of the season in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." No, she has never appeared on the screen. I quite agree with you, she is very good to look at. She is the wife of Lionel Atwill.

Sylvia Sanford—Milton Sills was a college professor before entering motion pictures. He says the reason for this change in his life work is that he needed more action than he could get teaching philosophy, and incidentally—more money.

Kiss-Kiss! Who's Kissing Now?

\$2.00 If You Guess

WHO ARE THEY?

*Here's a Contest in which
Everybody Who is
Right Wins*

Every week until further notice, Pantomime will publish a photograph of two well-known screen personalities in some pose you have seen on the screen. Of course, they will be altered slightly—otherwise the contest wouldn't be interesting. A fair knowledge of the features of the better-known men and women of the screen is all that is required to win.

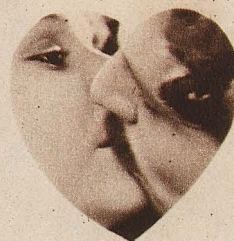
**\$2.00 for Everyone
Who Tells Us**

Two Dollars will be given by Pantomime to every person sending in the correct names of the man and woman in the picture, every week.

You are not limited to one chance. You may send in as many answers as you wish.

But each answer must be on a separate coupon clipped from Pantomime.

Get two of your friends to guess with you. Then one of you will almost surely win.



A Sample Copy (Don't Send This In)

Also—if you get two friends to guess with you—and your own guess is right, Pantomime will give you a five-dollar gold piece!

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This is.....
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Wesley Barry