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WRITE FOR MORE DETAILS
Little "Mary the Second," niece and adopted daughter of "The Sweetheart of the World," is going to grow up to be 100 percent American, if Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks has anything to say about it. Here's "Our Mary," telling Mary II all about the Daddy of our country.

The bust of said Daddy is in front of them because "Our Mary" is convinced that seein' is believin'—even if she is in the movies.
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 "boasts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

Probably it is not an original remark to say that American critics of the screen are peculiar people.

It is over a year ago since Pola Negri was proclaimed to be an actress of superb ability who would make any American star look to her laurels. The same proclamation of talent was made with Charles Hemel, the English comedian, who has just made his debut in "All's Button." He is hailed as being second only to Charlie Chaplin. Also great stress is laid upon the fact that Charlie is not American trained. Alma Taylor, in the same English production, receives laudatory mention that exceeds any which has ever been given an American actress for a purely character part.

We have no desire to belittle the talents of those foreign players. The two women are superb actresses, and have wrought a madrime of first rank. What we do object to is the manifest unfair comparison with American players. Were we in a recognized sport among the women of China, a Chinese sports writer would be regarded as an idiot if he would praise every woman with unbound feet, as a marvel, merely because she could travel faster than the natives with their crippled feet.

The American actor and actresses are laboring under an even more severe handicap when it comes to acting. There are certain periodicals in the awakendays of the industry still in its infancy, some actor or actresses who had a blimsh on the face, covered it with "whitewash" and his face looked clean on the screen compared to the others. Unfortunately black and white do not show a complexion.

The "white" face was regarded as being preferable to the motled black and white.

Now by the time an American actress gets ready to face the camera her face is covered with an absolute mask of make-up. Her only means of expression are her eyes and even these are severely bound by the cak of preparation which is laid on so thickly that movements of the mouth and even the act of speaking is cut off in order to make them appear at all natural.

Foreign screen actors and actresses work without even as much make-up as the average flapper wears on Broadway.

Americans have hit the right note, and their beauty on the screen is unchallenged. Foreigners have sought a means of expression and many of them have attained it.

Hence it is to about equal in the two fields and until such time as they will compete in the same class it would seem that dramatic critics should keep away from comparisons.

DUE of the incinerated crusty biscuits of the bride's first bath is awarded this week to Adam Hull Shir, who suggested to convive us recently of Gloria Swanson's hard-by by stating that in the filming of her latest production she had spent several hours in the "icy waters of the Rio Grande."

This is to a couple of roughnecks who remember well the days of the sojourn of the National Guard along the banks of the same Rio Grande, when the mess cook merely dropped the spuds into the sluggish waters and pulled them out fifteen minutes later fully boiled.

We were talking to the press agent for Marie Prevost, begging for some stills of her in fashionable clothes. Some were shown us, but they didn't do Marie justice—the clothes did not have that much-desired chic appearance. None of these were acceptable to us. We objected, "The cloth looks all right, and Miss Prevost looks all right, but some way they give the impression that she doesn't know how to wear clothes." We gave her time. "Give her time," said the P. A. for the photographer had a wonderful photo of her—"She hasn't been wearing them long."

Almost daily for about two weeks, beginning a month ago, we were importuned to go to Yonkers to see a studio run of the picture, "The Ruling Passion." The P. A. who extended the series of invitations was not interested in the star or in the production, but in one of the supporting casts. We couldn't see why it wouldn't be as just as well to wait until the run for the critics was given.

"The picture is too long, and it's a crotch that they won't cut out any of Alist, so I'm afraid my man's performance will suffer. I would like you to see it completely wonderful." His fears were justified. So much of his man's wonderful performance was cut out that he doesn't appear a picture at all.

There is a complaint that no one in the industry thinks of the future. We have found a press agent who does, however. In fact, he rather overdoes it.

We went to this particular P. A. who represents two very notable stars, in hope of getting a photograph of a certain minor player, related to one of them. He had, but he didn't want to give it up. His attitude surprised us—for the photograph showed both of his stars, in addition to the player. Finally he explained his reluctance.

You know this player has just been married, and you know that you can't talk about weddings. If I let this picture out, and anything happens in the future, it's bound to be dug up and I lose my job.

Press Agents have to exaggerate. Two of them were at dinner and one recalled a rather important engagement he had forgotten. "I'll explain that you had a sudden attack of illness at dinner and I had to take you home," he said. "And you back me up." The second P. A. agreed and the next day his friend was kept busy explaining how he could be at work when he had come down with double pneumonia, indigestion, and a weak heart the night before.

Our duty is sacred for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—determines it because Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.
February 25, 1922

How They Play

Rather close to the net if you were asking for a criticism of Tony Moreno in tennis singles. However, the serious way in which he holds his racket, and the tense expression in his eyes, would tempt us to want him on our side if we were playing a game of baseball.

Teddy Gerard can make play of almost anything. In the books of popular fiction the hardy hero of the North always proves his mettle by a trip on snow shoes. But Teddy is never off them when Fate is kind and sends her snow scenes for locations.

Anybody would know that Lois Wilson was just playing at fishing in this scene. If she weren't, her eyes would be on her line watching eagerly for a nibble. It was nice of her, though, to forget her fishing long enough to give us the full effect of that smile.

This might be play even if it was a serious race. But it is only a play race, anyhow, for what truck driver would speed his engine up so that he would pass Jacqueline Logan, at any time? Especially when she is attired in such a costume.

Maybe you would think that Cullen Landis isn't playing in this picture. But he is—playing that he isn't frightened, and playing that he doesn't really mind that his nice new car is all smashed up in an accident only three days after he bought it.
Bill Hart and "Charlie"

By Paul H. Conlon

"IN the good old summer time, in the good old summer time -
Not softly, but irresistibly the haunting strains of the old melody
were wafted through a studio window, penetrating to the consciousness
of a man who paced steadily to and fro. The man's step faltered
as "Guard of Clothes."

The tune continued, over and over. It could have been a funny giant
into action. He leaped to his feet and took a curious look around.
It seemed that something was wrong.

"Is it possible that the story which he had treasured for some time, awaiting the day when he
would put everything he possessed into their production. And, each of them had proven to be more Clement than the one before. The
first four which alternated with other productions were "The Toll Gate," "The Testing Block," "O'Malley of the Mounted," "White Oak," and "Travelin' On."

Having engaged Charlie on the spot, Bill invited the wanderers into his office where their names were listed and business transacted. Evidently Charlie had heard of the fortunes to be made in motion pictures. It was a case of "take me, take my master," and so Tony and Charlie were each guaranteed four weeks' work at a salary of $100 per week. The "papers" were duly drawn up and signed by the "party of the first part" and the "party of the second part."

Some contract for a monkey actor - as was subsequently proved, Charlie was worth it.

Attired in black frock coat, gray check trousers and black felt hat, in imitation of the gambler villain of "Travelin' On," Charlie held a most quaintly amusing, but pathetic appeal on the screen as he did behind the scenes. And, he worked very hard, in the terrific rainstorm scenes. Can you imagine that serious Bill Hart going into a thunderstorm to catch a runaway monkey? Yet this old charmer supplies one of the biggest dramatic situations of the story.

In the role of J. B. the star spends half the night pursuing the terrified monkey through the storm, not only because he promised a dance-hall girl that he would act as "guardian" to her pet, but because he had come to care for the little animal. While J. B. is gone someone steals his Pinto pony and holds up the stage. And there you have a most peculiar situation.

Even the intelligent Pinto likes little Charlie—which is extraordinary, because as a rule Bill Hart's horse is extremely jealous of his master. Any attention he may bestow upon another animal is likely to result disastrously for the offender. The Pinto formerly had but two pals, Lizabeth, a funny giant mule, and Cactus Kate, a bronco. But, strange to say, after a few days of doubtfulness, Fritz even allowed Charlie to sit in the saddle on his back.

Charlie enjoys this accomplishment making friends with Fritz—more than anything else he does. He appreciates the fact that the Pinto is a hard animal to get accustomed with, and because the little horse shows a genuine liking for him Charlie never jokes with him. Nothing could be more dignified than the way the little monkey sits in the saddle, and one sure way of keeping him out of mischief is to place him atop of Fritz. As long as he is there he is as quiet and as serious as a little boy in a girl's Sunday School Class.

Some monkey! He ought to go into politics. Or are there too many monkeys in politics already?

"Bill and Lil! Mary Jane seems interested in the book—but Charlie seems rather bored."

Charlie has an effective way of stopping Bill from talking too much.

"I'd just talk, he'd probably say some thing harsh. He looks like he's good and sore."

J
Do We Mind Being Kissed?

By Lila Lee

This is one case, I guess, where one may kiss and tell. Do we mind being kissed— for screen purposes? Well, of course, I wouldn't presume to answer for anyone but myself in such a personal matter. Perhaps my experience isn't representative enough, though I've been kissed by several of the most kissable men on the screen— Wallace Reid and Thomas Meighan and Jack Holt, just for instance. Perhaps you'll think it's terribly unromantic of me, but kissing in front of a movie camera is, to me, just a part of the day's work. Some directors demand a lot of it and some less. Generally speaking, I prefer the latter type.

Here Lila is just about to be kissed by Jack Holt—and Jack's married too.

Not that I don't approve of the screen kiss, especially if one is lucky enough to play opposite such handsome stars as I have had lately. In principle, it's all right. But I believe it can be, and frequently is, overdone. There is no point, for instance, in having two players who are portraying an engaged couple indulge in promiscuous osculation every time they come within range of the camera. The director has no imagination if he cannot think of a more subtle way of conveying their love for each other than that!

There is also something lacking in the director or scenario writer who insists that a kiss inevitably follows the briefest acquaintance of two screen players of opposite sexes. It doesn't happen that way in real life. Often the kiss is just the director's alibi; he can't think of a clever bit of action and uses the kiss to bridge the gap.

If you will notice, the better class of directors use the kiss sparingly. William De Mille, who possesses one of the keenest brains and most romantic imaginations of anyone producing for the screen, never has his characters kiss unless a kiss is the only thing that could logically happen in a given situation.

How long should a screen kiss last? Many censors, I hear, judge whether a kiss is nice or not by the number of feet it takes for its consummation.

Here is Lila's pal, Gloria Swanson, and Rudolph Valentino—just getting ready to kiss. Neither seems especially happy about it.

I don't judge them that way. I have a certain sixth sense that warns me when a kiss is being held too long. In fact, a kiss, to be perfect, should be a little too short! You know it's a good rule to carry into every phase of life that you should have just a little less of everything than it would take to satisfy you. This applies to kissing, as well as ice cream sodas and lobster salad.

Frankly, were I to meet such a perfect kiss in the studio, I probably wouldn't recognize it. For screen kisses to a motion picture actress are real rather than real kisses. There is no thought behind them—they are passing, evanescent, impersonal.
The Falls and Rise of Harold Lloyd

By Joe Reddy

PART II

The end of "Lonesome Luke." Here's Lloyd shaving off his mustache prior to donning horn-rimmed glasses.

This is a scene from the first two-reel comedy made by Lloyd. The girl is Bebe Daniels.

With Mildred Davis in "I Do," a two-reeler. An apt illustration of Harold's version of humor.

Tell of this encounter himself, for it was the turning point of his life, and he was aware of it:

"We were standing at the corner of Sixteenth and Douglas Streets, listening to a phonograph. I was quite short and couldn't see through the crowd, when I felt a hand on my shoulder and a man at my side said, 'What are you going to be when you grow up?"

Then the day came when the stock company shut down for the season. Harold's father had decided to move to San Diego.

High school, athletics and last but not least, the stage, occupied all Hal's days; the latter encroaching heavily on his nights. Just how he accomplished it all is a mystery, for he made many marks in his studies; was a member of the football team, and so good an all-around athlete that he was always spoken of glowingly by his mates as 'double-jointed', limber Lloyd.

At the same time he was also a member of the Grand Stock Company and assistant instructor in the San Diego School of Expression. A theatrical class was organized in the high school and of course he was in charge of this.

Then, too, every Wednesday afternoon he appeared before various woman's clubs as Shakespearean readers — this in connection with his work at the School of Expression. He knew by heart all the Shakespearean tragedies, many of the historical plays, and several of the comedies. The School of Expression put on many plays in which he had leading roles and so his memory never knew rest. As he puts it:

"I soon found myself borrowing time, and in debt for sleep."
More Yodelings by Eustace

by the office boy

De Boss said day was goin’ to git a $5.00 gold piece. You know he’s promised a shiny gold piece every time somebody sent in subscriptions. Wot comes to $75.00 between now and April 5th and thirty votes for every reader’s coupon. Den reader’s coupons counts up fast. Wot gits me is why more people ain’t sendin’ em in. De Boss has a hundred prizes to give away—reader’s coupons is good as any—to git em—gee I wish I could get in dat race.

Someone else got busy on de files. Well, we walks dat night till way late. In de mornin’ I wuz up and out bright and early ‘cause wuz plum dusty to see de new place. I gits dere afore anybody else. I jes’ waits ‘round and pretty soon some more of de bunch comes along—and den de Boss. He lets us in but afore I gits de

Stars in the $22,000 Race

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Votes</th>
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<td>D. Arnold, Atlanta, Ga.</td>
<td>760.</td>
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<td>Marie Arick, Broad Brook, Conn.</td>
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<td>J. Atkins, Rockford, Ill.</td>
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<td>T. A. Barden, Newport, Ark.</td>
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<td>F. Baca, St. Louis, Mo.</td>
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<td>P. J. Beckman, New York City.</td>
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<td>C. L. Christiansen, Fort Wadsworth, N. Y.</td>
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<td>F. B. Costrell, Richmond, Va.</td>
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<td>G. Davis, Aurora, Ind.</td>
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<td>L. Addie Dugat, Salem, Mass.</td>
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<td>J. Doxton, Roanoke, Va.</td>
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<td>Frederick, Philadelphia, Pa.</td>
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<td>A. W. Evans, Franklin, Ohio.</td>
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<td>S. Ethelma, Springfield, Mass.</td>
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<td>O. Eisele, Onawa, Iowa.</td>
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<td>Mildred Fairbanks, Toledo, Ohio.</td>
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<td>Mrs. J. German, Syracuse, N. Y.</td>
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<td>J. G. Goedel, New York City.</td>
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<td>C. G. Gooch, Chicago, Ill.</td>
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<td>C. J. Haas, Chicago, Ill.</td>
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<td>Louise Hammock, Kenova, W. Va.</td>
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<td>Madeleine Hix, New York City.</td>
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<td>H. C. House, South Bend, Ind.</td>
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<td>S. A. Horn, Rochester, N. Y.</td>
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<td>C. F. Jacob, Chicago, Ill.</td>
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<td>Anna Jennings, Syracuse, N. Y.</td>
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<td>L. Parker, Kimberton, N. Y.</td>
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<td>Mrs. J. B. Robertson, Salina, Mo.</td>
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<td>Wm. Savarallos, Newton, N. Y.</td>
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<td>A. Sarigent, St. Paul, Minn.</td>
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<td>A. E. Schaffer, Muncie, Ind.</td>
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<td>Mary Schuman, Baltimore, Md.</td>
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<td>F. C. Schwallie, N. Y.</td>
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<td>H. C. Schumard, Dodge City, Kan.</td>
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When they ask me the name of my "home town" I always say, "Heaven." Heaven is the only place I am not sure of. Because in all my life I've never stayed in one place for more than a year at a time. Sometimes I've been rich, sometimes I've been awfully poor, and it was the poor times that helped me most.

At seventeen, I found myself leaving a fashionable finishing school, with a mother and a young sister still in pigtails, dependent on me, and only a few dollars between us and the wolf. Now I had planned to be a poet, but even at that age I took time to acquire an income writing verse.

Besides, I had a large appetite and our suddenly reduced circumstances found all three of us living in one box bed room, with hot and tea cooked over a gas-jet for our main menu. And by the way, that rice-tea-hallroom episode inspired me to more plots! It's been worth thousands of dollars to me.

I decided to become a newspaper editor and sallied forth in the best clothes of all the family. I didn't have any trouble seeing the editors. They were all lovely to me, but they didn't give me a job. And soon we were drinking our tea—weaker!

I then came a flush of inspiration—the movies. They weren't so highly thought of in those days. At school, before it, it had been considered quite devilish to go to them. And I had been devilish. But my idea of a movie plot was that it must be about a fight or murder. I had to concoct an original murder story. What? Another was easier. "Try for His Own Murder" was turned out in two days (including the nights) and sold almost immediately at Vitagraph for Maurice Costello, at the sum of forty dollars.

We moved into two rooms and began to eat at Child's. I went down to Vitagraph and demanded a job. They had bought a "touch system" for me. Now they looked up and down—my school-girl shoes and short skirts—at my hair that was trying so hard to be "up," and they said they 'd need a writer. My heart sank. Then rose. They needed a typist. Could I type? Certainly, I said, and accepted the position at ten dollars a week, not thinking it necessary to inform them that I was self-taught and of "the hunt and peck" school of stenography.

I worked there for six months, very, very hard—because I had to keep up with the "touch system" girls in the office. I copied after reel after reel of scripts and asked innumerable questions. Everyone was wonderful about helping me. Mrs. Sidney Drew used to come in and dictate to me, and order the scripts for the Sidney Drew comedies with me. Later on I wrote one. Frank Dazey was a writer there at that time and he used to dictate too and also answer questions. He used to say I was a "bright kid." No, our romance didn't begin there. We were both too busy learning the fascinating game of catch to romancing, with hard effort.

I had just come out of Harvard and climbed to the staff by way of the "extra lot." Ten dollars a week wasn't much for three people to live on. I could afford just five cents for lunch. That meant a plate of soup, which I ate when I would have preferred a charlotte russe at the same price. But Sarah Bernhardt's motto that "Vitality is the secret of Success" was always my motto too. Soup meant more vitality.

Finally Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, who was president of Vitagraph then, allowed me to try out for staff. I made good and got twenty-five dollars a week and an office of my own. Charlotte russe and soup for lunch now. I wrote about two reels a week—l for Lillian Walker, Anna Stewart, Constance Talmadge, Leah Baird, and many others.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Thanhouser sent for me. They wanted to make a new star. I persuaded them to let me try out a new idea in picture plots. I sitter to all film stories had been either broad comedy or blood and thunder melodrama. I wrote "The Shine Girl" for Gladys Hulette—the tale of a little bootblack who shined people's shoes and also their souls. Very moral, but I trimmed it up with lots of comedy and a quality of "girliness" that was new to pictures. It made a huge hit. I got innumerable offers from other companies and my salary was raised from sixty to two hundred a week.

Then followed a dozen or more original features, some of which, especially the girlish comedy-drama ones, were awfully lucky in scoring at the box of. After that I took a year off and went to Professor Baker's Workshop up at Harvard. It was wonderful training in playwriting and producing. I realized more than ever how much I didn't know.

After that I gave the chance to go to California with Mary Pickford and do the script for "Daddy Long Legs." She asked me to go at nine-o'clock one evening and the train left at noon the next day. There was a scramble to get ready, but I made it on time. "Daddy Long Legs" was an unexpected and accidental hit. It was a task, actually. Mary had been an orphan so much so that it was hard to find new atmosphere for her. She had been a good orphan and a reckless orphan, a sad orphan and a happy orphan. At last I hit it—she was a rebel orphan and later—a drunk orphan. She stirred up a lot of hubbub and was made to go hungry unless she ate the hated fruit. She and her playmate (played by Wesley Barry), torn by a desire for food, found a bottle of hard cider and drank it. They did the most wonderful inebriate scene in the world—coolly funny but without a hint of vulgarity.

They gave me a bonus for that.

I had an idea for a stammering character for Charles Ray and wrote it up as "Alm for Andy." I did the stories and continuities for many other Ray stories, then the adaptation of "Twentv-three and a Half Hours Leave." That was to start a new star, Douglas Mac, but the studio demanded the story of." "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave."

An interesting thing about "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave" is the way it demonstrates one of my favorite axioms—that when you adapt a story you must "translate" it into screen action, just as you translate a novel into dialogue when making it into a stage play. Mrs. Rinchart's story was the most perfect screen material I've ever had. If there was a part of it that wasn't action, there was always something to suggest action.

I did other scripts for Mr. Ince, starring Emi Bennett, Louise Glaum, Frederick Warde, Bessie Love and many others.

Then came the most important event—I got engaged and then married to Frank Dazey of Vitagraph days. He had written "Manhattan Madness" for Douglas Fairbanks, many Sidney Drew comedies and other things for the screen that made him quite famous. Of course he had to go to war for two years, for a year each, but even with those interruptions he managed to carve out a career.

Then came the baby. She's the sweetest, darлингest, cutest—etc., etc., and she has, at the present writing, two whole teeth. We are afraid she is going to be a writer, because she just loves to chew paper and paw the typewriter. We used to read her the stories, and it was difficult to tell her many literary people in the family. Frank's father is a playwright and my little sister (she of the pigtails), after writing all through Nassau, came out and did "Peaceful Valley" for Charles Ray and lots of other successful screen stories. It's dreadful when we all get together and discuss Your story, "My story," His story" or Our story," I suppose it is a case of "what's bred in the bone" and our "perfect" baby will be writing two-reelers ere long.

Was there ever a braver struggle for success? But it was worth every bit of the effort because aside from the extreme joy Miss Johnston experiences in writing stories for the screen, she is among the highest paid authors of the present day.
Outside The Studio

No, Gaston Glass hasn't violated any of the traffic laws. He wouldn't do such a thing. He merely noticed the misfit of the policeman's coat and stopped to give him the address of a good tailor. Quite a nice boy, Gaston, even if the cop doesn't look any too well pleased.

Even knee-length skirts are too hindering for Anita Stewart when she starts on a holiday, and garbed the way she is here, she really enjoys a mountain hike. She and the mules are usually the first to arrive at any destination. And then some people say you never can learn to understand mules.

Connie Talmadge had lamented the fact that she had always done nice, polite comedy and someone dared her to do some tough stuff. Connie did, and afterward denied vehemently that it was the black cigar that made her ill. She blamed it on the axiosing necessary to properly do the dance steps she had tried.

It was a temptation to say that here is May McAdoo starting something that Richard Tucker probably would hate to finish, but the truth of the matter is that this is an off day for May, caused by the non-arrival of some costumes, and when the director said, "Hang the clothes," she took the remark literally.

Richard Tucker was rather run down and his doctor advised some heavy exercise for an hour each day. Women he consulted agreed that the weekly wash was heavy work, so here is the result. Note the cute little time-piece Richard wears so that he doesn't over exercise.
**Around the Lot with T. Roy Barnes**

By Charles L. Gartner

"**W**ell, first of all," said T. Roy Barnes to me, "I shave. Yes—that yellow stuff is lather—movie lather. It's yellow because yellow photographs white better than white does. I shave in front of the camera, and since it takes a little time to shave the shaving scenes, the lather is mixed with some stuff like glue so that it will last quite a while.

I met T. Roy out on the Lasky lot, when he was playing the closing scenes in the special Paramount comedy, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" You'd think people would call him "Roy," but they don't. They don't call him "Mr. Barnes," either, that's too formal for a jolly, informal fellow like T. R. B. No; they call him "Tom," which is what "T." stands for. He has been in pictures quite a while now, having slipped over from the musical comedy stage, where he used to be a comedian. Maybe you remember him from "Katinka." And certainly you recall his skillful work in the films with Helen Chadwick in "Scratch My Back." Tom likes to talk; he talks fast and entertainingly.

I spotted Theodore Roberts on the set.

"Is Mr. Roberts in the cast of this picture?" I asked. "Always make a mental note to see all pictures in which the veteran Theodore performs. Indeed, yes. He's been ill, poor chap. We're all happy to see him about again—a grand old actor."

"They tell me you've had a lot of experience."

"In pictures—not such a lot; on the stage, yes. Light opera, largely. Katinka two years, for instance."

"Also, I'm informed you are an adept at magic."

"White magic entirely, I assure you. I make things disappear and return as mysteriously. I am what is commonly known as a 'wiz.' But don't tell anyone."

"Why?"

"Because they might suspect me."

"Suspect you of what?"

"Anything. Suppose, for example, the large glass stage there were to vanish some fine day—I might be blamed, or that prop cannon over there. I do not wish to be unjustly accused."

"Show me something," I demanded.

"Have you a half dollar?"

"Yes—do I get it back?"

"That depends."

"On what?"

"Whether I am successful." He took the half and it vanished in thin air before my eyes.

"The trick was not successful," he said.

"I thought it very successful."

"Not so. To make a coin vanish it must be rendered exceedingly volatile and sometimes it actually disappears as a result of the component atoms, which constitute its solidity, becoming dissolved and merging with other atoms in the circumambient atmosphere. It is a very dangerous experiment. I tried it once with a dog and all I had left was his tail, which having been bobbed, was of small use. Then I wanted to attempt it with a human being and was compelled to desist."

"That's too bad—but about my half?"

"It is there—in the cuff of your trousers. You see, you have attracted the coin to you and it is restored. You must be a miser or a financier."

"I'm neither—but thanks all the same. That was very clever."

"Don't mention it, old chap. Say, I haven't a thing to do for a minute. Let's walk around."

"So we did. We wandered first upon a set where Betty Compson was making a scene for "The Green Temptation." Miss Compson wasn't busy for the moment, and T. Roy introduced us. He exchanged a bit of kidding with the star. My, how I envied him his line."

"Then we wandered on to a little office with Dutch doors. Lou Goodstadt, casting director at the Lasky studio, had opened the upper half of one of the doors so as to inspect some film in the sun—probably seeing whether any of the extras he had hired that day were star material."

"Ere, ere," says Lila Lee, and Barnes acts as if he can't eat anything.

Mr. Barnes blithely took the film away from him and had a look for himself.

After that we visited the Gloria Swanson set, where the carpenters were at work constructing an interior for "Beyond the Rocks." Gloria herself had just arrived for the day's work.

"A delectable California morning," my companion sang out to her. "Just like the ones described in the railway circulars. Miss Swanson, meet my gentle interview friend from PANTOMIME."

So I met Miss Swanson. And at that moment the assistant to Director James Cruze caught up with the adventurous Mr. Barnes.

"I've been chasing you all over," he said to T. Roy.

"Come on back to the set. We're ready to shoot."

"You big, cruel man," complained T. R. "However—business before pleasure. He shook hands with me. Pardon me, my dear sir, for my unseemly departure, but my toilet awaits without—without me."

He grinned and disappeared in the direction of the set, while I ruminated how nice it would be if all actors as good as T. Roy Barnes had the aforesaid T. Roy's pep, droll manner, and affability.

"I was frightened because I thought I saw Mack Sennett," said the comedian, "and I didn't want money as a bathing beauty."
"We Strive to Please"

By Eugene Clifford

After stopping a swift one, Wally heard this: "Fall through the ropes, face camera, look courageous and pleasant."

Do you remember the printed slogan that used to be on view in most of the small-town shop windows: "We Strive to Please."

It is a matter for conjecture as to how much the public believed this assertion—its frequent use had rather dulled its point and probably many a shopkeeper who made use of it figured that if he could please himself he had done his full duty by others.

"We strive to please!"

The motion picture fraternity regard this as almost the rule of existence. If the producer, the exhibitor, the actor, cannot please Mr. and Mrs. Public, he hasn't much chance of surviving. And this same Public is becoming so supercritical that to please is a greater task than the layman could ever dream of.

So the star, especially, works hard and strives to please by giving the best that is in him, by making the most of his role. It is not entirely selfish, either. The player gets a great deal of pleasure out of merely knowing that he has pleased his public—that is natural. And he knows that if he does succeed, he has established himself in their hearts. It cannot be possible that he is unmoved by this realization. When a star makes a public appearance and is given an ovation there are times when he is overcome by emotion—it's a great thing to be loved of a nation, and it isn't at all likely that the Mary Pickfords and Charlie Chaplins, the Wallace Reids, Gloria Swansons and Thomas Meighans of the picture world are insensible or unappreciative. For they are all emotionalists, they feel poignantly and deeply.

What do they do, then, to gain this appreciation of the audience? Being a star isn't all "beer and skittles." It is hard work almost all the time.

Let us consider a few examples: Take Gloria Swanson, the Paramount star, in "Her Husband's Trademark," directed by Sam Wood. Among other things, she had to jump into the Rio Grande on horseback and remain in the muddy stream for a good many minutes. On another occasion, she plunged into the Waco tanks, as they're called, and stayed there for an hour or more while scenes were taken. They had to lower her down glassy rock canyon walls by a rope slung and pull her up in the same way. She worked early and late, rode horseback over the wilder parts of Texas and Mexico, worked in the blazing sun at a barbecue scene in the Hollywood hills, worked nights and days for five weeks or more—and all to make good and please the public. Make good in the role, that is, for already she has more than made good as a star.

Consider Dorothy Dalton, featured in George Melford's Paramont production, "War of the Lady Letty." Miss Dalton had to:

Fight with chinamen and ruffianly sailors armed with knives. Wear men's clothes and go to sea every day for weeks, though it made her deathly sick. Be rescued from a burning vessel. Fight single-handed with the man who finally wins her love.

Did she complain? Not a bit of it. "The sea-sickness was a little hard," she admitted, "but it was all in the day's work."

Wallace Reid donned fighting tags and boxed a former professional—Kid McCoy—for the "middleweight championship." Of course the fight was "fixed," but it was hard work just the same. Wally has driven motor cars and achieved fake and real incidents that would frighten the average motorist half to death, without "batting an eyelash."

His new picture, "The Champion," was the one in which he boxed—Philip E. Rosen directed. The star had to train for his scrap and intensively at that.

Thomas Meighan fought with a former pugilist also in "If You Believe It, It's So," a new Paramount picture, directed by Tom Forman, but not in a ring combat. "Easy," you say? You should have seen it. Tom went through that scene in rehearsal half a dozen times before it was taken—also several times. He was winded by the time it was finished, bruised and scratched.

Agnes Ayres in "The Sheik" was obliged to be dragged over the desert, fought with four negro girls, sustaining numerous bruises in the process, and had a wild time. Rudolph Valentino, co-featurcd in the same picture with Miss Ayres, had plenty of hard riding to do and did it under hard conditions and in a blazing sun.

They experience all sorts of rough usage, work with animals that are far from tame—as when Conrad Nagel in Cecil B. De Mille's "Food's Paradise," spent several interesting hours in a pit with eleven crocodiles which he had to fight off as they rushed him—and generally experience things that the average citizen would never dream of undertaking.

"They're paid for it," comments the layman, and lets it go at that.

"Sure, they are paid for it. But they amuse you, entertain you, don't they?" answers the champion of the actor.

And the layman has to agree.

Dorothy Dalton throws up everything for the sake of art because of disagreement with life on the bounding main. Throw it up literally!

is one that touches the emotions. Perhaps it is just dramatic acting—have you seen a star who has just gone through some highly emotional scene, immediately after it was made? Have you seen her almost drag herself off the set and fall limply into a chair, tears streaming from her eyes—and not glycerine tears, either? They feel these things, they must do so, feel them deeply.

Try working yourself up to an emotional pitch by thinking of all the sad things in your experience. This could become almost morbid if prolonged. Try it—and you will get an idea of what the star has to do not infrequently.

No unnecessary risks are taken, but there is never the slightest hesitation about undertaking them if called upon. In fact, not infrequently the director has to restrain the stars and others from hazardous feats that are not essential. They become so immersed in their work that they forget even ordinary precautions oftentimes.

When you were enjoying "The Sheik," did you think Agnes Ayres was having an easy time doing this in hot sands?

Falling is the easiest thing in the world to do, yet there are few actors who like a role which calls for action like this.
Jazzing the Masterpieces
By Helen Broderick

"It is the glory and good of Art
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth." —

But Browning didn't have to square under the censor's mandate and even if they had had movies in his time he might not have considered them an art, anyway.

Which brings us back, or brings us forward, to the subject of the photoplay once more. Is it an art or not — it is still a promising infant — there is one new venture in pictures that is based on an accepted and world-old art — this is painting; and these new photodramas are constructed about the works of the masters — ancient and contemporary.

This splendid idea has been attempted by Triart Productions in working out on the screen the approximate themes of some of the masterpieces now hanging in the galleries, each conjuring up to the one who gazes upon it some story or vision or fancy quite his own.

And this is what Triart Productions has added to the year's achievements in the march across the cehnooid. The photoplay, with sixteen-year-old boy, as an art, comes attempted by photoplay, at last.

The third picture of this series, soon to be released, is "The Young Painter," taken from that glorious and winsome painting by Rembrandt. Here the high note of tragic drama is struck. The "young painter," suggested by the original, is an American boy, made frail by the war, who is endeavoring to recuperate his health in a cabin on Long Island. All his time he spends in the pursuit of his great ideal — art. And his ideal of Art is chiefly in terms of Rembrandt, who represents for the boy the highest peak of artistic expression. The chief picture hanging on his walls is a likeness of his idol — Rembrandt. He knows the master's life almost by heart. By happy chance there comes into this boy's life a lovely girl. She lives with her mother in a beautiful home on the other side of the bay. They become friends, answering the never-failing call of youth to youth. But Helen Seymour, so beautifully played by Mary Astor, has been tacitly engaged to marry another youth, attractive, too.

This youth and Roland, the young painter, had been friends in France, it is disclosed on their meeting. This makes a trying situation, and as Roland's love becomes stronger he realizes what little he has to offer the girl — only an unpromising career as an artist, ill health and little or no money. So he decides to go away.

It is then that the maiden realizes her love for him and confesses it to her fiancee who leaves no stone unturned to find the artist. He is finally located in shabby rooms in Greenwich Village, shatrrerred in health and with a short while to live. The girl reaches him a little before his death. And here the screen justifies itself as an art unlike any other, for the spirit of the youth leaves the body to follow the beckoning hand of Rembrandt. The man chiefly responsible for the beauty of these pictures is Herbert Blache, the director, whose wide experience in motion pictures from every angle, and whose native good taste and judgment render him really capable of handling subjects of such delicate texture and such artistic significance. No false notes are struck. There is nothing historically inaccurate here. There is nothing theatrical. They are clear and simple stories with original plots carried out with rare discrimination, aimed to bring home to the public the beauties of art and the inspiration it instills in those who understand and love it.

The designing of the sets is under the direction of Lejaren A. Hiller, a well-known New York artist and illustrator, who brings to the screen new and imaginative lighting effects.

Mary Astor getting fitted to a beggar's costume for a picture — also getting a little instruction from Blache.

stories to be told in beautiful photography on the screen. Their first choice was "The Beggar Maid" of Burne-Jones, taken, in turn, from the poem of the same name, by Tennyson. The poem itself was used in the titles with a most happy result.

"The Bashful Suitor," from the painting by Israels, has a comic note and
Frilly Fluffs
On Agnes Ayres

A Hardy model of blue tricot, with antique gold embroidery forming front panels. Girdle, sash, and unusual draped sleeves of Ciré satin, silver fox fur, and hat of henna metallic ribbon.

Wonder whom Agnes is expecting? Whoever he is, Mr. Man is sure going to be dazzled by this lettuce-green Roshanara crepe dress, designed by Ethel Chafin, the Paramount wizard. The frock is hand-hemstitched, and has pearl buttons as trimmings.

Agnes, as you may or may not know, is the blonde, medium-sized, girlish type. She's demure—but there's always a wee touch of little joy devil in her blue eyes. She's usually smiling, and she's first and primarily a fluffy-ruffle girl. And she looks especially good in this cape of white grained satin and lace. It cost almost a whole week's check. Agnes Ayres size, we mean—not ours.

Here's fluffy girlhood, sure enough! Dreams of confidences and chiffon! This very newest of evening gowns is of rose-pink chiffon, ornamented with a Delph blue ribbon sash. Agnes wears gray silk stockings, and gray vici kid slippers with it. It's the kind of a gown that suggests cozy corners, whispered nothings and that sort of thing.

Methinks this mahogany-colored organdie, hand embroidered, and outlined in mercerized pleatings, calls for a garden gate—and a man.
Big Moments in Pictures You Haven't Seen

If this were pre-Victorian we might suppose that Mother was pleading with her son not to spend all his money on that gun on the corner, but on reading the story of "Give Me, My Son," we find that Pauline Bonville in this scene is facing a greater grief of motherhood—she has taught her son stealing money.

This is the biggest moment in "Beauty’s Worth" for both the characters played by Marion Davies and Forrest Stanley, but the whole trouble is that Marion is not as sure of it as Forrest. Without betraying any secrets, however, we can venture a guess that she discovered the truth before Sophie Karr’s story is finished.

February 25, 1922

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Betty Compson can always be counted upon to do something spectacular in almost any picture in which she appears. In this one she takes the part of the third side of the triangle in an Apache dance in her latest production, "The Green Embers," and there is some real dancing done from somebody.

It would seem that Colleen Moore should have discretion enough to pick a somebody newer than Kate Price. But then screen heroines can do the same thing because they can know in advance that everything will come out right in the end. And this dramatic scene from "Dorothy" without being a bit "scary.

No, this isn’t a new dance step, nor even a matinée good-night. It is Crawford’s routine determinedly trying to steal a kiss from Miguel Balboa, and Mark just as determined that he isn’t going to let it all take place in "Ruthless". But in "Her Husband’s Trademark." It’s a pretty tough situation and one that might swing either way, but on the words of the good old proverb we guess that “the eyes have it.”

Gaston Glass completes the writing of his life’s story in "The Song of Life" and, looking for an audience to try it on, he selects the old, abandoned woman he has rescued from a suicide’s grave and made his housekeeper. Georgia Woodhope, as the woman, learns from the story he is writing, when she had deserted when he was an infant.
Chapter I

MADAME PIPER, the palmist, who had become the whim of San Francisco society, was often surprised as she bent over the hand of a young woman who sat opposite her. Only a single light threw its ray downward upon the two as they sat in the bizarre studio. The bell had rung and tapped the face of the girl and again bent over her palm as if to assure herself that her eyes did not deceive her.

A moment, pleasure, she said to the girl, and rising to her feet she disappeared between the black velvet curtains at one end of the huge room.

Curiosity had prompted Ruth Randolph to visit the celebrated interpreter of destiny. All her friends in the art school had spoken of the woman, and although Ruth had laughed at them and chided them, her curiosity got the better of her, and she finally decided to visit the seeress.

Ruth Randolph was a typical modern American girl. Her beauty and wit had made her one of the most popular young women in the art school, and her skill as a clay modeller had earned her an enviable reputation in San Francisco art circles. Ruth's preference in her modeling was for Indian subjects, a preference perhaps not accidental, as she had vague memories of childhood days—days when she and her father had been wanderers on the plains and among the canyons.

In the adjoining room Madame Piper had pulled a small envelope from a drawer in her desk and was reading the contents.

Dear Madame:

If this tattoo mark trident like this (a design was sketched here)—on the left palm of a woman, ask her to return in two days and then telegraph us. You will receive $1,000 reward.

P. O. Box No. 17
San Mayo, Cal.

Madame Piper re-read the note carefully and then placed it back in the desk. She was not averse to intrigue, such as this appeared to be. Indeed, this was not the first time that something of this sort had come to her attention. Closing the desk, she drew the curtains aside and in another moment had taken her seat opposite Ruth. Taking the girl's hand in hers she bent over it carefully and studied it.

"Beware the trident, it is an ill omen," she finally said, indicating a small figure resembling a three-pronged spear.

"I never knew the meaning of it," the girl smiled.

"It's a tattoo. Return Thursday evening and I'll try to tell you more about it," came the slow answer, "and please leave your name with Abdul." She added indicatively the tall Hindu who was stationed in the reception room.

On Thursday evening at about eight o'clock there was a ring at the door of Madame Piper's. Abdul opened it and admitted a slinking figure who desired to see the seeress. In a moment he was ushered before her.

"I have come," he grinned. "The trident!"

Madame Piper gazed at the man who stood before her. Under one light she could see his sharp features to advantage. He was dressed in dark clothes. A felt hat was on his head, covering his coarse black hair which hung almost to his shoulders. The high cheek bones told her that he was an Indian. "Silently she motioned for him to step into the room back of the studio. Had an intruder stepped in, he would have seen a considerable sum of money change hands, and directly afterwards he would have seen 'Crouching Mole,' for that was the name of the visitor, about to assume the role of a Hindu.

A ring at the bell caused the two conspirators to start. Abdul entered and announced Miss Randolph. In another moment she was brought before Madame Piper and "Professor Tagor, a Hindu palmist." It was the "professor's" intention to satisfy himself as to the trident.

"I'm Philip Stanton—from San Marco," he grinned.

"Again let me thank you," smiled the girl.

"I hope we may meet again," Phil stammered, and as he was most anxious to have this Indian impersonation begun, he thrust a note into her hand, and disappeared.

"You!" exclaimed a cheery voice, and the surprised girl found herself looking into the eyes of her rescuer of the night before. "What nonsense! I am addressing Miss Ruth Randolph," the young man continued, after the girl had led him into the studio. Ruth nodded. After a few moments of conversation, he handed her the following telegram:

Phil Stanton,
Hotel Caledonia,
San Francisco, Cal.

See Ruth Randolph. Offer her $1,000 to make statuettes of company. She is to be our guest.

Jim Loomis.

"Jim Loomis is my partner," Stanton explained. "What he says goes for me."

The girl studied the face of the young man before her. What she saw seemed to satisfy her, for she gave him her hand, consenting to undertake the new commission.

The two young people left the station at San Marco and proceeded to the Loomis ranch. A few minutes elapse, just in time for the horses which Loomis had supplied. They laughed gaily, a clattering of hoofs behind them caused them to turn in their saddles. Ruth gaped with surprise. A horseman, clothed all in white, riding a white horse, was bearing down upon them. A white head-dress raising his features, and leaving only two claws, which seemed to have jerked them behind him. He dashed up to the girl, thrust a note into her hand, and disappeared.

"Beware the trident," he cried. They were puzzled over the note. They decided, however, to say nothing to anyone about the incident, and retraced their way back to the road leading to the Loomis ranch.

When they arrived at the porch of the ranch house, Phil introduced Ruth to Julia Wells and Jim Loomis. Jim informed her that the next day he was going to take her to his chief Gray Wolf. He was most anxious to have this Indian immortalized in bronze. As Ruth was weary after her long trip, Miss Wells took her to her room, where she prepared to retire for the night.

About midnight the girl was awakened by a noise in her room. Raising herself on her elbow, she opened her eyes in time to see a man, clothed entirely in white, make his escape from her window. With a cry of alarm she sprang from her bed, ran to the window, and looked down, but a few moments earlier the intruder had vanished. Julia and Phil, also aroused by the disturbance, rushed into the girl's room. As the three looked out of the window, Loomis observed, "White man up on the floor, he picked it up and read:

"As you value your life and happiness, do not go to the Wigwam to-morrow.

Quietly putting the note in his pocket, he joined the others at the window, and speaking to Ruth, told her that she must have been mistaken in supposing someone had entered her room. After they had departed, Ruth, distrustful and wondering, tried in vain to sleep.
At the Wigwam, the next morning, all was bustle and excitement. Only Gray Wolf knew that an important event was to take place—his tribemen doing his bidding and remaining in ignorance. The Wigwam was a huge structure built in the side of a cliff. It peculiarly resembled a modern apartment house—scaling ladders serving as elevators, and ventilation very apparent.

To Ruth the strange structure was a marvel of Indian architecture. Phil Stanton had been left behind, but, much to the girl's distress, as white men were not allowed in the Wigwam, there was nothing either of them could do.

Brought into the presence of Gray Wolf, the girl was greeted with impressive solemnity and asked to show her left hand. Gray Wolf examined it closely and then held up his arm for silence.

"Buffaloes and Blue Hawks!" he cried. "Behold White Eagle, your chieftainess!" Ruth was bewildered—panic-stricken—by this strange turn of events. She made a dash for the door, but the Indians blocked her way and would not permit her flight. As she struggled to free herself, a pretty Indian girl, Moonlight, approached her and whispered:

"Pretend to yield—I will help you later."

Ruth stopped struggling and listened to Gray Wolf, who told her that no harm would come to her as long as she remained there peacefully. He ordered Moonlight to take the girl to her chambers.

"What is all this about?"

"It is because you bear the sign of the trident," explained the Indian girl. "When you were four years old, your father married the Princess Blue Wing, chieftainess of these two tribes of Canyon Indians—the Buffaloes and the Blue Hawks. Your father and Blue Wing were very happy but one day he had to go back to his people. He never returned, and Blue Wing died of a broken heart. Now, while you are in no way a blood relation of Blue Wing, Gray Wolf believes you are the rightful ruler of the tribes. He expects you to decide which tribe, the Buffaloes or Blue Hawks, should come into possession of the Golden Pool.

As Ruth was about to question Moonlight an Indian entered.

"Gray Wolf requests Princess White Eagle to appear," he said.

Before Ruth left Moonlight she managed to whisper, "Get word to Phil Stanton, at the ranch, that I am a prisoner."

Ruth waited for some time at the door of the council chamber before she was admitted. Gray Wolf had been informing the two tribes of the real significance of the girl's presence.

"Now that our white chieftainess is found," Gray Wolf spoke, "she will soon in her wisdom decide to whom the Golden Pool belongs. Tomorrow we will make ready to return to the hidden canyon to bring to our people our long-sought chieftainess."

As he spoke on, Ruth was much relieved to see Moonlight signalling her from the door.

But suddenly the noise of battle and much shouting reached the councillors in their chamber. Gray Wolf and his chieftains rushed from their places to find the source of the outburst. Ruth saw that her moment had arrived, and unseen she slipped from the room with Moonlight.

Meanwhile, Phil was climbing one of the scaling ladders to Ruth's room, but just as he got to the top, four Indians sprang on him. He managed to elude them by pushing the ladder over, and before they regained their footing was in the room with the girl. Sliding down a vine, they reached the ground in safety, and ran across the short space to the outer wall with the Indians hot after them. Phil knew that both could not escape, so he turned suddenly and faced his pursuers while Ruth reached the top of the wall and watched her champion's struggle.

Phil was outnumbered, the girl saw this. She was about to go to his aid when from the other side of the wall a figure in white on a white horse dashed madly up, swooped down on her, and, lifting her to his saddle, dashed away with her.
Something Else Than Fight

By Truman B. Handy

Life is a paradox. One thing after another. Loose edges which don't match. Fate—

all Fate. One has so little to say, it seems, regarding his own destiny. The latter is mapped out indelibly, what is to be will be. It is a

fatalistic creed.

Yet, when you settle yourself to chat with Frank Mayo you find that he is first and always a fatalist. Why? He himself doesn't know; perhaps he has never tried to know. Yet, when he has unfolded to you the story of his life, his ambitions, his accomplishments—his ideals—you begin to see unfolded before you a peculiar canvas whose brush-strokes have run in opposites and formed paradoxical angles.

In the first place, his very becoming an actor was somewhat problematical. True, his grandfather and father were actors. Famous actors in the American hal of theatrical fame. Yet Frank, from his early association with the stage and its environs, inspired not to its laurels but rather more to those of the business world.

An excellent business man is he, yet one finds him at times almost impractical in business matters. Fighting Romeo is he in his pictures, yet in his private life his mild manners are such as to cause any mere reporter a catarpelic shock. A creature of temperament one moment, a docile, boy-like, trusting, trusting fellow the next. Paradox!

He is peculiarly difficult, fascinatingly interesting to interview. Yet one cannot interview him. I went to him prepared to get my story along lines I have well defined. Presto! I find my interviewal tab a mere scrap of paper. I am listening not to the Frank Mayo whom I've known on the screen—a two-fisted brute breaker, a contemporary cave man. Instead, I am in conversation with a beauteous gentleman who hates fights and the quiets of cava-mannership, who is content to live quietly, simply, out of the limelight. Who cares not for ostentation, who would prefer to live on a small country estate, where he could keep a small flock of poultry, a few rabbits, perhaps a cow, than to bask in the luxury of Babylon.

Of course he takes his career seriously. However, Fate's strange twist has decreed that his career shall not take him seriously. Where he would rather be doing "Davy Crockett" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson" he is forced to be content with death-dealing dramas wherein he, the hero, is certain to make a lusty show of his two fists. He, a character of Barrymore, is professionally a devotee of Dempsey.

Not long ago Mayo was married to Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of the piano virtuoso, Leopold Godowsky. She, of Polish lineage, inherits all the fire, the so-called "temperament" of her race. She is an excellent foil to his inherent complacency. She is ambitious to become a screen celebrity; he combats the thought.

Very old-fashioned, he shall term him, in his romantic views. Often, when the subject of Mrs. Mayo's career is broached, there is a friendly argument between husband and wife, for Frank wishes her to be content as the wife of a man who adores her. But she, with her liltting French accent, her narrowed, Oriental eyes, shrugs her shoulders and protests.

"But, Frank, have married women no rights? Must I sit at home just because I am your wife?"

Whereupon he, knowing the sholus that lie in the matrimonial sea when one travels in the theatrical channel, shakes his head sadly, and exclaims, "You must."

What I want to do more than anything else, "mused Frank, "is to have a pretty little suburban home, not too large—just large enough so as not to be stuffy. Dagmar is not domestic. I'm glad of it because a man doesn't necessarily marry a cook; he prefers a woman who is stunning enough to make every other man wish he could have married her.

"On my farm I should like to have a few hens, a garden—plenty of grounds for beds of old-fashioned flowers."

Contrary to opinion, I am not particularly athletic. At least, in spirit. Between pictures I take a trip, generally, or else rest at home. I've tried to write various times when I've been able to concentrate. Sometimes I wish I might have been a newspaperman—or a columnist of some sort.

Nowadays, if one becomes successful in some particular line, such as acting, for instance, he finds himself enthralled with the thought of his career. Any man, to be a success, I think, should have at least two careers.

He laughed to himself. "Some day I may be a successful farmer."

If there ever was a man who dislikes a rough-and-tumble fight, it is Frank Mayo. We spoke of his pictures.

"What are you going to do?" I inquired, shrugging his shoulders helplessly. We made "The Brutebreaker". It happened to be a success—and, because there was a climatic fight in it, the verdict at the studio seems to be 'fights for Mayo! I should like to have a chance to show the public that I can at least try to do something else than fight.

"Some of my pictures in the future are not going to have brawls in them. I do not care about playing society-man types. Pretty boys are out of my line. I wouldn't play a pretty-boy part because I hate the type."

The time is coming when an actor in motion pictures will not be chosen because he necessarily happens to look his part but because he can act it. It is then that we shall see the films develop from an industry into an art.

Mayo's first success as an actor was realized abroad. However, he is a dyed-in-the-wool American. But, for seven years, he toured England on the legitimate stage. It was a wonderful training, he says.

He went into pictures as a leading man and has played opposite practically every feminine celebrity on the silver screen. It was because he is essentially an actor rather than just a big, good-looking boy, that Universal made him a star. At present he is one of their greatest drawing-cards. But, it seems, he will always have to fight to satisfy his "fans."

And he hates fighting. Such is the paradox of Life.
Research Work is a Big Element in Motion Picture Studio Work

By Adam Hull Shirk

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," might be a good slogan for the Research Department of a film studio. Or, it might be paraphrased to read: "If you don't know what you want, ask us!"

Elizabeth McGuffey, head of the Research Bureau at Paramount studio in Hollywood, California, started the department several years ago with one and a half shelves of books and a few cases for clippings. It has now expanded to a large room lined with volumes of reference, filing cases galore, chests of drawers and two assistants.

A filing system was devised after study of the Public Library system, which is a combination of the geographic and alphabetical and arranged under main headings for each country, of an arbitrary nature, such as Architecture for the Art Department; Costume for the Wardrobe Props for the Property Department; History, manners and customs for the Scenario Department, etc. The subheadings cover a wide range, especially under Costume and Architecture, and are in motion picture terms.

The filing system is elastic, providing for future growth. Steel vertical filing cabinets are used.

Elizabeth McGuffey describes her work as "Idea Hunting." "When," she says, "a writer comes to me and starts in by saying 'Can you suggest—?' I am interested at once, for it presages a long and interesting search which may lead me anywhere—-from the city jail to a museum."

She declares that she gets much information from the personnel of the studio, where, of course, are gathered men and women of many nationalities and vocations or avocations.

"We were looking for the data which would tell us just how the French order of Commander of the Legion of Honor should be worn," said the research expert. "A young man playing atmosphere in a picture told me his father had just received this decoration and the mooted point was quickly settled."

"I wanted information as to the way passengers in the steerage of a trans-Atlantic liner lived. A girl with marcelled hair and gorgeous stockings proffered the needed facts—the last one you would have expected to possess the necessary knowledge.

For Gloria Swanson's new picture by Elinor Glyn, Beyond the Rocks, a Buddhist temple in Northern China near Thibet, is required. There were facts about such shrines to be obtained."

"What do French-Canadians eat at a wedding feast?" One of the questions asked the research department.

"What is the correct dress and setting for an Apache dance?" The research department found out.

The Research Department, in short, is the link between the writers and the producers. The Costuming, Architectural and Property Departments get much data from this source and in this way that accuracy, which is invariably a characteristic of Paramount Pictures, is assured.
NOTHING much doing this week—only one dinner, three luncheons, one supper carnival, one wedding, some accidents, seven fights and two divorces. But the tourists are beginning to come out—maybe they'll stir up a little excitement.

The snappiest occurrence of the past week was the press luncheon inaugurating Richard Walton Tully's production of "The Masquerader," starring Guy Bates Post. It started out to be a very formal affair—they sent out an engraved invitation—but after the first round of orange juice cocktails all the gentlemen lost their collars' expressions. Edward Kimball buckled down to his task, and the rest of the guests and made ourselves at home, with the orange-juice. It was a little out of our profession, the Press (cheers!), and eminent authors of the dailies mingled fraternally with stars while they ate. (Tell me I didn't know what I was doing when I came to Hollywood—they feed you so frequently around here that you just can't keep company with a diet, so mine and I have parted.) We had all the courses from orange juice cocktails to demi-tasse, with speeches for appetizers. Richard Walton Tully and James Young said nice things at each other and Guy Bates Post made a touching speech, rendering effectively an anecdote about a gentleman named Scotch, whom he had once met long, long ago. But me being a sort of Scotch-Chicken, as it were, it was ancient history—so I contented myself with the orange juice and wondered what it was all about. Later we watched Guy Bates Post enjoy him in the scenes before the camera.

Among the stage celebrities present were Guy Bates Post, Richard Walton Tully, James Young, Edward Kimball (father of Clara Kimball Young), who plays Brock, the valet, Kenneth Gibson, son of Ida McClure Gibson, Katherine Lorimer, and the Press (cheers!) including me.

Meeting George Washington—Abraham Lincoln and visited Flanders—all without moving from my comfortable camp chair. No dear Dr. Crafts, I wasn't affected by the orange juice, but rather an exhibition of the Eden Museum of New York, arranged for a Jack White comedy at the United Studios. The wax figures seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely—but maybe they were smiling at us!

Mabel Normand gave a dinner party for the attaches of the Mission Theatre, where "Mollie O" had its local premiere, scoring a second week's run, during which 5,000 letters were received by the theatre commending the picture.

Buck Jones—excuse me, I mean "Charles"—has been in the hospital, suffering from burns caused when his clothes caught fire doing a studio scene.

Claude Gillingwater, beloved "Grandfather Earl," and "Capn," seems in the films permanently. I have rarely seen a more unassuming man. Hughes' "Remembrance," he moved over to the next stage on the Goldwyn lot for a part in "The Daisy Flower." He was host to twenty children at a party in honor of his son, Claude, Jr., a student in the Urban Military Academy.

Mrs. Cecil B De Mille entertained with a progressive dinner at her lovely Laughlin Park home in honor of her two nieces.

John Philip Sousa, the march king, has dedicated his latest in the series of "Cameraman Studies," melodizing the sounds around a studio.
**A Four-Year-Old Son of Mars**

By Charles Elgie

"Fans" the departure of their favorite stars, particularly those of my sex, were all conceived. Of course she was kind enough to add: "You are different. You are not upstage!"

But I was rather disturbed. Others have said the same thing at odd times and it is because all of the screen players I know are quite the reverse of being upstage or conceived, that I hasten to jump to their defense.

All of us (motion picture stars) are the creatures of the public's liking. Whatever we have achieved has been due to the appreciation of the "fans" who admire us and they alone have made us popular. Why, then, should any star take upon herself the mantle of credit?

I number several of the most popular stellar lights among my most intimate friends and I may say, without one exception, that they all realize that their whole life and work are at the mercy of their "fan" friends. Any star who forgets this is slated for an early fall. The public instinctively feels the marked difference between their unaffected and sincere favorite and the altogether new person who self-consciously poses before the camera. They are quick to see the player "let go," as it were. Rumor also carries to the "fans" the departure of their favorite from the path of hard work and naturalness to the road of sloth and pride. And the result is fatal.

Our popularity has come to us from the outside. Once a popular star forgets the hand that feeds her and attributes all her success to her own efforts, she loses the very contact that has given her place.

We must keep faith with the "fans." We are always on trial. "Fans" are a grand jury that sits in session each time one of our pictures is shown and unless a star makes each picture a new objective—a trial to be won, the jury hands down a negative decision. A few such decisions and you are done.

We cannot sit back in self-gratification expecting our laurels to carry us over weak places. It simply can't be done.

In conclusion, I want to add that any star's "fan" mail is an index to the whole situation. It is true that praise and kindly criticism are manifest, but sometimes I am warned against manners and affectations that from a "fan" friend's viewpoint are hurting my career. They discuss with me every phase of my work from the story, itself to my characterization of a role. My "fan" mail is the barometer of my standing in the screen profession.

On such grounds can I or any other star afford to lose contact with "fan" friends? Upstage stars are a trifling minority.
Kerry Writes us from London

EDITOR'S NOTE—Of course, you know and like Norman Kerry, the handsome leading man whom you saw in "Prairie" and other pictures. Norman has just arrived in London, where he played the lead in "Three Live Ghosts" at the Paramount British studio. He has written us the following amusing letter from the city of fog.

Dear Pantomime:

Well, here I am in "dear old Lunnorn." It's as different from Hollywood and New York as day from night, but I rawther like the old burg.

I put up at a hotel the first couple of days here, but after that I was lucky. Paul Powell, the American director who has been working at our studio, was about to leave for the States and offered to sub-lease me his comfortable little house in St. John's Wood, on the outskirts of the city. I took him up, after inspecting the jolly diggings.

(By Jove, I'm beginning to talk that way too!)

Paul introduced me to his cook—a rather grubby middle-aged woman—and I didn't like her looks much. But he said she cooked nicely, so I let it go at that.

But, hevens! What a bathroom! There was an armor-plated contraption in one corner that looked like the boiler on one of the New York Central locomotives. The cook explained that it was the receptacle in which the water was heated for my morning "tub."

Well, the second morning I was there I lighted the thing up, and went whistling about my shaving. Suddenly there was a sizzling and a bang! The boiler parted quite extemporaneously, and the hot water shot in all directions completely over the bathroom. I attempted to staunch the flow with towels and pieces of clothing, but to no avail.

Dashing to the telephone, I summoned a plumber—and kept summoning one until three o'clock that afternoon, when the gentleman arrived and began leisurely to unpack his tools. By six the leak was fixed, having caused some two hundred dollars, worth of damage, not to speak of the wear and tear on my nerves.

On the third day the cook, whose looks, I repeat, I did not like, departed. Not only did she take herself, but also all our reserve grocery supplies. Moreover, I soon discovered that she had run up bills in my name with the local tradesmen to the extent of some three hundred bucks.

I took a little trip down to police headquarters in Scotland Yard, which heretofore I had only known as a location spot for "Three Live Ghosts," the picture I'm working in, and gave the bobbies there the available dope, so that they might get on track of the missing caviar and pate de fois gras.

I don't know what I would do in such trying times if it weren't for Mrs. Paul Powell, the gentlewoman who has been working at our studio, and who has been my cook, housekeeper, and general servant.

I have fallen in love with the little city, and found a house that I like so well that I have decided to rent it and move here permanently. I am really enjoying my work at "Three Live Ghosts," which is being made here.

I am working hard, andam going to be in London for two or three weeks. I am already looking for the best set of pipes to use for the bathroom, and have already arranged for a good plumber's mess and went out and hired a new cook—one who looks like a lady, like the way, do like. What's more, I like her cooking, too!

In spite of it all, I am strong for England. I am thinking of leasing a country home in Sussex or Kent, within commuting distance of the studio, or extending the lease on these St. John's Wood diggings.

George Fitzmaurice is cheerful and debonair as ever. He looks just as natty on The Strand as he does on Fifth Avenue. Arthur Miller, his cameraman, bewails the fact that he left a just-completed house and a new automobile back in the States, but otherwise he's happy.

John Milten, who played the title role in "Experience," is with us, too. He is playing the villain in "Love's Boomerang."

Mr. Robertson calls upon Sir James M. Barrie frequently, and they talk over the filming of "Peter Pan." It hasn't been decided yet whether the picture will be made here or in the United States and whether a boy or a girl will play the title role.

I guess that's all for the present. Best regards to all my fan friends in America.

Sincerely,

Norman Kerry.
Some day when Dollie Wilson grows up, and is entertaining a young man, mother is going to bring out the family album and show this photograph of how cute Dollie was when she was little. And then Dollie is going to hate the day she posed for it.

The two sons of Ernest Trues are so grown up already that they think that it is rather "sissy" on the part of their father to "spoon" with their "Mumsy" in the Trues family hammock. They con­done it, however, because they blame it to a great extent on Mumsy's looks. They'd tempt almost any feller to kiss her.

Here is Stanley Goethals showing that "movie kids" enjoy studying their lessons just about as much as other children. The best part of it is that the California weather permits him to use a year-round bluff of want­ing to do his school work outdoors.

If ever an argument starts as to the first picture in which any of the well-known stars of to­day made their first appearance, spring this one of them. It is really Constance Tit­midge, and aside from those in bathing dishabille, this is really the first picture in which she appeared.
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In the Swim

You're "nobody" nowadays if you haven't a private ocean of your own. Mary and "Doug" have one that is the final word in swimming-pools. It has all the spring-boards and thinga-ma-jigs that expensive swimming-pools just must have. And "at home" in their private ocean the world's two most famous movie stars frolic like children.

Harold Lloyd hasn't any water in his swimming-pool yet, but you can tell from his expression that he's hopeful. He says he has his new pool all finished and now he's waiting for the winter rains. He will install chutes, diving bars, spring-boards, an unsinkable boat, and it will be electrically lighted and heated by gas. Harold also threatens a fountain and a lily pond. He bought a lot next door to his home for the pool and a tennis court.

Wallie Reid, on the extreme right of the picture, and the Mrs. (Dorothy Davenport), the young lady on the left, entertain friends in their own back yard. Wallie has a pinkish house, set against a hill, and the whole back yard is swimming-pool. There's a sand pile, the private property of their young hopeful, Billy. Incidentally, the chap on the left looks like he might be Wallie's twin—but he isn't. Can you guess his name? He's in the movies. The other girl isn't.

Some are born with private oceans, some achieve them, and here is Bebe Daniels about to have one thrust upon her. The man on the diving stand must be one of those old-fashioned ones who hasn't yet realized that a girl may don a bathing suit with no intention of going into the water and still be in good form.

When Thomas H. Ince, producer, feels like taking a dip, he hires him to his backyard ocean, just like the stars? "Now, Tom, where did you get that natty one-piece—been foraging in Mack Sennett's wardrobe department?"
Handing Out Your Character

By Alice Calhoun

Among the most enjoyable incidents to motion picture acting are the unexpected bits of knowledge an actress picks up at the great number of places she visits and the wide variety of people she meets. Folklore is one of the most fascinating subjects I have ever encountered, and when I heard that David Smith, who directed me in "The Little Minister" had been successful in getting a genuine band of gypsies to appear in the production, I could hardly wait to meet these nomads.

Gypsies, you know, are a people who have maintained their original nationality more successfully than any other race. They have no country, but wherever you find them they are the same—just the same now as they were thousands of years ago. Those who write today even write the same language their great-great-great-great-grandfathers wrote. With such a people I knew I would have a really wonderful time.

It was even more fascinating than I had anticipated, for the Gypsy Queen happened to take a liking to me, and never seemed to weary of my questions.

Naturally, you can't talk to a Gypsy at all intimately without bringing up the subject of fortune telling, and I was rather amazed when I found that the average Gypsy fortune teller is not possessor of occult gifts, but merely a practitioner of sciences as well grounded and worked out as any we practice.

Palmistry is the basis of all their fortune telling. Naturally the hand doesn't indicate physical descriptions of people whom you know, and whom a Gypsy fortune teller will so frequently describe as national traits. The secret of this is watching your face while they vaguely describe almost anyone and let your expression be an indication as to when they hit it right. Then they enlarge upon this. Of course it is really trickery of a sort, but based upon the knowledge they can gain from your hands, it is well worth while knowing.

Soft hands indicate imagination, elastic hands physical and mental energy; the possessor of a hard palm is a good worker. A hand broader than it is long belongs to the emotional person, while the philosopher has a rather large, long, well-developed bony hand. The useful hands are square, of moderate size, with fingers of even width from palms to ends. The owners are tenacious and persevering. They love order, truth and fair play. The active hand is broad at the base, and the fingers are broad and flat. These people are self-confident, independent, original, love action, motion and desire to be on the go all the time. The elementary hand is very thick and has a hard palm, short, stiff, heavy fingers, the tips rounded and shapeless. The owners have little mental capacity, but are cunning. Many hands are a combination of one or more of these types, and the character of their possessors is a combination of the qualities indicated.

It would require a volume to tell all I learned about hands from the Gypsy Queen. But these people go more by the shape of the hands, fingers and thumb than they do by the lines to read character. Their palmistry seems to be more a science of deduction and common sense than any occult power.

Since I have learned so much from the Gypsy I have been studying the hands of those about me and find that I can read the character of the possessor nine times out of ten. It is a pleasing diversion in spare time.

Nails that are shorter than they are wide indicate quick temper, inclined to be inquisitive, sceptical and critical. They analyze everything. Those with exceedingly short nails are teasing, worrying and frivolous. Short nails and thumb belong to the timid, retiring, cowardly nature. Pale nails show physical and moral weakness, cold, unsympathetic nature and when short are deceitful. The natural color of nails is pink, with white crescents at the base, which indicate a cheerful, hopeful nature.

Long fingers denote love of detail, aptitude for doing small things well, ability to analyze and know when little things are well done. They worry over trifles. Short fingers have the opposite characteristics. They jump at conclusions, have a quick understanding; but lack detail. The natural fingers have few characteristics and denote equal balance to physical and mental faculties. On the second finger is based the natural length of the fingers. Each finger has a natural length relative to the length of this finger. From the length of each finger important decisions may be made. A long first finger denotes a desire to rule others. Short fingers denote a dislike of responsibility. A long second finger denotes thought, desire to avoid society and melancholy tendencies; while a short one shows lack of prudence, frivolity and want of caution.

The long third finger denotes speculation; the short belongs to gamblers. The fourth finger indicates influence. Thick fingers puffed out at the base where they join the palm belong to the selfish. Fleshy lumps on the inside of each finger denote sensitiveness. Waist shape at the base denotes selfishness, but dauntless, preferring quantity to quality.

The thumb tells much. It represents reason and will. There are many other indications of character told by the flexibility of hand and fingers; the position of fingers and thumb which are interesting, but which would require too much space to explain.
TRENTON, N.J.
FEB. 22.
GEORGE WASHINGTON, WELL KNOWN SCREEN STAR REHEARSES FOR HIS NEW FILM: "CROSSING THE DELAWARE."

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"PANTOMIME" OVER THEM ALL
FIELD OF MOVIE PUBLICATIONS
FANDOM NOTES

Here’s an answer to many inquiries as to what stars were doing ten years ago!

Wallace Reid was working as a pick-and-shovel man on the Shoshone Dam, in Wyoming. Betty Compson was playing around the silver mine in Utah, near which she was born. Dorothy Dalton was attending Sacred Heart Academy, Chicago. Theresa May was making her debut as a stage actor with Henrietta Croman, in Pittsburgh. Gloria Swanson returned to Chicago with her family after several years spent at an army post in Porto Rico. Arna Asyes was the reigning belle in the town of Carbondale, Ill. William De Mille was writing plays for David Belasco. Rodolf Valentino was engaged in a military outfit in Italy. George Melford made a picture called "The Boer War," and spent $26,000 on it. It was a stupendous price for a show which the hearts of the Kalem leaders. Leatrice Joy was the prettiest girl in her class at a convent in New Orleans. La Lila Lee was attending public school in New York City. Lois Wilson was hoping soon to graduate from Alabama Normal School and become a schoolmarm. Conrad Nagel was giving lecture lectures on the Chatanooga circuit for theauditory. At Redwood Barre, N. H., Hott was herding cattle on a ranch in Oregon.

To Rodolf Valentino now, not Rudolph! The new Paramount star is reverting to the formal procedure of cinema stars. He recently divorced his wife on the grounds of desertion and now he has changed his first name. He is apparently not acquainted with any proof readers.

Vida Dana threw the first ball at the opening of the winter league baseball season in Sacramento, the capital of California. The batter was Jimmy O’Connell, the $70,000 beauty, recently bought by the New York Giants. He has never hit anything in his life, yet he was unable to connect with Miss Dana’s delivery. He said he could not help looking at her instead of keeping his eye on the ball.

Gareth Hughes, headed for a dinner party in Los Angeles, had lost his host’s address. "Better ask a policeman," his chauffeur suggested. "No," said Mr. Hughes, "he’s a good, upright chap. I don’t think he’s known to the police."

The following with bootlegger costumes as ordered:

Vincent Higgins, Joe Ryan, two odd men—bootlegger types. This is the remarkable inscription that appeared on the call board at Paramount’s west side recently for a location trip. The question was, "What’s a bootlegger?"

One of the actors reading the call said he had seen one of the men named with a pair of bushy whiskers. Perhaps that’s the answer.

Here’s the best one I’ve seen yet from a rabid "fan." Lillian Way, the street upon which Metro studio is located, received her first "fan letter" reading: "They’ll all be on you on the screen minute. Please send me your picture without a hat on."

Miss Mary O’Connor, recently back from Paramount’s London studio, can’t express herself too freely about the five o’clock tea-drinking habit of the English. When there she spent there never once fell a victim to the wild debaucheries Sir Thomas Lipson is responsible for. It’s all right for dainty little dolls, she says, "but imagine a husky carpenter dangling a piece of scenery in one hand and a cup of weak tea in the other!"

Most of the leading stars of those foreign-born pictures have a listless air, and here I’ve been blaming it onto the fogs!

If you’re an Ethel Clayton fan, slip a frilly collar and cuff set into the mails for her. She told me yesterday that her fat and she can’t get enough of them.

STUDIO JOTTINGS
By a Staff Correspondent

Something is going to happen soon in the case of Omar Khayyam vs. Mammon.

Ferdinand Earle, who is proxy for Omar by reason of his having been asked to filming his Rubinay, packed his grips Monday and suddenly left Los Angeles for New York.

New York is reported to be the favorite place of certain stockholders of the Rubiniay, Inc., who, Mr. Earle alleges, "seized a great part of his film and took it East to deplete the silly quarrels of Omar, and to expand the melodrama to standard ‘movie’ mellowness."

Despite Earle’s restraining suit in Superior Court, a preview of the picture had been announced for Monday. Instead of the preview, Rubiniay officials exchanged several telegrams with Earle, who still holds three reels of important negative film. As a result the artist-producer is producing Gotham-ward.

Evidently matters will now either be patched up with Producer Earle or legal war will fly.

The fact that Ernst Lubitsch, the noted German motion-picture director, cuts his pictures himself is hailed as a great achievement. Mr. Lubitsch makes his film under the name of G. C. Valentino Barre. At Redwood, N. H., Hott was herding cattle on a ranch in Oregon.

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If you’re an Ethel Clayton fan, slip a frilly collar and cuff set into the mails for her. She told me yesterday that her fat and she can’t get enough of them.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In order to insure the editors against the injury being a publicity trick, to win extra mention of some past production, I am signed by the writer’s name and address. This is for our own info. In case a picture is referred to, enclosed with a letter from the producer, written directly to the editor, the inquiry may be made the day the query is received. Others will be pressed as soon as circumstances permit.

Fillum Fan—William Parks, Jr., played Jared Wally in “The Business Girl.” He is a tall, long looking young man, but I have to tell you that he is very happily married to Gladys Hulette.

Nell—Lewis Stone is in his early thirties. His latest picture is “The Rosary.” He played an important role in “River’s End.” He admits to a great love for the stage and says he has no desire to return to the stage, although he enjoyed a very successful career as an actor on the legitimate stage.

Mac—Kenneth Harlan plays opposite Alice Brady in “Dawn of the East.” Michio Htou, the well-known Japanese dancer, plays the part of Ston in this picture.

Peggy—I don’t know whether Ben Turpin was born cross-eyed or not. I have heard that he was not, but I am not quite sure of the exact rate. He is not likely to have them strengthened.

Myra—Will Rogers’ small son, Jimmy, played Jimmy Jones in “Doubling for Romeo.”

D. R.—The pictures mentioned are 1920 that I am unable to get the information you desire concerning them.


Babette—the part of Frank Devereaux was played by Lew Cody in “The Sign on the Door.”

Mack—Carol Dempster is the girl you mention in “Dream Street.” And by the way, she has been chosen to play the feminine lead in “Sherlock Holmes.” John Barrymore will play Sherlock.

Natalie—Syracuse, N. Y., is the birthplace of Doris Kenyon. She was educated in Paeder Institute and Columbia University. She is making a picture at the present time entitled “Idle Heart.” And by the way, she has been chosen to play opposite George Arliss, one of the best actors on the stage or screen.

G. T. E.—Ruth Clifford was born in 1900. She has brown hair and dark blue eyes. She is a champion golf player.

Worthy—Yes, Gloria Hope is married. She and Lloyd Hughes were married some time this summer. She has auburn hair and blue eyes. Tom Forman is a native of Texas. I do not know his age.

J. W.—Gladys Hulette appeared on the stage at the tender age of 3. She created the role of "Tyl" in "The Blue Bird." She is 21 years old and married to William Parks, who has recently completed "Moral Fibre" with Corinne Griffith. Miss Hulette’s latest picture is "Rollable David" opposite Richard Barthelmess.

Alice J.—Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers. The only picture in which they have ever appeared together is "Wild Honey," Friscilla Davis’ latest picture.

Dejected—So sorry you did not receive the answer you were looking for. I suppose it was lost in the mail. The stars either answer their mail or have their secretaries attend to it for them. In my case, I play a dual role in "The Infamous Miss Revell.

S. C.—Tora Trye and Jenny Hasselquist are both members of the Swedish Biograph Company.

Vivian—Marcia Maron in "The Forbidden Thing," and "Ladies Must Live." She will be seen in a prominent role in "The Masqueraders" very soon.
Kiss-Kiss! Who's Kissing Now?

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