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Marion Davies

photo by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

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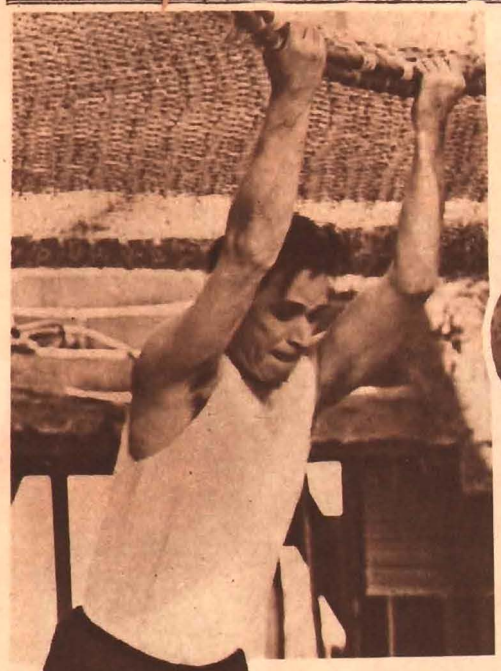
SHANNON DAY

IN A SPECIAL POSE FOR "PANTOMIME"

Editorial Offices Suite, 914, World Building, New York

Victor C. Olmsted, *Editor-in-Chief*

How They Play



Will Rogers' idea of a good time looks like work to us. He had a fifty-foot jump to make in a recent picture and this net was provided as a terminal point. Here the cameraman caught Will doing some Douglas Fairbanks acrobatics, using the net as his athletic bar. From the expression on his face, Mr. Rogers must have swallowed his gum as a result of the exertion.

Lila Lee's idea of a good time also resembles work to us. Lila is an athletic young lady, and devotes considerable of her spare time to running back and forth on a hardwood floor and trying to put an inflated leather ball into baskets.

Doris May has joined the army of shadowland's golf enthusiasts. Work over at the R-C studios, she quite frequently slings a golf bag over her shoulders and begins the diligent pursuit of a little white ball that she knocks about from one little hole to another. Miss May says it helps her to keep beautiful, and on that score we vote for the game of golf.

If you want to really know whether or not a man is a good golf player, just ask his caddy. As a rule, they know more about the game than the best players on the course. Judging by the expression of Ralph Ince's caddy ***he must be some player.*** *The caddy here initiates Ralph into the order of the raspberry.*

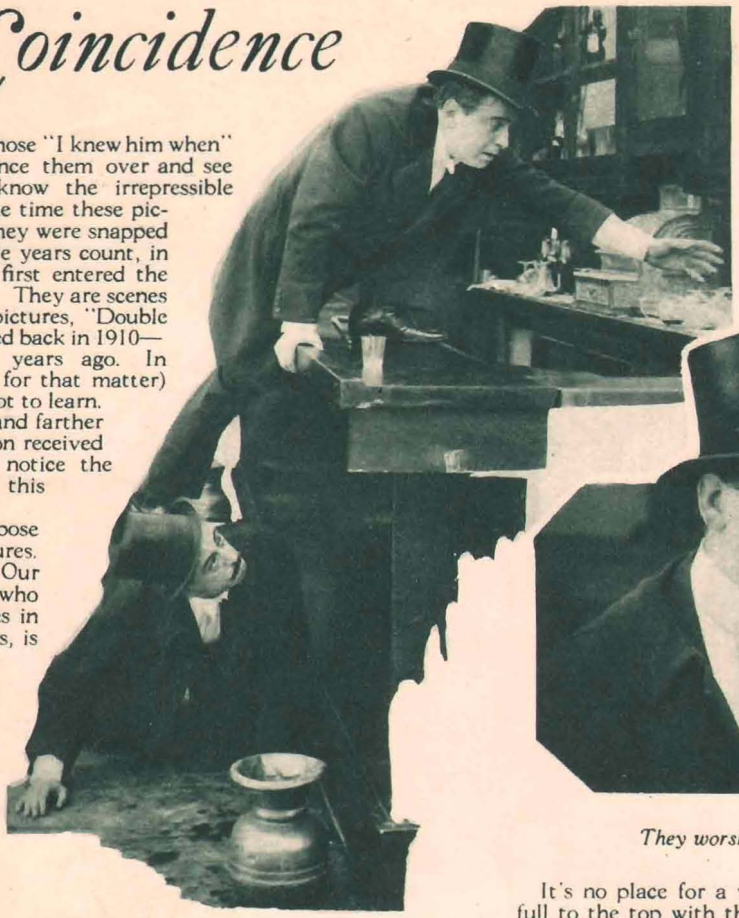
This is not one of Frank Mayo's ideas of a good time. But it is the result of a good time, for Frank was motoring along the sunny California highways when his engine did a Georges Carpentier. He is here shown in the act of reviving it, but doesn't seem particularly happy about it.

Coincidence Steps In

HERE are two of those "I knew him when" pictures. Just glance them over and see if you really did know the irrepressible Douglas Fairbanks at the time these pictures were made. For they were snapped a long time ago, as movie years count, in the days when "Doug" first entered the field of the silent drama. They are scenes from one of his earliest pictures, "Double Trouble," which was filmed back in 1910—eleven, almost twelve, years ago. In those days (as in these, for that matter) picture producers had a lot to learn. But pictures were fewer and farther between, and a production received more than the passing notice the average is accorded in this year of Our Lord, 1921.

Pantomime has a purpose in publishing these pictures. There's a story attached. Our old friend, Coincidence, who figures in so many stories in so many lands and climes, is also concerned with this story.

You see, William Christie Cabanne was Douglas Fairbanks' first picture director. He is the man who shouted at "Doug" through the megaphone when "Double Trouble" was made. With Fairbanks is pictured C. Elliott Griffin, a noted villain of the legitimate stage, but seldom seen in pictures, and unknown to the screen fans. Well, the story is this: William Christie Cabanne is again directing C. Elliott Griffin.



"Doug" and C. Elliott Griffin are not unhappy.

C. Elliott Griffin was induced to leave the stage for a space, and appear in "At the Stage Door," a chorus play tale, which Cabanne has just completed for R-C pictures at the Metro New York studios.

C. Elliott is the villain of the piece, of course. That's the best little thing C. Elliott does, either on stage or screen, this villain business. And an excellent villain he is, too, with a full and complete assortment of hand-picked hisses and curses, and the prettiest bagful of wicked sneers imaginable.

They worship in a pre-Volstead temple to Bacchus.

It's no place for a villain, either, this new Cabanne picture. For it's full to the top with the prettiest chorus girls the New York stage could supply. And the New York stage can supply 'em, too; there's no argument as to that. But C. Elliott is such a darn good little villain that he could keep on sneering and planning dirty little tricks (for camera purposes only, to be sure) even in the midst of all the alluring beauty. Which is a mighty good endorsement of his abilities as a thoroughgoing bad man of the entertainment variety.

And herewith, you have your pictures, your coincidence and your story.

Serials and Mashers

A Chat with Carmel Myers

By Harold Howe

"SERIAL work makes one extremely resourceful in private life," remarked Carmel Myers with a pleased air.

"Elucidate," I urged.

"I have always been annoyed by mashers," she said, "often to my great embarrassment. The other day a flashily dressed man followed me persistently. I was shopping in Los Angeles and at every turn he would come close and ogle me.

"Finally, as I came out on the street a trolley car passed by and I 'jumped' it. The conductor was very much annoyed and read me a strong lecture. I said nothing in reply and took a seat. Suddenly my instinct told me that the obnoxious person was quite close and I looked out of the window to discover him passing by in a taxi. He ogled me again. At the next corner he had left the taxi and stood there signaling the trolley.

"But I double crossed him. As he got on at one end of the car, I alighted at the front, and hopped into a taxi. Then as he went speedily in one direction I was carried faster still in the other.

"When I told my director about it, he didn't seem the least bit annoyed at my predicament. He scratched his head and looked away off into the distance.

"'Does my story bore you?' I asked, rather tartly.

"'My lord, no,' he replied, 'I was thinking how to put the whole thing into the script.'

"So the adventure was written into my serial and I hope it will stand for a long time as a lesson to mashers."

Miss Myers has a most unique method of remembering the different roles she has played.

"After each production I buy several dolls and dress them up in an exact copy of the dresses I have just worn," she told me. "I have only to look at them afterwards to recall the design exactly. And sometimes I adapt from them certain ideas for the costuming of a current production. You would laugh to see me squatting before a group of sober-faced dollies."

I immediately formed a picture in my mind's eye of the pretty star with a huge frown between her eyes gazing intently at the row of dolls until one hit her fancy when with the vim and dash that is her most charming characteristic, she would pick it from the lot and run off with it to her modiste.

At every turn he would come close and ogle me.

How to Make 'Em Happy !!!

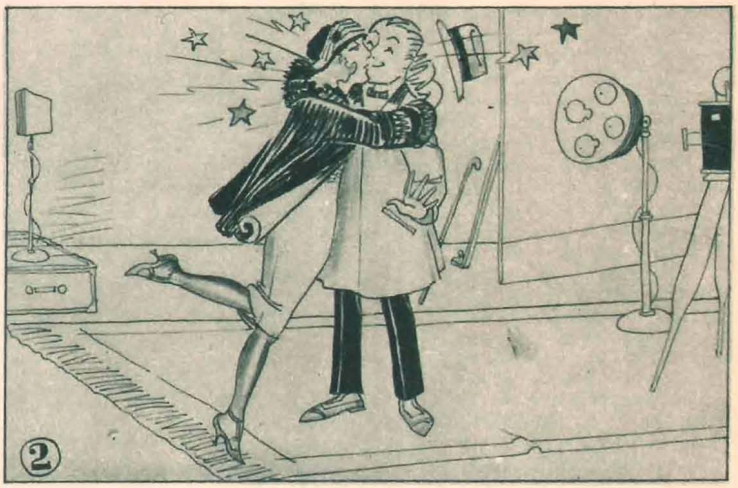
TIMELY TIPS ON WHAT TO SAY TO THE STARS WHO SHINE!!

By Fred R. Morgan.

SAY THIS TO YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE VILLIAN- "YOU ARE THE MEANEST, DIRTIEST LOW-DOWN PUP I EVER SAW!"

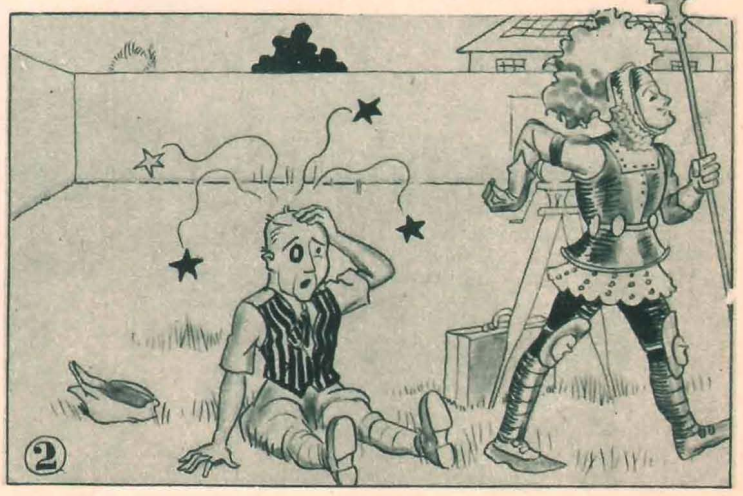
"THANKS VERY MUCH, MY BOY- I DIDN'T KNOW I PUT IT OVER THAT GOOD— HAVE A CIGAR!!"

ALWAYS SAY THIS TO AN "EXTRA" GIRL- "MY DEAR, MARY PICKFORD IS GOOD - NAZIMOVA IS FAIR - GLORIA SWANSON WILL GET BY, BUT WHEN I SAW **YOU** - I SAW THE FUTURE **BIG** STAR!"



"OH, YOU DEAR, SWEET THING - YOU ALWAYS RECOGNIZE GENIUS DON'T YOU?"

SAY TO THE CHAP WHO CARRIES THE SPEAR IN THE MOB SCENE — "MY BOY, I THINK YOU ARE ALMOST AS GOOD AS DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS!"



"WHAT D'YE MEAN — 'ALMOST!'"

Ride 'Em, Cow Boy!

By Sue Mc Namara

PAULINE FREDERICK has realized one of the ambitions of her life. She has ridden a bucking horse, and several thousand feet of film in the R-C Pictures studio laboratory contain a thrilling record of her tempestuous, bouncing trip and prove beyond any doubt her remarkable ability as a horsewoman.

It's hard to imagine, isn't it—Pauline Frederick, dramatic star, and feminine to her finger tips, atop of a gimlet-eyed evil-tempered, four-legged bucking outlaw; raking him fore 'n aft with her spurs; slapping him with her Stetson while he performs all sorts of gyrations in a desperate attempt to get her off his back.

Miss Frederick's friends from New York are amazed when they see her now in California They can't believe it's the same Polly Frederick they used to know.

Polly Frederick, formerly one of the best-dressed women in New York, now wearing chaps, blue shirt and a banditty looking Stetson.

Polly Frederick of the smart restaurants and the daily occupant of the best-looking imported limousine on Fifth Avenue slapping a lariat over the horns of a Texas steer! Wow!!

It's unbelievable, bewildering! Polly Frederick pulling stuff that one does not ordinarily see outside of a Buffalo Bill Wild West show. It is a new Polly Frederick they have discovered, a Polly Frederick far more interesting, far more capable and far more vitally alive than the Polly Frederick they had known in the East.

Miss Frederick's cowboy instructor, who just naturally hates praising any one, admits that he is proud of his pupil's accomplishments. For months he taught her every trick of the range without any special comment and then one day, after a long session of riding and roping, he told her she was "fit to knock on a horse with any cowboy he knew"—a rare tribute indeed.

One thing, however, remained. She wanted to ride a real bucking horse but because of the great danger involved she was not allowed to do this—at least not until recently when her company was making scenes for her new R-C Picture, "Two Kinds of Women," based on Jackson Gregory's Western story, "Judith of Blue Lake Ranch." Followed a long discussion between Miss Frederick, her director, Colin Campbell, and several cowboys.

It was decided she should ride a real bucker.

The ride took place on the I. S. Ranch in the California Sierras during the autumn roundup and was witnessed by the members of Miss Frederick's company and a half-hundred cowpunchers.

The owner of the ranch provided the bucking horse. "No Good" was the euphonious name the cowboys had given him and a no good cuss he was, too, as a saddle horse. The ranch hands called him a locoed bucking fool with only one virtue—he wasn't a falling horse—that is, he would do everything possible to unseat a rider except to fall backwards.

Bright and early one morning recently when cameras were set and everything in readiness, "No Good" was brought out into the open from the corral, blindfolded, and six cowboys, after much difficulty, managed to securely lash a bucking saddle on his back while the other cowboys mounted and formed a circle to close in should "No Good" start to bolt with the star.

"Take your time gettin' fixed in that saddle—and then ride him straight up," Bill Smith advised Miss Frederick as she came over to the cowboys. Miss Frederick did so. The cowboys snubbed "No Good" so that he could scarcely move while Miss Frederick swung into the high-backed bucking saddle and carefully shoved her feet heel deep into the brass-covered stirrups.

There was no bridle on "No Good"—just a halter rope, for the star was to ride him according to the regulation roundup rules and these rules never permit the use of a bridle when riding a bucking horse.

Miss Frederick adjusted herself in the saddle like an old buckaroo. Then, taking the halter rope in her left hand and her Stetson in her right she gave the word and one of her attendants pulled the blind off "No Good's" eyes. The horse paused for a few seconds as though dazzled by the sunlight and then he shot skyward—

Simultaneously every cowboy opened his throat wide and yelled to her in encouragement.

"Ride 'em cowboy!" "Let 'er buck!" "Scratch him in the neck!" "Ye-aow!" "Go get 'em, Polly!" "Break the old fool in two!"

"No Good" didn't at first cover much territory. He was just going up and down in short, hard, stiff-legged bucks. Then he started twirling. Then he seemed to double in the middle. And every time he hit the ground his front legs were stiff as iron. Hard stuff for any rider!

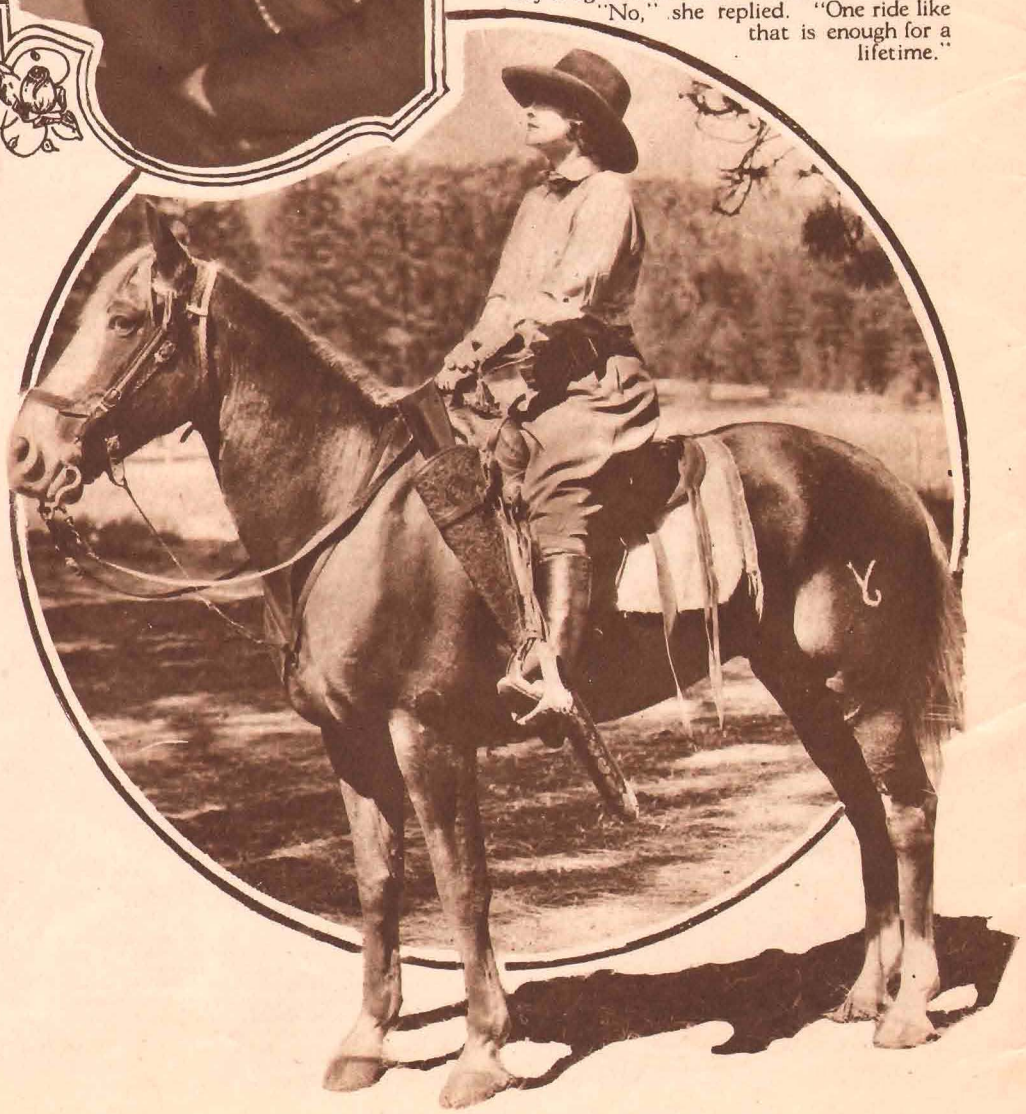
"Stick with him, cowgirl!" "Sail with him!" they yelled. "Scratch his ribs!" "Bust him in two!" "Make an old skate of 'im."

And buck—twist—buck—buck—went "No Good." And Lordy, man, how that gal was a-sticking with him!

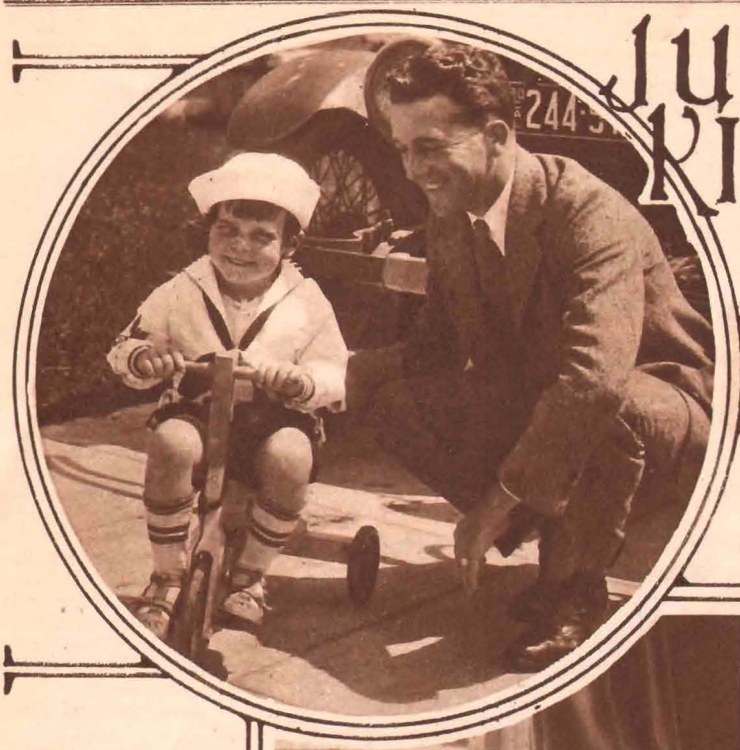
One minute. Two minutes. Three minutes—and then "No Good" bolted in the direction of New York. But the minute he started thirty cowboys started closing in on him. It was a fitting climax. Charlie Bates, light of weight but a giant in strength, spurred his horse alongside "No Good," reached his arm around Miss Frederick's waist and lifted her onto his own horse while a couple of well-thrown lariats stopped the bucker.

"Try it again sometime?" some one asked her.

"No," she replied. "One ride like that is enough for a lifetime."



JUST KIDS



When Jack Mulhall hears the studio whistle shriek "quitting time," he drops the heroine from his arms and dashes home to play 'round with this happy-looking little hopeful. He is Jack Mulhall, Jr., and he is four years old. Which may be the reason he is thinking very seriously of being a street car conductor as soon as he puts on long trousers.

A chip off the old block! This is Jack Holt, Jr., two years old, the second oldest of the three children of the Paramount star. His dad is an excellent horseman, and here's Jack, Jr., taking his first lesson in riding. He looks a pretty husky saddleful, at that!

A chap may have the most famous daddy in the world, but even that glamour doesn't make up entirely for animal toys. Thus muses Billy Reid, son of "Wallie," snapped here in his playroom in his daddy's home in Climateville-by-the-Sea. Wonder why Billy is looking so pensively into the appealing (though beady) eyes of his elephant?

To the right is one of the youngest leading women in the screen world. Her name is Mildred Ryan and she is eleven years old. And that's the truth, too, about Mildred being a leading woman for she has the star role in "Home-Keeping Hearts," a photoplay by Charles W. Burrell and Carlyle Ellis, to be distributed by Pathe.

The high cost of stockings, silk and otherwise, has hit Caroline Phillips, at the left, a pretty hard crack. She has to ply her needle to repair the damage of hard and long wear. White thread is used, we presume, by way of contrast. Incidentally, "The Contrast" is the name of the picture in which Caroline has her newest role. It's a Labor Film Service release.

Theodora

A Dramatization of the story by Victorien Sardou, by the Unione Cinematografica Italiana. Starring Rita Jolivet. Presented by Goldwyn.

THEODORA was blessed by the gods. The fame of her wondrous beauty had spread throughout the length and breadth of the Holy Roman Empire. In all Byzantium there was no woman to compare with this favored daughter of fortune, for whom the soothsayers had foretold the purple of an empress.

The daughter of Acacios, keeper of wild animals in the Circus of the Hippodrome of Byzantium, and nurtured by Tamyris, a woman learned in the secrets of mixing magic potions, Theodora passed a strange childhood for one destined to become an empress. A circus dancer, actress, flower girl and finally a daughter of pleasure on the Island of Cyprus, she grew more beautiful with each passing year. Nobles of Byzantium found no sweeter pleasure than a flash of love from her eyes and a kiss from her lips.

In raiment that vied with the plumage of the peacock perched on the back of the garden bench where she lounged, Theodora awaited her greatest conquest. The hour for the fulfillment of the soothsayer's prophecy was near, for Justinian, heir to the throne of Byzantium, had come to pay homage to her beauty. Under the soft sunlight sifted through the trees of Cyprus, Justinian listened to the luring voice of the beautiful siren, the touch of whose fingers fired his veins with a consuming passion.

Her wiles were irresistible, and it was but a short time before she became the bride of the emperor.

As Empress at the Court of Byzantium, Theodora became all powerful. Held in thrall by her matchless beauty and persuasive wiles, Justinian did the bidding of his consort.

But the craving for adventure and new romances had not died in the heart of the woman fed on the poppies of love gathered in the winding pathways of the world. Receiving homage from her subjects in the spacious halls of the palace, Theodora's thoughts strayed to the great city below the gates, bathed in glowing mystery under the pale light of the moon.

What new sensation awaited her there? How glorious it would be to doff the robes of state just for an hour and, led by the hand of fate, to wander unknown through the winding streets of Byzantium! When the emperor, stricken by a plague, was near death, her intercession with the saints had wrought a miracle. Days and nights she had passed in prayer and the life of the emperor had been spared. She had done her duty as an empress; but now the air of the palace stifled her. She longed for the breath of love to blow the heavy incense of the sanctuary from her nostrils.

On the night that Theodora stole through a secret gate of the palace, Andreas, a young Athenian, rich, handsome, a patrician, yet inspired by the cause of justice, was strolling on the public highway deep in thought, for the wrongs done by the tyrannical Justinian and the proud empress weighed heavily upon him. Even now he was one of a group of democratic Athenians plotting to force a reformation of the government.

Her face covered by a heavy veil, Theodora's features were not visible, but the grace of her carriage marked her as a person of distinction. Andreas turned to regard her as they passed on the steps leading from the public gardens. And Theodora also turned, for she was impressed by the aristocratic bearing and patrician countenance of the young Athenian.

Just then the ground beneath their feet trembled, sharp explosions that seemed to rise from the bowels of the earth rent the air—it was the earthquake forecast for Byzantium.

Andreas rushed to the side of Theodora and caught her as she was about to fall. Her head rested on his arm; they looked into each other's eyes, their hands met, a warm flush spread through the veins of each, and Theodora forgot her terror in the realization that the new adventure for which she had longed had come.

Theodora forgot her terror in the realization of a new adventure.

"I am Myrta, a flower girl, a sister of one of the palace scribes," said the empress. "And I am Andreas, an Athenian," said the youth, as he pressed his lips against her cheek.

During the languid summer evenings that followed, the beautiful empress and the noble Athenian kept many a moonlight tryst in a quiet nook of the public gardens. And all the while the spirit of discontent spread among the people. Each new imperial decree maddened them the more.

"Our ruler is a profligate and his empress is a wanton for whose extravagances we pay," cried the leaders of the impending revolt.

The Prophet Mara, the Holy One, leading a mob of angry Byzantines, openly accused Justinian of crimes against the state, and in retaliation the emperor imposed yet more burdensome taxes. Then, to further infuriate the populace there came the brutal murder of a young bride, a daughter of the people made the victim of a gang of drunken ruffians led by Amru, son of Tamyris.

Now the people knew that Amru was a member of the royal household and they demanded his punishment. So insistent did the outcry become that Justinian was forced to order the imprisonment of Amru, thereby incurring the enmity of Tamyris. But this was not enough to quell the storm of hatred sweeping over the empire. Louder and louder rose the protests of the people whose earnings flowed into the imperial coffers.

On the eve of the day when the plot against Justinian, nurtured in secret by Andreas, Marcellus and their confederates, was to culminate, Theodora was accused by the emperor of sullying the royal purple. Rumors of her nightly journeyings beyond the palace confines had spread through the court. She had been sought in vain by Justinian's messengers.

So severe was the wrath of the emperor that Theodora sought to appease him by giving warning of the plot against his life, of which she had been told by Andreas in a moment of confidence.

Clad in the mail coats of royal guards, Andreas and Marcellus gained entrance to the palace. Once within the carefully guarded portals they were to await an opportunity to press a dagger to the heart of Justinian. Stealthily they crept through the dim light of the great halls, not knowing that they were being followed by the emperor's retainers.

When she told Justinian of the plan of the conspirators, Theodora did not realize that her lover would be one of those selected to perform the dangerous mission. From a balcony above the hall she saw the two figures skulking in the shadow. Marcellus appeared first; then she recognized Andreas. Her heart sank. She must save him. Never had she known how deep was her love for the young Athenian.

From out of an alcove three of the palace guards sprang on Marcellus, bore him to the floor and struck him unconscious with a blow on the head. Spying Andreas before the soldiers had seen him, Theodora opened a door leading into a secret chamber.

No sooner had Marcellus been revived than the court officers sought to force from him the names of his fellow conspirators. Under pretense of lending assistance, Theodora persuaded the emperor to have Marcellus turned over to her that she might exert her wiles in forcing him to speak. Left alone together in an inner room, the empress stabbed Marcellus with a dagger carried in her hair.

It was the only way to save Andreas from exposure, for in the torture chamber, where they made even the dumb to talk, the truth would have been forced from the lips of the captive.

News of the death of Marcellus, spreading through the streets of Byzantium, fanned the fury of the mob. Andreas, still ignorant of the identity of his sweetheart, swore to avenge his friend's death by taking the life of the empress with his own hand.

Theodora heard the threat from the lips of her lover and trembled. She heard how he planned to attend the royal games at the Hippodrome that he might come close to the woman who had slain his comrade. And the games, which custom demanded should be presided over by Justinian and the empress, were to take place on the morrow.

The night before the public holiday, Andreas was visited by three of the conspirators, who, suspecting that he was being tricked by Myrta, had made inquiries at the palace, and found that there was no person by that name within the royal walls.

"Love has led you into the arms of a spy," the leader of the three cried, "and she has drawn our precious secrets from you."

"To-morrow we shall see," answered Andreas. "I cannot credit such perfidy. Before the sun sets to-morrow, Marcellus shall be avenged."

As daylight crept over the eastern hills, a calm fell upon the troubled city. The mobs that paraded the streets all night and gathered with ominous murmurings before the gates of the palace dispersed, and a brief peace came upon Byzantium. But beneath the outward quiet there smouldered a volcano of human dis-

content more terrifying than the earthquakes which had caused the great buildings of the city to tremble.

The crowd assembled early at the Hippodrome. The murmur of many voices merged in a steady roar rising from the tremendous amphitheatre; but there was no merriment in the throng. Sullen faces were upturned to the dais prepared for Justinian and Theodora; but no chants of praise came from the lips of the multitude. Preceded by the royal train, the emperor and empress entered the Hippodrome and stood before their subjects. They were greeted with shouts of derision.

His face livid with anger, Justinian ordered that the games be started at once. As the charioteers swung into the arena, the crowd circling around them grabbed the reins and turned the horses back to the stalls. With the mob in a frenzy of excitement, Andreas pushed his way to the front and faced Theodora who had lifted the veil from her face.

It was she, Myrta, the woman he had loved and trusted.

In a cry of denunciation, the voice of the young Greek rose above the noise of the amphitheatre.

"Woman of sin! Wanton! Traitor! Drag her down to the dust!" Theodora looked into the surging throng and recognized Andreas. Soldiers forced their way to where he stood and, keeping the crowd back at the points of spears, dragged him to a chamber of the Hippodrome to face Justinian.

Only a miracle could now save the life of Andreas. Love for the young Greek swept aside every other emotion in Theodora. The throne, riches, power, were of no account in comparison. Bound hand and foot with ropes and cast at the feet of Justinian, Andreas remained defiant.

Theodora prayed for time. If only something would happen to divert the attention of the emperor. There was one chance, a desperate, terrible chance, but—. The empress whispered in the ear of a centurion standing by her side.

A few moments later a shout of terror came from a far corner of the arena and was echoed by a thousand voices.

"The lions! the lions! the lions have been loosed!"

The hungry beasts tore into the crowd that with terror-stricken cries surged and fought its way toward the exits of the Hippodrome.

When the panic was at its height, Justinian commanded the executioner to behead Andreas, but Theodora, declaring such a death too easy for him, persuaded the emperor to have him sent to the torture chamber. At the sacrifice of thousands of lives the empress delayed the execution of her lover.

By this time the infuriated mob, carrying bloodshed and death in its wake, was sweeping through the city freeing the jails and dungeons of their inmates and setting fire to the public buildings. Revolution flamed through the streets of Byzantium.

Tamyris saved Andreas from being devoured by a lion, and in return prayed that he protect her son Amru from the fury of the mob. Caught in the thick of the combat between the emperor's soldiers and the revolutionists, Andreas was wounded, but Tamyris led him to the refuge of a deserted dungeon.

Theodora came to the hiding place of Andreas.

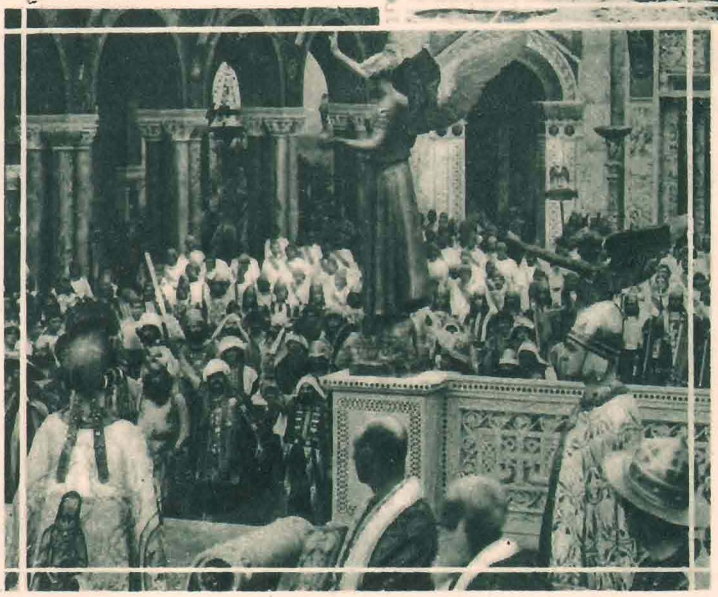
Denounced by the emperor who had learned of her treachery, Theodora tore the royal garments from her body, and, meeting denunciation with defiance, fled from his presence. Guided through underground passageways by Tamyris, she came to the hiding place of Andreas. Throwing her arms about his neck, she pleaded for forgiveness. She urged her undying love, and pressed a philter into his hand—a love potion prepared by Tamyris for her to give Justinian that his wrath might be appeased.

Andreas drank and fell lifeless into the arms of Theodora. To avenge the emperor's treatment of her son, Tamyris had mixed poison which Theodora unknowingly gave to her lover.

Justinian found her murmuring words of endearment and stroking the head of the lifeless Andreas. She looked up into the accusing eyes of the emperor. But the capricious Empress Theodora, whose will had been Justinian's law, was forever lost in the girl, Myrta, mourning for her dead lover.

The executioner stepped forward and touched Theodora on the shoulder. She arose, a strange, distant look in her eyes. At the moment of death, Theodora—Myrta—had been granted her first glimpse of life.

"Andreas, Oh my Andreas," she breathed, raising her hands before her. Her eyes no longer saw the things of earth; far away was a vision of life everlasting.



"Woman of sin! Wanton! Drag her down to the dust!"

The Empress stabbed Marcellus with a dagger carried in her hair.

* * *

NOW SEE WHAT SEMON SAYS!

Says Larry Semon: "I see Kansas City theatres are having regular bargain sales, with prices played up in advertisements instead of show or star. If this stunt spreads, you'll see Broadway sparkling with signs like these:

"'The Three Musketeers' for the price of one.
"'Ladies Must Live'—Do your Christmas shopping early.
"'The Ten-Dollar Raise.' Take the elevator and save money.
"'Bits of Life' at a price women will appreciate, including war tax.
"'Wedding Bells,' a 30-cent show for 15 cents.
"'Twin Beds.' Half price, to-night only.
"Clearance sale 'One Arabian Night' left.
Why Charge Your Wife!' for 50 cents.

* * *

Three William D. Taylor productions are included in the forty-one "films well-made" especially recommended for Children's Book Week by the National Board of Review.

The Realistic Twins

IT has remained for two boys—twins—to actually bring Simon-pure realism to the screen. These two boys, stars in their own small way (and not so small), appear in pictures that have not one artificial setting. Nor, in their acting, do they portray an unnatural movement. For, as a matter of fact, they do not act, unless to act natural is to be listed under the head of acting. And, moreover, they are good pictures, clean and wholesome as the California winds that are the companions of the two boys in all their picture-making expeditions.

Our heroes, if you please, are Bob and Bill Bradbury, twin sons of Robert North Bradbury, motion picture director. They are twelve years old.

Stardom came to these two in a most natural way.

Always inordinately fond of outdoor sports, the two have learned all the old tricks of Kit Carson, Daniel Boone and kindred souls of the age of romantic America. They are avid hunters and trappers and explorers of obscure outdoor nooks, true lovers of nature. Which does not imply that they must make expensive and gaudy expeditions to tall peaks. For they are intimate with the nature at their very doors; that nature which humanity as a whole ignores.

There are plenty of opportunities for outdoor sports in the immediate vicinity of the charming hamlet of Glendale, California, where Bob and Bill live with Papa and Mamma Bradbury. Many miles of semi-wild country lies about the town, and there's not an inch of it that they haven't explored. There is an abundance of wild game, some of it of the bigger, more ferocious variety. There are timber wolves, for instance, and wild cats which have not had the fight extracted as yet.

At the age of nine, three years ago, Bill and Bob were already proficient hunters and trappers, and Cyrus J. Williams, a friend of the family, saw the possibility of recording their exploits in films. So the two were presented with the unique opportunity of making their work their play. Their woodland exploits are recorded in one-reel pictures, which fan into tiny blaze the slumbering fires of youth in the heart of many a man in these United States.

The events responsible for the series of pictures show a complete reversal of the ordinary process in picture manufacture. Your ordinary picture producer first equips himself with the apparatus necessary to picture-making, and then seeks out material suitable to its needs. But in this case the apparatus — the camera — was discovered as a suitable medium for the recording of events endowed with romantic appeal by nature and not by any of the artifices of nature. In short, the camera and the screen sought Bob and Bill. They didn't seek them.

They are different in physical make-up, but exhibit a remarkable resemblance in character and temperament.

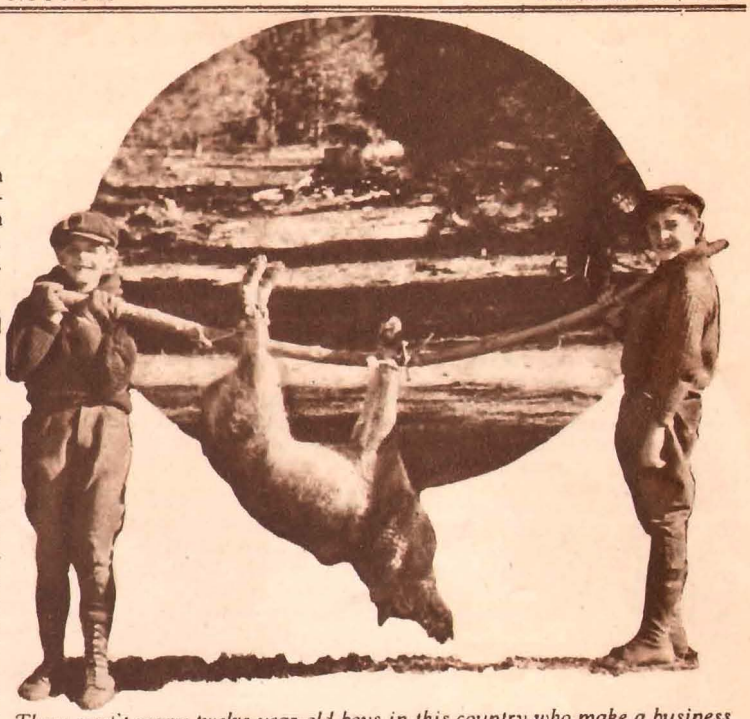
Their best pal is "Rags," their Airedale, who got too intimate with a wild cat a few years ago, and suffered the loss of an eye in payment of his familiarity. It was the first specimen of big game the boys had ever trapped, that wild cat. "Rags" sniffed at him from a discreet distance, but his Airedale fondness for treating the cat family with contempt got the better of his discretionary mood, and he made a jump at the captive animal. The wild cat lived up to its nature for a few minutes, and took one of "Rags'" eyes with him when he departed for the wild cat heaven.

"Rags" is the best kind of a pal. He lets his little masters take all manner of liberties with him, and on one occasion, when their temperamental cyclecar motor took an inexpedient holiday, he permitted himself to be hitched to the disabled car and he dragged them back to the haunts of men. To be sure, Bob and Bill used some blandishment—note in the accompanying photograph, the two frankfurters dangling teasingly before the hungry mouth of "Rags."

From the day they trapped their first wild cat, Bob and Bill have gone in for big game hunting and trapping, and they have a pretty good-sized collection of pelts as evidence of their success. But the best prizes won by them are their recollections of numerous thrills and adventures in the woods, and the fund of health and clean living that is their portion.

Real adventures, therefore, have come to the screen through the stardom of Bob and Bill; real in the sense that they are not manufactured from some fiction or other, and real in that they show the real enjoyments of real boys in real surroundings. There's no "trick" photography to this, no attempts at illusion. And there is no necessity for a "property" man in their pictures, for they have the greatest "prop" of 'em all—Ma Nature herself!

Yes, indeed, they have given us realism with a vengeance.



There aren't many twelve-year-old boys in this country who make a business trapping timber wolves.

"Rags" was induced to draw the disabled cyclecar by the discreet display of two properly suspended frankfurters.

Coyotes are unimportant in the scheme of things, but it's fun to trap them.

Outside the Studio

Harold Lloyd doesn't need his glasses to perceive that Jack Dempsey, at his extreme right, is a husky person. The gentleman supporting his own weight and a larger part of Harold's is H. M. Walker, the comedian's title writer. This picture was snapped for Pantomime when the champ pugilist visited the champ comedian.

Corrinne Griffith, butted in on a goat while "on location," the other day. Said goat having just finished a hearty meal of broken Volstead bottles is shown here sniffing about in anticipation of a possible dessert. Leather handbags are considered rare delicacies by goats.

Here's an al fresco dinner "on location," presided over by the beautiful Betty Compson, shown in the act of cramming toast into the mouth of Casson Ferguson. The informally attired gentleman to the left is Mitchell Lewis. He's busy fixing the next course, consisting of a roasted apple.

Three may be a crowd but a good deal depends on the personnel. The trio to the right, for instance, is not to be sneezed at. Mary Miles Minter had a call from Thomas Meighan at the Realart studios the other day, and Monte Blue, who was then playing opposite the star, held her eyes while Tom held his peace.

How Gloria Fooled 'Em

By Charles L. Gartner

THEY told Gloria Swanson she never could do it. "Why, my dear," explained a studio chum, "you simply haven't the looks for it. You've a beautiful classic face with regular features, a complexion like wax, and a figure—! You're just the ideal Mack Sennett bathing girl and you'd best resign yourself to lolling about the California beaches the rest of your movie days."

That's what Gloria's fellow-Sennettite told her in the days when Gloria was the chief reason why Mack is called the "Ziegfeld of the Movies."

But fortunately, Miss Swanson didn't listen to her—at least she didn't take her friend seriously. For already this strikingly beautiful Chicago girl who had come to California and broken into pictures via the Sennett comedies had ambitions to succeed in the serious drama.

"I was never happy in comedy," Miss Swanson explained to me recently out at the Lasky studio. "I had come to Los Angeles to do drama. I had been working in slapstick at the Essanay studio in Chicago and didn't like it. But I *did* like motion pictures and I wanted to succeed. When I came to the West Coast and found the only available opening was in comedy, I turned it down at first. After I thought it over, I decided any way of breaking in was better than no way, and took the job."

It was not long before the producers began to agree with Gloria Swanson. Though she could pose superbly in a bathing suit, they discovered that she also could wear the most exquisite Parisian models of evening dresses with the grace of a professional model and possessed the poise and bearing of a society dame. Moreover, they found that this eager woman with her expressive black eyes and ivory complexion was a real actress.

So Gloria s opportunity to rise into the serious drama came quickly, and Gloria grabbed it with both hands. Soon her work came to the discerning eye of Cecil B. DeMille, and her engagement to play the heroine of the lavishly mounted DeMille productions followed. The first was "Don't Change Your Husband" and the list extends through such notable pictures as "Male and Female" and "Something to Think About" to the latest DeMille offering, "The Affairs of Anatol."

Now Miss Swanson has attained her fondest ambition—stardom in serious dramas. The first of these was written by no less a famous person than Elinor Glyn, the author of that notorious thriller of our adolescent days, "Three Weeks." Madame Glyn is now at Hollywood learning the technique of movie-making at the Lasky studio and one of the clauses in the arrangement that brought her there was that Gloria Swanson was to be the heroine of her first story written directly for the screen.

Acting isn't Gloria's only accomplishment, however. She's a shrewd character reader. She can size you up in a minute. And she does —whether you like it or not.

Haven't you often wondered what sort of an impression you make upon people when you just meet casually for a few minutes?

Would you like to see yourself as others see you?

Then just hie yourself out to Hollywood and be introduced to Gloria and ask her for an autographed photograph of herself.

After Gloria has smilingly granted your request for a signed portrait and has returned your fountain pen to you, you'll discover that what she has written is not merely "Gloria Swanson" but, in addition, what Gloria Swanson thinks of you.

In other words, she has an uncanny gift for spotting your most prominent characteristic—the one that people first notice—and a delightful habit of setting this impression down in black and white.

"It's rather a foolish habit, I suppose," she explains, "but I like to size people up when they're first introduced to me. I find that there's always something about them that sets them off as different from anybody else. Perhaps it's a mannerism, or a nervous gesture, or a peculiar way of walking or talking. If I continue to see a person frequently, it's generally a fact that my first mental picture of them is not changed, but merely strengthened.

"When I autograph a picture for a person with whom I'm acquainted, my mind for the moment seems to be focussed upon them and I can't help obeying an impulse to describe my mental picture of them. Besides, I think people like to know other folks' impression of them."

Recently Miss Swanson took time out between scenes to autograph a new picture for Wallace Reid. This was her impression:

"*Blithe and breezy*
"*Free and easy.*
"*Wallie*
"*from Gloria.*"

Jeanie Macpherson, who wrote "Forbidden Fruit," "Something to Think About," and others of the Cecil DeMille pictures and who is one of Gloria Swanson's best friends, always walks rapidly with a short, staccato step. So on a picture for Miss Macpherson, Gloria wrote:

"*Tiny feet are oft most fleet.*"

And for Elliott Dexter:

"*Elliott, please don't be so serious.*
"*Gloria Swanson.*"

On a photograph for the veteran Theodore Roberts:

"*May you always have lots of luck—and black cigars.*"

To Tommie Meighan:

"*Tommie—Irish, frank and friendly.*"

Miss Swanson confided all this to me in an obscure corner of the Lasky studio. I had come armed—one of her latest photographs was in my pocket. And when she had agreed to autograph it, naturally, in view of what she had told me, I was a bit curious and anxious.

Do you want to know what she wrote? It reads:

"*Please light the cigarette you've been longing to smoke—and write only nice things about me.*
"*Gloria Swanson.*"

Milady of Two Homes

By Barrett C. Kiesling

WHEN one happens to be a motion picture star the exigencies of work require close attendance in the studio—not only during the day, but often far into the night.

And if one is making a number of pictures in rapid succession, oftimes more time is spent at the studio than at home. In fact, it is really a case of a dual home—for the studio often has to bear the brunt when unforeseen delays make it necessary to switch "dates" from the "sleeping" home to the working" home at the studio.

And very cozy are these studio stellar residences. Latter day producers have come to realize the psychological as well as the economic value of having comfortable places where the stars and leading players may rest between scenes; may entertain friends and, if occasion requires, serve light meals.

Mary Miles Minter is the latest of the Realart stars to be given a "home" right at the plant. And a comfortable place it is—in a vine-covered California bungalow which has all the exterior advantages of lawn, flowers, 'n everything.

Miss Minter's suite, for she shares this particular bungalow with Constance Binney, fellow Realart star, consists of a comfortable sitting-room done in deep brown wainscoting, with rose cretonne at the windows and on the furniture; a boudoir with all the facilities for quick make-up; a kitchenette and a bath.

And, of course, great big, glorious clothes closets! Married men, who have built homes, will recall how particular the wife was that there should be plenty of room to hang clothes. And feminine film stars are in no wise different than their sisters. Perhaps they are just a bit more particular on this point because of the large number of costumes required for the modern picture, not to speak of the neatness which the critical playgoers require of those who entertain them on the screen.

No—they don't live on moonlight and romance. Here's Mary having lunch en negligee in her studio boudoir.

Mary caught in the midst of an important problem in her dressing room.

Here's Mary in the sitting room of her studio bungalow suite

Perhaps the convenience most appreciated by the stars themselves is the kitchenette. In the early days of motion pictures it was necessary for the players to go to restaurants some distance from the studio for their noon meals. Of course, this had to be done in full studio make-up, for in the lunch hour there was not sufficient time to put on and take off the carefully applied "war paint" necessary for work under the strong studio lights.

Players of sensitive nature always objected to public luncheons in make-up, not only because they were too conspicuous but also because unthinking and narrow-minded persons were inclined to deem them "painted" and bizarre without stopping to think that in this case the make-up was for working purposes only.

Members of the Mary Miles Minter company who are invited to lunch with their star find a table carefully set with beautiful pheasant-ware brought from England during Miss Minter's recent European trip. Quite modern indeed is the collation, for it is removed piping hot from a complete collection of electrical cooking devices: toasters, broilers, waffle irons, etc.

Suppose it should be necessary to work all night at the studio, as is often the case? Then the dressing-room suite provides a place to wait comfortably between scenes—and perhaps to scratch just a wink of sleep here and there.

It's not a toy home, in any sense of the word. Though small, it has all the conveniences to be found in a far larger house. True, of course, one has to hunt for them, for the modern architect, answering the passionate demand of modern America for the concentration of everything in existence, has many weird ways of accomplishing that which is asked of him. But he accomplishes it, nevertheless; Miss Minter's studio-home could well be a permanent one.

Electricity plays a large part in the equipment. The cooking is done by means of harnessed lightning; the floors swept through its agency. Everything has been designed with an eye to the economy of physical effort. Wherever something can be done by the pressing of a button or the moving of a lever, the button or lever has been provided. There are concealed beds, too, of the wall variety, so that a guest may be "put up" for the night in the event of necessity. Nothing has been overlooked that Mary Miles Minter may be at all times comfortable when compelled to use her studio home.

No use talking, it's nice to have all "the comforts of home" anywhere but particularly so when long, grinding hours before the motion picture camera make one very, very grateful for a place to relax and gain new strength for forthcoming dramatic requirements.

Quoting Gilbert

The Life of a Director "Is Not a Happy One"

By Edwin Justus Mayer

NOBODY loves a fat man and few people love a director," said E. Mason Hopper. Mr. Hopper "ought to know," because he is a director of long-standing, associated in the past with stars of many different temperamental capacities. Today he finds himself directing pictures at the Goldwyn studios at Culver City, California.

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble," said Hopper, laughingly, standing on the stage alight with Cooper-Hewitts; and with the brilliant California sunshine penetrating through the glass enclosure. "The life of a director, like the life of Mr. Gilbert's policeman, is not a happy one.

"But the queer fact is that we manage to get a lot of fun and pleasure out of our very worries, tribulations, and disillusionments; and the rate of suicide among those of my profession is not abnormal.

"There is very little that is more trying to the body and soul than handling an army of extras. Also, there is little more beneficial to joy than watching your picture, when all the work is over; and seeing beyond all the flaws and imperfections the structure which you built floor by floor—scene by scene—unroll in continuity until 'The End' flashes before your eyes. The creative impulse is, after all, dominant when the director works—assuming that he has spirit and sincerity, and you can't remain a director for any length of time if you fail to have those things. There is always a joy in creation, even when it leads through the travail of shaping unformed things.

Helene Chadwick sews as Hopper reads script.

"And that is precisely what one does when one begins directing a picture. It is true that you have a script in your hand, describing certain characters and the situations in which they found themselves. But it remains with you to give the touch of human interpretation to the mere words of the scenario. Don't mistake me—I am not underrating the part played by the actor in the making of a motion picture! I desire, rather, to point out that it remains with the director to co-relate all the efforts of his company so that the finished product is round, effective and possibly beautiful.

"Again, it is so much up to the director to develop the humor in situations. The scenario may draw rigidly the lines of a tragic scene, although even then there is always scope for the individual ideas of the star and director. But the exploitation of humor in a picture is peculiarly within the range of a director and his capabilities in formulating bits of 'business' and bringing out the idiosyncracies of the players. It is possible for the director to create a scene offering rich comic effects without achieving them and still be faithful to his script—but not to his individual conscience!

"It isn't easy to get the best out of a story, star and situation. Some players, of course, are more plastic than others. Helene Chadwick, for instance, is generous with herself, and gives so much that it is a pleasure to be associated with her. The right gesture, for which the director seeks, is not often the first gesture of the rehearsal. He knows that it lurks somewhere within the player, as the sculptor knows that somewhere within the marble-block is the statue beautiful. The sculptor must carve away the superfluous to find his ideal; so, too, must we who carve in the fine material of human emotions.

"It isn't all work in the studio, however. There usually is time, between sets, for some really delightful discourse. And many an interesting anecdote is told. For instance, Richard Lee was talking the other day. Something had come up.

"'That reminds me of the early days of motion pictures, he said. 'Then it was considered a disgrace for a legitimate actor to play in pictures. He was a sort of an outcast from the cult. I was one of the first to desert the boards for the screen, and had been making about ten dollars a day for over a month when I met a couple of English actors whom I had known abroad. I started to speak to them, but they held me in contempt.

"'"Ah, stand aside, you magic lantern actor. You don't suppose we want to talk with any blooming idiot that has been made into a slide, do you?"

"'With that they turned away. However, the next day they were glad to speak to me, and when they had found how much I had been making, were eager to solicit a loan.'

"'Well,'" laughed Alice Calhoun, with whom he was talking, 'I figure that if you let your hair grow much longer some of your friends will again shun you.'

"It happened to be necessary for Lee to wear his hair long and have a beard in that particular production, as he played the part of a smuggler who has hid himself on an island for months.

"'Why don't you curl your hair and rival Mary Pickford?' suggested Alice when she brought no response from Lee.

"She did not realize that she had hit upon a sensitive point. His wife objected to his appearance and had threatened to get a divorce unless Lee cut his hair and shaved.

"And that's the way it goes, day after day. There may be a thousand and one petty little annoyances. Everything may go wrong. The star may develop a bad case of temperament, and the director may display an equally bad case of just plain temper. And then something will happen which smoothes everything out. Someone will get off a quip—or mebbe there will be an anecdote—or possibly a harmless practical joke that will make everybody smile again.

"One minute the very air may seem surcharged with nerves and irritability. The next moment—and everybody will be radiating good nature and friendliness.

"It's all in the day's work.

"No, the life of a director may not be all roses and sunshine—but it's not all gloom, either!"

Why Chorus Girls Are Sleepy

By Walter Bodin

Doris Eaton is one of three famous Broadway decorations

A good time was had by all, even if Morpheus was neglected

One time they had Miriam over a barrel

IN Bagdad on the Subway (thanks, O. Henry), the chorus girls go about these days with drooping eyelids and tired lines under the once lustrous eyes. No more do they sweep swift, inviting glances toward the stage door caliphs; they are most decorous, because they are most weary.

No, it's not worship of the modern god Jazz that is responsible. Cabarets mean nothing in the young lives of New York's chorus girls these days. The justly celebrated lobster suppers are sneered at, for were they attended, they would be snored over. Morpheus has been neglected by the choral fraternity, it is true, but not in the cause of joy.

You may just put down the epidemic of sleepiness to the score of Art. Nothing less.

For the owners of the twinkling legs, the brilliant eyes and graceful forms of New York's chorus girls have been spending most of the time not put in on the stage at the motion picture studios. Whatever time is left over may be spent in sleep. But there has been very little time left over.

William Christie Cabanne, motion picture director, had an idea a few months ago. Instead of vigorously suppressing it, as most of us do, he coddled it, and it grew from infancy to maturity in the form of a photoplay scenario. He took his developed idea to the men in the R-C studios who help him get along by signing his pay check, and submitted it to them.

They liked it. They told him to bring the idea to celluloid life.

Mr. Cabanne wasted no time. His first action was to rent the Metro Company's New York studios. His next was to hunt up chorus girls.

And right there is where a large number of New York's chorus girls began to go long on devotion to art and short on sleep.

You see, Mr. Cabanne's idea had to do with a photoplay of chorus girl life. Thoroughly Volsteadian, of course, with the women and song one hundred per cent. (or more) and the wine one-half of one per cent.

He wanted to do the thing properly, true to life, and all that. It was a story of chorus girls, he argued, so why not have chorus girls appear in the rôles?

Very well. The very lovely Bille Dove, who flutters all over the stage of the Ziegfeld "Follies" every night, was chosen for the leading feminine role. Doris Eaton, another "Follies" girl, also got a big part.

Incidentally, Miss Eaton is one of three sisters who are helping to decorate Broadway. Pearl Eaton is in the cast of "The Love Letter" and Mary Eaton is a colorful bit of the "Greenwich Village Follies."

Little Miriam Batista was also given a part. And hundreds of chorus girls appearing on New York's stages at night spent their mornings and afternoons in the Metro studios, working under the direction of Mr. Cabanne.

The director didn't neglect the masculine part of New York's stage, either, for he engaged all the male characters from the "legitimate." Notable among them is C. Elliott Griffin, who hasn't been seen on the screen for some years.

Mr. Cabanne calls the production "At the Stage Door." It has been completed; the picture is being cut, and the fans of the country will ver shortly learn why New York's chorus girls have been so sleepy lately.

The girls were very much at home in the studio

Big Moments in Pictu

Harold Lloyd has designs on the whole American Navy in his newest comedy, a four-reeler called "A Sailor Made Man." Quite appropriate, eh, with all this disarmament and naval holiday talk? Here Harold is seen in a gob's uniform, but wearing the cap of an officer, who is about to reclaim his headgear and, incidentally, show Harold an exceedingly good time. You know what we mean. A Pathé release.

This hotel clerk's life is in danger at the hands of the irate female, known as Mrs. St. George, head of a barnstorming troupe of actors. He has just told the lady that he can't furnish rooms for the members of her company. It is a scene from Gareth Hughes's latest Metro picture, "Little Eva Ascends," a dramatic comedy soon to be released.

Oh, what a dirty look! It's being delivered by Huntley Gordon over the shoulder of Billie Dove and directed at C. Elliott Griffin, who is the twelve-cylindered villain in the new R-C picture, "At the Stage Door." The dirty look doesn't seem to worry the villain greatly, for, as you see, he continues to sneer his best sneer.

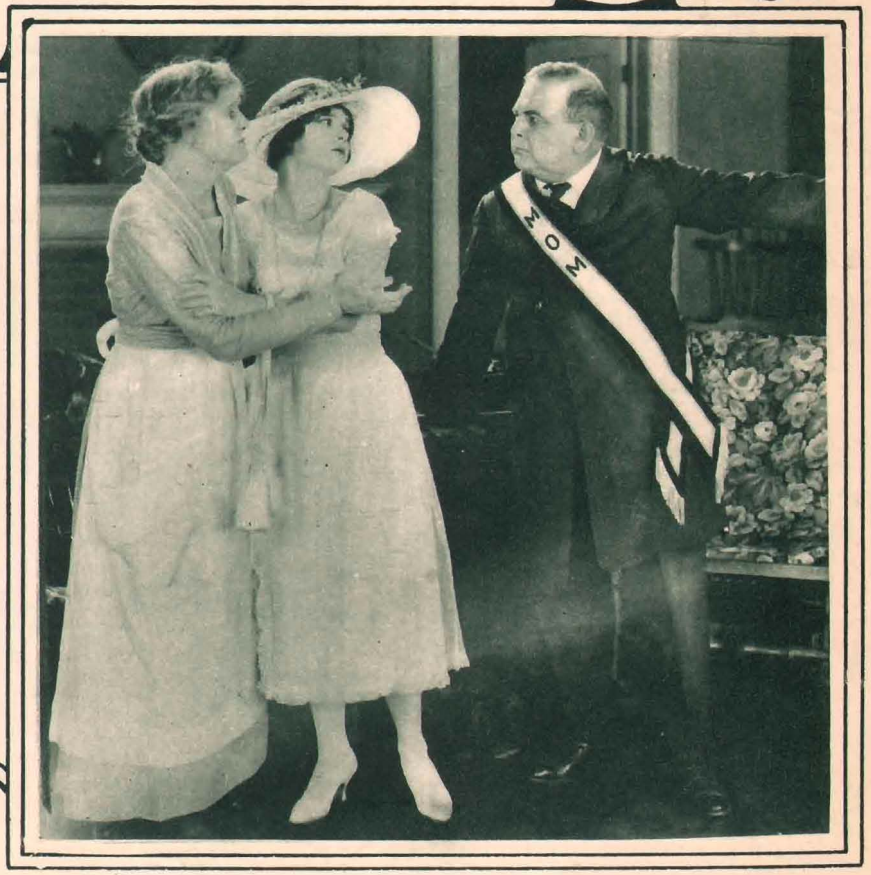
These Far Eastern persons are fast-working gentlemen, particularly with knives. Here, for instance, is a tense scene from "Omar Khayyam," which Ferdinand Pinney Earle has just finished as his idea of the old tentmaker's philosophy in pictured form. This is a fight over the love of a girl, of course; so you see, times haven't changed so much since Omar's bibulous and anti-Volstead days.

ures You Haven't Seen

Here's a nice bit of business, indeed! Wanda Hawley deliberately alienates the affections of the man she loves by her vulgarity and boisterous conduct, hiding a heavy heart beneath all her "jazzy" manner. This is a scene from "The Love Charm," Wanda's next Realart picture, which was filmed from Harvey O'Higgins's first original story for the screen.

Divine faith brought health to this beautiful girl, for years a paralytic. Thus runs the tale, at any rate, in "Hearts' Haven," the newest picture just completed by Benjamin B. Hampton. This is Claire Adams in one of the tense moments of the production. The beautiful star is one of an all-star cast that Mr. Hampton has selected for "Hearts' Haven."

There's a moving story to "The Power Within," a feature film soon to be released by Pathé. It is the tale of a man of great power who becomes obsessed with the faith that power is the commanding force of the universe. But one day he learns differently. William H. Tooker has the rôle of the man of power. Pauline Garon is the girl with the child in her arms. At her right is Nellie Parker Spaulding.



Kathleen's father shows her the door when she refuses to give up her sweetheart. Kathleen has a great deal of respect for the irate dad, but then she's in love with the man in the case, and that counts for more than anything else. This is a scene from Constance Binney's newest Realart picture, "First Love."

What I Think of My Wife

As told to Felicia Fenton

By King Vidor

"A MAN can't talk about his wife, you know—"

"But, Mr. Vidor," protested the young director's interviewer, "the public is interested in Miss—er Mrs. Vidor and the editor said—"

"Yes, I know what the editor said," interrupted the smiling King Vidor. "They always tell you to get a lot of information that you can't get and that they don't expect you to get."

"But my assignment calls for a story about Florence Vidor."

"The subject is well selected and interesting," remarked Mr. Vidor.

"There have been a lot of stories about screen celebrities by their husbands, but most husbands of screen celebrities are just husbands. You're a regular director, you've won as much recognition in your field of motion pictures as Miss—er Mrs. Vidor, and there certainly is a lot of interest in what you think about your wife."

It was a long speech for the interviewer, although real interviewers usually talk a great deal more than they get credit for. King Vidor obviously was ready to be interviewed, but, just as obviously he didn't care to discuss a subject so intimate.

He had just come from the projection room at the Thomas H. Ince studios where the "rushes" from his new picture, "Love Never Dies" had been run, and Mrs. Vidor was somewhere on the "lot" playing the role of Judith Beresford in "Hail the Woman."

"I suppose your editor told you to put some jazz in it, too, commented the director. "They always want jazz in their stories about motion picture people. Are we such a jazzy lot, or is it the editor's idea that the people who read motion picture stories have to have a lot of jazz?"

"Well, there's no jazz in the Vidor household—excepting the Victrola cabinet and there isn't much there. We live just like a couple of ordinary young people, in the same kind of a house that most people have. It isn't littered up with pet goldfish and trained monkeys. We eat three meals a day, and sometimes four, we have our friends and our books and Mrs. Vidor's engagements at the studios interfere with our home life no more than the daily engagements of a business woman."

"I can see nothing strange or unusual in the fact that Mrs. Vidor is in pictures. She considers the motion picture, and so do I, an art, and the fact that I am her husband does not, should not, and will not, interfere with her ambition to attain a high place in our art.

"We frequently work together. Mrs. Vidor's first appearance in pictures was under my direction. In fact, she had no intention of becoming a screen actress until, after a distracting search through the agencies of Los Angeles for a particular type required for a production, I gave up and asked her to take the part.

"We had come up from Texas together because of the appeal of the motion picture business to me. I felt that I could produce pictures, and when I made up my mind that my career lay in this art I came here to the center of production activity.

"We settled down in a little house and I went to work. My first feature production was made without a thought of using Mrs. Vidor in the cast, but when it came to the second production I had a role that required a distinct type.

"After interviewing a few score girls who had been sent out to the studio as possibilities, I went home and was struck with the remarkable fact that my own wife was the very person I needed. I can't say that Mrs. Vidor and I had never before thought of the possibility of her entering pictures, but we had never given the matter any serious consideration. She had had some dramatic training in school, but she did not aspire to the stage and frankly I was not keen to have her become an actress.

"Are we such a jazzy lot?" asks King Vidor

"When the picture was released it was obvious that Mrs. Vidor possessed considerable screen talent. She wanted to go farther and I had no objections. This is the Twentieth Century you know, and a man has no right to stand between his wife and a career.

"Personally I think that Florence finds more pleasure in her work before the camera for the sense of real accomplishment which it gives her than she ever would find in the life of a society woman. I don't mean that her studio activities have cut her off from social activities, but there are necessarily fewer bridge parties, and less tea parties when a woman has studio engagements.

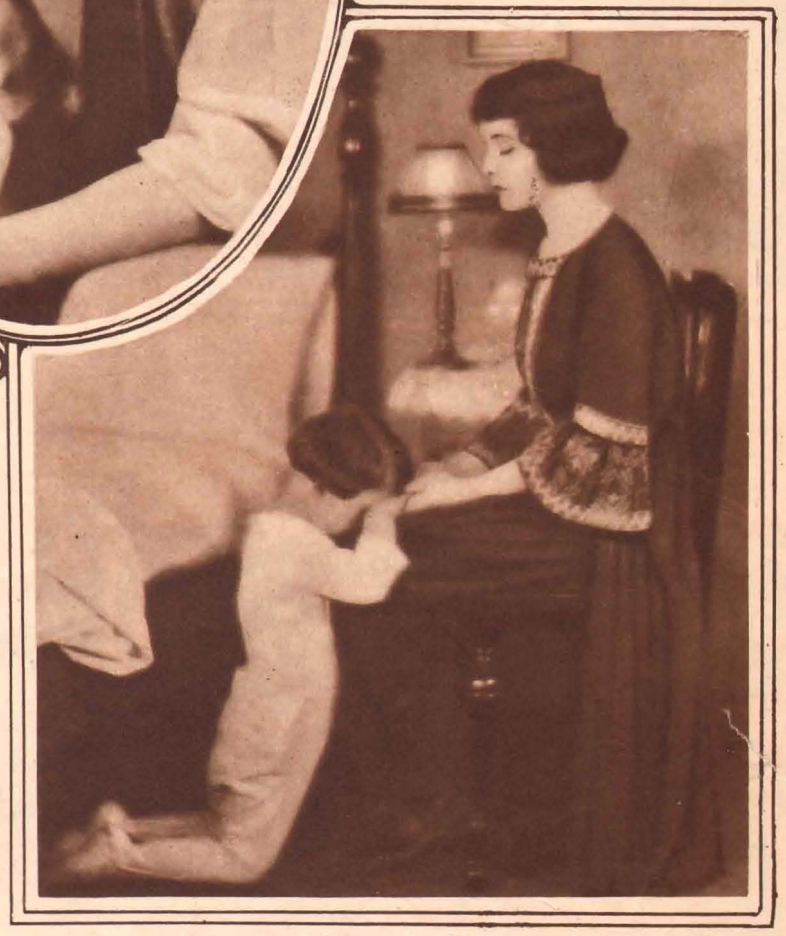
"We work at the same studio, and go to the lot together. When she's not working, she runs out to Culver City to have lunch with me, and when I'm not working I do the same thing. You see, the picture business is fascinating and it's hard for one who's interested in it to stay away from the studios.

"That reminds me of a story about Mrs. Vidor that may interest your editor and his mania for jazz. I was at work on a set, and Mrs. Vidor was at home, resting between pictures. It was nearly lunch time. One of the most difficult scenes was in the course of rehearsal. I wanted to get it finished before lunch and was driving away at full speed, when from a piano behind the set there arose a tune.

"It was a pretty little melody, a carefree tune, but the notes struck discord to every nerve in my body. I went straight up in the air, and the way I bawled out that player was a caution.

"It was the worst bawling out I had ever given anybody, on a stage or off, and I meant it.

"The music stopped, the player's footsteps approached, and I heard: 'All right, dear, I'll stop.' Mrs. Vidor had come to go to lunch with me and, seeing I was busy, had sat down at the piano to wait.



Mrs. Vidor hearing her kiddie's good-night prayers.

"And you had a hot time squaring yourself?" queries the interviewer.

"No, that's where you guessed wrong," went on the director. "Mrs. Vidor's not that kind of a wife. She understands. You tell me that the public adores Florence Vidor for her charm on the screen. She is charming because she understands—as an actress and as a wife.

"Here she comes now, and I'm off. We're going home to get the kiddie and run down to the beach before dinner. I know I've failed very miserably as an interviewed husband and I'm sorry I couldn't put enough jazz in to suit that editor of yours. Really, there's a lot besides jazz in what the papers delight to call the "'movie colony.'"

Some Lover, this Boy

IT may be his tempestuous Latin nature. It may be the excellence of his early tutelage on the stage—for who that has listened to Bernhardt's golden tones could fail to respond with the tenderest love-making?

At any rate, Leon Bary is fast winning recognition as one of the most delightful and accomplished love-makers on the screen.

Bary himself has no explanation for it. He modestly scoffs at the idea—just plays the parts as he interprets them, he says. But those who saw him with Otis Skinner in "Kismet" realize that he is one of the screen's greatest lovers.

Bary's facile work in a love scene is not that of the dime novel hero who has a "way with the wimmin'." The young French actor is a model of courtesy and gentle attentiveness without scarificing his quality of virile manhood.

There is little to wonder about in Bary's skill as an actor. Born in Paris, he studied the drama there and his first professional engagement was in Madame Sarah Bernhardt's company. He remained with her for ten years, playing all types of male parts and finally rising to the position of her leading man.

He accompanied her to America on three different tours and was with her on her unfortunate trip to South America when she sustained the injury to her knee that compelled the amputation of her leg.

After leaving Madame Bernhardt he played engagements with Mme. Rejane and later with Jane Hading. Bary entered motion pictures and was directing a company in London when the war began. He returned to France immediately to join his regiment. He served in the trenches the first seven months of the war without injury, but finally severe and returning attacks of rheumatism drove him from the front. He was invalided home and finally released from the service.

Owing to the unsettled conditions in the dramatic world of France during the war Bary came to New York shortly after his return to civilian life and entered pictures again. He remained there until 1920 when he met his countryman, Louis J. Gasnier, the famous director who was preparing for the R-C production of "Kismet." The director offered Mr. Bary the part of the Caliph Abdallah in the forthcoming production and they went to California together. Since then Mr. Bary has played prominent parts in several R-C productions.

His excellent work in "Kismet" won him a great deal of commendation. Since then he has appeared with Pauline Frederick in "The Lure of Jade" and with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." He is now taking a leading part in Mr. Gasnier's film production of George Agnew Chamberlain's widely read novel, "Home."

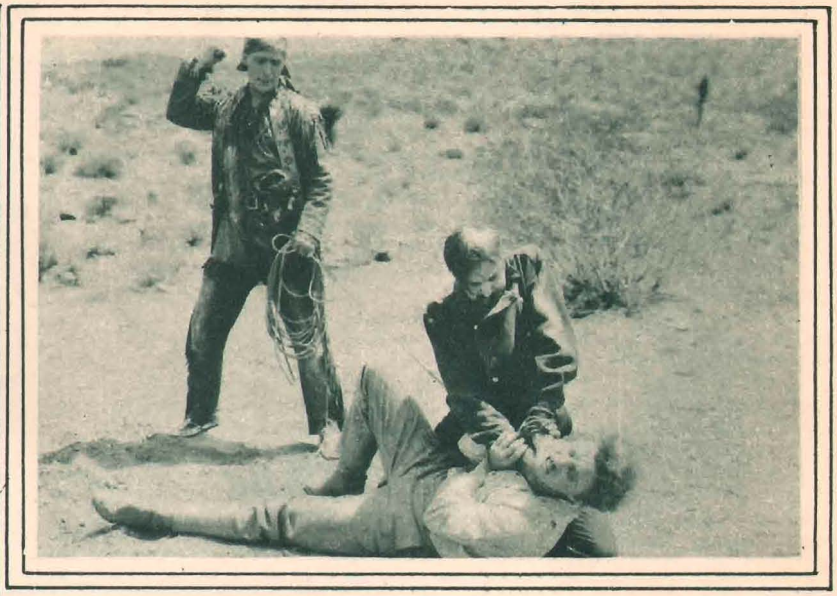
The secret of Mr. Bary's acting is that he never seems to be acting at all.

Fashion Hint

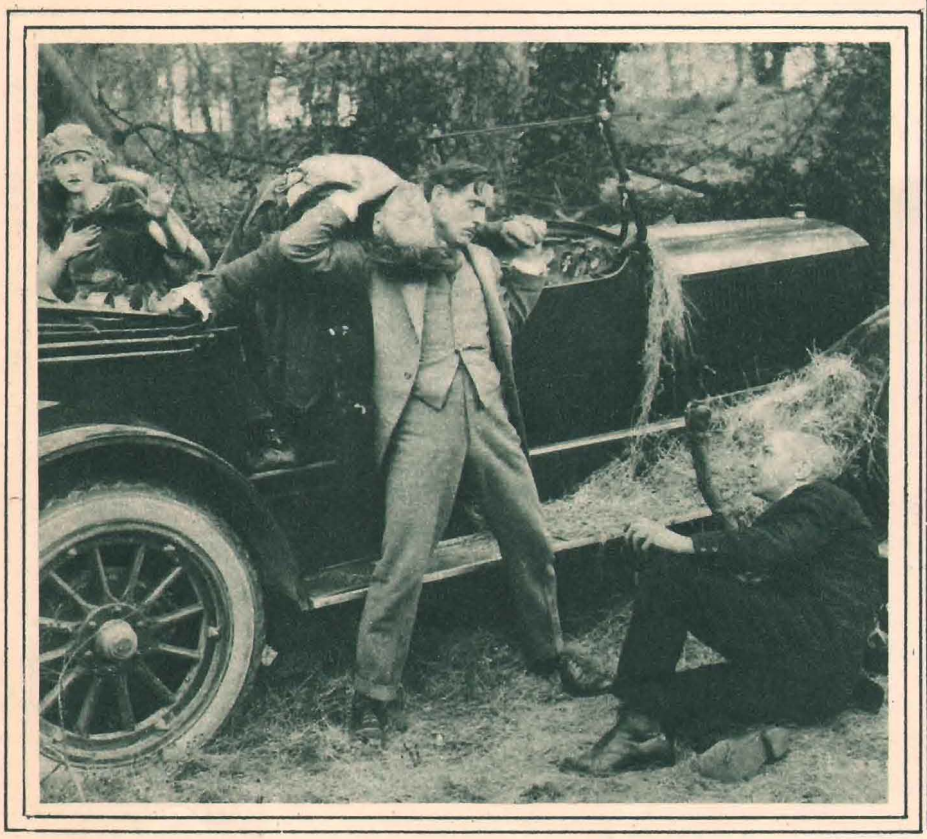
For Pickford curls try a broom-handle. This is the discovery of Mildred Ryan, the eleven-year-old leading woman in the photoplay of American rural life, "Home-Keeping Hearts."

No Rest for the Wicked!

Speaking of misfortune, glance at this scene from "The Sheik." The Sheik was about to enjoy an armful of kisses at the expense of Agnes Ayres, when Rudolph Valentino, in the guise of hero, interrupts in an unseemly manner. As though a villain wasn't as much entitled to kisses as a hero!



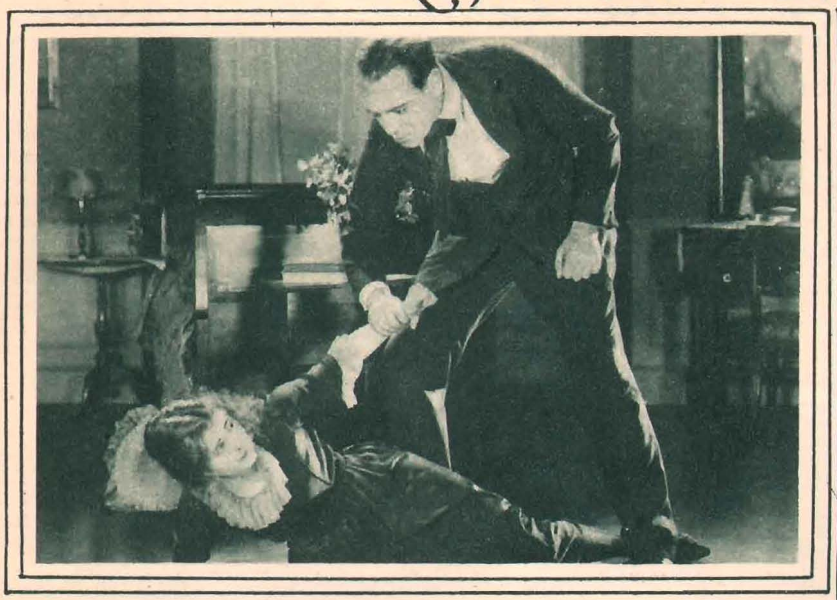
Pretty soft for the hero here, no other than "Bill" Hart, who is showing the villain a hot old time. "Bill" gets into a lot of trouble in his pictures, but you never see him taking a throat-choking and general pummeling such as is being administered to this unfortunate "bad" man. On top of this walloping the poor villain has to stand for a lot of fans' hisses.



David Powell isn't so very large, but, man, how he can throw villains about the place, once he gets started! And these villains pictured here are most certainly earning their money. It looks as though the chap with his neck under the heavy hand of David would have to spend most of his salary in doctors' bills.

On every side the fans cluck sympathy for the hero when he gets into trouble; but consider the poor villain, who, when off the job, is usually an excellent family man and tender to the point of chicken-heartedness! Here, for instance, is Tully Marshall getting a sad disappointment at the hands of Rose Dione in an R-C picture. No wonder his celluloid heart is heavy! He had hoped to foreclose the good old mortgage, but Rose beat him to it and paid it off.

Lo, the Poor "Bad" Man!



Montagu Love is giving Constance Binney a large slice of villainy here and things look pretty dark for the fair lady. But, don't worry. The hero is lurking about, pretty close by, and, as usual, the poor villain gets a lot of abuse in the long run. Montagu Love is a mighty decent chap, too, when he isn't practicing his profession of villainy.

Here's another price the villain has to pay. Charles Gerard here added to the illusion of his villainy by donning a pair of checked trousers, and, if that isn't downright cruelty, we would like to know what is. It's worth being a villain for an opportunity to play near Justine Johnstone, so we're not so sorry for Charles as we might be.

This looks pretty good for the villainous Lloyd Whitlock, doesn't it? But don't deceive yourself. May McAvoy is just "kidding him along" as a preliminary to his initiation in the Grand Order of the Royal Raspberry. Whitlock, by the way, is one of our hardest-worked little villains, and he's entitled to a lot of commiseration.

By no means is the race of villains confined to the white peoples. Here is the villainous-looking Goro Kino making things unpleasant for Tsuri Aoki in Sessue Hayakawa's forthcoming production of "Street of the Flying Dragon." In real life, the gentleman who looks so villainous here spends most of his time playing with his grandchildren.

A Great Life—If You Don't Weaken!

By an Extra Girl

I asked a policeman the way to Lasky's studio.

It seems to me that the girls who come from all over the United States to break into the "Movie Game" have the same experiences in getting started. You may pride yourself on your individuality, personality and "difference", but nine cases out of ten you will be put through the same machine which has patterned the success or failure of others. I think my experiences follow the pattern quite closely.

To begin with, I came out here with ambition, confidence, enough money to last for a year, the encouragement of friends and a lot of new clothes. Now, I, in company with about a million other girls, had the habit of going to the "movies." I had watched the Misses Swanson, Daniels, Hawley and Clayton in all their glory on many occasions. Result was, I liked them. Another result was that I was bitten by the ambition to become one of them.

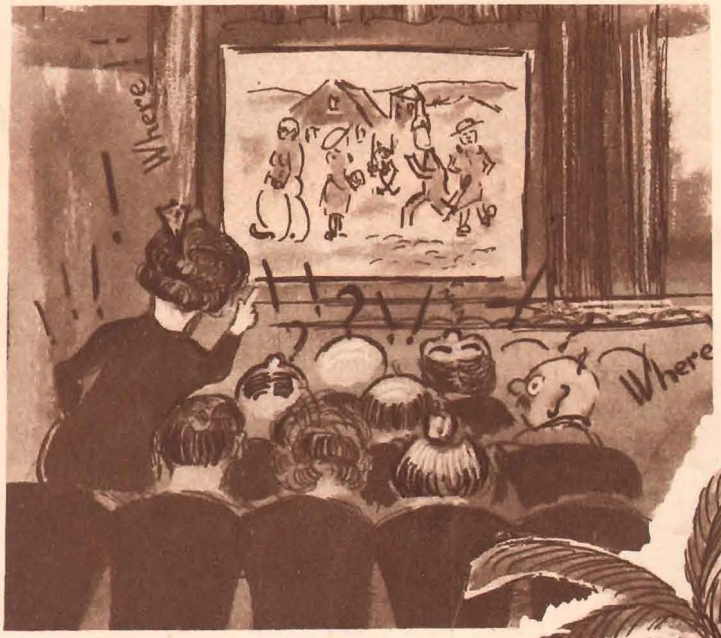
So, having no prejudice against wearing De Mille creations, I decided that Hollywood and I were meant for each other. To tell the truth, I could think of a much worse profession than that of having Mr. Wallace Reid dash around in a speedster and beat up the "heavies" just for the privilege of kissing me in the fade-out. The jingle of about five hundred dollars a week wasn't to be entirely ignored, either. Some pipe-dream—what? Orchestra! please oblige with "You Need Sympathy" and "What s the Use of Dreaming?"

In pictures it isn't your pipe that gives out, however, it's more likely to be your money.

But to get back to the dirge. As I said before, I got here. The first thing I did was to have some pictures taken. These proved to be fascinating things, showing me in such poses as looking up, looking down, looking sideways, etc., including looking every way except cross-eyed. The next thing I did was to visit the Lasky Studio armed with this repertoire of optical expressions and a great deal of determination. I registered, and then waited. I've been waiting ever since for a "big" part.

I've done extra work. I suppose you know what that is. The Extra is the one who rides, swims, dances and does everything but shares close-ups with the Star. This work isn't a pleasure, yet it isn't entirely without a "kick."

I shall never forget my first close-up. A close-up to an Extra is getting within recognition distance of the camera. To a Star, it's a bit of photography which enables you to count the exact number of eyelashes on her left eye. There's a difference.



"Here I come!" I shouted

It was Tom Forman who first let me hold the center of the stage for a moment. Another girl and the "heavy" and I were to have the scene exclusively. It was exclusive all right. It was so exclusive—but read on.

Well, I powdered my face, arms and neck and whitened my hands, took my hat off and rearranged my hair. While I dabbed a little more mascara on my eyelashes I paused to congratulate myself. It might take others *years* to get somewhere in pictures, *but not I.*

The close-up was taken. Since I wasn't ordered off the lot immediately, I supposed it was a success. I could hardly wait to see it. I went around in a state of coma until that picture was released.

Finally it was shown on a local screen. I took all my relatives, friends and acquaintances. I posted them on just when and where too look. For the first time in my life I actually disliked Ethel Clayton. She *did* take up so much time. The picture progressed evenly if slowly to the "big moment." At last I recognized the set. I could see myself in the long shot. "Here it is," I hissed. We all held our breaths. On the screen flashed a close-up, but it was of Ethel Clayton. My scene had been cut!

As I said before, it was exclusive. It was so exclusive it was excluded.

Such is a career in Hollywood. After a while you get used to this sort of thing. Still, if you're coming out here, you might as well bring your shock-absorbers.

In the meanwhile I've worked in pictures starring Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley and other Lasky stars. They're all beautiful. Gloria Swanson is an adorable miniature of fascination. Wanda Hawley is like a lovely flower and Bebe Daniels—well, words fail me at Bebe. All I can say is that she is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. She's a "regular fellow" besides. When you line yourself up beside them it doesn't take a college education to reason the why and wherefore of "Why Am I an Extra?"

They're all beautiful, of course, but that doesn't mean so much, after all. I'm not so bad looking, myself.

Besides, so far as that's concerned, you can probably go into most any big department store and pick out half a dozen girls, prettier than the brightest star in the Hollywood heavens.

No, it isn't their beauty. It's a strange something they have—personality, I guess—which they can "put over"—even on the screen.

But to get back to me

Would you like to see me in a picture sometime? Then go to see any Lasky picture and watch for the scene in which there are from three to four hundred participants. Then glance quickly over the set until you sight a large palm somewhere in the rear. That's me behind the palm. Holding it up.

That's me behind the tree.

DINNER IS SERVED

By Wanda Hawley

Having purchased the essential things, Wanda knows what to do with them, and she sets about doing it. First off she prepares the tomatoes for salad. (Do you pronounce 'em to-maw-toes. We, being coarse, call 'em to-may-toes. It isn't on record just what Miss Hawley calls them.) She can fix them so they are mighty edible, however, and that's the main idea.

Success as a motion picture star hasn't caused blonde little Wanda Hawley to forget the homely (and homey) things she practised before she began to count her friends by armies. She sometimes does her own marketing, as can be seen in the above picture. We don't know just why the big kewpie doll appears under her left arm, but surmise he's an invited guest at the coming feast.

And now the completed dinner! Miss Hawley did the whole trick, even to setting the daintily-arranged table. Her pensive expression is due to the tardiness of guests, and not to any apprehension as to the result of her effort. All those who consider Wanda a regular fellow will signify it by saying "aye." There are no "noes."

No new-fangled gas or electric stoves for Wanda. She's just old-fashioned enough to believe that good cooking cannot be done on anything but the old-time coal stoves that are now sneered at by our delicatessen population. She stirs a wicked spoon, eh?

And just to prove that she knows how to complete a good old American dinner, she bakes a pie, with flaky crusts and plenty of stuff between the top and bottom layers to sink one's teeth into. This picture is likely to cause an army of marriageable males to start right for the Coast and kidnap Wanda. Good cooks are scarce.

"Hiccupping" with Marie

By Herbert Crooker

DID you ever hear of Sancho Panza? No, dear reader, it is not the name of a Pullman car, nor is it a salad! It isn't a city, or a song or a ballad! This must cease—I'm getting poetic. Sancho Panza, according to the gentleman who sits beside me, was the man Friday of Don Quixote; what Dr. Watson was to Sherlock Holmes—what Mr. Park is to Mr. Tilford—what ham is to eggs—and so on, *ad lib.*

But Marie Mosquini disagrees with friend Sancho. It seems that in a moment of madness, in the days before the Volstead Act became a headliner in vaudeville, this friend of Don Creosote up and said, with no malice aforethought, "God bless the man who first invented sleep!" Sancho never put into print what he thought about the gentleman who invented the alarm clock. Anyway, Marie says that Mr. Panza was all wrong for, according to the dark-eyed beauty, he should have said: "God bless the man who first invented laughter." Well, well, well!

But to back up Mr. Panza, we will give the gentleman the benefit of his erring thoughts and quote Lord Byron.

"Laughter," said his Lordship, "is the hiccup of a fool." If that s the cas , let's give three cheers to this foolish old world of ours!

There is no doubt that Marie also has a heart full of pity for Byron, but sadly enough, the gentleman is not of this age and can never have the opportunity to change his mind after interviewing Marie.

Marie Mosquini loves to laugh. In fact, it's her hobby. I never realized that "laughter was the hiccup of a fool" because to me a hiccup usually appeared to be a message from departed spirits—if you get what I mean.

But Marie, loving laughter, is unselfish—she likes to distribute it. Guess I'll drop around and see Miss Mosquini, thought I, and enjoy a few hiccups, meaning the kind Lord Byron wrote of.

"Hello, Marie," said the interviewer.

She smiled—I smiled right back at her—and then we both laughed. It broke the ice and we were friends.

"You know," she said, "I'm not used to being interviewed. I hope I won't disappoint you and say the wrong things."

"You may say anything you want," I assured her, "and then I'll show it to you when it's written and together we can blue-pencil anything you don't like." Whereupon we both hiccuped. The Lord Byron kind.

"You like comedy?"

"Oh, I love it! Of course I am very ambitious, and all that, but you don't know how much pleasure I take in acting in comedies. They say, you know, that 'laughter leaves us doubly serious afterward,' so I try to allow myself to believe that I'm really doing dramatic work at the same time."

There's food for thought!

"They say that the greatest actresses first did comedy," I remarked.

"I know, but that doesn't frighten me at all," she smiled. "It gave me my start in the films."

"Tell me the worst!" I hissed.

"I wonder if I should," said Marie, with a twinkle in her eye. "But," she added, "you have your blue-pencil with you, haven't you? Well, first I selected comedy because I thought I would begin in the high school of the picture world and learn all I could. Bebe Daniels was a very good friend of mine and at that time was leading lady for Harold Lloyd. Bebe was good enough to get me a position in the Lloyd comedies. I began in what they called the 'merry-merry.' I was a bathing girl, but it was the finest education in the world.

Marie doesn't always "hiccup."

"It was a pleasure working for Mr. Lloyd; it seemed so like one big family—everyone was willing to help everyone else.

"Then it happened!

"Mildred Davis, who had been leading woman with Harry Pollard, yes, I mean 'Snub,' was made leading lady with Harold Lloyd, and I was given her place. I really think Bebe was as delighted as I was. I really was scared to death at first. Ought I to admit that?"

"We'll see how it looks and then blue-pencil it," I hiccuped.

"All right," said Marie, with a smile. "At first it seemed so different to have the director shouting to me alone, instead of at me in a group, as he had done before. But I got used to it very quickly. Now," I thought, "I will soon be able to pay the mortgage on the farm!" And we laughed again.

But really, Marie is one of the most delightful young film luminaries in comedies—No! On the screen! Enjoying her work to the fullest extent, she is happiness personified at the studio. If she is called upon to register a sad moment before the camera, the moment the director shouts: "Cut!" she is sure to break out in a sunny smile. She is full of surprises—not moods. She is always saying something different—something that will make you smile, and before you know it—you are both laughing together.

Marie Mosquini is really a bewitching little witch of laughter! Smoke that in your pipe, Lord Byron!

Following the Steps of Sarah via Mae Murray's Dance

An Interlude

By Jane Ellis

HOW come the gracious Helen of Troy to get in with a horse? How come Rose Ponselle to scat from vaudeville to Gran' Op'? And how come Mae Murray gently to undulate from the chorus of the Follies to the dramatix of Sarah Bernhardt?

Really! Have you seen her? . . . In her latest film—"Peacock Alley"? Well, you've got the surprise of your young jazz toes in waiting for you, if you'll hop up and get a look.

Those of you who thought Miss Murray capable only of the light fantastic and who thought her face but the image of a Nell Brinkley baby doll, made only to be loved and petted amid luxurious layers littered by lounge lizards, should see her eyes melt and shoulders heave to the vibrant chords of the deep sea love making scene. Both the pearls and the water are present. *Vide* the close-ups.

It was on this subject of resembling Sarah Bernhardt that Miss Murray was coaxed to talk. Rather timidly at first, with a touch of the delightful shyness that marks her personality. In the heavier scenes she manages to acquire an upward tilt of the head and a prestigious stunt with that golden shock of hair that is for all the world like the Divine Sarah. So we asked her what she thought about it. Read, and be convinced!

"You know, even when I was in the Follies, I had a longing in my heart for the greater, the bigger things in drama. But it's so hard to get a public or a manager to believe in you if you're only in the chorus—and so you dance away. The manager seems to think that because you get ahead on your feet that you have to maintain yourself that way always. Speaking of brain action, why not stand on one's head? Meaning reputations, of course.

"But unfortunately, all that didn't matter. I knew that some day I would do really big dramatic things. Dear to the heart of every stage character, even if only in the chorus, is the thought that some day, she too will be big."

Don't be surprised if some day Miss Murray appears playing the part of "L'Aiglon"—the sallow-faced, pusillanimous boy whose tragedy in life was his inability to partake in war. It was Sarah's big role and it's Miss Murray's ambition. She'll do it yet.

This might be either Sarah or Mae—but it's really the latter

But, in the meantime . . . "I do believe in giving the public what it wants. If they like me as the dancing, vivacious person, I suppose I ought to give them that and not disappoint them. I believe I ought not to attempt other things until the audience is ready to accept me in them.

"I don't believe in playing 'Camille', because it would need real butchering to pass the censor's approval. And then that would not be 'Camille' as it should be. 'L'Aiglon,' you see, was thin and slight, and his story would pass muster."

Speaking of weight, it was noticeable that somewhere between Mae Murray of the film, "Peacock Alley," and Mae Murray of real life

Here's Mae in a Sarahesque pose

some avoirdupois had gone astray. To be explained by the fact that Miss Murray lived on a milk diet for the part of Cleo. Quarts of milk went to make her look real. This after Miss Murray's trip to Paris led her to conclude from observation that no French girl who is attractive has any of the thinness of the American girl. Fortunately Cleo took to the fillums before the milk strike.

Mae Murray is—to the American mind and eye—the acme of lithe grace and sunny movement. There is nothing heavy about her person, either in speech or manner. And so her entire depiction of Cleo evolved itself out of her actress art of studying the French personality.

. . And out of which evolves her resemblance to the Divine Sarah.

We—well rather Miss Murray, spoke of love as a "terrible and a wonderful thing . . . a devitalizing influence!" In such language Miss Murray described the allurements and the technicalities, shall we say? of that peculiar embroilment. In no less a manner did she characterize that effervescence of energy which comes to be commonly known in close-ups as a dilation of the nostrils and eyelids even unto the wiggling of the ears—a something which feeds calories to the soul even while it devastates the red corpuscles. Yea verily.

This is the divine Sarah herself

Of the tribulations in getting the proper ending to "Peacock Alley" Miss Murray spoke with vital interest. Managers and directors including scenario writer, wanted Cleo (Miss Murray) to bring little son into the picture, have father (Monte Blue) hug him and her, and—fade out! But that is not Miss Murray's idea of an idealistic ending to the love story of the French girl she was picturizing.

"A girl of that type," said Miss Murray "would inevitably want her husband to return to her after years of absence, not because of any child on the premises which might belong to them, but *because he loved her!* Anything wrong about that? In no other way would a husband be tolerated to a high-spirited, independent soul like Cleo. Nor to me, in fact! I had a terrible time with the director (friend husband) and everybody, fighting for the ending I wanted.

"They all thought it was enough to have a couple attached to each other for life merely because they had a child. But I don't think so, do you? I should think Cleo would have hidden the child away from everybody's sight, and never allowed even its father to know."

Anyhow, it's a turrible pashunate story, we'll say.

Nor would this be an accurate recounting of an interview, did the interviewer not add, how astonishing to the ears is Miss Murray's diction and use of language. Let the college girl beware! Full many of them have I heard spilling forth language no whit as correctly expressive; sentences, no jot as finely combed as those of Miss Murray's. If this be true of the Follies and the screen, what need have we of colleges?

Rather, let it be said, that Miss Murray shine in a seldom occupied light of actresses who are fully aware of the tonal value of language and the significance of words. Speaking in anachronisms, we shall yet expect to hear Miss Murray write!

So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic. and Walt.

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

SOME weeks ago we ran a little story entitled, "To Bob, or Not to Bob." A flock of stars contributed to the article; some of 'em with short hair, and some with long. Each told why she wore her hair as she did.

Among the most earnest advocates of long hair was the blonde and lovely Marion Davies. She wasn't rough, or insistent about it, but it wasn't hard to read between the lines of her contribution that she considered anybody who would bob her hair just two jumps ahead of the man who gathers 'em in for the booby-hatch.

But, you know that old bromide about a woman changing her mind? It's all true.

We dropped into the International studios the other day.

Marion came in for her day's toil (for which, incidentally, she gets something like $100 an hour, poor thing). As soon as she entered the room, everybody noticed that somehow, she looked different.

Then she tossed her hat on a chair—and everybody knew.

Those long, golden tresses, which reached 'way down below her waist, were gone. The tiny ringlets had been slaughtered—a dark deed done in the dead o' night.

In other words, she'd gone and done just what she had protested against so vehemently, only a few short weeks before.

And her reasons: Typically feminine. Also, again having to do with vanity.

"I began to think to myself," Marion explained, "why shouldn't I? When I am old it will be too late, and I would never know how it would look."

If there is any answer to this argument, we don't know it.

The question is: Is it an argument at all?

* * *

A BOOK agent came bustling into the office a few minutes ago, trying to sell us ten dollars' worth of dictionary.

He didn't sell us any dictionaries—but before he got out, we sold him three copies of our magazine.

* * *

SOME weeks since, we sent letters to the various studios all over the country—and also in Europe, asking for intimate special photographs of stars and leads, both sexes, at their favorite sport.

The replies are just beginning to pour in—and it seems that there are just two sports that appeal to movie stars. One is playing golf. The other is playing with a monkey.

We leave you to draw your own conclusions as to what this indicates.

* * *

ANOTHER apology about that story of "The Speed Girl." To make the thing absolutely fair, with no possible chance of favoritism, Pantomime turned all the manuscripts over to the Scenario Department of the Realart Company.

Realart, you see, wrote the original story, produced it, and are getting ready to release it. So, naturally, they are in the most logical position to say what endings are best.

We had hoped they would have arrived at a decision in time to name the winners in this issue. But they haven't.

The trouble was, that on the very last day the time limit was up on reception of manuscripts, more than 100 new ones came in.

These are now being passed on, and just as soon as possible we'll announce the winners—and also print the stories they send us.

We beg your indulgence.

PANTOMIME owes one apology—just one—with regard to its announcement in a recent issue that no one had seen the glaring error in a story entitled "Shoes and Realism." Since that was written one Lawrence Scott of 256 Elm Street, Chillicothe, Ohio, has written in with the announcement that neither Richard Lee nor Joseph Striker is pictured in the cut illustrating the story. And Lawrence is right, identifying one of the men pictured as "Hoot" Gibson, the Universal Western star. A check for one dollar accompanies our apology to Lawrence Scott.

* * *

KATHLEEN M. asks an easy question, indeed. She writes: "Who is the best blonde actress, and who is the best brunette actress?" That's simple (as are most screen actresses). The *best blonde*, Kathleen, is consistently blonde. As to the best brunette, there is some question, for no sooner does one decide upon one favorite as the best, than, upon seeing her in another picture, he finds her hair "registers" as light. We're mighty glad, Kathleen, that you didn't ask our opinion as to the best Titian actress on the screen!

* * *

WORD comes to this palladium of light and truth that one of the larger producers of spectacular productions is going to film "King Lear" and title it "Don't Trust Your Daughters."

We don't believe this, and we think it comes from some one who feels as we do about the decadence in motion picture titles; but we shouldn't be surprised if it were done.

Or that they intend to picturize "Hamlet" and call it "His Mother's Crime."

And why not make "King Richard the Third" into a picture and call it "Humpy."

Also the story of Jonah would bring them to the box office if it were screened and called "Poor Fish."

Or, when it comes to that, why not rewrite "The Taming of the Shrew" and call it "Treat 'Em Rough."

And why not a picturization of "Midsummer Night's Dream," under the drag-em-in title "No Twin Beds."

Finally, if they wanted to put more grand opera in films, they might take "Tosca" and call it "Seduced in Jail."

* * *

THE young woman who goes to the theater with me has been insisting all along that, coming right down to cases, men are more vain than women. But the young woman who goes to the theater with me insists on a vast number of things—so many that I've rather gotten into the habit of just letting her talk on. Every now and then I'll interject a "Yes," or a "Do you think so?" or something like that—and she's perfectly content.

That's the way it was about this vanity thing as relates to men. She talked—and I didn't argue with her. But I didn't believe her, either!

But the girl was right! I had it proved to me, up at the Paramount studios. It happened thusly:

I was up at the studio discussing things and nonsense with the publicity men. Of course, the big idea was to get possible suggestions for stories. The talk veered to Louise Fazenda, a mighty clever little actress who, in reality, is very, very lovely, but who seems doomed to parts where she must make up to be as ugly as a she-Ben Turpin.

Then the discussion arose as to whether the real pretty man movie star had as big an appeal as a less handsome, but more masculine type. Stern, honest, virile stuff—you know!

And that gave me an idea for a yarn. "Why not," I asked, "have a story along those lines written for me by one of your stars who doesn't lay any claim to being beautiful. Bill Hart, for instance. Let him write us a yarn, to be entitled, "Why I'm glad I ain't pretty," or something like that."

And the press agent said, "Fine."

I departed with the promise that the story would be in my office, duly signed and everything, before the end of the week.

Well, a week rolled by—and almost a second one. And then it came to pass that I was in the neighborhood of the Paramount studio, so I thought I'd drop in and ask "How come?"

The publicity department was apologetic—and embarrassed.

"Terribly sorry, old man, but we can't give you that story," I was told.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well," said the press agent, "Bill Hart won't write it—won't even have it written for him."

"Why not?" I queried again. "Strikes me as being pretty darned good publicity for him. All free-for-nothing, too. So why not?"

"Well," answered the press agent, "you see, we put it up to Bill, and instead of being pleased, he went right up in the air. He was insulted. Bill happens to think he's handsome."

I quit right there.

For if Bill Hart really thinks he's good-looking, then anything is possible.

The young woman who goes to the theatre with me may have the right dope.

Ready for Mr. J. Frost

Here's another characteristic of the new styles—a combination of brocaded chiffon and velvet, as worn by Louise Glaum. The long bodice of bright mahogany is of chiffon velvet, with short sleeves and a round neck. The skirt is of satin and is attached to the bodice at the hips. A sash of matching georgette is swathed about the waist and ties with long ends at the side.

There's plenty of hope for Hope Hampton. No? Take a look and prove it! Quite startling both in novelty of design and combination of material is this coat for dressy afternoon wear. Black velvet, white broadcloth and ermine are the materials. The design speaks for itself.

Notable among the tendencies of winter millinery is that of tipping the hat sharply at an angle. Here's Mabel Normand, for instance, wearing a picturesque hat of fuschia velvet turned up at the left side. Another new phase of the winter's head coverings is the use of ostrich feathers. A single plume is wound about the crown and falls over the brim in the back.

Maybe this isn't a nifty top coat, in which to wrap the bewitching Constance Binney when she is ready to step out! And, again, maybe it is. It is quilted black satin with grey caracul collar, and has a great many things to recommend it. It's not only good looking, but warm.

All ready to step out and say "Howdy" to old J. Frost is Alice Calhoun, in her chic afternoon frock of navy blue fillet twill piped with grey silk. The skirt is heavily embroidered with silver metal and gray silk in scroll design. The two-inch girdle is finished off with balls of silver. The hat is grey crepe de chine. Sable furs are worn with the garment: the hose is grey, the pumps black patent leather, and the gloves grey silk.

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Read 'Em and Weep—by Felicia Fenton

Molly Malone.

Molly's handwriting shows a straight-away nature in which there isn't any more guile than is absolutely necessary to being feminine. The swing to the letter "M" shows a tendency toward luxury and lavishness, which is counteracted by the squeezing in of the other letters. Molly probably has wild bursts of extravagance, followed by days of repression.

Gloria Swanson

Gloria's handwriting is very childlike: this, however, until I had carefully inspected the whole signature and noticed the certain swing to the name. This type of penmanship indicates a child-like love of nature, and simplicity in tastes. The "S" in her last name denotes originality.

Marie Prevost

Marie's handwriting denotes a nature absolutely carefree. The swing and carelessness with which she forms her letters show her to be a happy-go-lucky young person whom nothing worries very much, or very long. The wide capital letters denote love of luxury and the wide spacing shows it's a mighty hard thing for Marie to save any money.

Mary Pickford

The handwriting of the "sweetheart of the World" bespeaks, more than anything else, firmness. It denotes a straight-out nature, which knows, always, exactly what it wants. But at the same time, the formation of the letters "kford," in her last name, denotes a sentimental strain.

Lila Lee

The handwriting of Lila Lee shows a nature very similar to that of Miss Prevost. She, too, is inclined to take things pretty much as they come, and let it go at that. Her subconscious motto probably is: "to-morrow's another day." Her script indicates that she's even more extravagant than Marie.

Wallace Reid

Wallie's handwriting denotes, before and above all else, a bundle of nerves—a restless nature, never is satisfied with the present as with what is to come—a nature which actually suffers unless there is constant change. The large letters denote extravagance. The capital "R," with the line under it, represents Wallie's artistic side.

Constance Binney

Constance Binney's handwriting shows she has a home-loving nature, and a strong streak of domesticity. Feeding the desire of the moment doesn't appeal half so much to her as putting aside for a rainy day—and every time she "puts aside," she probably thinks of the little home that's going to be hers, some day.

Sincerely - Corinne Griffith -

Corinne Griffith is a young woman, judging from her handwriting, who prefers the more serious things of life. Her script denotes a self-confidence which sometimes may be mistaken for haughtiness. Her capital letters denote a love of the beautiful, and a generosity which is denied by the formation of the other letters. The circular dot over the letter "I" denotes exquisite attention to details.

Katherine Spencer

The signature of the lovely Katherine Spencer shows a sweep and dash of character which ought to carry her far. The formation of every letter shrieks aloud of love of luxury—but at the same time shows that this luxury-love is tempered with good, hard common sense. Her emotions probably are frequently so deep and hodge-podge that they jumble over one another.

Alice Brady

Alice Brady's signature indicates a character almost masculine in its daring, yet essentially feminine in its love of display and comfort. The open loops of the letter "B" show Alice is a young person who never considers money. The rounded capital "A" shows love of ease and comfort. The general sweep of the writing implies serene confidence to meet any situation that arises.

Ethel Clayton

Miss Ethel Clayton's writing denotes a sweet, even temperament, and a certain determination of will which may be seen in the emphasis of the down-stroke, as, for instance, the "y" and the "l." The curves, well-rounded and cleanly designated, indicate the artistic temperament.

Mary Miles Minter

Pretty blonde Mary Miles Minter has a signature that is puzzling. If we didn't know better, we'd think it was written by a boy—say about nineteen years old, except for the letter "y." That is unmistakably feminine! The signature, at its start, shows a nature rather painstakingly careful.

May McAvoy

Little May McAvoy's script denotes another essentially home-loving nature. From her handwriting, she ought to be the last word in primness and neatness. Nothing will ever be out of its place in her home. Yet, at the same time, there's that telltale letter "y" which shows the same old love of luxury.

Ruth Ferguson

Brilliant, dazzling, as meteoric as a comet, is Miss Ferguson's signature. It is unique and at the same time gives as clearly as could be in portrait an idea of the writer's character. The large loop of the "g" and the high "F" mean originality and denote strength of character.

FANDOM NOTES

"One Glorious Day" has been chosen as the final title for James Cruze's special comedy tentatively called "Ek," in which Will Rogers, Lila Lee and Allan Hale have the leading roles.

* * *

The Irish have it in the present line-up of leading men at the Realart studio. There's Pat O'Malley, with Bebe Daniels; Jack Mulhall with Constance Binney; William Boyd with Wanda Hawley; and Walter McGrail with May McAvoy.

Hibernian Society please take notice.

* * *

A somewhat dilapidated individual with a battered hat and uncreased attire accosted L. M. Goodstadt, casting director during the filming of Tom Meighan's new picture, "A Prince There Was," with this question:

"Need a leading man?"

"Leading what?" queried the director.

"Oh," answered the other, with a twisted grin, "leadin' a horse, or almost anything!"

* * *

Edwin Stevens in the role of the father of Babbie in "The Little Minister," was enacting his role and calling vociferously to Betty Compson, the star:

"Lady Barbara, Lady Barbara."

Just then someone from another set stuck his head around the corner of the scene and asked:

"Who's calling for a lady barber?"

* * *

Gareth Hughes, visiting at Alice Lake's home in Hollywood, was seized with a sudden burst of appetite that led to a raid on the ice box. The raid was successful, yielding some cold chicken, alligator pears and an apple pie. The two stars tackled the layout on the kitchen table. And being filled, Mr. Hughes gave himself over to speculation.

"You know, I take more pleasure out of a little kitchen snack than any regular meal," he said. "I haven't been able to find him in the family tree, but I've no doubt that I must have had at least one ancestor who was a policeman."

* * *

Rudolph Valentino, who came to New York from Hollywood for the private showing of Nazimova's "Camille," in which he played Armand, has joined those who disapprove of the city's daylight-saving law. The day after time was changed back to standard, he registered his complaint. He wasn't feeling altogether well and he ascribed it to losing an hour's sleep, because of daylight deception.

"But you really gained an hour's sleep," he was reminded

"It did me no good," said Valentino. "If they're going to confuse me, they make me psychologically ill."

* * *

The thought has occurred to Bert Lytell—in connection with his new picture, "The Idle Rich," which deals with three successive generations of a California family—that many a prominent family tree was started in the Burbank manner—yes, by grafting.

* * *

"You've got to smoke in this picture," said Director James Cruze to Will Rogers, who plays the leading role in a new special Paramount comedy, temporarily titled "Ek."

"But I can't smoke. It makes me sick," said Will.

"That's what you're supposed to be in the story—sick."

"Can't I chew gum?" asked Rogers plaintively.

"No. Who ever heard of a professor of psychology chewing gum?"

"By gosh," remarked the actor. "Here I am—if I smoke I get sick and I've got to smoke. I can't chew gum—it's sure going to be a tough proposition."

* * *

"I've learned now that a screen prize fight may easily become too exciting," Bayard Veiller admitted after the filming of a bout between Bert Lytell, playing the role of a highbrow pugilist, and William Ender, a professional fighter, at Metro studios in Hollywood, where Mr. Veiller is filming "Keep Off the Grass."

"I told Bert to go in and punch the head off that 'pug', and I told Elmer not to be afraid of knocking Bert through the window. Both obeyed instructions so well that it became a real knockdown fight. They were mad. They forgot all about the signals I had arranged and tore at each other like wildcats. Everyone was yelling at them. And then Arthur Martinelli, the camera man, got so excited he stopped grinding. I tore the bruised battlers apart. But, while it was a whale of a fight, we had to film it over again to follow the scenario.—Too exciting!"

* * *

David Belasco's farce comedy, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" is soon to be made into a Paramount picture at the Paramount studio in Hollywood with T. Roy Barnes in the lead and James Cruze as director. "Is Matrimony a Failure?" was first produced by David Belasco on Broadway several years ago with Leo Ditrichstein in the leading role.

* * *

Viola Dana, the Metro star, has bought a house in Hollywood, where she will live with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Flugrath. She said: "I'm simply tired of leasing houses and having them sold over my head."

* * *

Agnes Ayres has finished her first starring picture for Paramount, "The Lane That Had No Turning," by Sir Gilbert Parker. Victor Fleming directed the picture and Theodore Kosloff and Mahlon Hamilton played the principal male roles.

STUDIO JOTTINGS

By a Staff Correspondent

Hollywood, California.—Douglas MacLean is back in the Thomas H. Ince fold and is now making a picture titled "The Hottentot." Pretty little Madge Bellamy has the feminine lead.

* * *

Monroe Salisbury hasn't been heard of by the fans for a long time, but he's on the job again. He's at the Pacific studios, where he is making "Ethen of the Mountains," a Canadain Northwoods story.

* * *

Alla Nazimova is well on her way with the Ibsen drama, "The Doll's House," which she is making at the Brunton studios. "Salome" will be her next picture.

* * *

Colleen Moore has the leading role in Rupert Hughes' newest story, "Sent For Out," which is in production at the Goldwyn studios. In the supporting cast are Mary Warren, Farrell McDonald, Florence Drew and Kate Price.

* * *

Molly Malone plays opposite Frank Mayo in his latest feature, "Wards of the North." Many of the exteriors were made in the mountains.

* * *

Benj. B. Hampton has started production on the dramatization of his sixth Zane Grey novel, "Wildfire," an outdoor drama of ranches, rodeos, and a wonderful Arabian stallion. A large all-star cast consisting of Claire Adams, Carl Gantvoort, Tod Sloan, Jean Hersholt, Harry L. Van Meter, Frank Hayes, Audrey Chapman, Helen Howard, Lillian Bundy, Mary Jane Irving, Chas Arling, John Beck, Babe London and W. K. Perkins enact the story characters. Two complete producing crews are "shooting" the picture. They are Eliot Howe and Jean Hersholt, directors; Gus Peterson, William Edmunds, and F. H. Sturgis, cameramen; James Townsend and David Hampton, assistant directors. E. Wichard Schayer wrote the continuity.

* * *

Ralph Lewis, who played the old miser, Pere Grandet, in the Rex Ingram production for Metro of Balzac's "The Conquering Power," has been engaged for a new Metro picture, Irvin S. Cobb's "The Five Dollar Baby," a Harry Beaumont production in which Viola Dana will star. Mr. Lewis will play the old pawn broker.

* * *

"Stay Home," the new picture by Edgar Franklin in which Gareth Hughes will star, is to be filmed at Catalina Islands, San Diego, California, and in Mexico. It is a George D. Baker production for S-L (Arthur Sawyer and Herbert Lubin) Pictures

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Chairman—Mae Marsh has not been making pictures recently. She is married to Louis Arms, and their small daughter has made great inroads on her mother's time. However, there is a report that the film star will appear on the legitimate stage this fall. She will make her debut in a play called "Brittle."

* * *

H. O. O.—Will Rogers is appearing at present in "Doubling for Romeo." Vera Stedman played opposite Charles Ray in "Scrap Iron." She is married to John Taylor, a well-known pianist.

* * *

Raisie—May McAvoy is appearing in "Everything for Sale." To my knowledge, Lionel Atwill has never appeared in pictures. He is to be starred in a new play this fall called "The Grand Duke."

* * *

Peter—Mahlon Hamilton was born in Baltimore about 35 years ago. He has won well-deserved recognition on the stage as well as the screen. He played Paul in the original screen version of "Three Weeks." His latest releases are "Earthbound," "Half a Chance," and "Ladies Must Live." He is married to a non-professional.

* * *

Marcia—Madge Bellamy is 19. I am not surprised you think that she is a very lovely looking girl. Mr. Ince thou h so also when he saw her on the stage and immediately ffered her a part in one of his productions. She has played "Peg O' My Heart" and "Pollyanna" in stock, and last year "Dear Brutus" with William Gillette. She is the daughter of a Texas college professor.

* * *

Ethel—Sorry I can't give you the name of the maid in the serial you mention. The address of Pauline Frederick is 503 Sunset Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Cal. Gloria Swanson can be reached at Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Sylvia—Yes, Katherine MacDonald has been called the "American Beauty," and voted the most beautiful woman in many contests. Her latest picture is entitled "The Infidel." Her leading man is Robert Ellis, the well-known director.

* * *

Blue Devil—You are the second "devil" I have had to deal with today. Are you related to Dare? You ask for the cast of the serial "Who Is No One?" It is not customary to publish the names of any of the players except the leading man or woman. In this serial you already know that Kathleen Clifford plays the lead. Sorry to disappoint you.

* * *

Tuliptown—I do not know whether Vivian Martin has deserted the screen for good or not, although I do not believe she would forsake her screen admirers. She is at present playing with Lynne Overman in "Just Married." Elaine Hammerstein is 24 years old and has naturally curly brown hair. I admire your name very much. Do write to me again.

* * *

C. L. Mardian—The person who told you that Norma Talmadge was 28 years old was misinformed. She was born at Niagara Falls in 1897, which makes her 24 years old. Elaine Hammerstein's leading man in "Handcuffs or Kisses" was Robert Ellis.

* * *

Colonial Lady—Niles Welch is 32 years old. He is married to Dell Boone. The latest picture in which he appears is "The Cup of Life" with Hobart Bosworth and Madge Bellamy. Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland. Yes, he has been in pictures for quite a number of years. The serial in which he appeared opposite Pearl White was "The Iron Claw," which was released quite a number of years ago.

* * *

Lucille Arnold—Yes, Priscilla Dean is married. Her husband is Wheeler Oakman. So you like the Priscilla Dean Tam. Yes, she made the original one herself.

* * *

Anzenetta—Yes, Douglas Fairbanks' mustache is a real one and he says he likes it so well he is going to keep it. Henry Miller played the leading male role in "The Great Divide."

* * *

Sidney—Charles Ray is 30, and is married. His wife's name was Clara Grant before becoming Mrs. Ray. They have no children. His latest picture is "Two Minutes to Go," a football story.

* * *

Lucia—Margaret Bennett is Enid's sister. "The Case of Becky" was played by Frances Starr some years ago. It has recently been adapted for the screen and Constance Binney will be seen in the leading role.

* * *

Chin Chin—Mary Alden has never been in Shakespearian roles on the American stage, although she was well known in England as a Shakespearian player.

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