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February 18th
10¢
0 Weekly
Pantomime
MOVIE TOPICS

Norma Talmadge

Alfred Cheney Johnston Photo
If You Want a Car or a Phonograph—
We’ll Give It To You!

6 ELK-HART AUTOMOBILES

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94 PATHE PHONOGRAPHS

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

By Vic and Walt

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

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

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

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

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

Will Hays, business man, good fellow and just plain politician, is just the man for the job he's going to take early next month. He will weld together links binding in common interest, the three branches of motion pictures that made the industry possible. And this is as it should be, for no one branch of the industry can exist without the other. A good many of the theatres in the country have been hard-hit in the past year or so, and some of them are just barely keeping their doors open. There are many factors responsible for their plight, but the most malignant of the lot is the producer. Yes, the producer has been so busy exploiting the exhibitor that he took him years to realize that the process was but the hurling of a boomerang, which is right now hurled back from the air, on its return trip. Bad pictures are not the only sin committed by the producer against the exhibitor; for years the producer has been dumping the prices of his films until the exhibitor, in more instances than are pleasant to contemplate, has been literally brought to the threshold of bankruptcy. There are other evils, too, notably the action of some of the biggest producers in establishing chains of theatres in opposition to the houses to which they have for years sold films. Indeed, Will Hays has his work before him.

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

Mr. Laemmle has come out with a new advertisement addressed "To exhibitors Who Are Losing Money." He offers: "Prove to me that you are actually losing money, and I will authorize Universal's nearest representative to cut film rentals, enabling you to at least break even!"

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

WITH no idea of bringing up unpleasant recollections, we are wondering what caused the vanguard of the German invasion of the infant industry to turn back to Berlin without having accomplished its objective. Ernst Lubitsch, than whom no one has had a heavier baggage of publicity to herald his approach to this country, has returned to Berlin, and the same pernicious matter about his wonderfulness has ceased.

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

So we wonder if the appearance of Pola Negri in "Her Last Pay-ment" and the reception given her caused the audience of her new picture, which has been declared to be. As a matter of cool comment, the audience was filled with several who aren't even starred, who could give a performance equaling hers. Possibly this twenty-nine-year-old German, well fed and healthy, coming to this country with an assured fortune behind, was too strongly reminiscent of others who would have been twenty-nine years old if—Or maybe he was just homesick.

Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—determines it be-cause Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.
How They Play

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

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

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

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

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

The Call of Home

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

A man without a country is bad—but a man without a home is worse.

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

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

The weeping mother and Clem, however, could not restrain their tears. And one day Alix was startled by an unwelcome visitor. It was Alan, overcome by remorse after all these months when he heard that Gerry was dead and that Alix still clung to the belief he was alive.

"Why are you here?" said Alix, white to the lips.

Alan sank to his knees in front of her.

"To tell you I am to..."

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

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

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

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

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

It was some days after Gerry had gone off into the wilderness, leaving no address that the letter from Alix which would have changed the whole of life for him and brought him back to home and happiness arrived at the consul's office.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To tell you I am to...
THE CALL OF HOME
An R-C Picture

Cast
Alan Wayne
Leon Barry
Alix Lansing
Ramsey Wallace
Gerry Lansing
Margaret Mann
Clayton
Johanna Redfield
Nancy Wayne
Genevieve Blinn
Captain Wayne
Wadsworth Harris
Butler
James O. Barrows
Kemp
Carl Stockdale
Lieber
Emmet King
Margarita
Norma Nichols
Priest
Sidney Franklin
Consult
Harry Lonsdale

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

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

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

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

Suddenly Alix turned to him, her face alight.

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

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

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

One day Kemp sat moodily staring at a picture of a grey-haired woman before a well-kept home. "It's no use, though," he said, shaking his head.

"I was framed and they'd get me the day I set foot on the home shore. Gentlemen, I tell you a man without a country is in a bad way, but a man without a home—"

He rolled a cigarette so savagely that it broke in the making.

"Throwing it aside contemptuously, he took a chew of tobacco instead. From the porch outside came the melancholy tones of Landers singing to the accompaniment of his guitar.

"It was almost dusk when Gerry turned at the wheel; saw a woman, a shawl fluttering over her head, standing by the door with a limp. Gerry groaned aloud with the horror of it. That woful, fragile little wisp of femininity against that implacable wall of muddy water! It caught her when she was half way across. A momentarily flash of the red shawl—she was gone.

T HE way to Alix was now clear. But, should he tell her—all? On the way back to the Statera's huddled in the problem.

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

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

Gerry was the first to speak. Bluntly, sparing nothing, he told the whole story. That anguished glaze of femininity against that implacable wall of muddy water! It caught her when she was half way across. A momentary flash of the red shawl—she was gone.

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

Then suddenly remembrance—bleak, uncompro-"
The Falls and Rise of Harold Lloyd

By Joe Reddy

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

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

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

So Harold's imagination blazed with doughty 'Tom Morton, the Cow Boy of the West.' In the neighborhood, as well as at school, he was known as "Jack Dalton, the meanest cow boy of the West," while one of the parts is that of "Sal, a cow boy girl." The three acts take place in a "salloon" in "Dead Gulch, Colo."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Earle Williams is a pretty good-looking fellow, but he has to "make up," none the less. So, girls, cheer up. Take a lesson from Earle in the art of applying the powder and paint, to "make beauty what 'taint." Earle, like most chaps of his profession, is a bear cat with the rabbit's foot.

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

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

No, this can't be taken as bona fide evidence that Alice Calhoun sleeps in such an undainty arrangement as she is seen in here. Indeed, no. This is just a special pose. The dainty Alice is not so public about it when she goes to bed in real earnest.
May Allison has sold her lovely Beverly Hills home for $30,000 cash.

Lloyd Hughes is still a recluse from society, the reason being that he has been for six months coaxing his beard to grow. It having reached a ripe stage, he began at the Ince studio on "The Brotherhood of Hate," drama in which the Kentucky mountains emerge from the obscurity (?) of their past.

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

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

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

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

These are the only New Year's resolutions I came across:
Tony Moreno—I swear I'll marry a lady in costume next year.
Bill Hart—I swear I'll never be single again.
Robert Gordon—I swear I'll have seven umbrellas next year.
Will Rogers—I don't swear.

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

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

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

A while back Hope Hampton, of Hope Hampton Features, never go west. But Hope must have heard that there were lots of little hellebore flowers on the beach out here getting their names in the papers with every tide. Anyway, they say she's coming out here soon to make a picture. So's Alice Brady—another of those dyed-in-the-wool Gothamites who think they have limits of civilization. They all fall, sooner or later. Conroy Pearle, anyhow, is coming in.

Hope Hampton is going West for her second personally directed story, "The Bitterness of Sweet." He writes continuities, directs, sub-titles and edits. All he needs do now when he wants to kill time is to star.

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

Seems to be a surgical month. Here's Snub Pollard making a comedy called "The Strength of the Weak," and Goldwyn featuring Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick in "Brothers under the Skin." This cast also includes Claire Windsor and Jacqueline Logan. Looks like Richard won't have many dull moments, eh?

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

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

Gowns, Then and Now
By Eugene Clifford

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

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

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

The foregoing, of course, refers only to clothes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Countess Helga in private life—which means when the camera's not looking—is Lois Lee, latest "discovery" of Rex Ingram. She is a demure little person, whose brunette beauty is poetically expressed in the swirling silks and golden laces that the royal ladies wear in the court of Ruritania—I trust my memory serves me right—that mythical province whose folk people the Anthony Hope novel, "The Prisoner of Zenda.

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

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

Countess Helga, of Hollywood
By Ann Joyce

Norma Talmadge and Harrison Ford in modern garb.

Norma and Wynham Standing in the garb of Grandmaw's day.

In private life she is Lois Lee, Rex Ingram's latest discovery.
Not Eustace—not much prettier either!

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

You see, it wuz like dis: Last rite I made up my mind I'd take a squint at what's been gone on 'round dis place, so when dey all goes home I
gots de waste basket out on de floor and wotche t'ink I found? Dey wuz a letter in dere from de Blond Lady wot ain' on de callin' list of de Boss's wife. Dis ain't de first time I've foun' from her but was it mushy? Oh boy! That letter sure would make a mess in his famly if len' wife

gots a look at it.

It's lots uv fun readin' dese letters. Dere wuz one from 'ruther jane—an-long un—and wot yuh t'ink it wuz about? You'd never guess, so I may as well tell yuh—well—it seems I'd read all about the $22,000.00 subscription race and wuz madder in a hater. She wanted to know what business the Boss had given away six Ella-Hart cars and not rememberin' her? Crut! Huh, sumpin' awful—it ink of de cheek on her!

De stuff got sickin' after readin' about a half dozen and I wuz gittin' hungry, so I gives de basket a kick. Dere wuz a pitcher rolled out on de floor wot looks like me. Maybe you'd like to see it, but if yuh wouldn't it don't make no difference—I'm gonna to give it to de printer to

print wid dis page. Of course if yuh don't like it yuh don't haif to look at it, and me, not knowin' if yuh like it or not, ain' goin' to worry much if yuh say it's punk.

Funny how diff'rent t'ings hit diff'rent people. Have yuh read dis page about de $22,000.00 prize offer? Well, on dat page de yea's a kupon—good for thotty votes.

Well, some guy out in Milwaukee rite in dat he has six of dem kupon and if PANTOMIME will give him a receipt for dem—er—said he wuz afraid he'd forgot how many votes he had if he didn't have sumpin' to show for 'em. Dey wuz 'ruther letter dere wantin' to know if de Pathe Phonographs had foundations. Dat wuz a puzzler! I got a headache tryin' to figure it out before me brain go a jerk and I decided to ask Sam—that's me Pal—to pull de college stuff on dis letter and gimme de dope. You know Sam knows lots uv t'ings, more'n lots uv fellers ever does—and wot he don't know he's gots frens wot does—he's got lots of frens he met at college—his daddy's de janitor in one.

Sam knowed right away wot it wuz. Says he:

"Dey means a machine wot stands on de floor wot rides its own wheels, wid a coop fer de jazz below de music. Dey might note him dat all de music boxes has foundations."

But de funniest t'ing of all wuz a guy wot ast if he sent in a subscription would it count 7,000 votes fer Cox. I told de coolie wuz cracked, but after I read de rest uv de letter I fouy de wuz a swell fren uv his livin' in Cleveland named Cox and he meant to buy in subscriptions so's to help him out uv de rent, give him a prize, but he thought he ought to know foist wot he'd git de votes.

Dey wuz another one dere from a dame wot said she'd sent in $20.00 for subscription and would like to know if she kin send em. O. D. F. fer a five-dollar gold piece alike on both sides—said she'd read de wuz makin' em dar way in New York. I couldn't stop wen I read dat. I beat it right over to de file to see wot de Boss's ans'er wuz. He says: "Sorry, Madam, but de people who made em dis way has moved to Atlanta and we can't give you their cell number."

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

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

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

Dey's been a lots uv wise guys gonn' roun' de opera house tryin' to know all about wimmin. Take dis guy wot cum here lately. He had a big crowd flockin' to hear 'im. Bet dem wimmin was mighty deasoned. T'ink a dey wuz a real wot tells a woman wot it feels like to be a mother.

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

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

But he ain't goin' to get any too be so tight wid his money. De missus wanted some crin. A boot-leggin' fellah cum to dere house to sell dem wot some liquor. He wuzn't home. Fren wife says:

"We don't need none, they's lots in de cellar wot we had before men like you went into business. Dat guy knowd it must be real stuff and says: "Want to sell some of it?"

"Surest t'ing," she tol' im.

He got away wid uv six quarts ov ole Scotch wot Rockefeller 'ud put a padlock on. I didn't know about it only dey gams right down and says to de Boss somethin' bout 'Six Quarts.' All de doors wuz shut tight and I couldn't tell wot wuz wot all about.

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

De story leaks out, de Boss gettin' it from de bookkeeper down de hall. He says to de Boss:

"Hear 'bout de guy who bought booze wot had cum out in de boss's own cellar."

"No, who wuz he?"

"Dey wuz a bootlegger here got, shined and tol' me Barnum wuz rite—but I can't find out who he was.

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

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

Raymond McKee and his three prized possessions. his home, his dog and his car. He may soon add another possession to this collection—Frances White
YOU wouldn't think they'd mix. Usually they don't—orchids and gingerbread. In fact, I never saw both of them together before in all my life—and in a kitchen, of all places! But strange things happen in Hollywood.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I frantically searched brought them to light and the gooey mixture which was to be gingerbread proceeded to the oven.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By E. A. Paul

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

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

He also won honors in the amateur boxing arena, then and later. When Herbert L. Mesmore set about picturing H. C. Witwer's famous prize-ring classics, "The Leather Pushers," they were put to it for an actor who could portray the principal role.

The stories required that the hero should look as well in a dress suit as he did in fighting tags and he also had to be able to meet and match up with real "professionals" in the fighting "game." Mesmore and Pollard had just about decided that the man they required—one who was both a gentleman and a prizefighter of parts—didn't exist and that they'd better make some other kind of picture, when they found Denny.

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

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

While he is thus "parked," a "pork-and-beans" prize-fight promoter who has learned of his athletic prowess, happens along searching for a "meal-ticket," otherwise a boxer who will earn the food for himself and his manager. The society pet and college athlete listens to the oily tongue of the fight promoter and is lured to the lair of the "mitt-slingers." For a while Denny leads a "double life" in the picture. He goes among his society friends in evening clothes and in the morning dons the gym top for his boxing "workout." In his first fight he makes such a poor showing in the early rounds that his manager becomes disgusted and sells him to another fight promoter for one hundred dollars.

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

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

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

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

Arriving in Bombay, Denny joined a stock company playing "repertoire." This engagement gave him a chance to see the Orient, and after the regular performance at the theatre he frequently took part in boxing bouts as an amateur.

His frequent opponent was "Roy" Neill, the well-known director, then a rising young actor. A year or two later Neill and Denny returned to London, where they were frequent visitors to the famous Whitechapel District, chiefly to attend the boxing bouts which then were staged in small halls, and sometimes in the streets.

A boxer would stay in the ring until he had been knocked out or had enough "exercise" for the evening, and it is related of Denny that he frequently took on four or five boxers an evening.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kathleen, her face bitter, reflected on the months she had spent with Barry. Then, vividly, there flashed across her mind John's words: "A man who will steal one man's wife will steal another's."

The memory stung and burned, and she stepped into the room. "So John was right," she said, bitterly, gazing steadily at Barry. For some time, she looked at him steadily, saying nothing. He became uncomfortable under her stare, and snapped out: "Don't try to shift the blame on me... where were you this afternoon?"

Kathleen waited a moment before answering. Then, soothingly, as though she were addressing a child, she replied: "You know where I've been."

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

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

"What are you going to do?" Barry asked, with some apprehension. "I'm going to telephone Edith and let you talk with her."

He took the receiver from the hook, Clive gestured warmly to her to stop. "I didn't see her," he said, miserably. "I was merely trying to trap you."

Kathleen turned away from him with a shudder. Then, as though speaking aloud her thoughts, she said: "John spoke the truth... You stole his wife. I robbed him of his faith. We are both serving our sentences."

But to the curious eyes of the outside world Kathleen maintained an outward semblance of her old gaiety. None who attended the Hayward bored music and reception, for instance, could have told from her brilliant appearance the misery and the hurt which she carried with her. Bordeau, a distinguished-appearing man, was an excellent host. He showed no trace of annoyance when the butler entered to tell him John Anister was awaiting him in the library and had requested to see him on urgent business.

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

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

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

In response to the applause accorded their previous number, the musicians, a man at the piano and a tall, handsome woman, singing a full-throated contralto, started as encore an old, familiar song.

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

"Oh, I must go out and get some air," Kathleen whispered to Barry, as the music stopped, and she started across the floor toward the hall. Barry followed after. As she passed the library door her eyes fell on John. He was looking abstractedly into the fire. She caught her breath, stifling her involuntary "oh," and took a step forward, her arms outstretched toward the man who had first won her love. Barry's eyes took in the situation at a glance, and, with an angry exclamation, he took her roughly by the arm and drew her past the door. He turned on her furiously. "If you feel that way, you were foolish to leave him."

Kathleen looked at him steadily, as though she were seeing him for the first time. "Perhaps I was," she answered, abstractedly.

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

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PANTOMIME

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

John hesitated a moment, his face working. Then, calmly: "I've taken my punishment—you must take yours."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Too late Barry realized that he was the victim of his own guilty conscience. This, then, was the payment... He stood before the fireplace, thinking. In half an hour Kathleen came from her room. She was in a tailored suit, and had her hat on. She carried a small bag. Without a word or glance to either side, she started for the door.

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

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

"Going away?"

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

"What do you mean?"

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

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

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

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

Barry started to plead.

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

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

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

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

"Who knows?"

And the door closed behind her.

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

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

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

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

Even before coming under Richard Walton Tully’s management, Guy Bates Post’s name had become synonymous with distinguished acting. At the organization of the New Theatre in New York City, endowed by philanthropic lovers of the drama and on which no expense was spared in assembling the finest casts, he was selected for the leading roles in the repertory of modern dramas. It was at this theatre that Post created the titular role of “The Masquerader,” Edward Sheldon’s masterly play of the race problem. Post had previously been seen as the lead in “The Challenge,” by Rupert Hughes, and in several of the Clyde Fitch comedies.

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

Their concrete realization will be realized by all familiar with film personalities who thought the fact that James Young is directing the picture, Wilfred Buckland—the pioneer and still the leader in the field—is the art director, and George Beery, another recognized master of his craft, is at the camera. The supporting cast for “The Masquerader” includes Edward M. Kimball, Ruth Selmaier, Herbert Standing, Lawless But, Marcia Monson, Barbara Tennant, Kenneth Gibson, Thelma Morgan, Michael Dark and other leading players.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By Milt Howe

The Marriage of Bill Hart Leaves But One Bachelor Star, Antonio Moreno

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

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

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

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

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

But blondes should not despair because of the drastic laws laid down against them by the foremost bachelor of the screen. They should be consoled by the fact that any old time they please they can change themselves. Tony does not claim that he knows all about women. In fact, he says that he knows very little about them, and that any man who claims to know women is a lunatic. His preference to brunettes is because he thinks them more suitable to his nature. His ignorance of women is one reason for him making the statement that he would never marry.

He's perfectly at home in a Spanish costume.

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

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

He's waiting to somebody. Probably it is a brunette. He doesn't like blondes.
AKL'AR
ORIENTAL
HENNA SHAMPOO

Reproducing exactly the original formula as used by the fascinating women of the Orient, famous for the luxuriant beauty of their hair.

Warranted absolutely harmless

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

One cannot too greatly blame the producers for their complaint, because it is a fact in some quarters the "censor" selected was a single individual in no way qualified to give a fair opinion. I recall the experience of a man who was sent by a body of producers on a tour of investigation of censors throughout the country. He returned to tell some very interesting and amusing experiences, which contained a few facts of interest. In the Middle West he found the censor to be a man decept in age, whose viewpoint had been badly warped by his own sound life. He was a "hard-boiled" bachelor who had had a very disappointing love experience in his early youth. Long since he had caved in, and he had a keen hatred of women ever fermenting in his heart. He was determined to taboo all things pertaining to love, on the screen or otherwise. He had no sympathy for youth, nor the spirit of romance which must be satisfied in youth. Needless to say, he fought desperately against pictures featuring love stories. To him all women were hypocrites and all young men, the result being an angle which would not appeal to a man of his calibre.

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

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

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

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

But producers are not yet satisfied. They are eager for the educators to cooperate more closely with them and have the found the man best adapted to inspire public confidence and interest.

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

One representative of the industry suggested to Mr. Hays, the new Censor Chief, that the schools and colleges be used for the betterment of moving pictures. And what a splendid suggestion that is! The students of today are naturally the future citizens who will guide the destiny of the nation, and since the motion picture plays so large a part in the way of influencing the national taste, where should the training for the right kind of films begin, if not in the schools? The day is coming when we will have this much-needed cooperation between the educators and the film industry, and this will decidedly be a step forward.

Censorship is a decided factor now and in attempting to write screen stories, it is well to keep in mind the fact that the producer has to deal with. There is a large percentage of people who wish to portray their anarchistic or bolshevik ideas upon the screen. They devote hours of good time to whipping their doctrines into story form for use upon the screen. But as far as the producer is concerned, such stories for picturization are only a waste of time. No producer is going to invest the necessary large sum of money in a production which is purely propagandistic, no matter how cleverly camouflaged with love interest or big drama.

It is interesting to glance over the recent report of the Board of Censors at Albany, New York. Out of more than thirteen hundred films inspected by the Motion Picture Commission before January first, only five films were found to be objectionable as to be positively prohibited in the State of New York. Many valuable pointers may be gleaned from the said report, which will serve as a "Don’ts" for those writing screen stories.

First and foremost, the license commissioners are decidedly against passing upon pictures which contain suggestive: or seditive feasts. In other words, leave radical politics alone in your scenarios.

Unquestionably, the movement for "better films" is firmly established, for the commission finds that ever since its institution, there has been a material improvement in the products offered for examination. A sincere investigation convinces this body that clean, wholesome pictures normally bring the largest financial returns to the producer, but attract the "family" patronage as well. Thus, merit becomes its own reward, as in every other field of endeavor. It is gratifying to note that the percentage of producers who desire to cater to the lower instincts of humanity is decidedly small.

So it seems that the "clean" story has proven itself as a money maker therefore, no matter what subject you "tackle" in your story, handle it in a wholesome manner, leaving out any and all unnecessary touch of the salacious and suggestive. The pictures, said to be "hot" and "sleazy" in some quarters, makes little profit and determined to eliminate from pictures indecency and scenes tending to incite crime or corrupt morals. This does not mean that you cannot deal with a live, red-blooded subject—something true and great. but it does mean that you will whatever it may be, in a clean manner.

The unscrupulous "vamp" who cared not what she did nor how she did it, had a very short life upon the screen, and it is to be greatly doubted that her type will ever return to pictures.

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

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

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

Besides, even if they were willing to show it, the chances are just about ten to one that after the first few nights—as soon as the real character of the film became public property—it would play to empty seats, and the producer would never make his profit.

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

A negligee for every type—which is yours?

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

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

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

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

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

By her boudoir, so shall ye know her. Maybe. For it is in such intimate things as the choice of negligees and the decoration of her boudoir that a real woman proves herself. Proves herself what you ask. Why, my dear, most anything she wishes. At any rate, here is Alice Terry in her favorite lounging robe. It is a creation of crimson crepe de chine, shot with gold.
BENEATH the opulent glory of a baluster California sun, the flowers were colorful in bloom; the grass was green and sweet-smelling. A day just fashioned for Romance, a clime wherein it should dwell—and unto my nostrils came the tang of—garbage can.

**Romancing with Three-and-a-half Musketeers**

By Susan Small

*The company gets a laugh out of its own work.*

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

"Pete! What devil's name is that?" he expressed himself in a flow of vivid French and Hollywoodese. "Sweet Sassaparilla! Ah, ex-cuse me! perceiving my gender. "Tis Milady of ze Twentieth Century! Zrrr—sail! Who did you think it was—Cleopatra?" His ingratiating manner could not mask up for the bump. I dislike being bumped.

"Well, as we leave in ze past age, it was naturally surprising, sort of, to collide with no advance notice."

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

"Sound! How ze times do change!" His eyes twinkled, as he bowed gallantly to a bevy of passing females, garbed in swirling long skirts and tight little bodices kirched with old-fashioned bethias. "Zeese ez ze way women dress yesterday."

But—short skirts, sze do have ze appeal. I shall take ze mat-ter up wit M. de Treville, whose lever I am attend. Perhaps a—er—slight change in our ladies' garrments—"

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

"Zeese ez ze town of Meung."

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

"I did drew up proudly, eyes twinkling. "Am D'Artagnan Slapsteek! Hence I came wiz ze wise counsel of mon père an' ze bal-sam recipe of ma mère to cure my ills. An' sounds, but I'm having ze hot time of it!"

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

"I keep en principe, quoth my de­fender. . . . Zinzty?"

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

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

"Prohobeetion," he spoke the strange word wonderingly. "I know not heen! What do he? But—come!"

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

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

"What would you, damsel? Knoweth thou not she gets seven-feetys per for donning ze sad nags and drives here every morn in ze stripped Lizzie?"

D'Artagnan hunted up his three pals for my once-over. First, Porthos the strong, a perfect giant but frightfully timid in the presence of a dame. In a cerulean blue doublet and swinging a wicked blade, he was a devil-may-care chap, with a quaint, aper-like countenance vaguely familiar. Then came Athos, trimly belted, and Aramis, a mild fellow until you got to know him real well in a crap game.

Time passed, and I must away. Which I did, through the picturesque gateway of Beauengy. Looking backward—well, I sighed me a little regretful sigh for all my bobbed thatch and my short skirts and my pay check—how much nicer and more thrilling to be pedestal and fought for—even in burlesque.

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

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

That's what burlesquing Romance does to a person!"

N. B.—"Ze Boozl" who plays Porthos, I learned later, is "Bull" Montana.
His First Long Pants

By Blythe Sherwood

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Speck needs a great deal of chastening, and he

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

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

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

Although Wesley's work in the production of how to dance, but as you see in "School Days," he had to be satisfied with just knowing how to jig in Irish.

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

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

Perhaps, after all, the quick completion of "School Days" is due to Wesley Barry's unaccustomedness to his first long pants.
LIKE another Jack before him, Jack Donovan—who architects when he isn't acting and is leading man for beautiful stars when he isn't designing dwellings—decided to build himself a house.

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

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

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

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

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

The big house—entered from artistic French windows hung with rose velvet curtains, beneath gilt cornices—contains many art treasures collected by Jack and his mother, an artist herself, in many lands. The "studio" is 24 by 33 feet, with a 10-foot ceiling; the hardwood floor is covered with rare Oriental rugs; and the chandelier is a large antique crystal "luster.

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

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

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

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

By Fred Morgan

1. This bird always uses his full vocabulary at every snow storm!

2. And yet - in the movies a snow storm is all the berries!

1. Beauty Shop

Susie can use a little beauty! Easy!

2. He used to think that Susie Brown was the plainest girl in town!

But - one day Susie turned up as a movie "extra" -

1. He saw a neat job of proposing on the screen and just thought he'd try it himself!

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

"Broken Nose Murphy," whom vies with Bill Montana for honors as film Adonis, is playing with Viola Dana in "Daphne's Disposition." She Enrico Caruso—methinks that May's rough exterior is not responsible for the disposition she wears in the picture—but I have my doubts.

Rudolph Valentino was peved the other day because he was at the studio at six a.m. in order to be made up and on the set when the director sounds "Camera!" for "Beyond the Rocks."

Richard Daniels, seven years old and possessor of some 75,000 freckles, was discovered by a Universal director haunting the pie counter of the cafeteria, where he had draped himself ex-pectorally, and in less time than it takes to count the freckles, gave him a feed. "They don't cut 'em very wide, do they?" After seven triangles of pastry, he was ready to consummate a business deal and indicated the exact location in the movies. Note to kids: line forms to the left of the pie-counter.

Goldwyn has nicknamed "The Cem of Claudius"—"A Blind Bargain." The play advance, as well as one of the men, and is getting doughnuts in a picture in which she holds a wicked cup of coffee as a waitress. But, judging from his hat around "Coffee Pete's," I don't see how they have any doughnuts left.

Vivian-Rudolph Valentino was married December 26th, 1920.

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

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

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

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

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

The Magicians' Club gave another of its mystifying entertainments at the Gamut Club. Adam Hull Shirk, director of publicity at the Lasky studio, and T. Ray Barnes metamorphosed rabbits and rabbits into a butterfly and a man. I was a poker-playing lady I'd never sit in at a game with any of those magical chaps. Spooks and Indians with very wide, had me dangling the imitation pearl brooch my grandmother's aunt's daughter left me and wasn't taking any chances.

Guests of the Hollywood Hotel had a most unique party in the street the other night—and in my neighborhood, too. The affair was impromptu, resulting from the hotel's catching fire—a fire that habit hotels have. Suitcases and ladies, and babies, crowded in a comedy mix-up out the windows and were rescued by gallant—firemen. I wish I could say that the heroine of the occasion was a serial—queen, brave and true. But—there is the building, left—I was hearing the imitation pearl brooch my grandmother's aunt's daughter left me and wasn't taking any chances.

Lilyan—May Allison was a stage actress before appearing on the screen. You must have seen "Life of a hoarder and War of the Worlds," her greatest hits. She is soon to be seen in "The Last Card.

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

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

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

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

Sylvia Sanford—Monroe Sills was a college professor before going into pictures. He says the reason for this change in his life work is that he needed more action than he could get teaching philosophy and incidentally—more money.
February 18, 1922

Kiss-Kiss! Who's Kissing Now?

$2.00 If You Guess

WHO ARE THEY?

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

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

$2.00 for Everyone Who Tells Us

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

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

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

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

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

SAMPLE COUPON

This is: ...........................................................
My Name: ..................................................
My Address: .............................................
Friend's Name: ...........................................
Address: ..................................................
Friend's Name: ...........................................
Address: ..................................................

WATCH FOR IT
NEXT WEEK and EVERY WEEK

Names of winners will be published in Pantomime every week.

Remember, you may send in as many answers as you wish—but each must be on a separate coupon.

ADDRESS: “PUZZLE EDITOR,” PANTOMIME, 1600 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY
Wesley Barry