CONSTANCE TALMADGE
Own Opinion of HERSELF

The Start of Rodolph Valentino and Betty Compson In Pictures

John W. Patton's Interview with Eugene O’Brien and A Real Baby Vamp

Dorothy Mackaill

Alfred Cheney Johnston Photo
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WRITE FOR DETAILS
O f such little things are Hollywood scandals made.

At least 14 newspapers in the United States have printed stories to the effect that circumstances would indicate that Frank Mayo, the film star, and his wife, had reached the end of their romance. The fact that Mrs. Mayo was Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of the noted musician, Frank Godowsky, gave added spice to the tale from the standpoint of the scandalmongers.

The story is recited in detail, how Mrs. Mayo had made a hurried departure from the Mayos' home in Los Angeles while Mr. Mayo was busy at the studio. Then, how Mr. Mayo had gone three days later evidently on the trail of his wife. That is all that could be said that could be classed as news. But the article was rounded out by a recital of the romantic marriage of the two.

Every word of it is true, except, perhaps, that Frank Mayo could not "keep," continued Mrs. Mayo. "I wanted to see him before he left, but it seemed that Frank might finish his picture ahead of schedule time and could come East with me. We found that was impossible, however, so I came on alone." "Naturally Frank stayed at the station to see me off. It would have meant another day's delay in the picture. I didn't want to spend that extra day in New York alone, so I said good-bye to him before I left for the studio. Three days later the picture was finished and he came on here."

And, "chimed in her husband. "I have already paid for two hundred and fourteen clippings and they are still coming."

They had heard much of it that it had come to be a joke to them. But it has a more serious side. No newspaper has printed a retraction, for bel suits aren't possible, and undoubtedly the names of the Mayos have been added to the list of persons who are not important enough to arouse the support of the argument that marital happiness is impossible if either party to it is a motion picture player.

When it developed that she was the last to see William D. Taylor alive Superstition is vindicated! ...

Hobbies are dangerous things. We know a man who is an expert advertising writer. During the filming of "Orphans of the Storm" he went to the D. W. Griffith studio to discuss a very advantageous business arrangement. He didn't accept it, and to a friend who was puzzled by his refusal to take such an offer, he explained:

"On the sets there, in scenes supposed to be the Eastern Front, I saw tables which could be nothing but Shera- ton, rosewood tables which did not start until several years later. In the same sets he was using the fancy crystal chandeliers burning wax candles, which went out of existence fully two centuries before the revolution."
March 18, 1922

**Outside The Studio**

Oh, for the life of a fireman, sang Lon Chaney, out on the Goldwyn lot—and he kept on ringing until they threatened to call out all one of Hollywood's police force. Whereupon Lon proceeded to shout 'em what he'd do if the studio ever caught fire. This is it. You'll notice that all he's doing is pointing.

Over in France they fight duels and everything. Max Linder, who comes from that land, was bragging about it the other day. He shouted as how, when it came to fencing, Doug Fairbanks was a mess. He wound up by issuing a challenge to anybody on the lot. Cullen Landis took him up—with a butcher knife. Max promptly changed from French to African, and grabbed a razor. No, child, no bloodshed.

Bert Lytell says he's a great fisherman. So, recently, between pictures, he took a couple of weeks off and went down to Catalina Island. Our cameraman snapped him on the flagpole of his yacht. Probably he climbed up there to whistle to the fish.

Mona Kingsley has taken up the galloping dominoes—or, as they prefer to call it out Hollywood way, "lawn dice." At the time this was taken in California, the rest of the nation was covered with ice and snow. Note the size of the dice? That insures honesty. And those movie folk are suspicious of each other. Yea, bo!

Here's probably the last picture ever taken of William D. Taylor, the noted director who was murdered in his home in Hollywood. Taylor is seated at the extreme right having an informal chat between sets with May McAvoy and Art Director George Hopkins. Hopkins is telling 'em about the Turkish fiddle he's holding.
A Regular Feller
Being an unusual interview with Eugene O'Brien
By John W. Patton

W. O'Brien had been ringing the door-bell of the apartment for about ten minutes. By we, I refer to Charlie Duprez, who handles a wicked camera for Selznick. It was past noon, and I began to grow doubtful—also hungry.

"Maybe he isn't in," I suggested.

"Bunk," said Charlie. "He's in—but he probably isn't up.

And Charlie was right. For after we had leaned against the bell again for one minute steady, a voice came floating out to us. "Open the door and walk in," it said.

And we did—and then, by the voice, we crossed a room big enough to stage a convention in, into another smaller room. There we found 'Gene O'Brien, cooly curled up in bed—and only about half awake.

I am a modest man. Hence I retired behind a screen, while 'Gene proceeded to pile out of bed. But not so Charlie. Masculine nudity meant nothing in his young life. He calmly proceeded to set up his camera, and get busy.

Now I have interviewed many people, in many places, in my time. I have talked to victims of accidents, as they lay on hospital cots. I have talked to condemned murderers in their cells. I have talked to unhappy wives as they prepared to leave their homes, and seek solace in the divorce court. But never before have I interviewed a man starting in his bedroom, following him into the bath, and then continuing the chat while he put on his clothes.

That's what happened on this occasion, and the different inflections of 'Gene's voice as the talk progressed are worth mentioning. At first it was heavy with sleep. Then his voice grew rather abstracted—because, before he got up, he insisted on looking through his "fan mail." (Incidentally, there was a flock of it.) After that, while he was under the shower, his voice came in puffs. Every now and then he would break off in the middle of a sentence to announce, "My God, this water is cold!"

And later, after he was all comfy in trousers, soft collared white silk shirt, and blue-gray silk dressing gown—and with a pipe in his hand and a decanter of real pre-prohibition Scotch at his elbow, his voice grew soft and soothing. No doubt about it, 'Gene was feeling good. If he had been a cat, he probably would have purring.

And all the time Charlie Duprez kept shooting away with his camera.

"Hard to get this bird in front of a camera without paying him for it," he ex-laiined. "I'm gonna take enough to last me a few months ahead.

One of the real reasons I went up to see 'Gene was to find out how it feels to be the idol of 'steen thousand sweet young things who write lovely letters to you begging you for your photograph. I put the question up to him fair and square—and he answered the same way. "You've got the wrong man," he assured me. "I'm no idol. Of course, I have a following. I suppose. Every movie actor does. But they're not sweet young things. Most of 'em are middle-aged women. And when they write in for photographs, it isn't because they're interested in me, personally. They just want a picture—with my autograph on it, because—well, for the same reason they want a picture of the President—or General Pershing, or anyone else who happens to be fairly well known."

'Gene poured himself a stiff hooker of Scotch and proceeded to grow confidential.

"This thing of having a reputation for being a wonderful lover, and a perfectly beautiful boy makes me sick," he said. "Of course, I have a lot of such roles. I suppose the public likes me in 'em—so I have to keep on doing 'em.

"But, believe you me, the only reason I do, is because I get paid for it. I haven't a bit of ambition to be the perfect lover. I haven't the slightest desire to have a lot of girls crazy about me. I have no yearning to win a h-beauty contest. All I want is a little work—not too darned much, either—and enough money to live on—and just be plain, regular, every-day 'Gene O'Brien with my own friends, and my own enemies—and a plain, wholesome life!"

He stopped, loaded his pipe, fired it up, and then suddenly fired a question at me. "Why is it," he demanded, "that about nine fans out of every ten have the idea that moving picture actors are so bloody rich?"

I suggested that it might be due to the output of the press agents. 'Gene pondered this. "I guess that must be it," he decided; "but I wish they'd lay off me. Every blooming mail brings me about fifty letters asking for money. It seems to me that every charity in the world picks on me. And I'm a prize mark for about eighteen thousand subscription agents. They take me for everything from books on psychology to the Youth's Companion. Why, the other day, a girl got in here, and sold me a subscription to a magazine on women's fashions.

"I didn't know what I was buying. I subscribed because that was the easiest way to get rid of her. But she left a copy of it on the table—and Peg Talmadge-Norma's and Connie's mother, you know—came to see me that afternoon, and found it—and she's been kidding me ever since. Wanted to know if I'd taken up dressmaking as a side line.

'Gene scowled at the recollection. "She wanted to have a picture actors are so bloody rich!"

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'Gene scowled at the recollection. Then he went on feeling sorry for himself.

"I suppose folks think because I have this apartment, looking out over Central Park, that I must be a millionaire," he said. "It is a darned Above: He draped himself on a $3,000 table and continued talking as the mysterious hand made notes. Left: He gets heavy mail, but he says most of the letters are asking for money.
GOLF is a funny game. One day you may make a splendid score and you're all puffed up. You're perfectly certain that you're developing into a wonderful player. Then, the very next time you go out to the links (prepared to "show off" a bit maybe), you simply can't seem to find the holes at all.

While I do not get as much time as I should like for the ancient and beloved game of Scotland, I do, occasionally, manage to steal a few hours on the links of some of the very excellent courses we have adjacent to our various country clubs here in Southern California. I've also played in the East and on some of the magnificent golf courses in Canada.

Perhaps the Canadian courses are really a bit better than ours. However, we have one advantage out on this Coast—from San Diego to Victoria and Vancouver, it's an "every-day-in-the-year" game. Out here, it may be a trifle strenuous for a few months in mid-summer, but any other time of the year, you may golf to your heart's content, in solid comfort. Down at the Brentwood Country Club and some of the other country clubs near the sea, it's been quite a "fad" recently to golf awhile before taking one's dip in the good old Pacific.

As I understand golf, its main object is to get the ball into the hole in the fewest possible number of strokes. By the advice of some of my men friends (who really are superb players) I learn that when one begins to golf what (at first) seems the easiest way, is after all, the wrong way to achieve a good game.

The tyro wants to "get there" and he or she does (after a fashion) arrive at a state of mediocrity, only to find that improvement beyond that point is well-nigh impossible. Before they show any real improvement, almost every single thing they've learned has to be unlearned.

One splendid feature about golf is that it makes us breathe deeply and walk a lot (an exercise which we are too prone to neglect in this age of swift motor cars and aeroplanes). Another fine point about golf, also, is that it is impossible to play the game and keep one's mind on business or any other of life's perplexing problems.

For the average beginner, a professional coach is quite a necessity for the cultivation of a proper style at the start, if any degree of proficiency is sought. If you just teach yourself, you are very apt to sacrifice future possibilities of making a stroke properly, for the sake of smashing that old ball.

In making the "drive," the positions taken have much influence on the flight of the ball. These positions are known as "playing off the right leg"; "standing square" or "playing off the left leg." The first position mentioned is most usual, perhaps because the player can see better the proper direction and feels less liable to send the ball flying off at a tangent.

Some players, however, favor "driving off the left leg," as to them it appears easier to get the arms and body around in the upward swing, without the hitch which one sees in the downward movement of the head is kept still, no swaying of the body can be indulged in—thus insuring the ball being hit cleanly.

Speaking of clubs, personally I prefer the aluminum ones, both for distance and accuracy. Another good feature of these clubs is that the degree of angle of the face may be very easily changed to suit individual tastes, by the simple use of a file. Or lead may be added, to increase the weight, if desired. Lastly, they do not rust.

"Keep your eye on the ball, of course," says Ruth, "but also keep your head still."
The flappers born here make out like they come from some place else.

The dames from the sticks wants to be New York.

The Boss looked worried. For a bunch of photos to go. He gave me a lot of what she told him. Den de udder one what he's come out of de big city. De other people what was sure enuf born talkin' de slow freight stuff are grabbin' Manhattanese as soon as dey land, so a peopla won't know dey's greenery.

So dat's de way I lain. But dis time I ether loans too much or not enough. About nine out of every ten chicks what blows into de office is in regard to de contest. Dey's de pictures taken already down to de Island to see how dey will look in one of dem six big Crow-Elkharris PANTOMIME is givin' away for subscriptions or else day's dat.depending on years ahead.

The flappers born here make out like they come from some place else.

The dames from the sticks wants to be New York.
March 18, 1922

PANTOMIME

Page Nine

What I Think About Myself

By Constance Talmadge

Even when Connie tries to look serious her eyes twinkle and her mouth looks as if it is right on the verge of breaking into a smile.

What I think about myself depends upon my mood! If the day is sunny, and the country green, and the sky blue, and the daisies beckoning, I hate myself because I am a motion picture actress and cannot run away and lie under a tree all day and dig my heels in the sod.

Then again, when I am feeling awfully peppy, and ambitious and energetic, I love to shake off my own personality and become someone else, and go about the studio doing all the amusing and amazing things that happen in comedy pictures.

Then I adore my work.

This really sounds more like "What I Think About My Work" than "What I Think About Myself." But, you see, with me, my work and myself are one. When it comes right down to cold facts, I would not have chosen any other profession for anything in the world. And if there are moments when I am terribly tired and seized with the desire to chuck it all and go to parties and dances, I suppose that is just the natural reaction of youth and health.

There is a wild primitive something in me somewhere that makes me want to caper in the woods, climb trees, and let out yell's like an Australian Bushman. I love to scream. It gives me a thrill that I can't quite explain. Once I thought I'd cultivate artistic temperament, and when something went wrong at the studio. I let out a war-whoop, but no one took me seriously. The director and the players just howled with mirth, and said approvingly: "Connie's in good spirits today."

I guess I am pretty good-natured on the whole. I cannot help seeing the funny side of everything, and it is impossible for me to stay angry very long at a time. I think it is because I love gaiety, and life, and love, and music, and laughter, and jokes, and peace, and good-will that I prefer to play comedies. Serious pictures have never appealed to me very much, although I recognize the highly emotional photodrama as a greater art.

But if I only like comedies, I am very particular about the definite kind of comedies I want. They have to be comedies of modern social life and customs with a dash of subtlety—not the old slapstick variety.

One thing I surely do think about myself is that I am darned lucky in being Norma's sister. She was the little trail-breaker for the whole family. Back in the old Vitagraph days, after Norma took the initiative and broke in and then went ahead through hard work and kept graduating to better and better parts, she used to take me along sometimes to hook up her dresses, or be generally useful. I always say the first role I ever played was that of a maid! Well, in time, she managed to work me in as an extra, and so the way was paved for me, whereas she had had all the initial hard work.

In later years, it was again Norma who interested the president of her company, Joseph M. Schenck, to also become president of my company, so it is no wonder if I always regard her as my guiding star. That sounds like a pun, doesn't it?

Even today we always see each other's pictures run off in the projection room and criticize one another's work unmercifully, or, that is, Norma criticizes mine! I seldom have occasion to find any fault with hers, because in spite of her being my sister, I can't help thinking she is the best emotional actress on the screen today.

But, of course—I don't necessarily insist on your agreeing with me. Though I'll admit, I'll think you foolish if you don't.

What I'm trying to say is that I really believe we three Talmadge girls are closer together than most sisters. There may be such a thing as professional jealousy—but it's never hit our family.

We're all for each other, first, last and all the time. I'm for both of my sisters—and they're both for me.

But—keep this secret—honestly, I'm not worth it!
Give a Thought to Father!

By Russell Holman

O UR text, citizens, is lifted from "Humoresque"—the subtitle in which, Vera Gordon having remarked that a mother's prayers are always answered. Fred Davidson, as the father, protests: "Maybe you think a papa's prayers have nothing to do with it!

We recall that we agreed heartily with Mr. Davidson and made a mental note to write, at some time or other, a brochure in which we would state the case for the screen pater familias. This is it.

Despite the fact that a woman is easier to

Bolshevik or something. Not to be affected by a "mother picture" is as bad as proposing three cheers for Trotsky.

-ther-eavour—please don't whisper this to the Department of Justice—sometimes when we are watching a "mother picture"—especially one behind which we seem to hear the director shouting, "Altogether now, boys and girls, for a big tug at the heart strings!"—and we give a thought to father.

It's too bad that the children have all married and gone away and left Mother to pass her old age in solitude. We weep because she is sad.

But about Father, he can't sit around in a comfy Morris chair and mope. He has to be up and doing, making a living. When he comes home from toll of an evening, there's mother waiting for him with her tear-filled eyes.

"Oh," she cries, "Frankie and Johnny and George and May haven't written me or visited me—I don't know what I shall do..." Whereupon poor Pop, instead of having his weary old soul cheered up by his helpmate, has to go to work comforting her. That is, unless he so far forgets himself as to stalk out of the house, slamming the door after him.

With due sympathy for Mother, we don't think she's giving Father quite a square deal. At the least, she's not very complimentary to his ability to provide company for her in her old age. If Mother's bad, what can Father be?

But do you know of any famous screen fathers? We don't. True, Theodore Roberts has played the head of a family several times in pictures—a notable recent instance is "Miss Lulu Bett"—but he hasn't played them straight. The Roberts pares are either old crabs or comics. They're not intended to work upon the emotions, but upon the funny bone.

Charles Ogle has come nearest to doing for Father what Vera Gordon did for Mother, by his fine performance in William De Mille's "After the Show." However, though Mr. Ogle fathered Lila Lee in the picture carefully and tenderly, he isn't a real father—merely a stage doorkeeper—and

tised as an equally great story about father-love. Well, personally, we were very keen for "Heliotrope"; it affected us quite as deeply as did "Humoresque," and we thought that it deserved a much better reception than it received. Fred Burton gave a performance as the self-sacrificing sire of the heroine that, had the picture proved more popular, would have elevated him to fame as the first screen father of the land.

But the father in "Heliotrope," laboring under grave handicaps. In the first place, he started out as a crook, and passed the first couple of

Fred Burton was a splendid father in "Heliotrope"—but in the end his mother daughter stole the picture away from him.

look at, and a more potent stimulus to the emotions than a man, admitting that a greater legend in song and story has been built up around mom than about pop, and that "mother stuff" per se is therefore better screen material than "father stuff," it seems to us that the Old Man has had rather a shabby deal.

Not that we don't like to see Father get her just due—and more. The "mother picture" usually lures our twenty-one cents to the box office, and we always feel a little choked up and wipe our eyes surreptitiously when we look upon the more heart-tugging portions of the film. It does get you; and it should.

Besides, if you don't show the logical semi-tearful reaction to the scene in which the kiddies are all leaving Mother, and she is having a bad time of it, the person sitting beside you in the theatre is liable to brand you as a heartless brute and even have you arrested as a

thousand feet of celluloid behind the bars. Then, just when he was doing noble work rescuing his daughter's happiness from the besmirching hands of the villainess and playing upon the heart-strings of the audience with the skill of a Kubelik, he got himself shot dead! Of course, he didn't save his daughter, but still he was dead, and the spectators' interest shifted to the young folks.

In the final scene the daughter and her young man are being married, and the ghost of Father hovers with beneficently-spread hands at the church door. The subtitle explained that he was blessing their union, but somehow we seemed to hear him bearing a sigh and murmuring, "Father's fooled again—they took the picture away from him."

No director would have played a trick like that on Mother. Sure as fate she would have been sitting in that front pew and softly weeping

(Continued on page 31)

Charles Ogle was touching in "After the Show"—but he was just an adopted father.

Theodore Roberts is often a father—but not the sentimental kind. Still, he has hopes. So have we.
Turning a Handicap into an Asset

By Margaret Maurice

There is no tranquil Indian Summer for Charles A. Taylor, the remarkable director who has succeeded in turning his complete deafness—resulting from a railroad accident—into an incalculable asset. For him are the cool gray solitude of Looking Backward. Still in the heyday of a youthful spirit that neither age nor total deafness can disqualify, the tremendous force he puts into his direction of motion pictures surpasses even that with which he imbued his famous melodramas of a quarter of a century ago.

I do not know Mr. Taylor’s exact age—the counsel of early years that “It isn’t polite to ask too intimate questions” lingered, even in the interviewing business. But my mother tells me that in her youth the name of Charles A. Taylor was a household familiar among those who claimed melodrama as their favorite theatrical sport. She remembers when he brought his “The Derby Mascot,” East and produced it at the famous People’s Theatre, one of Harry Miner’s playhouses.

Brief high lights she recalls of “The King of the Opium Ring,” “From Rags to Riches,” “Escaped from the Harem,” “Child Wife,” “Field of Ransom,” “Queen of the Jungle,” and other of his plays which earned him the title, “high priest of the melodrama.”

Having heard some of the old-timers reminisce of how Charles Taylor had made his affliction an asset, and some of their anecdotes relating the tremendous vitality and indomitable will of the Man Who Wouldn’t Be Downed. I determined to solve for myself the puzzle of how he directed, while no sound from the world without can penetrate to his eternal silence, even with the aid of an electric telephonic apparatus which in many cases helps the dying auditory nerves to function. One day, being with a company on “location” I discovered that Mr. Taylor’s unit was near by and hurried over.

I found him directing Morosco’s The Half Breed, with the quiet force that characterizes him. There is to me something stern about Charles A. Taylor and I, from the low point of my score of years and five feet of height, thought

“On, is it?” To my chagrin and bewilderment, Mr. Taylor’s eyes gleamed as he explained that he had just caught the thing. And it was still—rattley. Decidedly too rattley! I was amazed, then angry, thinking somebody had been fooling me. I had talked in a modulated tone—and Mr. Taylor, stone-deaf, had answered me!

“Lip-reading,” explained a bystander. “When his affliction reached the point where even the apparatus he attached to his ear failed to record sound, he and the specialists gave up; for he knew one day when he could no longer hear a band a few feet away, that his hearing was gone for good. Then he took up lip-reading, and if you speak slowly, he can understand every word. He is quite amused sometimes at the things people say, knowing he is deaf! But all the while, astonished as I was and hoping I had been more discreet than they, I still had my eyes on that snake.

“Now,” said Mr. Taylor, with just the faintest suspicion of a grin—you couldn’t expect a wide grin from one so obviously of Massachusetts stock—“take this snake and—act!” A few terse instructions and he presented the reptile to the actor who, whether through awakened dramatic ability or well, anyway, he and the snake performed to Mr. Taylor’s satisfaction.

“That’s just like him!” laughed an old friend of his, as the director busied himself about the set. “He has an uncanny animal-sense, he can do anything with them. Why, I remember once, in the old days,”—which meant, you understand, the Reign of Melodrama—“when he was producing The White Tigress of Japan, he was arrested for calmly leading a leopard down Broadway!

“That historical thoroughfare was, even at that time, accustomed to shocks—but not leopards! He explained that he had just purchased the animal from a zoo and, needing it immediately in the play, had not waited for it to be ‘delivered,’ but took it right along with him. It was to be a surprise for his leading woman.”

“Surprise?” Rather! It sent her into hysterics when he announced that she was to carry the darn thing on the stage. She demurred—but in the end she wore that tail-swinging leopard as a neck piece and created a sensation!

“Taylor was the first to use Alaskan dogs on the stage for wolves,” continued the acquaintance of the director’s former days. “When a gold-seeker in Alaska, he wrote a melodrama, decided he could make more out of it than from his mine and came home on the next boat, with his dogs and his play. And both made good for him.”

Charles A. Taylor is the only director in the movies who is entirely deaf.

of his many successes and reverses, of his years of life and fame—and raised awed-struck eyes up, up, the tall, angular distance of him. Distance is the right word—there is a very great deal of Charles Taylor, going one direction. But his sincere greeting, the smile that crinkled from his eyes and loosened his compressed lips, put me at my ease. "Pardon me," Mr. Taylor excused himself, eyeing with annoyance the scene he was directing. It was apparent that he was displeased with a certain bit of "action" of the character known in the story as "The Snake." While we all wondered what he was about, the tall, lean man walked off and disappeared into the swamp. A moment later he reappeared...
Barthelmeu—the Unwilling Vamp

By Peggy Balyeat

Perhaps I’d better just whisper it—but the Richard Barthelmeu you see on the screen is “just acting.”

At home he’s full of fire and tow, lots of temper, impatience—all that. He knows mighty well what he wants done. And he’s not always tolerant.

“I tried for two years to interest my director in ‘Tol’able David,’” he told me with that crooked little half smile that isn’t really a smile at all. You know—you’ve seen it in his pictures.

But Dickey’s mouth really is crooked. That’s the reason he smiles that way. Mebbe it’s one of the strongest pulls in his highly emotional face.

“How goes it, Dickey?” someone inquired at the table next to ours.

It was that way from the moment we entered the lobby on our way to the dining room. He was “Dickey” Barthelmeu to them—not an actor nor a hero, but a friend—a good fellow. He must have a thousand friends!

“Excuse me.”

I looked around and Dickey was at a table shaking hands with two men. There was a diminutive little lady sitting there, too.

“I want you to meet my wife before she goes.”

He told me when he returned to give his order a chicken croquette with peas. I think it was finished off with a chocolate eclair and coffee.

I shook hands with Mrs. “Dickey.” She was on her way to a matinee performance—oh yes, she’s an actress all that didn’t have time for more than a few words—just stopped long enough to leave a picture of a dainty lady in a Dresden teacup-blue-eyed and fair-haired. Quite a contrast to her famous husband’s darkness.

The real Richard Barthelmeu is serious—deadly serious. I wanted to talk about Dickey at play, but he preferred to discuss Dickey at work. He’s young yet, you see—very young.

I told him Pantomimeites wanted to know what he did outside his work. Thereupon he looked serious for a moment and assured me with another crooked little smile, that he could be right.

Then he promptly went back to his beloved subject—the play.

He had gone to a “legitimate” show the night before. At first he talked about the acting—how he’d enjoyed it. Then the uppermost topic, his own ambition, came to the fore, and he confided that he’d hoped the show might be adapted to the screen. Of course he’d want to play the leading role.

If there is one wish of Dickey’s left ungratified, it’s to read. He went to Trinity College for a semester or so, with the intention of graduating only to get into the movies one summer when he was still in his teens. “And there are so many books I only know the titles of,” he told me.

Then he added that a recent trip to Atlantic City all alone, with nothing on his mind whatever but to do as he pleased, resulted in more reading than anything else—just books and books and books. Yes, of course he swam, too.

“Didn’t they recognize you over there, just the same as they do here?” I inquired. I was thinking of a hint he had dropped that he hoped the person who intended interviewing him would not be an amateur.

“Oh, yes, of course.”

“Are you troubled in public, very much, by the sweet young things?”

“It isn’t the S. Y. T. so much as the older women,” Dickey bashfully acknowledged, but hastened to add: “Oh, they’ve never done a Wally Reid or a Eugene O’Brien with me—pulled my clothes off.”

But don’t you realize that an idol of the public has to pay the price?” I demanded. You see, I’d tried twice to interview Dickey. The first time I waited an hour—and left. The next time I only waited thirty minutes—both times in vain.

“Maybe I do belong to the public,” he said.

“I’m beginning to realize it more and more.

Barthelmeu is happiest when he’s at his cottage out on Long Island.

I could tell he was thinking of the days when he could go about unnoticed, without attracting attention.

“But I think it’s just wonderful to have them feel that way,” he went on. “It is not me they see, but a character I have portrayed. Please don’t think I am conceited.”

The moment we’d finished lunch we were saying our farewells, because Dickey was on route to his country home in Long Island. Judging from the perfectly enormous furry-looking coat he was wearing when I met him, I guessed that he drives his own car and it was probably an open model. I was right—both times.

“We’d hoped to stay up on the Island all winter,” he said. “But it was pretty cold—so we’re in town for a few months.” Such a dear little place—just built for two—vines ‘n’ everything. The Island, I mean.

Dickey dons an old pair of flannel trousers and makes dog kennels and chicken coops when he’s at home.

“You must have several spots on those treasured trousers,” I laughed when he told me his most recent pursuit had been to paint a kennel.

“Yes, but I love every spot. I wouldn’t have those trousers cleaned for worlds. They represent the time when I can be just a plain, ordinary man.”

And you’ve seen Dickey in flannels—and a cap? “Member how he looked in ‘The Idol Dancers?’” And another thing, before I forget it—

(Continued on page 11)
Little Madge, the real thing in baby vamps, knew there was safety in numbers, so she was having a perfectly lovely time with four little boys in the parlor of her home. One of the boys had money, so he brought candy. The others didn't—so they robbed all the near-by yards for flowers for their lady-love. Of course the lady-love's mother wasn't home.

Alas, and look-a-day. Alas, werna werra—which is Irish: for deep grief. Mother came home earlier than she was expected. And she was not particularly strong for Madge's suitors. As a matter of fact, she put 'em out. Madge might not have minded so much—only the stingy things took their presents with them.

The four suitors marched out of the house bravely enough—but once outside they sat right down on the front doorstep, and quit trying to be grown up. Their feelings were hurt, and they all got together and had a nice good cry. Incidentally, while they were crying, they ate the candy.

After the weeps were over, they held a council of war, and decided that girls were the bunk, anyhow. They were through—that is, all but one. That one decided he'd stick around a while.

A lot of good it did him. Madge gave him what is technically known as the frowzy optic and brushed right by. Verily, the person who declared men were the gay destroyers wasn't familiar with the ways of women.
My Start in Pictures

By Betty Compson

My first appearance in the movies was in a picture based upon my first appearance in the movies. Peculiar-sounding, but absolutely true. The film was called "Wanted: A Leading Lady" and was made by Al Christie, the comedy man.

Mr. Christie was at the time directing pictures for the Nestor Company, Virginia Ford, who had been playing leads for him, left, and he needed a new leading woman. It happened that he dropped into a vaudeville theatre in Los Angeles where I was playing in a violin act. He thought that I would make good on the screen and asked me to come out to the Nestor studio for a camera test. The test proved successful, and also gave Mr. Christie an idea. He decided to make a picture around my camera test—a comedy that would tell an amusing story, and at the same time show the process of getting into pictures. The strip of film which showed me registering "anger" and "fear" and so on, was incorporated into the picture.

I liked the pictures better than the stage and, though I had no promise that my screen career would last beyond one film, I took a chance and deserted the footlights.

I'm glad I did!

By Rodolf Valentino

I did not see the first motion picture in which I played until three years after it had been completed. It was called "The Married Virgin" and was made by Universal. I played the role of the villain.

I had appeared in vaudeville and on the legitimate stage for quite a while before my screen debut, but, nevertheless, I had expected to feel nervous in front of the camera. I was agreeably surprised to find myself calm and without a trace of Klieg fright. The work interested me at once, and that first picture convinced me that my future was in the studio rather than behind the footlights.

An early adventure in comedy, supporting Dorothy Gish in an amusing trifle called "Turning the Tables," taught me that I was not adapted to the swift tempo and antics of screen farce. Straight drama, I learned, was my forte.

Of course, my first real big chance came in "The Four Horsemen," and I never had a better time in my life than during the making of that picture. Now that I am a Paramount star, Mr. Lasky has promised me in "Blood and Sand" a role that will surpass even "Julio" for dash and color.

Who is the little fairy? Why, just Betty in a blonde wig.
Movies of Yesteryear
An interview with Adolph Zukor, in which he relates some interesting things about the past
By Charles L. Gartner

THE one and only Sarah Bernhardt is coming to America in March to be guest of honor at a party to celebrate the tenth birthday of the movies. Ten years ago, Madame, as a small operator determined to take the bull by the horns and go into the film producing business herself. He went to Daniel Frohman, the New York theatrical man, and told him of his plan to induce some noted star of the stage to appear before the motion picture camera—something that had never been done before. Mr. Frohman thought it was a fine idea and agreed to co-operate.

"We had just completed our plans, with a certain male star of the stage in mind," explained Mr. Zukor, "when a friend of mine, who knew of my ambition to enter the motion picture-producing field, cabled us from Paris that he thought he could induce Sarah Bernhardt to make a picture for us. To secure the most distinguished stage player. The role ideally suited her.

Meantime, the news had been passed about in motion picture circles that Adolph Zukor, comparatively unknown, was negotiating to bring Sarah Bernhardt to the lowly screen. It struck stage and film world alike as absurd. They labeled Zukor a "fanatic" and a "visionary."

Their opinions changed when the Divine Sarah's 'Queen Elizabeth' film was released. The picture was a sensational success.

This was no surprise to Mr. Zukor, who went quietly ahead with his plans and rented space in an armory on Twenty-sixth Street, New York, where he began work on his second picture, "The Prisoner of Zenda," starring James C. Hackett, another "legitimate" star. The studio was up four flights of stairs.

"The whole studio—sets, property rooms, dressing rooms, offices, and all," explained Mr. Zukor to us, "occupied a space less than a hundred feet by two hundred. Picture-making was a novelty in New York, and the old gray-haired watchman we had at the door had all he could do to prevent the crowds that congregated there from streaming up the narrow stairs."

I spent a large part of my time negotiating with other stage stars to come with us, and, having secured Madame Bernhardt, I had comparatively little trouble. The mention of her name carried great weight, and many of the D'Urbervillees for us, Lily Langtry came to us for..."

Mr. Zukor related some interesting experiences, and delays were the rule. Half the time the audience would be gazing at 'One Minute, Please, to Change the Reel' on the screen. No wonder people refused to take motion pictures seriously and predicted that they would die out soon."

To Mr. Zukor this was an intolerable state of affairs. He saw the immense possibilities in the motion picture. He started writing letters to the producers of the day, as a Bild-Jahr had done, to the exhibitor, that they furnish him better pictures. His letters were ignored.

Finally Mr. Zukor determined to take the bull by the horns and go into the film producing..."
Right—Probably if he has gotten the bad this far he will get it the rest of the way. But if it contains what we suspect, we would, if we were one of the pirates, go and give him a little help. It's from "Whims of the Gods."

Left—Rex Beach's romance, "Fair Lady," provides this puzzling scene. What could have been said over the telephone to frighten a man like this, and what is the lady going to say when she has her curiosity in regard to it satisfied?

Below—Pearl White is back again and evidently running into just as hard luck (in pictures) as ever. It looks here as if something or somebody has upset her awfully. It is a scene from "The Broadway Peacock," and is one of the most dramatic pictures in which Miss White has ever appeared.


 Moments in Pictures You Haven't Seen

Right—This is a reminder that St. Patrick's day will soon be here. It is Colleen Moore and Ralph Graves in a scene from Rupert Hughes' Irish story, "Come on Over." If we were Colleen, and it was Ralph calling, we would.

If you are not used to horse-back riding but have tried, you can appreciate why this is a big moment—that instant between your signal and the first movement from the beast. But Dorothy Dvoore is well protected so she should worry.

Below—All alone in the wilderness, surrounded by enemies, and then the man meets with a serious accident. It is one of the many things that happens in "Strength of the Pines," starring William Russell.

Left—Pretty tough to do all that you can to save the life of the man you love and then to be suspected of his murder when your efforts to restore him have failed. It's a scene and situation from Anita Stewart's latest starring vehicle, "The Woman He Married."

Below—William V. Mong has the role of a peddler in "The Man Who Smiled," but he overlooked a very essential part of the make-up. He failed to supply himself with a license. If the cop don't forgive him the plot of the picture is going to be much delayed.
PHIL STANTON, in the dungeon, was working frantically to free himself. Glancing about, his eyes fell on the trident. Running over to it, he endeavored to cut the ropes which bound his hands. In a moment he was free. Running through the passageway, he hurried to the aid of the girl he loved.

Phil thrust Gray Wolf aside, and reaching the edge of the pool, reached down and drew Ruth upwards.

"Well," exclaimed Phil, turning to the crafty chieftain, "what have you got to say to this?"

Gray Wolf hesitated. "It was the Medicine Man's dastardly scheme," he finally said.

Phil was not very much taken with his story. However, his thoughts were interrupted by the answer of the two clans. Both consented to grant Ruth's request and permit her to go to the island of Siburo.

The next morning, Ruth, Phil, Loomis, Gray Wolf, Crouching Mole and Moonlight left the Golden Canyon behind them. Moonlight rode a short distance behind the little cavaledge. As they reached a bend in the road, the White Rider appeared. Unseen by the others, he approached Moonlight and whispered, "I will wait for news from you at Shelby Beach, near Frisco."

The Indian girl nodded assent.

Meanwhile, at the ranch house, Julia Wells and Frank Shears were poring over a map, trying to locate Siburo. Julia turned to her companion and said:

"I shall go with them to Siburo and get Gray Wolf to double-cross Loomis. We can then easily trick the Indian and the Golden Pool will be yours—if you come to my terms."

Phil, in Julia's cabin, tried to get out. But the door was securely locked. Already water was beginning to make its way into the little cabin. The girl beat upon the bulkheads—tried every means of escape—but it was useless.

Phil had become awakened at the first moment of excitement. Rushing to Ruth's cabin, he found that it was empty. His eyes searched the boats which were being lowered. Rushing aft, he crashed into a figure. It was Gray Wolf.

"Where is Ruth?" he shouted.

"I believe she left the ship in the first boat," answered the Indian, pointing toward a small boat which now some distance from the ship. In the glare of the torches, Phil saw Julia, and thinking it to be Ruth, he gave a sigh of relief.

In Julia's cabin, Ruth was still unable to free herself. A flood of water passed over the girl. With renewed strength, brought through fear, she began beating on the door again, as the cold water rose steadily to her shoulders.

CHAPTER VII

Suddenly the tide caused the ship to list to the other side, a giant wave smashed open the porthole, and the rush of the mad waters against the cabin door burst it open. The girl was swept out into the passageway. Half climbing and half wading through the rushing waters she found her way into the wireless room.

The girl beat upon the table, she found her latitude and longitude and sent out an SOS. The girl heard the wires buzzing—she was about to receive an answer! Suddenly the water put

CHAPTER VIII

Ruth was overcome with a strange feeling of apprehension when Phil had disappeared just before sailing time.
the apparatus out of commission, and the girl struggled to leave the room.

Entering the hatchway, she saw that the decks were made of thick oak. Taking a desperate chance, she stumbled forward to the mast and started climbing the rope ladder to the crow’s nest. Just as she reached it, she looked down, and saw that the ship had almost submerged. Ruth leaped from her place of safety to the sea. Grasping a piece of wreckage, she clung to its hope that help would soon reach her.

Ruth’s message had been received by the White Rider aboard the Dragon, and the yacht was already setting sail. An hour later she was lifted out of the water and carried aboard.

The lifeboats from the Queen Esther arrived safely. Ruth was the first to climb up the shore looking for Ruth. He saw that the figure he had imagined to be his sweetheart was Julia Wells.

"Where is Miss Randolph?" he demanded.

"I haven’t seen the dear girl," replied Julia.

"We must start inland at once and find the native village," Phil heard Loomis say. "Phil refused to go with them. Sitting dejectedly on the shore he gazed into space as though he expected to see the girl’s spirit coming toward him. Suddenly he turned to Stanton sprang to his feet. A yacht was approaching. Finally he heard the anchor chains rattle, and a small boat put off from the ship. One of several men who came ashore was the girl of his dreams standing in the bow.

"Oh, my dearest!" he cried, half laughing, half crying. "I had given you up as lost."

"I am so glad to see you," said the White Rider, with a smile, "but we must overtake Loomis and the others. Then Chief Lame Elk may be found out of the Sacred Word."

"Have no fear," said the White Rider. "The natives here consider the Wampum Belt as sacred as do the Cayuga Indians. In fact, Chief Lame Elk’s brother is a Wampum Belt tribe who long ago became discontented and emigrated from the Golden Canyon and settled on this island."

Making his way to the party of hungry, cold, and scared intruders. Shouting an order to his tribemen, Brown Panther descended upon the newcomers.

"We tolerate no intruders," he told his captives. By the Siburu law, you cannot be injured, but you will be conducted to the turquois quarry and there you will remain without food and water until your souls are free to leave."

It was not long before the captives were brought to the turquois quarry. There they were kept.

As Brown Panther gave his guards further orders, he saw Ruth and Phil, with their sailors, approaching. The chieftain and his men were quickly surrounded by the intruders, but suddenly he saw the white intruders. Shouting an order to his tribemen, Brown Panther descended upon the newcomers.

"You are the cause of this!" he shouted, turning to the girl in a fury. "And you shall atone!" Brown Panther left the hut and addressed the crowd.

"Your great chief, Lame Elk, has passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds."

The Indians rushed to the hut to seize Phil and Ruth, but the two eluded them and broke into a run. As the chase continued, the young people were separated.

"Let me first advise Lame Elk of your presence here," said Brown Panther. "I am afraid that my dear wife will, and I hope the sudden shock might endanger his life."

A moment later he emerged and motioned for the girl and the party to enter.

Ruth slowly took off the Wampum Belt and handed it to Brown Panther. Immediately he was impressed.

"Their warriors are at your command," he told the girl.

At Ruth’s request, he led them to the quarry, where the girl was horrified to see the captives. She commanded Brown Panther to liberate them. The Indian assented reluctantly, and soon the party were on their way toward the village. As they came to Lame Elk’s hut, Brown Panther drew Ruth aside.

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Ruth slowly took off the Wampum Belt and handed it to the old man. At first he did not seem to realize the significance, then a look of awe and sorrow came over his face. He groaned deeply and fell back in his rude chair. A moment later...

Phil was addressing the defenders. "I think it would be a good plan," he suggested, "to wait until tomorrow. The ship is full with a wind cloth attached to a stick."

Brown Panther stepped forward to meet the truce offering. As Julia drew up to him, she said, "I can arrange for the white chieftainess to come and talk with the head chieftainess, providing you let all the rest of us go free."

"Very well," he answered. "I promise you and your friends the freedom you request."

"At midnight we will come here by our way to the other shore," said Loomis, "and Miss Randolph will not be with us. You will find her in the hut."

Brown Panther said that if we do not surrender we will be left here to starve," she told them.

And Phil unwittingly fell into the trap. "Our ship is full, also, as well as the ones sent by the Indians," he said. "I will swim part way along the coast, then cross to land on the opposite shore and get help from the White Rider’s yacht."

Stanton was not aware of the fact that an exchange of messages had caused the White Rider to draw up anchor and leave the harbor. An upstairs of the tribes in the Golden Canyon was the cause for his sudden departure. But the man of mystery only intended to steam out to the Laguna where he had arranged a steamer bound for San Francisco, and then send the Dragon back to await Ruth.

After Phil had departed, Ruth lay upon the straw matting, tired and weary. Julia Wells opened the door and entered, and helped her into a room cut off from the rest where she would not be disturbed. In a moment, the Indian had gathered together the party, ready to set out. Before they could lay aside the Wampum Belt and placed it about her own waist. Leaving the hut, they were met by Brown Panther, who took the edge of her skirt. He reported that the White Chieftainess had been left behind, and the Indian, satisfied, permitted them to pass.

As soon as they were out of sight, Brown Panther ordered a fire started. Then, taking an arrow with a thick ring of pitch near the head, he helved through the smoke and flames into the outer chamber. She was surrounded by four walls of fire.

CHAPTER IX

Phil Stanton was successful in Downing his last attacker, and he took to his heels in the direction Ruth had disappeared. Coming to the cave, he cautiously felt his way down the dark passageway. In another moment he had reached the last attacker and had handed him a bundle, leaned toward the pole and caught hold of it with one hand while he extended the other hand down to Ruth. The Indian exclaimed to her.

"You are the cause of this!" he shouted, turning to the girl in a fury. "And you shall atone!"

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The Sign of the Trident

Adapted by Herbert Crocker,

from the Pathé photoplay serial, “White Eagle,” starring Ruth Roland. Original story

Copyright by Pathé Exchange, Inc.
Robert Edeson is playing Colonel Sapt in Rex Ingram’s ‘The Prisoner of Zenda.’

Ben Turpin was directing traffic yesterday at the corner of Santa Monica and Western Avenues. It’s bad enough here with a cop whose eyes both look the same way, but with Ben—! His right hand knew not what his left directed.

Mildred Davis is Harold Lloyd’s ‘girl’ now. Wonder if they have those delicious word-of-honor parties like the comedian and Bebe Daniels used to have? Bebe, you remember, broke off her engagement to Harold.

Truckee has Al Christie and his comedy troupe en route. But the title of the comedy is fittingly ‘Cold Feet.’ It is a burlesque on the old melodramas of the Northwest Mounted Police. (Can it be that the Mounted is at last about to reach the screen?) Vieira’s younger plays a ‘Romantic Young Thing,’ Patricia Palmer is the ‘Wrecked Lady.’ Billy Bletcher personifies the ‘Pride of the Mounted.’

Constance Talmadge is sponsoring a back-to-the-farm movement among her friends—and publicity. She aspires to a ranch but just at present has to content herself with a turnip patch in her own back yard. Oh, if we all looked like Connie does in khaki overettes!

You’re a poor star nowadays if you can’t get a song written about you. A noted composer of Barcelona, Spain, has written a song for Tony Moreno. Tony admits he can’t do the thing justice, as his musical abilities have been dulled by too much jazz. Studio workers concur in the opinion.

Walter Hiers is recovering rapidly from the illness which threatened to develop into pneumonia. However, Walter says the flowers may continue—now he is able to consume candy and such, to make a note of it, dear gals.

Dorothy Dalton and Rodolf Valentino have their ‘roofs eaten up’ of the while making ‘Moran of the Lady Letty.’ The set consisted of a number of thatched huts—and one morning they awoke to find that the horses had broken loose in the night and eaten up the village for breakfast.

Song of the Hollywood Hollies: ‘Oh, dearie, send back my letters to me!’

A letter from Viola Dana says all is going well with her personal appearance tour. In St. Louis several thousand people braved the storm to say hello and she is quite an old hand now at making after-dinner speeches and saying ‘Thank you’ to nice mayors. I’m off of Vi for life. She promised me she would write up her experiences each week for PANTOMIME’s readers and nary a word has she written. Nothing less than a luncheon at Maxwell’s will square it!

Not long ago the Maurice Tourneur company was on location. Madge Bellamy and the others all received their lunch-boxes—but there was none for Mr. Tourneur. ‘I’m not on a diet,’ he explained, ‘but I despised my birthday.’ Then somebody brought him a huge parcel, which proved to be a birthday cake, studded with (deleted) candles.

March 18, 1922

Bobby Vernon has completed his comedy, ‘Tis the Bull!’ Is Bobby going to immortalize the Flower of Hollywood?

Alfred E. Green, directing Tommy Meighan and a parrot in ‘The Proxy Daddy,’ was taking an important scene. Every time he would pause for concentration, a voice would order: ‘Ready now, folks—camera!’ and the camera man would start grinding.

‘That wasn’t me!’ Al would cry. ‘That’s the—parrot!’

Don’t tell anybody I told you, but Bebe Daniels is likely to become Mrs. Jack Dempsey along about the time this appears in print. Jack just bought a new home for $250,000, not far from Bebe’s, and $52,000 worth of Oriental rugs, so Bebe won’t get her feet cold on the cold, cold floors. Bebe received a gorgeous present, a clock, from the Oregon Elks for helping them capture the second prize in the B. P. O. E. reunion last summer. She adored their float.

Jerome Storm, the director, is passing cigs. It’s a boy.

Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge) lost a $2,500 diamond bracelet at a hotel dinner party last Saturday evening. That’s one of the penalties of fame—getting your diamonds stolen.

Norma Talmadge advertised for ten girls who thought they resembled her for extras. Only 1,500 answered.

From Japan comes a letter addressed to “Hon. Art Hichum, Esq. Musician,” explaining that the orchestra leader may soon expect to receive some silk shirts that he ordered in 1915. Now Mr. Hichum can change.

Here’s a good one a friend wrote me from Philadelphia, where Will Rogers opened “The Polliw” recently. ‘Harry Carey, who is also in the East, wired the foreman of his ranch here to make up a “regular bouquet,”’ ‘Slim’ packed up a handsome bundle of greasewood, cactus, marigold, and sagebrush, sending it to Harry, who slipped quietly into Philadelphia.

Will Rogers got a ‘bouquet’ of greasewood, cactus, marigolds and sagebrush. Carey, all spurred and western-barbed, rattle down the aisle and presented the vegetation to the comedian with mock capture. The house roared with glee. But Will, not to be outdone, roped his tormentor with his trusty lariat, and dragged him up before the footlights.

Mother “Eg!” Talmadge received a beautiful valentine from her three girls, one of those old-fashioned lace affairs with a miniature painting in the center of the three famous heads of Norma, Constance and Natalie.
Monty Banks, a Real Worker
By Louis Marangella

Monty has played opposite all sorts of types—seen including a real honest-to-goodness ape.

So I waited, and pretty soon they led me out into the open and there, after watching the director go through a few movements, I was told to do the same. I went the director one better and of course he was more than satisfied I could act.

Finally, they led me to a steep embankment, close to a precipice. Here we were to take a few scenes with an old, rickety flivver. And my instructions were to hang on to the rear end of the flivver dangling over the precipice. Frankly, I got cold feet. If the director wanted someone who longed for the pine box I was not that man. But he coaxed and hoodwinked me into the belief that I would not get hurt, and since I did not know what he was talking about, a few pats on my shoulder coupled with a very serious expression turned the tables in his favor.

So I hung onto the flivver while my legs dangled in the air over the precipice.

"Hold it! Squirm! Move, move!" cried the director, Jack Warner.

I really did not know what to do. The flivver began to shake. I held on for dear life. A few more spasmodic shakes of the flivver, as though it were ready to burst into smithereens.

And here I am making two-reel fun-makers for the Warner Brothers.

"Is it true that you played twenty-four parts in one comedy?" we asked him, skeptically.

"How did you manage to do it?"

"Yes, I did that very thing in 'The House of a Thousand Scandals' and Mr. Pathe Pehran is the man who made me do it. In that picture I impersonated four or five different women, about the same number of men, several policemen, a tramp, a thug, and so on. How could I go through such a thing? You'll have to ask the camera for that answer. Truly, the motion picture camera performs miracles and the actors and actresses get the credit. "The credit due the motion picture camera can at once be appreciated when we consider merely its mirth-provoking phases. What I mean to imply is that laughter caused by scene comedies drows to the audience of chuckling hearts. True, rich laughter—laughter that is the create of the soul. laughter that makes one feel as sweet and clean as a summer breeze blowing over the meadows—

"What to do to really cause people to laugh is not as easy as it seems. We all know the laugh that comes from the sight of Mrs. Smith's hat in contrast to that of Mrs. Jones, we all know of the unlimited number of jests in the efforts of our friends across the street, at house parties. But those things have all been done on the screen time and time again. The problem is to get an original twist to the Jones-Smith farce, an original twist to the problems confronting the lives of humanity in general."

"Purely from a screen comedian's standpoint, it is extremely difficult to originate new 'gags' as they call funny situations in the movie world. But the screen comedian's efforts are repaid a thousandfold. If, on viewing one of his latest comedies, he sees picture audiences chuckling at his preposterous, mirth-provoking antics.

"Really, a comedian's life is not so easy as it is pictured!"

Often he takes the role of a girl—but he never drops his moustache.
Out of the Make-up
Box onto the Screen
By Helen Hancock

We have a little guessing contest on today, children. We want you to take a careful look at the pictures accompanying this story, and then tell us how many men there are there. How many? Five? No, no, Mabel! Even your trained feminine eyes are wrong this time. There is only one man here. How come, you say? Well, we'll let you in on the secret. The smooth-faced young man with his hair pompadour, and in a business suit is Lars Hanson, one of the matinee idols of the Swedish screen. The other young men are—Lars Hanson. Yep! Honest! It just goes to show what can be done with a make-up. Mr. Hanson, who is one of the most versatile actors on the screen in his own country, and one of the most artistic breakers of the hearts of the Swedish flapper, is an adept in the art of make-up. With the help of grease paint, powder, eyebrow pencil and rouge (those interesting little aids to the modern flapper's complexion), Mr. Hanson can conjure before your eyes such a vision as that of his "Richard III," or the indignant husband in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," or his equally interesting and cynical professor in "Andre the Red." We think American actors are the finest in the world naturally, but we sometimes wonder if they are not limited as to their scope. Just to start a little discussion, name one of your favorite screen stars who can show a set of pictures corresponding to the ones given here. And that gives rise to the question: Would the feminine part of our audience go to see Wallie Reid if he were to appear with his shining hair covered with a white wig? Would they rave over Charlie Ray if his upper lip boasted a turned-up mustache? Would they enthuse over Richard Barthelmess if, instead of his patrician nose, that necessary appendage were covered with a Cyrano de Bergerac putty one? We wonder!
March 18, 1922

PANTOMIME

Pictures They Detest

"I wasn't ready for this picture at all," storms "Snub" Pollard (below), "I was getting ready to look as sillimanous as the last dentist who jogged my molars and would have had a beautiful effect two minutes later. Of all the goofy pictures this is goofiest."

There's one sure way of making Harold Lloyd (above) lose his smile. Show him this picture, and his goat starts galloping all over the lot. "Too dolled up," says Harold, "and anyway, what fellow wants to go down to posterity in a Tuxedo and a fancy waistcoat!"

Mildred Davis (right) simply hates to look like a wax doll and she says that is the favorite remark people make whenever they see this picture of her. "I thought the negative of that had been destroyed and all the prints burned," she said when PANTOMIME asked her why she didn't like it.

Alfa Nazimova (above) detests this picture only when it is identified as one of her. "Unless people are told it is me they could easily mistake it for some starving Russian," she says, "and while I am not anxious to get stout, I don't like to look starved."

Marie Mosquini (left) will do almost any sort of comedy stunt or characterization, but this picture—"Makes me look as if I believed in everything that I have always detested in women," she says. "It's absolutely the worst make-up that I have ever been asked to do."
What Do You Want?

By Lily Agnes Greenwood

PULSATING throughout the motion picture industry is a question—a search for information that has taken on more importance than anything else in the movie game.

Theatre owners have been asking it for the past year; asking it in a way that they hope won’t betray to you the importance of it.

Producers are paying good salaries to men whose only duty is to find from one part of the country to another seeking the elusive answers. Many actors are out of jobs, because the answer became a vital thing in their careers before they found out what it was.

The better established favorites of the silent drama are themselves seeking the answer. Perhaps you can place them by the fact that they have been traveling to all parts of the country, visiting theatres, gatherings of exhibitors and other places where the answer might be found.

Most of them won’t admit that they are searching for the answer. The mere statement of the question might imply that they thought something was wrong with the movies. And that would never do.

Universal, however, seems to be afflicted with more frankness than any company has ever displayed. Carl Laemmle, the president, admitted the company never expected to get its money back on "Foolish Wives" in the same breath that he offered theatre owners Universal pictures at any price that they showed they needed in order to make money.

Now comes Frank Mayo, one of the most popular of the Universal stars. He had spent many weeks looking for the answer before I went to see him as a representative of PANTOMIME, and he was too full of it to speak of much else. He asked me the question. I didn’t know the answer, so here it is, passed on to you—

"What do you want?"

"Here’s the secret—pictures, as a business, are not as prosperous as they used to be. You don’t go as often or don’t take as many friends. So that’s why theatre owners, players, producers and everybody else in the industry want an answer to the question.

"You know we have lost all our guideposts," said Mr. Mayo in discussing the question. "Pictures that could not possibly do any business have gone out and broken records. Others that have had all the earmarks of a big success have dropped dead."

"A year ago no one would be connected with a costume picture. Every signpost that existed indicated that the public wouldn’t have one of them for five cents admission. Then 'Passion' was released and went out and made a phenomenal record. The public ate it up. Now everybody is making costume pictures and none of them have made any real money."

"Naturally the answer I would like is as to the kind of pictures the public would like to see me in. Westerns—out-of-doors stuff—is the only thing I have ever made. Some of them that I have thought were extra good have not gone as well as some others that I didn’t think so much of."

"I have always wanted to do something that would give better opportunity for dramatic acting, something which was not so entirely physical. I know that I can do it, for I had several years on the speaking stage before going into movies. Whether or not the public would like me in anything different is the question.

"But there is a thing that I am afraid of. Making eight pictures a year of the same general style is apt to make anyone mechanical. Sometimes in going through a scene I have a feeling that I have done the same thing before—the impulse, the feeling is gone. It is a dangerous mood for an actor to get into, as a striking example in my life showed me."

"Prior to going into pictures I was in a vaudeville act. The act was a big success and I played in it for four straight years. I did the same thing twice and on occasions three times a day for four years. After going through the same lines and the same business that many times you would think you could do it in your sleep.

"Well, one night I had just started and a baby cried somewhere in the audience. My mind became a blank as far as the act was concerned. I couldn’t remember a line. The curtain was run down. Apparently I was all right physically, but the next day when I looked over the script of the act it was entirely strange to me. That closed my vaudeville tour and I took a long rest. Gradually the act came back to me and today I could go through it letter-perfect."

"That’s what I am afraid of in pictures. Amnesia from too much of the same thing. That is why I would like to change—but can I? Pictures are so different from any other sort of entertainment. On the legitimate stage the production can be tried out and the weak spots eliminated and the strong parts played up bigger, and after a week or so in the sticks it can be brought out with all mistakes taken out.

"A picture, however, is absolutely finished long before it is ever tried out on the public. No new stuff can be injected for the cast is scattered to the four winds by the time it has gotten to the movie theatres. Things can be eliminated but this shortens the picture, so you see the impossibility attached to that question of what the public wants.

"I have spent my vacation trying to find the answer in my own case. Those who will venture an answer don’t agree. Theatres don’t give me the answer. I have followed one picture through twenty theatres and in no two has the reception by the audience been nearly enough similar so that you could form any judgment from it as to whether the picture was the kind the public liked or not."

Mr. Mayo ceased talking. Mrs. Mayo who had been present looked at me expectantly. It sounded easy to me. I knew the kind of a picture I like to see. I tried to formulate it into words.
What Makes a Comedy Funny?

By Walter "Fatty" Hiers

"The laughs that are in it?" I can hear you answer.

But that's only part of it.

Making film comedies is a very serious business, and uncertain as a French tennis champion. Henri Bergson, a lad who would make a great slapstick producer, says that people will always laugh at incongruities. The biggest man in town having his plug-hat knocked off by a small boy's snowball, John D. Rockefeller shaking hands with Trotakky, or the Philadelphia Athletics winning the baseball pennant—situations like that never fail to win the guffaws of the multitude, says M'sieu Bergson.

George M. Cohan developed Henri's theories a bit further and gave a list of sure-fire comedy situations that always get laughs. At least one-third of the audience will roar until its suspension buttons pop, states Professor Cohan, if a comedian starts to leave the room, and on reaching the door, indulges in a sudden forward motion as if he expected to be assailed from behind by the toe of a boot. If he sits on a tack, has a chair yanked out from under him, cracks a joke about Prohibition, mother-in-law, Brooklyn, or W. J. Bryan, the ensuing mirth will positively rock the theatre until the safety of the building is threatened.

Both these boys know whereof they speak. My own theory of comedy, however, is slightly different.

I've seen comedies that were packed with Mr. Cohan's sure-fire situations, and yet the audiences failed to crack a smile. On the other hand, some pictures achieve reputations as comedy hits that are as bare of the time-honored chuckle-wringers as home brew is of a kick.

What determines whether or not a comedy is funny, is not the number of laughs there are in it and how glee-proof they are, but how these laughs are placed.

The technical name for a bit of comedy business is "gag." I think the word comes originally from the minstrel show game, where it referred to the by-play between an end man and the interlocutor that resulted in the minstrel joke.

Some directors' idea of the way to make comedy is to dump in a few score of good gags wherever they happen to fall. That is a sheer waste of laugh possibilities. If you do not properly prepare the audience for a gag, the gag won't get the laugh it deserves. Maybe it will fall flat.

Another result of this haphazard method of gag-placing is a picture without logical sequence. Even in slapstick comedies, the director should insist that the story make sense, that one scene develop logically into the next. If a laugh doesn't fit, it shouldn't go in. A comedy should be arranged so as to make room for a laugh at the beginning of the picture, to get the audience into a good humor right off the reel, and another good one at the end, so as to send them out of the theatre smiling and with a mental note to see the next Hier's comedy. That's important—just as important as it is for a newspaper story to have a strong lead and conclusion.

Every gag in motion pictures must be leg up to properly, though the audience should not be aware that the ground is being broken for it. Any more than the raw wood and canvas behind a stage setting should be revealed to them.

Next comes the actual gag. To get the maximum of laughter, the gag should be just a little shorter and speedier than it might be. I have frequently seen a good gag spoiled because it was overdone. The other day I witnessed a screen comedy in which the comedian packed a trunk tight and then closed the lid. When he turned his back, the lid popped open. He shut the lid again and turned away. It popped open.

The gag was repeated five times! At the end of which I barely resisted jumping up and yelling, "Cut, for the love Mike!" Well, the trunk lid got a big laugh the first time it popped, but the fifth time it had the audience ored to white heat.

One good laugh per gag is an excellent percentage, and the wise comedian doesn't try to repeat.

What follows the gag is important also. There shouldn't be anything that will jolt the audience out of its cheerful mood too suddenly. Injecting comic relief into a serious picture requires some rather nice calculation and shouldn't be attempted by anybody but an

(Continued on page 31)
The Art Director as an Architect

By Blythe Sherwood

When we see D. W. Griffith's production, "Orphans of the Storm," we are astounded by settings that carry us off to the court of Louis XV and wait us away to the beautiful gardens of Bellaire. If motion pictures do nothing else, they help us to travel and to appreciate history.

But the men who make these feats accessible to us are the art directors even behind the directors and producers.

We remember the name of D. W. Griffith connected with "Orphans of the Storm," because it stands sentinel in electric lights and in advertisements. But the man who designed the settings, who plowed through infinite volumes of research to verify the costumes; who sketched, built models, and from the models actually aided with the construction of the scenic investiture, has his name on the program down in an obscure corner.

Charles Macalcar Kirk of Pittsburg, A. E. F., and Montpellier, is not yet twenty-seven. That he is D. W. Griffith's art director means that, first of all, he is an architect.

"The study of architecture," Mr. Kirk says, "is absolutely essential as a foundation for one who wants to be of any use as an art director in motion pictures. If a man does not know how to build a normal-sized house, how can he expect to be able to construct Babylonia, Paris, Monte Carlo, and similar scenes, perhaps almost over night?"

When I was at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburg, one of the tests that was given to us as embryo architects was that each of the students of the class was locked in a so-called 'closet' with two pieces of drawing-board and other utensils, and required to sketch some designated draught of architecture. The assignments ranged from anything in the Roman era to that of today. We either were called upon to draw the facade of a French chateau of 1876, the dome of a Gothic cathedral, or fountains of a Persian terrace.

"These tests were given to all the students studying architecture throughout the land by the directors of the Beaux Arts during every term. Anyone who has not had to meet such tests cannot realize his inexperience to attempt any sort of service as an art director who is always called upon to build any sort of thing at any time."

When Kirk graduated from the Carnegie Institute of Technology he went to war. His soldiers abroad merited a gratuitous term at the University of Montpellier on the Mediterranean, offered by the French government to a limited number of worthy fighters who had also had four years of college.

Kirk spent a few memorable months studying more art before his return to America. Then he began work as a designer for an exclusive interior decoration shop of New York. He then proceeded as an apprentice to the art director who was working on the "Way Down East" settings for Mr. Griffith.

Kirk says he finds Griffith encouraging to talk to, and that the latter isn't a bit impervious to suggestion. The two of them work harmoniously together. Kirk's method is to first draw a sketch of the set that his chief desires, so that the producer sees in black and white how his idea may materialize.

If Mr. Griffith approves the drawing, Mr. Kirk then builds a miniature set, hardly larger than a desk blotter, made of cardboard, hair pins, and glue—usually tinted.

When this is complete, Mr. Griffith, the cameraman, Mr. Sartov, and the head carpenter, sit in judgment on it, and discuss where the lights will be placed on the large set. Mr. Griffith knows what action is needed, and Mr. Sartov knows how it is to be photographed. The stage carpenter is aware of exactly how it is to be built. Consequently, the little model is invaluable in that if it does not meet the requirements of each of these men, it can be altered, and no expense will have been wasted on building and destroying an actual set.

As soon as everything has been decided upon, and the model is pronounced O. K., then the set goes into construction.

The term "art director" is gradually growing to mean more than a title that takes up space on the screen. To those who know, sympathize and enlase, to be an art director signifies, besides being an architect, patience on a pedestal with a hammer in his hand.
**Business**

Worn by

At the right is one “extreme” of Julia. A tan felt sport hat, just built for business wear. It’s trimmed with brown ribbon, and is worn with the nasturtium cloth cape with sheared sheep collar, already described.

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**Clothes**

Julia Faye

And at the bottom of the page is another “extreme” of Julia. Black patent leather shoes with three straps, a two-and-one-half-inch heel, and with insets of brown leather at toe and heel. The stockings are just plain black silk. Not so good for rainy weather, perhaps—but very easy to look at.

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“Blue serge, and plain, serviceable browns are a boon to the business woman,” says Julia Faye—and to say truth, she does look more like a business girl than an actress. No frills or foolishness for her. She prefers such sensible things as this cape of nasturtium cloth, with sheared sheep collar and tan felt sport hat that isn’t afraid of bad weather.

For the concert, or an afternoon promenade down the boulevard, Julia suggests a green and white wool sport dress, with a white felt hat and white fox furs. White kid shoes and white silk stockings, and a white bag beaded in green complete the costume.
A Question of Inheritance

By Benedict R. Sobler

ON the same plane of worthiness as Shakespeare's time-worn bit of phraseology, "the play's the thing" is: "ancestor's the thing for the play." Paraphrasing Shakespeare makes one quite safe from refutation, too, for anybody brave enough to dispute anything even remotely associated with the Bard of Avon would, in turn, be cried down by the multitude of Shakespeare idolators, as unethical. Maybe they'd even call him a little cracked in the cerebral region.

Presumably no topic has provoked more widespread interest than that of talent, that subtle something which is given at birth to only a favored few; that something which makes its possessors superior in their particular field of endeavor, than the less favored.

No truer maxim can be quoted than: "He (or she) is a born actor (or actress)." For, as in other branches of art, a true pantomimic artiste is born, not made.

The stars of today have no consciousness of their ancestor's failures, when performing by an untaught ability, what they slowly, perhaps painfully, acquired. To this end, then, it is proposed to assume that all the luminaries that form the huge constellation of stars appearing in photodramas today have continuously advanced from the beginning of the theatre vogue way back in moldy centuries, up to their present-day perfection, by inheriting their histrionic capacities.

John Barrymore was the last of his family to harken to the call.

From their forebears. It is also recognized by internationally known students that although many of the movie stars shining so brightly on the silver screen today have no knowledge of their ancestors ever having been performers before them, all of them, if they could look back far enough, would discover at some remote period, an antecedent who was a performer of some sort.

"Acting talent," say the anthropologists, "may lay dormant for many generations, maturing all the while, to bring itself forth in a later generation in full bloom. That master-spirit of the theatre, Shakespeare, also said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women, merely players." Again we must agree with Shakespeare. But, though all the men and women are players on the stage of life, there are precious few among them who are good enough players to perform on the stage of the theatre, where admissions are paid for the privilege of witnessing them.

To prove that there actually was a strain for acting coursing through the antecedents of our movie stars, and what was almost an experiment by those forebears is now almost an instinct in their descendants, it is only necessary to mention a few instances out of the many.

Backgrounded by three generations of actors is the famous Barrymore family. Literally brought up amid the chaos of the stage, the grease paint, the powder and tinsel, none of the Barrymores chose the life of a mummer at first. For, you see, they knew not only the glorious phases of a mummer's existence, but also the inglorious.

Ethel, the eldest, was the first to yield to the irresistible hereditary strain. At the time of her entrance into theatrical life she was giving piano lessons. Her elder brother, Lionel, was painting when he heard the irresistible call of the footlights. The youngest of the trio, he who still answers preferably to "Jack," wanted to be an illustrator, but soon followed his already famous sister and brother to the land of the grease paint. Notable among his recent screen contributions is "The Lotus Eater." Both Lionel and Jack, it is evidenced, prefer the sun-light arcs and Kliegs to the footlights.

Without doubt, Charlie Chaplin's talent and taste were both inherited from his father, who was a distinguished pantomimic vocalist in England. But, natural ability alone would not have sufficed to place Chaplin in the blazing sunlight of the public's eye, if he hadn't persevered in working like a titan for the perfection of his pantomime. While his father was quite well known and admired in England, he never reached the sublime pinnacle which his son has wrested from an unwilling fate.

Chaplin senior, with all his local popularity and success, had his limitations, while his son has an unlimited scope for advancement in both the quality of his presentations and popularity. Charlie's most recent picture is "The Idle Class." Choosing at random another exemplification of the soundness in the theory of heredity which we are presenting, we come to Buster Keaton. "The Three Keatons!"—what old-time vaudeville fan doesn't remember them! None, I say! The animated football, who, for the sake of conveni- ence is called "Buster" Keaton, says he slid into the world on grease paint and probably will slide out the same way. Another of Buster's witnicians is he was brought up being knocked down.

"Pop's idea of comedy was to throw me through every back-drop curtain in the Keith circuit," he says, "and I'll bet I've absorbed more punishment in the way of being used as a human mop than any ham puppet with a cauliflower ear."

After his parents retired from the stage, Buster Keaton betook himself to the screen, where he has gained a considerable following in the knock-down-drag-him-out comedies. Being exhibited today are such little gems of his as "The Playhouse," "The Boat," and his latest, "Cope."

Jackie Coogan is the son of Jack Coogan, also an exponent of vaudeville. Little Jackie made his first stage appearance in company with his father. His initial starring production was "Peck's Bad Boy," which he followed with "My Boy."

Filmdom has its famous sisters too, in whom a genealogical talent runs. Norma and Constance Talmadge, who by reason of various popularity contests in which they have come out on top, may be justly called two of the foremost artistes on the screen. Norma has finished "Smilin' Through," and Connie, "Polly of the Follies."

Then we have Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren, both actresses of no little ability. Katherine MacDonald has lately offered a picture which widely diverges from anything.

(Continued on page 30)
Making the Stars Shine!
A PARAPHRASE OF MR. KIPLING’S BALLAD, “THE LADIES”

By Fred P. Morgan

I’VE TAKEN MY STARS WHERE I’VE FOUND THEM AND DIRECTED SOME FILMS IN MY DAY—I’VE HAD MY PICKIN’ OF BEAUTIES! BUT THE JOB’S NOT AS SOFT AS THEY SAY!

I WAS WORKING ONE DAY IN A BIG SET WITH A CUSTARD PIE COMEDY STAR! HE’D TURN ON THE WATER—BORE HOLES IN THE TUB YOU KNOW HOW COMEDIANS ARE!

THE INGENUE’S GOWN WAS ALL RUINED! SHE SLAMMED THE BIG STAR TO HIS KNEES “NEXT TIME I APPEAR WITH A POOR SIMP LIKE YOU” “I WILL WORK IN MY B.V.D.’S!”


WE FINISHED THE FIGHT SCENE—BUT OH! WHEN WE GOT TO THE LAST FADE-OUT BUNCH THE HERO QUIT COLD AND REMARKED WITH A SNIFF—THIS LADY’S HAD ONIONS FOR LUNCH!
Viola Dana admits yielding to the rolled stocking feeling, and she finds it works splendidly. But some other actresses have been complaining to her of the difficulty of keeping a roll in their stockings.

One of the beauties of California is the travel it affords—without undue exertion or long journeys. Thus, on another day I ate lunch in Zanzibar. Africa, California, with George Walsh. He is appearing in the serial, “With Stanley in Africa,” and Africa has been “erected” near Balboa Beach, San Diego. The news of Hollywood, provided you have the kind that goes. Mme does—sometimes.

Wanda Hawley and her director glared at each other across the arena where was being fought a basketball game between the L. A. Athletic Club and Santa Clara University. Wanda was mascot of the Club team and her director is an alumnus of Santa Clara. But they forgot all about it when the game ended.

Constance Talmadge is “agin” disarmament. “Disarmament would be fatal to my leading men,” said Constance, less than ten years old; and Kenneth Harlan hug me in the final close-ups if they were disarmed? I want my leading men with full equipment of arms.

While Hal Roach was in New York a package was sent him—being a film showing the daily doings of his two children. He keeps a motion-picture record of the kiddies.

Thomas H. Ince gave a triple birthday-party at the studio for Douglas MacLean, Milton Sills and Jane Novak, whose natal days were simultaneous. My reason for not telling you what they had to eat was that I wasn’t invited.

Theodore Kosloff is getting up a fund for the starving professional people in Russia. Why neglect Hollywood?

Leah Baird, now heading her own company at the Ince studio, was overcome by gas from a leaking radiator in her dressing-room, but was revived by a passing studio employee.

Who is doubling for Antonio Moreno? Whoever it is, “they” are doing a good job, doubling all over the place. Antonio Moreno was interviewed in Mexico City recently. Moreno was the victim of a society robber in New Orleans on the thirtieth. Moreno was seen in a mob of strikers at the big shoe manufacturing company, Boston. Moreno was visiting his home in Campamento, Spain, according to Madrid papers.

Moreno has not lost Los Angeles in the past two years.

“All I ask,” said Tony gently, “is that this double doesn’t sign his checks with my name.”

Will Payne, Saturday Evening Post writer, who has been doing stories for the screen, has returned to Connecticut now, and said there was no news from the “old home,” he says. Aw, quick kiddin us, Mr. Payne! It can’t be raining back there—California used up all the wetness during its recent floods.

Buster Keaton rises to predict that comedies of 1922 “will have something new in the way of policemen, cops have never been used in films before. The hero will win the girl. This is absolutely new and something for fans to look forward to. There will be a little comedy in some of the two-reelers. There will be no plots, except in the cemeteries, that will do for you. Buster. Pass to the foot.”

You can’t get a minute with either Richard Dix or Edward Peil nowadays. They’re too busy “chinning.” They appeared together on the stage in “Hawthorne, U. S. A.” and in one scene Peil had to ask Dix, “When do you think we’ll be famous?” Dix answered, “When they want them. I hope they want us.”

A Question of Inheritance

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(Continued from page 15)

and one day he invited Mr. Lasky, whom he had never met, to lunch. The meeting was a small little conference. They went to lunch together.

At the end of their meeting, Mr. Zukor told the younger man that he would be glad to talk over problems of the business with him whenever Mr. Lasky cared to consult him. Mr. Lasky made use of this generous offer and frequently used to drop in at Mr. Zukor’s office and ask his advice. In 1916 Famous Players and the Lasky forces united under the name of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Nowhere, perhaps, do changes take place so rapidly and frequently as in motion pictures. New faces are continually appearing upon the screen, and old faces are fading. Mr. Zukor recalled stars who, to us, were dim memories—mere names—though they were enjoying popularity twenty years ago. Charlotte Ives, Jane Grey, Alice Dovey and Winifred Kingston are just a few of them.

Did you know that John Emerson, of the Emerson-Losso duo, and Marshall Neilan, the director, were once screen stars? That Fritz Scheff, George M. Cohan, Anna Held, Sam Bernard, Donald Brian, and Lenore Ulric tried pictures for a time? That Wallace Reid was once leading man for his wife, Dorothy Davenport, and likewise for Kathlyn Williams, Myrtle Stedman and Ani Kite? Do the names Carlotta Nillson, Laura Sawyer, Max Figman, Malcolm Williams, James O’Neill, Cozentine and Lois Meredith mean anything to you? They were once Famous Players stars. Coby Deasy, the famous French dancer who died recently, made a picture for Famous Players in the early days. Jennie Macpherson broke into the movies as an actress, and her last appearance on the screen was in a real-roll-scare picture called “The Storm,” with Geraldine Farrar in “Carmen.” The first association of William S. Hart with Famous Players was in a picture called “The Mustang,” in a picture, back in 1913, called “The Bargain.”

Adolph Zukor is the veteran among the motion picture producers, and yet he has just passed his fortieth birthday. He is the recognized leader of the industry, which partially explains the heap of more than a hundred telegrams which were lying on his desk when we talked with him—all of them congratulating Mr. Zukor upon his ten years of motion picture achievement.

Anita Stewart and Lucille Lee Stewart are sisters, the former however, is a star of “much inherited talent; we make this suggestion to film aspirants: look back in the family annals and see if at any time any of your antecedents were performers. If none of them were, and if you give a thought to your descendants, devote yourself to the drama. Even the World War did not kill you; if you succeed yourself, your grandchildren probably will. What was experience to you will be instinct to them.”

In concluding this genealogical treatise on inherited talent, we make this suggestion to film aspirants: look back in the family annals and see if at any time any of your antecedents were performers. If none of them were, and if you give a thought to your descendants, devote yourself to the drama. Even the World War did not kill you; if you succeed yourself, your grandchildren probably will. What was experience to you will be instinct to them. Thus continues the world-wide conflict between endowment and desire, between capacity and will—at once the tragedy and comedy of man-kind.

March 18, 1922

Questions and Answers

In order to assure the editors against the inquiry being a publicity trick, to win extra mention of same person or story, or action or question must be signed by the writer’s name and address. This is for our own information and will not be published unless desired. In case a personal answer is desired, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your question. Personal answers will be mailed, thank you, excepting those which are asked to be printed. Others will be printed as soon as circumstances permit.

J. K.—Olgga Petrova has recently appeared in a stage production called “The White Peacock.” The play is said to be written by the actress herself, although it does not bear her signature.

Puddin—Patsy Ruth Miller is the featured player in Rupert Hughes’ original story, “Re-remember.” She is the Ruth Mary character in the story. Ruth Miller, frequently seen as the Ceci De Mille productions, was recently married to Bill Boyd, a juvenile motion picture actor.

Constance—Betty Burke and Billie Burke are cousins. Marie Wolkamo is to begin work at once in an eighteen-episode serial of western life.

Olgga—“The Man Who Came Back” has never been filmed. There is a company on tour at the present time which is presenting this famous success. It opens at the Majestic Theatre, Brook-lyn.

Cherie—Many of the screen actresses who gained recognition on the speaking stage prefer the screen, but Alice Brady is one who is true to her sphere, the stage. The thrill she gets from the responses of her audience. Besides, she says she looks better on the stage than on the screen, so who can blame her for her preference for the stage?

Walt—You want to know what kind of automo­ bile Wallace Reid prefers? We’ll tell you what do you mean? He drives a high-powered machine in one of his pictures. In his latest, “Across the Con­ tinent,” he drives a bright red sports car. Suppose you ask him which he prefers, for he has never told me.

Newton—Wallace Beery and Noah are broth­ ers. Wallace is soon to be seen opposite Priscilla Dean in “Lass O’Lowrie.”

Sidney Franklin, producer of many First National photoplays and director of Norma Tal­ mage’s “Smilin’ Through,” is the brother of Chester Franklin, also a director of some promi­ nence. Wesley Ruggles, who created “Silly MacGee,” has a brother, Charles, appearing on the legitimate stage.

In Albert Ray, Charles Ray has a cousin, who, to all appearances, might be his brother. Joseph and Sam De Grasse, brothers, also have con­ tributed extensively to the output of motion pictures. And thus we might go on interminably, until our supply of movie-makers would become dwindled away. The next chapter will contain the names of some.

In concluding this genealogical treatise on inherited talent, we make this suggestion to film aspirants: look back in the family annals and see if at any time any of your antecedents were performers. If none of them were, and if you give a thought to your descendants, devote yourself to the drama. Even the World War did not kill you; if you succeed yourself, your grandchildren probably will. What was experience to you will be instinct to them. Thus continues the world-wide conflict between endowment and desire, between capacity and will—at once the tragedy and comedy of man-kind.
Bartholomew—the Unswilling Vamp
(Continued from page 12)

March 18, 1922

have you noticed that he always plays opposite
a tiny little miss? Probably Lillian Gish is the
tallest of them all. But wouldn't you like to be
his guest some summer morning when he's paint­
ing chicken coops?

And—let's be confidential! Dickey's eyes say
more things a woman likes to hear—more than
any pair I've ever looked into. Usually beautiful—and most of the
time they have eliminated all the love scenes they
possibly could.

He asked me if he "looked that way off the
stage," and seeing how he disliked anything like
matinee idolatry, I assured him that he hadn't.
Secretly I'm not sure yet but that it is his
earnestness in the first place that gives birth to the
expression.

Whatever Dickey wants his eyes to say, they
haven't far to go. They just have to speak what
he wants them to.

I know, 'cause I'm a woman.
And if I do say it as shouldn't, I can wiggle
a pretty naughty optic myself.

Give a Thought to Father
(Continued from page 10)

as the lovely bride whispered, "I do." And the
audience would have been weeping with her.

But Dad will have his day. Though we haven't
as yet sighted it in the cinema ofing, we are
convinced that the great "father picture" is
coming. Perhaps Theodore Roberts will play the
paternal role. He is our favorite character
actor, and we hope so. There are emotional
depths in Theodore as yet unplumbed—that
we are quite sure. Charles Ogle, George Faw­
cett, Noah Beery, Dore Davidson, Spottiswoode
Aitken, Joseph Dowling and Frank Keenan are
other promising candidates.

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What Makes a Comedy Funny?
(Continued from page 25)

expert. Haven't you often become absorbed in a
screen drama and then without warning a
commendation thrust upon the screen? Some
gag pulled that was intended to relieve the ten­
sion, but which came at just the time when it
was least needed. It's a bad break like that can ruin
a perfectly good picture.

The late George Loan Tucker did a
daring thing. He was the first to do the thing in
"The Miracle Man"—the scene in which the Patriarch
makes good and the cripped boy drops his crutches
and the lame girl rises from her wheelchair.
Right in the middle of this tense scene, when he
knew the audience would be breathless, Mr.
Tucker injected a comedy close-up of a hard­
boiled newspaper reporter watching the miracle
with mouth ludicrously open with excitement
and a cigarette dangling from his lower lip. I
saw "The Miracle Man" several times, and that
reporter, without detracting in the slightest from
the dramatic appeal of the scene, always got a
laugh. Somehow he helped the scene, as the
expert Mr. Tucker knew he would. It was a
well-placed laugh.

In all my comedy work, thinking up gags has
always been the easiest part. Placing them cor­
correctly is what threatens to make me thin. Time
and again I have had my pet gags removed from
the final draft of a script or even cut out of the
finished film, simply because I didn't think
they could be fitted in to good advantage.

A screen comedian is handicapped. He can't
try out his gags on an audience on the first
night of a new show and then on the second night drop
the ones that didn't get by, as the stage comedian
does. Once a comedy is completed and shipped,
the gags are there to stay. If they don't get
laughs, it's the comedian's funeral.

Nevertheless, making comedies is, to me, the
most fascinating business in the world. Carrying
out comedy situations that will hit the mark and
offend nobody, showing originality, without
straining too hard for it, being natural and human
without at the same time appearing commonplace
that to my mind, closely approaches an art.

The greatest dramatists of all times paid a lot
of attention to comedy. Shakespeare wrote them;
many of his best scenes are pure slapstick.
So did Moliere and Sheridan. Garrick, Joe
Jefferson and Richard Mansfield are just a few
of the great actors who made their reputations
largely in comedy. To be called a great comedian
is one of the highest honors the stage or screen
can offer.

But this business of figuring out, almost
blindly, how, why and when people laugh is so
difficult that a film comedian is the only person in
the amusement world entitled to lug around a
groan.

And most of us do it.

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