Dolores Cassinelli on Divorce

Tom Meighan, Prince of the Pullman
By Myrtle Gebhart

The War of the Beauties

The Real Harm of Censorship
By William de Mille
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It is becoming more and more the custom for producers to engage professional dancers just for single scenes in pictures. The above is a striking example of the artistic results. This scene pictures a Bachnallian dance at a Roman feast.
I t is to laugh!

Censorship in any form is a distinct infringement upon personal liberty. You cannot get that from any screen actor, or from any camera man, or from any director, or from any writer, or author who has ever sold motion picture rights to a story.

So thoroughly do they believe that, so sincere are they in this belief, that they have formed a censoring body of their own.

Oh, no, not for pictures. Pictures are too sacred! These people simply propose to regulate the private lives of everybody connected in any way with pictures.

Listen to this:

The Federation of Art, a newly organized association, the Actors’ Equity Association, the American Society of Cinematographers (highbrow for cameramen), the Motion Picture Directors Association, the Screen Writers’ Guild and the Authors’ League of America will boycott a movie play, if they bring disgrace upon the profession, is the promise the new association makes. Through this method, it is announced, “Censorship is to be quietly dropped into oblivion.”

Once more the good old public is found in need of a guardian. The public is not to be trusted to refrain from going to see actors and actresses who bring disgrace upon the profession, is the promise the new association makes. Through this method, it is announced, “Censorship is to be quietly dropped into oblivion.”

What’s that? Those arguments sound an awful lot like the arguments of the bigots who want a censorship of motion pictures because the public can’t discriminate between the good and the bad.

No wonder it is to laugh!

But the greatest wonder is that the good old picture industry has gotten as far as it has with such branches of it.

No do nothing to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. There will be some “knocks,” a few “boosts” and a general attempt at fairness all around.

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

Editorial Offices: 1600 Broadway, New York

Victor C. Olmstead, Editor-in-Chief
Thwarted Ambitions
What some of the Stars would really like to be doing

Rowland V. Lee on the left would like to be a grapefruit farmer. He has a theory that he could cross a grapefruit vine with an ice plant and pick the fruit already chilled, which is the way he likes it about twice an hour.

William V. Mong, who writes and acts motion picture plays, would like to be a producer, and J. L. Frothingham, who is a producer, is very anxious of a man who can write the plays. Maybe it never occurred to them to swap jobs.

Just as soon as the wages for cutting grass gets high enough so that he can support his family, Thomas H. Ince is going to take it up as a steady occupation. There’ll be a whole lot of people out of jobs if this day comes and he closes his studios.

Katherine MacDonald declares that if she could have found a place in some house­hold where all she would have to do would be to cook desserts she would never have had an ambition to go into pictures.

Norman Dawn, director of Sessue Hayakawa, learned basket weaving during travels in the South Sea Islands. He declares it is the finest occupation for frayed nerves that ever was. He swears as his job and directs pictures as a diversion.
Rushing Into The Movies

By Charles Singer

MY, what a rush!
Even before we realized that the number of PANTOMIME containing the announcement of the "Big Four" contest offering four jobs in big productions to amateurs, the first two entries arrived in the office.

They were the Misses Lillian and Celia Kay. They were at the newsstand nearest their home when PANTOMIME arrived. They bought a copy—looked through it—and then when they saw the announcement they rushed back home which is at 711 Crotona Park North, Bronx, New York, got some photographs and were still out of breath when they arrived in the PANTOMIME office.

Lillian, being the oldest, filled out her entry blank first. She described herself as being twenty-two years old, weight 130 pounds, blue eyes, brown hair, and semi-dark complexion. Her height is five feet eight inches.

The reason why she wanted to get into the movies came without hesitation: "Oh, because I just love them, and know I would like to act in them."

Celia is the same height as her sister, but here the similarity in description ends. She is twenty years old, weighs 122 pounds, has gray eyes, with blonde hair and is light complexioned.

Both have had some experience in acting. Together they are one of the most popular teams of club entertainers in New York. It was from photographs of them in costumes which they wear in their act that the pictures of them on this page are published.

Miss Helen E. Jones, of West 71st Street, also New York City, must have gotten the idea to enter the contest about the same time as did the Kay sisters, for a special delivery letter containing her entry blank and her photograph arrived at the office at a time which showed that it must have been mailed a very moments after PANTOMIME was on the stands.

Celia Kay is somewhat shorter than her sister Lillian, being five feet five inches. But she weighs the same—130 pounds. She has light brown hair with hazel eyes and a fair complexion. Her reason for wanting to enter the movies is:
"I believe that they offer the greatest career for girls of any occupation open to the feminine sex. I would have tried long ago, but I never felt I could afford the long, long wait at the salary paid beginners for day work."

Mabel Bummer, of Fulton Avenue, Astoria, L. I., got the honor of being the fourth entry. She is five feet, five inches in height, and weighs 132 pounds. Her hair is chestnut brown, with dark brown eyes and a fair complexion.

But New York wasn't the only city that was wide awake.

Within twenty-four hours after PANTOMIME was on the stands announcing the contest, came two entries from Washington, D. C.
Publisher of Pantomime

probably will recognize her by the picture of her we're reproducing with this article. Her likeness has been printed time and again in the society journals of Washington and New York, and in newspapers all over the country.

But to get on—and to call her by her chosen "stage name," Peggy, according to her letter, lives on M Street, Northwest, Washington, D.C.—a fashionable section of that city. She is twenty years old, five feet, four inches tall, and weighs 121 pounds. (Boy! Page Mack Sennett.) She has auburn hair and golden-brown eyes. She is a Titian brunette.

"I'd really love to get into the movies," she writes. "The money doesn't mean so much to me—although, of course, it would be nice to have that too.

"But the main thing is that I want to be really doing something—something that requires brain, and ambition, and real work. I am so bored to death with dances and dinners and teas—

"And I feel that I really have the ability to act."

The other Washingtonian who sent in her picture is in somewhat the same boat as Peggy. She also is a brunette—is twenty years old; doesn't particularly need the money, and wants us to identify her by a "stage name" only. She has decided to call herself Anne Jocelyn.

Anne's home is on fashionable Massachusetts Avenue, Northwest, in the National capital. As already stated she is twenty. And—whisper—she confides that the reason she doesn't want her real name used is because she is married. In fact she's little more than a bride. Friend husband is a rising young officer in the United States Navy.

They're perfectly happy together too. But the day when a girl was satisfied merely to sit at home and wait for her Lord and Master to come home has passed long since. Even the happiest married woman these days wants to be doing something worthwhile. And so, Mistress Anne has decided she'd like to go in the movies.

"I don't know whether I'm good looking enough or not," she writes, naively, and then adds, in parenthesis: "but my husband says I am."

"I have dark brown hair," her letter goes on, "so dark it is almost black. My eyes are large, and I think they're a soft brown. My husband says they're tawny. I am five feet four inches tall and I weigh 124 pounds. My skin is very fair.

"Please don't think my wanting to go into the movies means that I'm not perfectly happy with my husband. Neither is it anxiety for $100 a week. We're not starving, my husband and I—although, goodness knows, navy pay isn't any too much, these days.

(Continued on Page 30)
The Real Harm of Censorship
An Interview With William de Mille
By Eugene Clifford

HUNDREDS of the world's greatest stories will never be offered to motion picture fans, unless there is a radical change in the present censorship. The list that will never be prepared for the enjoyment of those who enjoy the silent drama includes at least two of the greatest successes of the present year on the speakeasy stage in New York as well as an unestimated number of classic and modern novels.

For it is not the cutting and the mutilating the censors do after the picture is finished that is the real harm of censorship," said William de Mille. "It is the fear that it inspires in the making of the picture, and the many stories it keeps entirely off the screen.

It was a long time before Mr. de Mille said this much. In fact his greeting was not awfully cordial—perfectly polite and all that sort of thing—but not the enthusiastic welcome PANTOMIME interviewers usually receive from motion picture people.

It was only by accident that we heard Mr. de Mille was in New York. He had just completed "Bought and Paid For" and it had been announced that "Nice People" would be his next production. That gave us the tip that he was probably in the East because Clara Baringer writes all his continuities and it is seldom she hasn't the aid of Mr. de Mille in the work.

So we found he was in the city and finally, after some wire pulling, we discovered he would be at the offices of the Famous-Player Lasky at three o'clock one afternoon for a showing of "Bought and Paid For."

"He was to see us at 3:15," we figured it all out. He would be through a little bit after four and then we could interview him. But it was after five before we really did locate him in one of the little offices of the publicity and advertising department. We stationed ourselves just outside the door and finally he came out.

"I haven't got a thing to say," was his reply to a word as to who we are. "In fact I talked so much some time ago about things that I thought ought to be done that I got to be called the William Jennings Bryan of pictures. So I decided just to go ahead and make pictures and say nothing."

"Well, are you planning any special productions?" was our question. We were determined to get something.

"No, there are enough people doing that," and he almost snorted. "I don't care what they call them—specials, super-specials, ultra-features or what-not. All I am trying to do is make good pictures. That's enough for any one man to tackle."

It kind of seemed as if that ended that part, so we shot one of our favorite questions for any member of the industry:

"What is Will H. Hays going to do for the motion picture industry?"

"I don't know," he answered. Then as an afterthought, "Not being one of the people that hired him I don't know what he is expected to do."

"Well, can he do anything, in your opinion?"

"He can. He can unify the industry so that there can be a determined and united opposition to much of the foolishness that is being attached to it. He can let the professional reformer know that the industry is not entirely defenseless. He can let the people know exactly what a small number of people are hampering the development of the greatest entertainment that could ever be offered."

There was no doubt but what he was interested.

"You really think he could do something in regard to censorship?" we asked rather doubtfully.

"Perhaps. Possibly he might weld public opinion so that a Federal Board would supersede the million and one that are now operating."

"Then you favor Federal censorship?"

"I do not," he said so decisively that I was tempted to say he snapped it. "It would be an improvement," he went on, "for one centralized censorship could not think of all the asinine things that are being done now."

"But there would still be the eliminating of scenes and the rest of the nuisance," we suggested—and it was then that Mr. de Mille gave his version of the really great harm of censorship.

"In the studio the picture is made with a general guess as to what any board of censors is liable to do, so that there is still a continuity left. Something that the public can look at and still not be entirely cheated. Only such stories as can be done in this manner are being selected for the screen.

"At the present time there are two plays running here in New York that I would like to put on the screen. I won't touch either of them. I won't do my artistic best, in fact can't do it, on scenes that make me feel some narrow-minded bigot somewhere is going to miss the beauty of, and cut 'em because he don't like 'em. Some of the things they do to really artistic things is a greater crime than any immorality."

"One of the greatest stories ever written is that of Kipling's 'Without Benefit of the Clergy.' It was emasculated horribly in transferring it to the screen, but even afterward one board of Western censors insisted on a sub-title being injected to state that the man and the woman were married. So
HE'S got a laugh that's as big as all outdoors, has Virginia Valli. And she seems to use it 'most all the time.

"The laugh?" you ask. "Or all outdoors?"

Now that you mention it, "both!"

Virginia and I met for the first time last week. We had lunch together; that is, I had lunch while she had three different kinds of salad and some French pastry.

We jockeyed for position at the conversational starting point.

"The weather?" I offered: I was bent on a startling opening.

Miss Valli turned to me and laughed: "That's just what I was thinking," she said.

"What was 'just what you were thinking?"

"The weather, of course; it is so different."

"Different where?" I was getting a bit puzzled.

"Oh, here and there," she went on, "and all in the same day, too; it seems so funny."

"Funny?"

"Well, every morning for the past ten days or so I've been up in the hills, with furs wrapped about my neck, and on snow-shoes."

"Now, there doesn't seem to be anything so awfully funny about that, Miss Virginia Valli. Sounds cold enough to crack that smile of yours."

She looked at me as though to say that my little attempt at a witty sally was just barely passable, and would I be good enough to avoid that sort of thing in the future.

"Why, don't you see anything funny about that?" The smile was back again now, in all its effulgence.

I shook my head in the negative.

"Well," said Virginia, "have you ever gone snow-shoeing in the cold, rugged hills in the morning, and then taken a swim—not at the Athletic Club, mind you—that same afternoon?"

I confessed that I hadn't, and was just about to go on and tell her that I'd tried pachis and checkers, both in the same evening, but I recalled the unhappy reception given my last attempt at the jocose, and wisely desisted. Just in time, too, for she continued:

"I've been doing just that for almost two weeks now!" She leaned back to let that sink in. I was obviously expected to look dumfounded. I did. And it was worth it for the beaming smile that rewarded me.

"Yes," she went on, "in those snow scenes in 'The Storm' I had all the Winter sports I could have had at St. Moritz; snow-shoeing, skiing, a bit of skating, quite a lot of tobogeaning and, a few days ago, we had a real, old-fashioned snowball fight. Then we came down to the beach and had a swim in the good old Pacific. I feel as though I'm bragg ing when I tell you about this, but we didn't all go in the water. Some of us thought it was too cold. I never missed it once!"

"You have an adventurous spirit, Miss Valli. I take it, you're fond of travel."

"Why travel?" she answered. "Live in Hollywood; own a car; have all climes and conditions at your feet, or—and she looked out of the window at the mountains—"over your head."

"California," she said, dreamily. "I love it, and I'm distinctly identified with it—for all time."

"Others may yearn for New York and the gay white lights of Broadway."

"But not for me!"
A Page By Our Readers

From time to time PANTOMIME has received contributions from readers that have proved interesting to the editors. Feeling that readers would be just as interested we have decided to print a page entirely contributed by readers just as often as the material received warrants it. The contributions must be connected directly with motion pictures and $1.00 will be paid for each one printed. No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by postage for that purpose.

If You Were in the Movies
By Mildred Davis

(It isn't all sunshine, success and salaries, Mr. S. E. Kiser, though we all liked your poem "Undiscovered Talent" which seems to think so).

If you are in the movies,
Your profession is your wife,
It's not dining out and dances
And just following your own fancies,
No, it's work and constant strife;
For no climb is etched in roses,
And it's lost to one that "movies;"
Or who parleys with the life,
Well we know it is in the movies,
Fame's not whittled with a knife.

If you were in the movies,
You would have to toil like fun,
Taking jaunts on long locations,
Passing up each year vacations,
For one's work is never done;
Oh, it's shooting off past midnight,
To the very streak of dawn's light,
For one's best friend is the sun,
This is not exaggeration,
Nor set forth as airy pun.

If you were in the movies—
I take it that you're not—
You would find you had delusions,
That were only fond illusions,
Stars aren't made in one short minute,
Salaries aren't all there's in it,
Such ideas are really rot,
It's a long trail we must follow
With a most intricate plot!

Mildred Davis is leading lady for Harold Lloyd, but it is as an amateur poet that she wins a place on this page. Below are two sketches of an idea by Walter Schroeder, of the Bronx, N. Y., who shows unmistakable signs of being an artist within the next ten or twelve years.

CARTOONS
BY ROBERT GRiffin

FIELDING
BARRYMORE
MACK SWAIN

IF WE COULD ONLY BELIEVE IT !!
BY WALT SCHROEDER

PROFESSOR DIRECTOR - I'VE GOT THAT BIG KOLE
THAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR

EXTRA GIRL - I'M SORRY DEAR, BUT I MUST HELP MOTHER WITH THE HOUSEWORK

Above is a portrait of Helen Ferguson done entirely on the typewriter by Francisco Duenas, Jr., of Los Angeles, California. Below is the impression of several players as gotten by Robert Griffin, of 630 West Third Street, Madison, Indiana, who describes himself as "just beginning at cartooning."
E'lJer since Jackie Coogan heard that Charlie Chaplin had ambitions to appear in tragedies, he has gotten the same idea. This is his idea of "No more worlds to conquer" and it is one of his directors who provides his foot rest.

Richard Daniels is a freckled-faced southpaw, so you would expect him to be different. He dearly loves lessons and especially geography and Alice Calhoun enjoys watching his face while discussing some questions of boundaries.

Bruce Guerin is another youngster who likes being read to. Here he is with Thomas Meighan, who enjoys the boys' comments nearly as much as Bruce enjoys Tom's stories.

Stanley Goethals insists upon hearing the script of any picture he appears in. Director John M. Stahl is the reader in this case. Stanley has never yet sent one back for author's changes but you never can tell.

Wesley Barry always manages to have a crowd of the neighborhood boys around any studio that he happens to be working in. Within a week or so he will have two or more full-fledged foot ball teams and games in progress as long as subs hold out.

Ever since Jackie Coogan heard that Charlie Chaplin had ambitions to appear in tragedies, he has gotten the same idea. This is his idea of "No more worlds to conquer" and it is one of his directors who provides his foot rest.
A Day in a Comedy Shop

By Betty Morris

I have spent a day in comedy—and never will I be the same again. Never more will I laugh but momentarily at some mirthful "gag," say, "Gee, but these comedians have a good time" and let it go at that. For I have seen comedy on its native heath, in the very act of broiling, so to speak—and, having seen, 'tis no wonder now that so many of the brothels forsake it for less serious efforts.

I say less serious, because the making of a comedy is the most serious business in the world. And for one-reechers the schedule is a stringent one of a picture a week. And making a picture every week, rain or shine, whether you've a pain somewhere or not, and making it funny—is a serious proposition.

At the Hal E. Roach studios—the habitat of Harold Lloyd, "Snub" Pollard and others—they have this cooking of comedy down to a fine art. Everything—making scenes, technical and research work, film-developing, etc.—moves on schedule. Excessed it doesn't! Then there's the Dickens to pay.

You may think comedies require little research work. But I found as much delving into historical and romantic tomes, research work for wardrobe designing and make-up experimentation among the actors in "Snub" Pollard's current comedy, the scene of which is laid in the past century, as ever I found in the "back-stage" workings of a feature drama.

The Roach studios house Harold Lloyd's company, "Snub" Pollard's, Paul Parrott's and the children's and animal company.

I was at the gate by Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd and numerous publicists and executives and escorted over the studio confines, fast broadening out over a goodly portion of Culver City. Behind a big white building stretching the glass-covered studios and sets a whole small town has been built for Harold Lloyd's present mirthquake—the sort of a town wouldn't have lingered in two seconds. But Harold—all dressed up in a Sheriff's badge and habiliment—was getting a lot of comedy out of a jewel robbery. Mildred was wearing her customary April morning manner and was gabbed deightfully as a small-town belle. There were eight indoor sets, some luxurious Oriental affairs for "Snub" Pollard's costume-comedy.

I found among Mr. Roach's people a community where the notion not always to be met with around more pretentious studios. Every one has a voice in the making of each of the comedies, supplying "gags," suggestions with which the directors are delighted, but not always enough by the majority, used. Harold, however, while using many of the "gags" suggested to him, usually improves upon them in his own inimitable way. There is no up-staginess and they do get a lot of fun out of this serious business of making comedy.

downcast countenance. He has several animal trainers—who never raise their voices or use a stick, but patiently teach the animals by going over and over again the action wanted of them. Regular rations include 100 pounds of dog biscuit a week, 70 dozen heads of lettuce, ten dozen pounds of carrots, one box of apples and six loaves of bread daily for the bears, exclusive of the feed for the horses, cows and mules.

"Cork," "Dinah" and "Bill" are featured in "Our Gang," the first kid picture. "Cork" is a beautiful little brown pony, four years old. How do I know his age? Because he told me! When his trainer asked him, he pawed the ground and nodded his head four times— insisted, expectantly for the lump of sugar I had in a paper pocket. When told to "smile at the lady," he did a lovely lipwiggle which in horse-language doubtless meant the "giving 'em the laugh." "Cork" was totally untrained when he entered Mr. Roach's employ—his remarkable parents are just going to show what comedy can do for a chap!

I watched them making a scene for the children's comedy, in which "Dinah" the mule, labeled "Rural Free Delivery," was supposed to stand in the post-office and kick the packages to their various destinations about the town. "Sunshine Sammy," the little picture, was supposed to indicate to "Dinah" with his whip—and Rural Free Delivery did the rest.

They had been working on the same scene for two days. At first "Dinah" was afraid of Sammy because he is such a very black little boy—and sometimes "Dinah" would make a mistake and kick the package into the wrong yard—even as does her Uncle Samuel upon occasion. But at last she got the hang of what was expected of the mail service and was in a fair way to getting an extra portion of oats for lunch.

Bob McGowan, who is directing the children's and animal comedy, was as patient as Job—I could see my finish if I had to argue over and over again with the rambunctious mule with ideas of her own about the motion picture business. Tom McNamara was standing on the side-lines offering suggestions for new comic touches.

Harold Lloyd is believed a worthy competitor of Chaplin for the title of the nation's foremost comedian; "Snub" Pollard is a fast coming into prominence, which doubtless will be furthered by the new two-reechers, upon which he commences soon; Mildred Davis will do a few more pictures upon which he commences soon; Mildred Davis will do a few more pictures with Harold and then will be put to cold storage. Mildred Davis will do a few more pictures with Harold and then will be starred and probably will work on the Roach lot.

Quietly, unobtrusively, Hal Roach is taking under his wing some of the best "betas" both actors and directors—in the comedy-field. There are so many Sennett folk out there now that some wage remarked at lunch, "Well, I expect to look out the window for a minute and see Mack Sennett strolling by."

Among the new directors are William Beaudine, Al Santell and Gilbert Pratt, though Pratt was associated with Mr. Roach as a cameraman when he had his studio at Edendale, when he did his own directing; then Gil Pratt was assistant and played "heavy" with Harold Lloyd. Beaudine began with Griffith at the old Biograph studio and since then has directed about (Continued on Page 30)
WHEN first I saw Mary Buck, with the wistful eyes and nut-brown curls, she was sitting on an old tool-box in the back end of the set in the big R-C Picture studio in New York City. Maybe it was her wistful eyes, her nut-brown curls or her beauty or her simple gingham dress which made me look at her again and again. The lights from the "set" enfolded her gently. She seemed such a contrast—such a contradiction to the other women of matured years who sat in groups talking.

I called her "Springtime," for somehow I thought of roses, of dew-tinted gardens, of hollyhocks and old-fashioned flowers.

I sidled up to William Christy Cabanne, director for R-C Pictures, who was sitting in a chair talking to his cameraman.

"Who is Miss Springtime sitting over there on the tool-box in the gingham gown?" I asked.

Cabanne glanced 'round.

"That is a protege of Lillian Gish. W. Griffith asked me to give her a minor part in my picture."

"What's her name?"

"Mary Buck."

I went over to where Mary Buck was sitting.

Mary nodded her head, and smiled. I had seen primroses along a winding wayside path nod like that before.

"And so you are breaking into the movies?" I queried.

"Yes."

"How did it happen?"

Mary sat silent. Her gaze went far past Mr. Cabanne, the lights of the studio and the prop boys in the background. Over on the "set" Mr. Cabanne was coaxing Mary to look when she reported for her job as a manicure lady.

This is how Mary used to look when she reported in the morning for her job as a manicure lady.

"mother" to weep at the sight of her wayward daughter. He was aided by the wail of the violin, "Oh, How I Miss You, Dear Old Pal o' Mine," The cameramen were grinding.

"I'll begin with the flash-back," said Mary.

At sixteen years Mary Buck found herself polishing fingernails with a chamois buffer in a Fifth Avenue shop.

Lillian Gish, the actress, walked in for a manicure.

"Of course I didn't recognize her," said Mary. I polished her nails and was almost through when she said to me, "Are you interested in motion pictures?"

"I replied that I liked to go very much."

"You have a camera face, I'm sure," she continued, "If you are interested bring your mother out to my studio tomorrow for lunch."

Right there the primroses nodded along the wayside path again. The color came and went in Mary's lovely cheeks like the shaded petals of a rose.

"Next day mother and I went to Miss Gish's studio. We ate lunch and had a long, long talk. Miss Gish said that never before had she done such a thing. She said she didn't know why she yielded to her impulse and spoke to me that day in the shop. But after we had had our talk she said she was glad she did.

"If you are willing I will adopt you as a protege," said Miss Gish. "I'll look after you if you want a picture career. You can only reward me by taking your work seriously and by working hard."

"Mother and I couldn't thank Miss Gish enough. In fact, I couldn't say anything for the lump in my throat. I looked back upon those days in the manicuring shop, filled with unhappy toil. The great chance offered by Miss Gish overwhelmed me. I took her hand, mumbled something—then went home and cried.

"So, by the request of Mr. Griffith I'm here, just playing the role of a little sister, but I'm learning all I can. My heart out of sheer happiness and gratitude.
My Start in Pictures

By Dorothy Dalton

ONE day, while I was playing in Keith vaudeville, I had an afternoon off and went to the movies. A noted feminine star was appearing on the screen. I watched her critically and then said, "I can do that—and I'm going to."

I had heard that Thomas H. Ince, in Culver City, California, was one of the most prominent film producers. I sent him a telegram that I was coming out and wanted a trial in the movies. He wired back immediately. "Don't come. Impossible to place you in pictures."

But I never got the telegram, because I was already on my way to California.

When I arrived in Culver City, Mr. Ince was considerably agitated. "I told you not to come," he said. "There is nothing here for you. I have already cast my pictures for months ahead." I was somewhat discouraged, but staying around and reported at the studio every morning on a chance there might be some work.

Finally my luck changed. An actress suddenly found that she was unable to play her part in an Ince picture called "The Disciple." Mr. Ince had to find somebody else at a moment's notice, and I was the only one immediately available. He disliked taking a chance on a person who was without screen experience, as the role was a fairly important one, but he had to. I made good, and was given an extended engagement at the Ince studio, finally reaching stardom in "The Flame of the Yukon."

By Mary Miles Minter

The first motion picture in which I appeared was made in a church. To be sure, the place wasn't used as a church at the time. The pews and altar had been taken away, and the building was called a studio, though it was really just a big, bare floor.

The picture was called "The Fairy and the Waif," and Percy Helton, whom I had known on the stage for some time, was the leading man. I had been on the stage since I was four years old, but I soon found that an entirely new technique was required for pictures. I set about learning this at once.

My director was George Irving, who also directed "To Hell With the Kaiser," the first feature picture in which May McAvoy, my fellow Paramount star, appeared.

I remember that for my first picture we had no specially designed properties and simply had to use whatever happened to be at hand around the studio. Since "The Fairy and the Waif" was a story which really required quite artistic settings to get it over properly, you can see how handicapped the director was. When I observe what an infinite variety of things a modern property department—the one at the Lasky studio, for instance—is about to provide at a moment's notice and their willingness to manufacture any special "props" needed in almost the same length of time, I realize how rapidly motion pictures have advanced since the day of my screen debut.
"MARRIED people," said Dolores Cassinelli, toying with an hors d'oeuvre in the Italian dining-room of the Hotel Ambassador in New York, "should stay put.

The "cameo girl"—so named by the late Enrico Caruso—flashed her luminous eyes at the interviewer who had accepted her invitation to dine so, that he might hear her views on love, marriage, and the frequency of the wreckage of both. The ravennaed star with the classic Italian visage—she could pass admirably for Dante's immortal Beatrice, Petrarch's imperishable Laura or that pathetic figure of undying love, Francesca da Rimini—now has a producing company of her own—Cassinelli Pictures, Inc., and she is making "The Challenge" under the direction of Tom Terriss.

"Married people," repeated the dreamy-orbed Dolores, "should stay put. That is not a particularly poetic phrase but it is current and expressive.

"But I anticipate; we should talk first of love itself and later of marriage. In discussions of this sort one should begin, the learned told us, by defining one's terms. When it comes to defining love in a crisp, neatly turned epigram that shall contain the entire history of human affection in a nutshell—why, then, I'm afraid I cannot do it. I am not the dictum of the sages. Poets, painters, sculptors, musicians and all other artists have tried to do it and none has succeeded. Who am I that I should attempt it where so many others before me have failed?"

"We'll waive that," allowed the interviewer. "Tell me what you think about love in your own way.

"Well," Dolores continued, "I think love is like a delicate and beautiful flower that must be nurtured with the utmost care lest it die. Like a rare bloom it is a treasure—but a treasure that will be blighted by the slightest neglect or carelessness. Love is not a negative thing; it is—or should be—positive. I mean, by this, that a man or woman should not take for granted the affection of his sweetheart, fiancée or fiancé or whatever their relationship may be.

"To love properly one must study the object of one's devotion, seeking to learn in every way how to please, how to improve him or her without offense, how to keep the love one happy, how to avoid the petty and avoidable quarrels that mar so many love affairs. It is something more than the exchange of kisses, the expressing of endearing terms, mutual praise and words of perpetual regard. Whatever is worth while, having, is worth conscientious effort to retain. Men and women. after they learn they have won love, apt to grow careless and too matter-of-fact. So often they are what they call disillusioned but in many cases this disillusionment is only a manifestation of their own mental laziness or selfishness. My advice to girls is that they should constantly study the man of their choice—not forgetting, too, to study themselves, assiduously analyzing every act and weighing every act in the balance of fairness to him.

"Now for marriage. To me it is horrifying to see how many marriages go on the rocks, how many well known men and women are airing their disagreements, grievances and criticisms in the courts. Each day's newspaper brings a new crop of marital failures. It seems as though no one is able to live in harmony and see happiness and freedom only in divorce.

"Rearcd as I have been in an atmosphere of respect to one's family, morality founded on the Scriptures themselves and a stern sense of duty, I cannot understand this growing recourse to the courts.

"I think the primary fault lies in the inability of men and women to choose a mate with foresight and good sense. Among the married folk I know whose lives are marred by squabbles and bickerings, I can trace the root of the difficulty to this diversity of tastes. That, I am convinced, is the crux of the situation.

"For instance, I know one couple who seem in enviable circumstances as far as worldly goods are concerned. The man is a leading mer-

"There's too much asking in marriage today," Dolores told the interviewer, "and too little giving."

And the answer is—"the interviewer suggested.

"The answer is," Dolores explained, "they should never have married. But—and this is an emphatic but that should be printed in capitals—now that they are married, and have been for ten years, they should adjust their likes and dislikes so that they can get along amicably. It would not harm the wife to attend a musical comedy occasionally with her husband just as it would not ruin his mental welfare were he to go to opera once in a while with her. They might start on a opera like 'La Boheme,' which even the uninitiated can enjoy.

"Again, suppose she did bring herself to the point of seeing a baseball game. She probably would be thrilled by it—the yelling, gesticulating crowds alone are worth the time spent. In return he might ask her what ethnology is and even become interested. She assures me that it is a fascinating subject and I feel certain that it could be made as attractive as the stock reports in the newspapers.

"But do these two people order their lives as I have sketched them? Not by any means. They have decided to get a divorce and she is leaving tomorrow for Reno to prepare for the legal action.

"I have two other friends whose marriage foundered because of another woman. Do you know why this man—a charming man, by the way—found attractiveness in his secretary rather than in his wife? He found it because his secretary liked to discuss politics and econo-

(Continued on Page 30)
Vera Gordon seems to be quite a surprise to William Russell on his return from a trip abroad. He looks worried, and it is a scene from his latest starring production, "Strength of the Pines," to be released by Fox.

There is something here that William Russell isn't prepared for, and it is his wife, the girl in the picture. She looks surprised, and it is a scene from his latest starring production, "Strength of the Pines," to be released by Fox.

This production sure is named right, with the title "Go Get 'Em, Hutch." It's a Fox serial, and if Charles Hutchison doesn't get his revenge in this scene it is a cinch he won't be on deck for the remaining episodes.

J. Stuart Blackton has made quite a stir in England by producing a picture all in color and starring Lady Diana Manners. It is titled "The Glorious Adventure," and this is one of the first scenes from it printed in America.

You might think the man here had just ended a debauch, but it is no booby fight he has been in. It was a real one and now he has to tell the lady that her intended husband is dead. It is from Rex Beach's "Love Lady."
Chapter XIII

She turned the card. It was the Queen of Hearts. Murdock had won—his last card, a king had beaten the girl's draw.

In the street in front of the bank, a band of cowpunchers observed a horsemann all in white approaching at a furious gait. As he drew up to them he asked,

"Where's Miss Randolph?"

"I guess she's at the hotel," a cowpuncher answered.

The White Rider entered the bank in search of Stanton. He was astonished to find the room empty. Then, from one of the vaults, he thought he heard a sound. Rushing to the entrance to the vault, he started working on the combination. Finally the door swung open. Phil was lying on the floor.

"Where is Ruth?" were the first words the young man uttered.

"I believe she is at the hotel," answered the mysterious horseman.

Phil thanked his rescuer and immediately set out for the hotel. Arriving there, he learned that the girl had gone. He was puzzled for a moment, and then figuring that she had probably returned to the ranch house, he started in that direction.

In the parlor of the ranch house, Loomis, Julia, and Sheldon were in deep consultation. They were interrupted by the appearance of Henley, who brought with him the amulet.

"With the Wampum Belt safe in the bank vault," smiled Loomis, "and this amulet in our possession, we only have to seek Stone Ear to learn the secret.

As he finished speaking, Stanton entered. "Where's Ruth?" he asked.

"She is on her way to the Golden Canyon," answered the quick-witted Loomis.

Falling into the clever pot of Loomis' he ran to his horse and galloped toward the station at San Marco.

"Now," smiled Sheldon, "since Phil Stanton is on the way to Golden Canyon and will surely be held there, we should now go to Ruth and force her to decide in favor of the Blue Hawks.

They all agreed heartily to Sheldon's plan, and were about to start when the charming young lady herself entered the room.

"Where have you been?" Julia gasped.

While Ruth was suspicious of the older woman, she told of her rescue from Murdock's place. "But where is Phil?" she finally asked.

"I am sorry," replied Phil, "but I have gone to the Golden Canyon," answered Loomis. "He thought that you had returned there and we could not prevent his leaving."

Two days later the party arrived at the entrance of the Golden Canyon. As they passed through the streets of the Indian village, cheers rang out for the return of the chiefness.

But in the assembly hall, where Gray Wolf and a number of his Blue Hawkes were seated, a cold greeting met the girl. Moonlight was absolutely gone.

"Where is Phil Stanton?" the girl calmly asked.

"He is in the dungeon," came the cool answer, "an enemy to the Blue Hawks."

Ruth, in a flare of anger, demanded his release at once.

"I counsel Princess White Eagle to be calm," smiled Gray Wolf.

"She no longer wears the Sacred Wampum."

"It was a punishment for a crime," the girl replied. Gray Wolf, seeing no danger in the action, consented, and Ruth, followed by Gray Wolf and Sheldon, started toward the dungeon.

Phil was overjoyed to see his sweetheart again and to know that no harm had come to her. Their embrace was interrupted by Sheldon, who said:

"If you decide to give the Golden Pool to the Blue Hawks, Phil will go free."

Ruth turned on the speaker blazing with anger. "I'll call the tribes and tell them of this shameful plot!" she exclaimed.

Gray Wolf immediately saw the danger of the Blue Hawk's threat. He made a sign to his Blue Hawkies, and Ruth was seized.

Ruth started to struggle, but a sign from Phil told her to submit. In another moment, she was thrust inside the dungeon with her lover. As the Indians turned to leave Phil drew the Sacred Wampum from his pocket and handed it to the surprised girl.

"Wait!" she shouted, "I have the Wampum. Open these doors. Mr. Stanton will remain here but I command you to see that no harm comes to him."

The astonished redskins hastened to obey her commands. Gray Wolf, who had heard her words, hurried ahead to tell Loomis of what had happened. But Henley had a plan which he disclosed to them.

As Ruth entered the assembly hall, Henley crouched back of the door and sprang for her. Picking her up bodily, he started with her to the opposite door when he stumbled over something. The struggling girl took advantage of her captor's confusion, and breaking away from him she ran through another passageway with Henley close after her. Ahead of her, Ruth saw a ladder and climbed upward. Then the girl started up another ladder.

Ruth saw that the Indians of both tribes were massing below, struggling. Shouting at the top of her voice, she finally gained their attention.

"Gray Wolf is holding Phil Stanton in the dungeon as a means of forcing me to give the Golden Pool to the Blue Hawks," she cried.

"Gray Wolf has already secretly sold the Golden Pool to the white people."

At that moment Moonlight appeared beside Ruth and whispered that Standing Bear was also a prisoner with the girl's sweetheart. Moonlight then ran down to aid the Buffalo.

Ruth was about to follow, when she thought she saw Crouching Mole creeping toward her. Looking in the other direction, she saw the rope bridge, built over the canyon. Turning quickly, she ran toward the bridge and started to climb it. As she was half way over, she saw the evil face of Henley. The girl was trapped on the bridge, not knowing which way to turn. Suddenly, she saw Crouching Mole tampering with the rope. With a cry she turned and hurried over the shaky bridge in the direction of Henley. As she had almost reached the other side, there was a snap like a pistol shot. Crouching Mole had cut the ropes.

Chapter XIV

Phil Stanton was having the time of his life. With Standing Bear by his side he had fought his way out of the dungeon and was about to break out into the open when he was caught down. There was only one retreat—back to the dungeon, and Phil did not fancy that. Phil heard a shout go up, and then the Blue Hawks seemed to fall back. Suddenly the two Indians that Phil was grappling with turned tail and fled. Phil rushed to the outside of the pueblo dwelling and looked for Ruth.

He had arrived just in time to see Ruth on the rope bridge. Seizing a lariat on the ground, he rushed across the opening of the chasm and flung it up the side of the cliff. Phil hurriedly set about making another passageway with Henley. They saw Phil coming and he took to his heels. Stanton reached the top just as Crouching Mole had cut the ropes. Seeing Ruth clinging to the broken bridge, Phil threw his lariat. It fell over the shoulders of the frightened girl, and Phil drew her up to safety.

When they returned to the assembly hall, they were met by Standing Bear. Julia and Jim Loomis had disappeared. On the way back to the ranch, Loomis and his party encountered Stone Ear and an Indian boy, who were on their way to see Ruth. The situation was grasped immediately by the quick-witted Loomis. He dispatched the Indian boy to Ruth, instructing him to say that Stone Ear was at the ranch.
Outside the pivoted rock, Moonlight was bidding Standing Bear a tender farewell. “I am going on a secret mission,” he told her. “Warn Princess White Eagle not to leave the canyon until I return tomorrow.” Hardly had he gone when the Indian boy arrived and demanded to be taken to Ruth. Not listening to the warning of Moonlight, Ruth set out for the ranch with Phil.

The ranch house and vicinity seemed unusually quiet and peaceful as they approached. Leaving their horses at the tethering post, both entered. Ruth gave a cry of delight as she saw Stone Ear, quite alone in the parlor. She brought forth the Sacred Wampum and the amulet. Suddenly a door crashed open and Henley appeared. Before either Phil or the girl could make a move, he had snatched the wampum and amulet. As Phil sprang for the man, the other doors leading to the room opened and Loomis and his men entered. Resistance was useless.

“What does this mean, Jim?” Phil demanded.

“It means that I alone intend to learn the secret of the Golden Pool. Stone Ear will tell me the secret of the Wampum Belt and amulet.” But the old squaw refused.

Henley had an idea. He drew Loomis aside and told him of a board in the floor above that could be drawn back and every move in the room watched. Loomis agreed, and then, to Ruth’s surprise, called her man from the room.

Stone Ear was satisfied that they were alone and gave her an order for the rock to be raised. But the old squaw refused.

Henley had an idea. He drew Loomis aside and told him of a board in the floor above that could be drawn back and every move in the room watched. Loomis agreed, and then, to Ruth’s surprise, called her man from the room.

Stone Ear was satisfied that they were alone and gave her the order for the wampum to be raised. Just as Stone Ear got the right clue to the cipher, there were signs of a commotion outside. Loomis, at the window, saw the White Rider with a band of Indians forcing their way past the cowpunchers to the ranch house. Loomis and Henley ran down from the floor above and took part in the struggle.

In the free-for-all fight which followed, Phil managed to get Ruth outside the ranch house, and the White Rider did likewise with Stone Ear and her companion. Horses were waiting and the little party galloped off in the direction of the canyon. They were now nearing the pivoted rock.

Suddenly, as the little cavalcade swept to the entrance of the canyon, a shout greeted their ears. Henley and his men had taken a short cut, flashed around the corner of the entrance to prevent their entering. Phil seized the bridle of Ruth’s horse and sped through the ranks of their foes.

Moonlight, on the inside of the entrance, saw Ruth coming and gave the signal for the pivoted rock to be raised. The girl and Phil had just arrived at the opening when Henley and one of his men fell upon them. Phil leaped from his saddle and grappled with Henley, as the other assailant started for Ruth.

As Ruth was about to enter, under the pivoted rock, she heard a cry escape from Phil’s lips, and saw that Henley had knocked him down. She started back to help, and at the same moment, Moonlight, believing that Ruth had arrived safely inside the entrance, ordered the rock lowered.

Phil had now risen to his feet, and stumbling toward Henley, he aimed a powerful blow at the man’s jaw knocking him over completely. He was about to rush to the entrance, when the other cowpunchers sprung on him from behind. With tiger-like fury, Ruth rushed at the attacker of the man she loved. He, feeling her clinging to him, swung around quickly, causing the girl to lose her footing. Phil had stepped on a small stone which jutted out and she lost consciousness, while above her the pivoted rock slowly descended.

Phil, still struggling, gave a gasp of horror as he saw the girl about to be crushed to death.

CHAPTER XV

Suddenly, he saw the rock start upward slightly. Doubtless, Moonlight had seen the girl’s predicament. Phil saw his opportunity, and he sent Henley sprawling in the dust. Then, rushing for the entrance of the canyon, he picked up Ruth and stumbled in.

A few moments later, they were both before Stone Ear in the assembly room. Stone Ear studied the tokens for a moment, and then she spoke:

“Go to the cave of the trident and follow the signs of the trident to the end of the cave. At the end of the cave you will find writing on the wall which will tell you how you should dispose of the Golden Pool. But the location of the Cave of the Trident is known only to whoever is the chief of the Blue Hawks.”

Moonlight whispered to Ruth that Standing Bear would return to the canyon that night—they would have to wait until then. At that moment, they were all startled to see Loomis approaching. His face wore a troubled expression. “I want to apologize to you,” he said, “for the actions of Henley. It was not my fault, and I have discharged him and his hang-ons.” He told her that he would return to the ranch and make it her home as long as she liked.

For a moment Ruth was suspicious, but her own unselfish disposition got the better of her. Consequently, she told him of the fact that Standing Bear’s return would decide the fate of the pool.

Loomis could hardly wait to get outside the canyon again. Finally he saw his chance, and slipping from the assembly room he joined Julia Wells and the rest of the party. “Henley must watch for Standing Bear tonight,” he told her. “He must capture him and bring him to the ranch.”

Henley received full instructions, and that night found him at the entrance of the canyon waiting for Standing Bear. Although the Indian put up a splendid fight, the cowpunchers were too much for him, and he was led off a prisoner.

Loomis had lingered in the vicinity of the canyon to learn the next move of Ruth and her friends. He chuckled with delight as he heard of the consternation wrought by the disappearance of Standing Bear. The next news reaching his ears was not so pleasing. Ruth Randolph had decided to give the pool to the Buffaloes, in case Standing Bear was not heard from. He hurried to Gray Wolf and told him what he had heard. The chief of the Blue Hawks was furious.

“We must prevent the appearance of Princess White Eagle at the rendering of judgment,” he said.

Returning to the ranch, Gray Wolf and Loomis were further angered to learn of the escape of Standing Bear. He had called in Henley and promised to lead him to the Cave of the Trident. Henley, unsuspecting, had freed the Indian, only to have the chief spring upon him and escape from the ranch on a horse.

(To be concluded)
A Prince of the Pullman
By Myrtle Gebhart

There's nothing like a publicity office to take the kick out of your imagination.

Now, I ask you, when you're told to do a story about Tom Meighan's hair, and when you have such a lovely story all fixed up—mentally—about how he was actually born in a Pullman—and if he squelched it all by stating quite calmly that he most decidedly wasn't, but first saw the light of day through Pittsburgh smoke and officialdom, now wouldn't that just make you boil?

But you couldn't fuss at Tommy, with his roughguts eyes a-twinkling at you and the smile of him a-comin' out in spite of the gravity of the situation—what could be more important than arranging a suitable birthplace for our Hero? So I'll have to blame it on that quality of prosaic matter-of-factness that publicity offices fairly breathe.

'Tommie had come to meet me and pilot me past the beautiful Dragoness who guards the Famous Players-Lasky outer office, and escort me to the inner sanctums of officialdom. There, amid files of "stills" and batches of "copy," the rattletrap of coughing Underwoods, Tommy Meighan calmly took the "kick" out of my carefully arranged story.

"No, I'm afraid I wasn't born in a Pullman, nor did I spend my childhood 'trouping,'" said the screen's prize commuter. "My parents weren't porters; and Tommy never forgets to ask after the little p'ckettes. Conveyance is everything."

"Tommy's habit of transcontinental commuting from picture to picture in such short acquaintance—but really how can you otherwise with a chap who has a way of looking away, way down at you, as if he were your big brother and would just as soon spank you as not, if you don't behave?"

He knows all the conductors, porters and station agents along the line. The supercilious cullud man who is supposed to polish your shoes and help you climb the ladder to the upper not "George" to him, but "Jehosaphat" or "Ezekial" or whatever his dusky mummy christened him; and Tommy never forgets to ask after the little pickaninnies. Consequently, the word supercilious has long since disappeared from the vocabulary of the service tendered him. The minute the word goes down the aisle that "Meighan's with us this trip," the dining-car steward, flanked by menials, hastens to his drawing-room, armed with offerings.

Seldom is he forced to the unpleasant experiences that are the lot of the less-traveled. Never, he swears, to me upon the solemn vow of crossing his heart, has he had to give up his lower berth—which to a fat dowager. He knows all the places where you can stretch your limbs without fear of being left behind—and all the station soda-fountains in Arizona where you can buy for forty cents get a spoonful of ice cream. Sometimes he makes "train-stuff" in his pictures—and then he feels right at home. On such occasions he acts as technical director.

Tommy went East to make "Cappy Ricks," returning from the Vine Street studios to screen "A Prince There Was" and "If You Believe It. But he didn't mean anything to me, though Tommy may have been in on the joker's title. Then he jumped the rollers for a week's vacation in Gotham—and came right back to make "The Proxy Daddy," in which naturally he had to "location" all over Arizona and down around the border. Just now he is making scenes daily between here and Long Beach—on the rattlers.

Down in Arizona, he complained, "we had to travel every day twenty miles back and forth from our hotel to the 'location' on automobile flat-cars hitched behind an engine and running on the railroad tracks."

His great longing just now is for a home. He is born into and intends remaining that way. And, much as I love and root for this golden land of California—I've been here a year, therefore I'm a dyed-in-the-wool native; you get that way here in no time—I'll have to admit that Tommy would rather live in New York. "I'm not a strange fish in the sea, because I can concentrate on it to greater purpose—there's nothing else to do," he told me. "But the majority of my friends are in the East, my family and my wife's. And as I seem to get along well with Frances' folks, there's really no reason why I shouldn't want to live there!"

(Continued on Page 30)
CLAIRE WINDSOR is one of the best-dressed women of the film colony. Her clothes bear always that infinite art of selection and blending in accordance with the dictates of breeding. She is the medium tall, blonde type of fragile beauty expressed in patrician lines and grace of dignity.

"I like simplicity, the effect of line, rather than fluffy ruffles and gee-gaws," she told me. "So many women think they are well dressed when they decorate and trim themselves like one of the new ornate apartment buildings, layers and layers of ribbons, beads, laces, junk. They aren't fetching—they are ludicrous. Taste should govern every purchase, no matter how small."

Her favorite Spring street-frock is of black satin and crepe with a belt of roses of the same material. She likes loose flowing sleeves whenever possible.

One frock that appealed to me personally was a knitted silk in Chinese design. The skirt and sleeveless coat were of black jersey trimmed with the blouse-material. With it she wears a black leather hat with a large jet pin.

Her evening gowns are of soft materials mostly in pastel shades or black. There are few flaming colors and no discordant notes in trimmings. I liked best her pearl gowns—perhaps because I have a penchant for pearls and the only way I can gratify it is to see them on movie stars! But she is so ethereal in her blonde, statuesque beauty and exquisiteness coloring that it seems somehow fitting to see her sheathed in their pale while luster.

"Yes, I love pearls," she laughed when I accused her of making the poor little oysters work overtime. "When they are fitting to the occasion. But I never wear them with street or sport clothes."

"Tell the PANTOMIME readers first of all that I like sensible things," she begged with an appealing gesture of slim white hands. "We movie folks don't spend all our money on clothes. And most of us like the same quiet things worn by women of good taste the world over. That's the whole secret of successful dressing—taste."

The hat directly above is a novelty of black Spanish crepe mounted with a large Spanish comb. To the left are shown the rhinestone anklets, which are the newest fad in Los Angeles and to the right is a fur-trimmed leather "alter-ether" coat.
EUSTACE Loses His Job

By His Ex-Boss

EUSTACE is gone. All the forebodings he had last week were made to come true. Now he has a regular delivery address for those who wish to finance him in his great scheme of how to get an automobile is the best can give for him at present.

But we do not advise investment in that idea of his, for since last week there have been so many entries in the contest that it is probably going to be a more expensive campaign than Eustace ever dreamed was possible to annex one of the cars by his method.

Every mail is bringing in readers' coupons that serve as nominations for one of the hundred prizes offered. However, out of the hundreds that are entered only fifty-two of them have more than thirty votes, so that new entries still have more than an even chance of landing among the prize winners.

The jump in the number of contestants is probably due to this reduction in the subscription price of PANTOMIME, from $5.00 to $4.00 a year. According to letters which have been received, this price reduction is a great inducement to why people should subscribe to PANTOMIME instead of purchasing it at the newsstands. On the newsstands it would cost $5.20 for a year, with raise in the subscription price, or more than two cents a copy.

In other words, the subscriber gets the magazine delivered to his own home for less than eight cents a copy, compared to ten cents a newsstand.

Also the subscriber gets the magazine a day earlier.

Speaking of letters, there is one thing in connection with the contest that those sending in votes should remember. In order that PANTOMIME be delivered in every part of the United States, and at the same time it is necessary to print it three weeks before the date which appears on the cover. That means that you cannot expect to see yourself credited with your vote until at least three weeks after you have sent them in. Numberless letters have been receiving complaints in regard to the situation which is explained by this fact, so the explanation is printed here in lieu of individual answers to each inquiry.

The new combined subscription and vote coupon needs a little explanation. This coupon, signed by the candidate's name with his address, brings thirty votes. If it is accompanied by a remittance for the subscription, and the name and address of the subscriber, it adds thirty votes to the number due for the subscription payment. If it is simply signed by a candidate or one of the vote-getters, and does not contain the payment, it brings thirty votes or thirty three votes to the subscription, it brings thirty votes.

We feel that this coupon will be of great aid to the voter, as in securing subscriptions, for it clearly indicates to your friends exactly how many votes you get for their subscriptions and enables those in the race to win the prizes to start campaigning for votes when without hoping to be sent a receipt book. Receipt books from now on will be sent only to those who send in a subscription. Further, the vote-getters have a way in hand to lead to their friends should now subscribe to PANTOMIME rather than buy at the newsstands. On the newsstands it costs ten cents a week, or $5.20 a year, while when sent on direct subscription by mail it would cost but $4.00, which means a saving of $1.20 a year.

Think of all the pleasure the winners of this great prize race PANTOMIME has under way are going to have this Summer with the Elkhart cars they will win. Think of how much fun it is on a hot Summer's night to hop into the car and try away from the city's heat and turmoil. Think of how good it makes you feel to breathe the clean, clear air of the open country, to lunch in a shady by-way on a brook's bank, in a clean, grassy nook, build a campfire to make your coffee. Anyone who has ever owned a car could add volumes to these few lines, and those that

EUSTACE AND HIS SCHEME.

I'm goin' to make four years' salary widin' de next six months. I know a guy what's makin' scads of money and he says he will pay me two thousand plunks for de sedan what's de main prize in de contest ain't got so many votes and I can buy test. Well, de guy what's winnin' it now what I need at $10 for every 9,000, and den sent a two years' subscription to PANTOMIME to me friends.

De only thing what keeps me from quitting's and startin' dis scheme is dat it may take a little finac'n—meanin' dat I may need some coin what ain't goin' in order to treat of enough me friends to de best movie magazine in de field to cop de first prize. But for a thousand plunks I can get 900,000 votes and if dat ain't enough to win de sedan, it will mean dat John D. Rockefeller has swamped de Standard Oil for PANTOMIME subscriptions, and dere ain't no chance of dat, do you think?

So's even if we got to spend de thousand plunks dere still is a thousand clear, and anyone what wants to give me de coin can have whatever day and me think is right out of de sedan. I would call it a car of PANTOMIME, or maybe you better make it just general delivery,New York City, which is safer, cuz de stenographer what mail here is so jealous she'd probably never let me know about it.

have not owned a car really don't know what pleasures they're missing in this greatest of all modern inventions.

To really enjoy life today from the standards that America knows, one must possess an automobile. Next to an automobile in the estimation of many people, a phonograph comes. At least, the writer thinks so. For he can recall many interesting and pleasant evenings at home playing over his operatic selections for the benefit of his friends and himself, and many is the impromptu dance that has been enjoyed at these little gatherings.

Really, though, to write much along this score is rather a waste of space, as it is too familiar a subject to all of us to need reviewing.

The other day Frank Mayo and his charming wife paid PANTOMIME a visit and they had not been in the office more than two minutes before they were enthusiastically telling of a wonderful motor trip they had just had down the Hudson, and what a lot of fun they had, and how fine the scenery was, and little happenings that occurred along the way, and it all ended up with, "When are you going to be in again, Frank?" from PANTOMIME's editor, and the parting word was, "just as soon as I get back from a motor trip through the mountains."

That's what you hear everywhere you go and where those who love life and whom life loves have a car.


Peggy of Pantomime-Land

By Margaret Maurice

“HOW do?” a serious little voice greeted me, there on the Century “lot” between stages, and two soft brown eyes held me. I even stood for some minutes imbedded in goozy mud to talk with Baby Peggy Montgomery, the Century comedienne extraordinaire, and it is one of the rules of my life never to stand in goozy mud for anybody, not even a star.

But Baby Peggy is such a quaint little creature, with her plump baby body and her queer, at times almost mature, mind that you just want to stay and probe deeper. She does say the most astonishing things!

Does not answer you readily, but talks very slowly and solemnly, as if she were giving deep thought to your words. Of course, she isn’t, for she’s only just past two years old; it is just a quaint mannerism that she is unconscious of, that she doesn’t “bubble” as do lots of children. Her humor is the kind that is bred in pathos and solemnity. “But I hafta work lots. I like work—don’ you?”

It is all such a serious proposition to her, this making comedy; but who can say that in the quaint, little old-ladyish self of her she doesn’t get some “kick” out of it that we mere grown-ups can’t fathom?

How I picked her out of that tub was a scream. She is so intensely serious in everything she does. And often she will forget what the director tells her to do and, instinctively you might say, interpolates action of her own that makes the scene even funnier. She is such a plump little thing and moves so slowly and solemnly—Baby Peggy is but half-past two, you know—that she is the most comical in her very solemnity. She is a baby Chaplin, for from her pathos comes the most comical in her very solemnity. She is so intensely serious in everything she does. And often she will forget what the director tells her to do and, instinctively you might say, interpolates action of her own that makes the scene even funnier.

Everything on the “set” was tiny, to match Peggy. And a little tripod held the camera at a height just above an average man’s knees. For Baby Peggy is a star of Century comedies and has three. She told me the names of her children and what a time she has dressing and undressing them and washing their faces and all. She had some scraps of silk that she said she was going to make into dresses for them. She was more interested in her modiste activities than in donning the lovely pink silk, fluffy frock that she is to wear in her present comedy.

I am glad they are going to dress her up for once. They always make the ordinary kid. She and her older sister, who has worked in a few pictures, both have to toe the mark."

Baby Peggy is really a much prettier child, off the screen than on. In her pictures she is a plump, solemn little package—but you could scarcely rave about her beauty. But really she is quite pretty—and has big soft brown eyes that she squints up before the camera because of the sun and strong lights.

Peggy is engaged to be married. Of course she may have to wait a few years, because even in this progressive community where children are property owners you can’t get a license at two years of age. But she has the ring—a little chip-diamond affair which Peggy wears on the proper finger and shows upon every provocation—and that’s the most important item. She is confident that her fiancé, Harold Hurley, a publicity man—will wait for her.

Baby Peggy likes dolls and has three. She told me the names of her children and what a time she has dressing and undressing them and washing their faces and all. She had some scraps of silk that she said she was going to make into dresses for them. She was more interested in

Peggy was selected from hundreds of applicants to play leading lady to Brownie. Now she’s a star herself

She is entirely feminine in her love of clothes and one sure way of keeping them clean is to leave her in front of a mirror

(Continued on Page 30)
The last "Omar" seems on his way to your theatre. The poor chap's "Rubaiyat" seemed destined for disintegration—but the squabble between Ferdinand Pinney Baute, producer and his backers has been patched up and he is completing the editing of the film from his sickbed.

It was a controversy of Mammon vs. Art. It seemed that the financier objected to Earle's artistic excursions into their pocket-books—and Earle objected, reasonably, I think, to the habit of one of his lady-backers of giving "pink teats" at the studio, Charles Wakefield Cadman, who composed the musical accompaniment, aligned himself with Mr. Earle and refused to permit his music to be played, with any showing of the picture not authorized by the producer. But they couldn't very well have it, for Earle held a piece of the film, and somebody else ran away with another part of the film. But now it seems that "Omar" is being sewed up.

The picture is a marvelous thing, involving the use of "motion-painting" backgrounds instead of the regular sets. I watched Mr. Earle working on it time and again and marveled at his use of paintings—regular small-sized canvases—as backgrounds, upon which, by means of triple exposure, characters were shown moving about.

Earle spent five years in research work for the picture. And he had his troubles with his technical staff! His technical expert was an explosive chap, Prince Raphael Emmanuel, once chieftain of a famed Chaldean church. But our help-yourself system of corned-beef and cabbage didn't agree with the Prince's esthetic digestion. His desire for glory on the screen was great—but not as great as the aroma of the cabbage. So the Prince packed up one day and returned to the land of long gurgling pipes and harems. Well, if the Prince didn't like us, some of us got a quite a kick out of the Prince! All in all, Earle had few troubles—and I'm glad at last "Omar" is about to be completed.

The Hollywood Athletic Club plans a smoker soon, with the be-stars shining in brief acts. Walter Hiers will be there, and Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, Erich von Stroheim, Tom Mix and Herb Rawlinson. This being a dame has its disadvantages, though, to the tech expert. I'm thinking something of donning male attire and slipping into the festivities. It has always been one of my pet ambitions to attend a stag-party without the stags knowing I was there.

The Storm held up on account of rain! No, I haven't been over to Wallie Reid's house. I wrote that on orange-juice. It's true. The company filming "The Storm" at Universal finds wet scenes, but the ones wouldn't cease and now they're waiting for the sun so's to take the nice dry ones. I'm glad to learn that The Storm won't continue through all five reels.

LITTLE Richard Headrick deserves another medal. He rescued a little girl who fell in to the water in a local natatorium and towed her to safety. As Richard is but four, he didn't get at all excited over the kiss the diminutive young miss extended in thanks.

There's a new actress over at the Tom Mix hacienda. Her name is Tomasina and her mother was Victoria Ford before she took up with Tom. Maybe Tomasina will tell me her future plans when she quits wrinkling up her tiny red nose and crying for her ambrosial nectar.

"Tis said that Mack Sennett and a group of associates have purchased a mine and found gold or something in it.

Constance Talmadge celebrated her sixth anniversary of motion picture work with a luncheon at which many of the girls who commenced their careers along with her were present. It was some talkfest.

Reginald Werrenrath, here for a concert engagement, was entertained by Jackie Coogan and was guest of honor at a dinner given by Mistinguett. Present were Charlie Chaplin and Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner.

The Storm is still on the screen, but the Storm won't continue through all five reels. You can, when you pay five buck's to see it. Herbert Rawlinson and his dimples opened the party, with the technical expert eulogizing everybody. Gloria Swanson, Colleen Moore, Lila Lee, Jackie Coogan, Charlie Chaplin, Elinor Glyn and Rudolph Valentino were there—and a couple of hundred others. But what with watching Erich von Stroheim villainize all over the screen, I had no time for mere starshine.

"Gimme $100 worth of tickets," said Dale Fuller—and took all her friends. Dale plays the servant role in the picture. Then she entertained them as supper at the Green Mill Gardens after the show. Mayhap they needed resuscitating—watching Mr. Von has a most devitalizing effect upon the ladies' sensibilities.

At the same hour of the Los Angeles premiere, the picture was shown—as an object-lesson to the convicts in the Arizona state prison. That preview was given to Victor Eytling, who wrote "Peterman," which Herb Rawlinson is making. No jailbreak has been reported.

Betty Compson and Tom Moore were guests of honor at a ball given by the San Francisco Shriners, their wives and families, in Truckee. The Shriners went up there to make a special stunt for the party, Betty and Tom forming "Over the Border."

Harold Lloyd learned auction bridge en route from New York with Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach and Mildred Davis and her mother. There has been a long battle between scenes without standing around and looking at Mildred. Though, for that matter, the card-table does offer opportunities.

HERE's one too good to keep. The tourist season is now in full swing. The other day a hefty dame from Nashville, Tenn., and her daughter slipped past the guard of the Sennett lot and buttonholed Ben Turpin. Ben listened patiently to a long tale of the ambitious girl's ability but finally got a chance to slap a word in to the effect that he didn't think the girl would have much chance to rival Mary Pickford as the business is slightly overcrowded.

Well, did that mother rise up? What she said to Ben was sufficient. "You all shut your eyes, you know, you can't imagine looking at the opportunity of a lifetime, sir," she cried. And you might have your pictures associated with one of the oldest names of the South. They'd even give you a write-up in the Nashville Banner!"

Ben passed about that time.
Knighthood Blooms Again

By Leo A. Pollock

MARION DAVIES is fulfilling the ambition of her professional career. For years she has dreamed of playing the part of Princess Mary Tudor in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," a story that seemed to her the quintessence of Romance, Chivalry, Pomp and Circumstance. The love story of King Henry VIII's charming sister and the commoner, Charles Brandon, later the Duke of Suffolk, was, in her opinion, one of the most beautiful ever written. She immersed herself in the history of the period, read all the books she could lay her hands upon concerning Henry's reign and fancied herself amid the stirring scenes of the early sixteenth century.

Now she is spending eight or nine hours each day at Cosmopolitan Productions studios re-creating the Princess Mary for the camera. The production is being sumptuously mounted, Joseph Urban devoting the fruits of many years' study of medieval times to the designing of the settings, the costuming of the cast, the armor and the weapons of the knights. Robert G. Vignola, who directed Miss Davies in "Enchantment," is staging the play.

The New York "Times" of January 15, 1921, said: "...Mary is a composite of many personages of fiction and, generally speaking, an interesting young person. She is Beatrice and Rosalind and Juliet all in one, with a hint of merry Constance in 'The Love Chase' and much more of a hint of Katharine the Shrew. But she is even more than that.

"In her broadly comical antics and the spirit of mischief that sometimes controls her, she reminds one of Nan the Good-for-nothing and of Peggy Thrift in 'The Country Girl.'"
The Girl Who Just
A Tale of Persistence

It was the sight of a barn on fire which changed the whole course of luck for Edna Williams, who occupies the unique position of being the only woman executive in the motion picture world today.

Sitting at a window of a room on West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, in New York City, trying to compose a song, she saw the bright flames flicker upward, the roof start to cave in. Nearby was a house. Had the wind been blowing from the other direction the dwelling would have been in the direct path of the flames.

It flashed through the girl's mind: "If the wind had only blown the other way..."

What a title for a song! She sat down and within an hour wrote the song which spread like wildfire all over America and through England, which brought her in fifteen hundred dollars and which launched her on the career of making money. But it was not just a whim of luck of Fate.

Miss Williams has entire charge of the foreign department of the immense corporation which was recently capitalized for four million dollars.

But it was not just a whim of luck of Fate.

Coal mining experts of the United States and who purchased all the coal mines for the Queen of Holland. When she was only seven years old Edna used to accompany her father down into the depths of the mines.

And with this supreme confidence in her heart she set out for New York when she was only twenty. She had shown considerable ability at writing songs. Friends had painted New York in glowing colors and had told her it was the place where she belonged.

"You can do it," confirmed her mother when the girl told of her great ambition to go to New York and have her songs published.

So, with happy, comfortable memories of a good home, congenial friends and carefree days, Edna Williams set out alone on the long journey across the continent. Somehow, the little roll of money which she had with her melted away very fast and she found herself three thousand miles from home with only sixty dollars in her purse. She did not know a soul in the great city.

Confidently she set out to sell her songs. Friends on the Coast had declared they were beautiful. "All the publishers in New York would scramble for them," they prophesied. But, somehow, the city was very different from what the young girl had imagined. It was cold and indifferent. It seemed to her like a gay band wagon with many lucky ones riding on top, who looked down at her and said:
"Catch on if you can. We don't object, but we haven't time to stop and help you."

The music publishers, too, were very different human beings from what she had imagined. She found them crafty and designing. But the same spirit which had prompted her to go down a coal mine when she was eighteen prompted her to pull her sleeve more firmly down over her blonde hair, to thrust out her chin, and to—go ahead.

"I was too proud to send home for money," says Miss Williams. "It was my fight, the course I had elected to go. I had no other thought than that I would eventually win.

"I'll admit it wasn't easy," she says. "When I saw I wouldn't be able to even earn my own living with my songs, I started out to peddle books. I walked over to Brooklyn in a snowstorm one day and as door after door closed in my face—well, it wasn't exactly pleasant, of course. But give up? Never!"

"Next I got a job as cashier, but after a short time I got a letter from some friends in Los Angeles saying they were coming to New York to live. The husband was engaged in the advertising business. I made a bargain with them whereby I was to get my board and room in exchange for doing the housework. I had two hours each day in which to go out and try to sell my songs.

Then after a weary round of the publishing houses I would come home, tie on a kitchen apron and start in to peel potatoes for dinner. In the evenings, in my cubby hole of a room, I thought up new songs.

And it was while she was dreaming away which changed Edna Williams from an almost penniless young girl to a person of power. Behind her she had a staunch little mother who had taught her from earliest childhood the motto which had been hers all through her—just four short, simple words: "You can do it."

The little mother said them when she was called East and there was no one to run the apartment house, which she managed in Los Angeles, except her eighteen-year-old daughter. And the girl did it with entire satisfaction. Fearlessness was also taught her by her father, Charles Edward Williams, a brilliant man, who was one of the leading coal mining experts of the United States...
Wouldn't Quit
By Sue McNamara

over for them. They offered her an advance of five dollars a week which was to come out of her royalties. This was in September. The song was a hit. In November she was given a salary of eleven dollars a week and in December, twenty.

It was about this time that she displayed her keen foresight as a business woman. Songs which were not exactly vulgar, but with just that little French tang of naughtiness which Americans do not know how to simulate, were much in vogue. Miss Williams seized the psychological moment and formed a partnership with Ballard McDonald for writing special stage songs. By the end of the year she was put in charge of the professional song department.

All this time she continued to write popular songs, among them being such hits as "My Turkish Opal," "The Subway Glide," "Maid of My Heart," and many others which were introduced to the public by such well-known professionals as Elizabeth Murray, Ada Reeves, Vesta Victoria, Carter DeHaven, Bessie Wynn, Marie Lloyd and others. Her shrewd business foresight enabled her to place for her firm such successful foreign productions in the musical comedy line as "The Spring Maid" and "The Rose Maid," which drew thousands from all over the country for years.

At the end of five years she was placed in charge of all the business of her publishers. The motion picture industry was then just putting forth its first faint, flickering bid for attention in America. Miss Williams' introduction to it came in a novel manner, however, through the round-about

way of far off Australia. Sir Ben Fuller, who owned so many theatres in New Zealand that they called the land "Fuller's Earth," came to America with a letter of introduction to her firm. He had two main objects in his visit. He wanted to see "home-made" American pictures—and he wanted to meet Thomas Edison.

They assigned to Miss Williams the job of entertaining the distinguished visitor and told her to arrange whatever he wanted. That interview with Edison was a "sticker." But—"It can be done," said the girl, again giving a firm tug at the staunch sailor hat. And somehow it was done. Sir Ben got his coveted interview with the electrical wizard; he chuckled over some American home-made films—and he cast a surprised and respectful glance at this unusual young woman who seemed to get whatever she wanted.

"Guess I'll show our people in Australia some motion pictures," said Sir Ben thoughtfully. "Ah—by the way, how would you like to be my buying agent in this country?"

Of course she accepted. This was at the time when only a few small and struggling concerns were in the business—Carle Laemmle, David Horsley, Pat Powers, Addie Kissell being among the first. But Miss Williams, with her far-sighted intelligence saw that this was to develop into one of the world's biggest industries, and, with more and more companies springing up and more and more people demanding to see the pictures, the principal need would be good stories. Thus she reasoned.

With a trunkful of books which today would be worth thousands of dollars she started for California intent on getting the film people to buy the rights of the books. Her employers shook their heads dubiously over the venture. It looked like a wild goose chase to them. But the girl was determined and they had come to think enough of her judgment to let her go.

In that trunk she had such present-day money-makers as the works of Sir Gilbert Parker, Edward Rice Burroughs and Rex Beach. In fact, all of the books which she carried with her on that journey have since been sold to film companies for prices ranging from ten to

A view of the Robertson Cole Studios in Los Angeles. Not so romantic after all, is it?
The War of the Beauties

A Selection by the Noted English Photographer

E. O. HOPPE

E. O. HOPPE, the noted London camera artist, who has become internationally known as an authority on feminine beauty, recently returned from a sojourn of nearly a year in America, where he made a study of types of American beauty.

Before he left America he was pressed to make public his decisions as to the most beautiful women he saw in the States; and since his return to England he has been repeatedly asked to give the names of his selected American beauties and those of his English favorites.

Until now Mr. Hoppe has remained silent. He had before him hundreds of portrait studies of the most noted examples of American and English beauty, and said the selection offered a difficult problem. In the current issue of an English magazine Mr. Hoppe finally breaks his silence.

In his English selections, Mr. Hoppe does not hesitate to give Lady Diana Manners first place. "Lady Diana," he writes, "has been celebrated for some years as our most exquisite type of feminine loveliness. Before you note her cameo-like face you are conscious of something quite impressive in her presence. Her grace and personality stand out. To see her, even at a distance, is to marvel at her grace of movement. Her body, her hands and arms are all eloquence. Lady Diana is the purest type of Anglo-Saxon beauty known today."

This comment was particularly interesting to the London public, for it came at a time when Lady Diana had just achieved a highly successful debut as a film actress in the J. Stuart Blackton natural-color picture play, "The Glorious Adventure," at the Royal Opera House, London, and all the newspapers and magazines were printing glowing descriptions of the beauty and grace of Lady Diana in this elaborate seventeenth century film romance.

The other English beauties selected by Mr. Hoppe are Miss Kathlene Martyn, now playing in the Zeigfeld Follies in New York; Viscountess Dunsford, "one of the loveliest of our society women"; Miss Olga Morrison, Mrs. C. E. Eaton, and "Hebe," a noted London mannequin. Mr. Hoppe selected the majority of his English beauties from the ranks of society, whereas in America he

...
LIKE A MARRIED MAN'S MONEY HIS SPAGHETTI SLIPS FROM HIM!

Take a flash at Reginald de Pyster a wealthy millionaire - he's rich - very rich!

Having exhausted all other amusements Reginald orders a plate of spaghetti!

He decides to re-capture it!

Hey, no diving allowed in this cafe - do you think you are in the middle of the ocean?

No! I've just arrived in Italy!
A Day in a Comedy Shop

Rushing Into The Movies

PANTOMIME

The Movies

The Beauties of the Pullman judges.

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Four Jobs in the Movies Open to You
Each Paying $100 a Week

AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL TO GET ONE

PANTOMIME has made arrangements with Warner Brothers to place four of our readers in the Movies.

These four readers will be given real parts in forthcoming productions and will be paid $100 weekly.

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A BEAUTY TO WIN ONE OF THESE POSITIONS.

Beauty, of course, will not hurt—but it is not essential.

PANTOMIME and Warner Brothers are looking not only for beauty, but for TYPES.

If you think you have a face, and the ability to make a movie actress—in any sort of a role—send your answers to questions on entry blank. Send it to PANTOMIME, together with a photograph of yourself.

Mr. Harry Rapf and Mr. Will Nigh, producer and director of the productions in which the winners will appear, will be the judges.

That's all there is to it. No fee. No charge of any kind.

Just send a photograph of yourself to PANTOMIME, 1600 Broadway, New York.

Pictures of Contestants will be printed from week to week in PANTOMIME.

Here are the pictures in which the jobs are waiting for you:

FROM RAGS TO RICHES—FEATURING WESLEY BARRY.

LITTLE HEROES OF THE STREET—FEATURING WESLEY BARRY.

BRASS—the Film Version of the Novel by Charles Norris.

MAIN STREET—the Film Version of the Novel by Sinclair Lewis.

The winner of the role in the first picture will be selected on May 7, 1922, and will begin work on May 15.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than May 1, 1922.

The winner of the role in the second picture will be selected June 24, and will begin work on July 1, 1922.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than June 15, 1922.

The winner of the role in the third picture will be selected August 24, and will begin work September 1, 1922.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than August 15, 1922.

The winner of the role in the fourth picture will be selected October 8, and will begin work October 15, 1922.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than October 1, 1922.

THOSE WHO TRY FOR THE FIRST ROLE BUT DO NOT WIN WILL ALSO BE CONSIDERED FOR ALL THE OTHER POSITIONS.

HERE IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO GET IN THE MOVIES. HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET A REAL JOB ALMOST OVER NIGHT.

THERE IS NO CHARGE.

PANTOMIME IS DOING THIS FOR ITS READERS FREE.

REMEMBER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL. IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE A "SCREEN FACE" SEND US YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE COUPON.

PERHAPS YOU WILL REALIZE YOUR DREAM.

OR IF YOU DON'T WANT TO ENTER THE CONTEST YOURSELF, PERHAPS YOU HAVE A FRIEND WHO CAN WIN.

GET HER TO ENTER IT. IT'S FREE.