

Making A

Illustrated by
Russell Patterson

Tom tries to throw the bull in "Quo Vadis," but the bull sees him first and throws the whole company.
Our hero loses his youthful faith in history and dumb animals



AFTER I had been paid \$500 by a movin' picture concern for bulldoggin' a buffalo which really bulldogged himself an' which I wrote about in the last chapter, the million dollars I was a seekin' didn't seem so far away.

As a young feller I used to hear cattlemen in Texas an' Oklahoma talk in what seemed to me like big figures, but they were a bunch of handshakers compared to the conversation of the movin' picture folks I was now a stringin' along with. An', it's the same way yet—time hasn't improved 'em or cut down the verbal overhead.

George Walwrath, business manager of the concern, would mention \$75,000 or \$100,000 in the same tones a coupl'a cowhands would discuss a coupl'a stray steers. I used to wonder, an' I still wonder, where the movin' picture folks went to school to be able to count up as high as they can.

I got to thinkin' along this line an' wondered what I'd do if someone would come along an' pay me my million—who'd count it so I'd know it was all there? I just reckoned I'd better keep close to the movie people, for if anybody could count it they could.

One day I got to estimatin' how much a million dollars in gold would weigh. Without slate or pencil, Walwrath studied a moment an' told me it would be about 4000 pounds.

"If," says I, "a good pack horse can carry 250 pounds without discomfort or gettin' a sore back, how many horses will it take to carry a million dollars?"

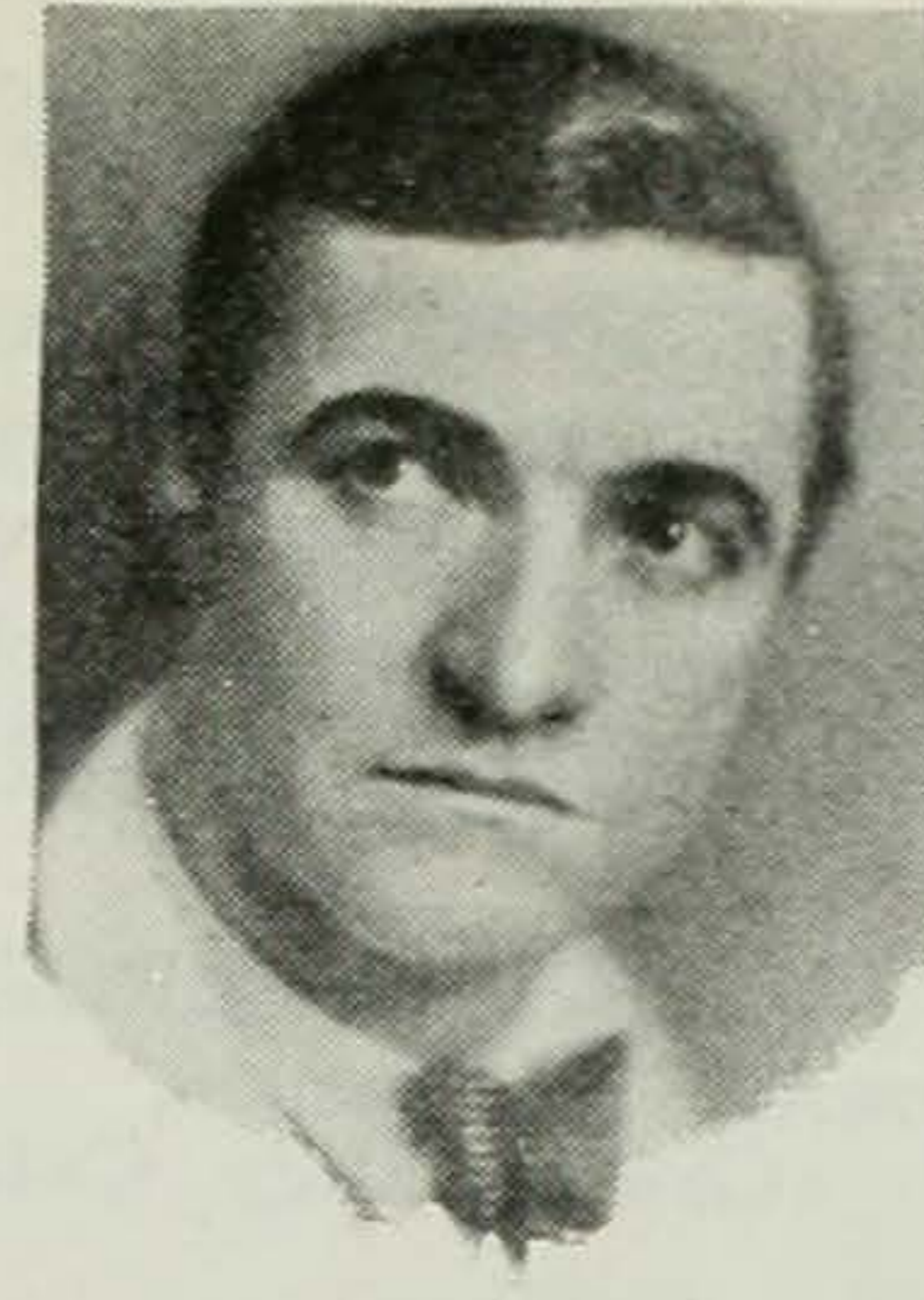
Walwrath slanted his eye at a big white cloud and figured. "Tom," says he, "are you a aimin' to freight your million back to Texas when you get it?" "Sure," I told him, "that'll be the only safe way." "Well," he says, "you got to go out an' buy sixteen horses besides the one you're ridin'. Each horse can carry about \$60,000." "That's fine," I told him, "then I'd only lose \$60,000 if one of 'em got away or twice that if they stampeded."

The movie man advised that I let the bank transport the million. That sounded like foolish talk to me, because if they sent it to Texas, they'd have to have guards an' I felt that if there was any better guard for a million dollars belongin' to me than me, I didn't know his name.

I might say at this point that freightin' a million dollars in gold to Texas overland, wouldn't be any more dangerous or hazardous than tryin' to hang on to a million in Hollywood, once you got it. I know, because I plead guilty to havin' one an' also workin' in Hollywood.

A man today with a million has a lot of so-called friends who are worse than the worst hold-up men that Texas or Oklahoma ever knew. I've been offered investments on more ground floors than there are acres in Texas. I always remembered that the other feller had

Million



By
Tom Mix



"As *Ursus* I got him by the horns an' the wrasslin' commenced. About this time the old black bull came bustin' out of his pen with the spotted bull behind"

the bargain first, an' that's why I still got my million—mebbe a little more.

In the meantime "Dad" Turner, the director, the leadin' woman, leadin' man and others in the buffalo picture had gone to Chicago. I sure hated to see Miss Stedman go. She promised to write, although now I come to think of it, she never did. I never saw the buffalo picture, but I heard the bulldoggin' scene saved it.

The company which was to make "*Quo Vadis*" an' for which I was hired to play *Ursus*, an' rescue the maiden from the wild bull's horns, would arrive in a few days, so Walwrath, the business manager, said. Meantime me an' him rode over to Ponca City an' picked up four bulls. He said we must have fierce ones.

If I had had more sense an' remembered it was me who was a goin' to wrassle with 'em, I'd a picked a different lot, especially a big black one I bought, yet I rode 50 miles out of my way just to buy that old black bull because of his mean reputation.

We drove the four bulls over to Mike Cunyan's place, where we had made the buffalo picture, havin' rented it for the new film. About this time the new director arrived. He gave me his [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Wisdom Tom Mix Learned in Making His Million

"Freightin' a million dollars in gold to Texas overland wouldn't be any more dangerous than trying to hang on to a million in Hollywood, once you got it."

"A man today with a million has a lot of so-called friends who are worse than the toughest holdup men that Texas or Oklahoma ever knew."

"This director didn't know much, which rule, I might stick in about here, still holds good with most of the moving picture directors at the present time—there are a few exceptions, but few. If you doubt this, talk to a couple of 'em."

"There ain't no million in pictures with wolves, buffalos or wild bulls any more. I decided that I would have to have elephants, hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses to get in the Big Money."

Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

card. It read:

Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay,
Piccadilly Club, London.

This gent was the Englishiest Englishman I have ever seen, even up to now an' I've been in England. He had words which no one could understand, an' accent that no one could imitate, an' clothes which no one else would wear. He arrived in the first pair of English ridin' breeches any of us had ever seen, flappy an' baggy at the sides.

Whether the public knows it or not, strange as it may seem, there isn't a thing about a cowpuncher's clothes that hasn't some use—everything he wears is there for a purpose. You can tell from his clothes where a cowhand is from, as each cattle section from the bleak ranges of Alberta an' Saskatchewan, the Montanas an' Dakotas, on down into Colorado, Oklahoma an' Texas, has hats, shirts, coats, chaps, boots an' even saddles, particularly adaptable to that section.

THE new director's clothes was some-thin' wonderful to behold an' me an' a lot of the other cowboys wasted a lot of time a arguin' about 'em an' why.

Mr. Macaulay, of London, lost no time in tellin' us that he was a nephew of a bird named Macaulay who, he said, was a great essayist an' who had wrote the most used an' most popular guide book about England. He seemed surprised when he found none of us had ever read it which wasn't surprisin' when none of us had any idea of goin' there. I slipped it to him as funny that a grown up man would be a writin' essays, since my sister started to write 'em when she was only eleven years old while attendin' district school in Texas.

One day we went to the depot an' met the members of the company just arrived from Chicago. The new girl was Miss Peggy Blevins, black haired, black eyed, trim figure an' quite nifty lookin'. She got my vote from the start. Two days after she got in I quit watchin' the post-office for the letter from Miss Stedman.

THE leadin' gent signed F. Frank Frayne on the hotel register an' with him was a nice, fine lookin' middle aged man who wrote down George W. Couldock, an' who, I found, came from a family of great actors.

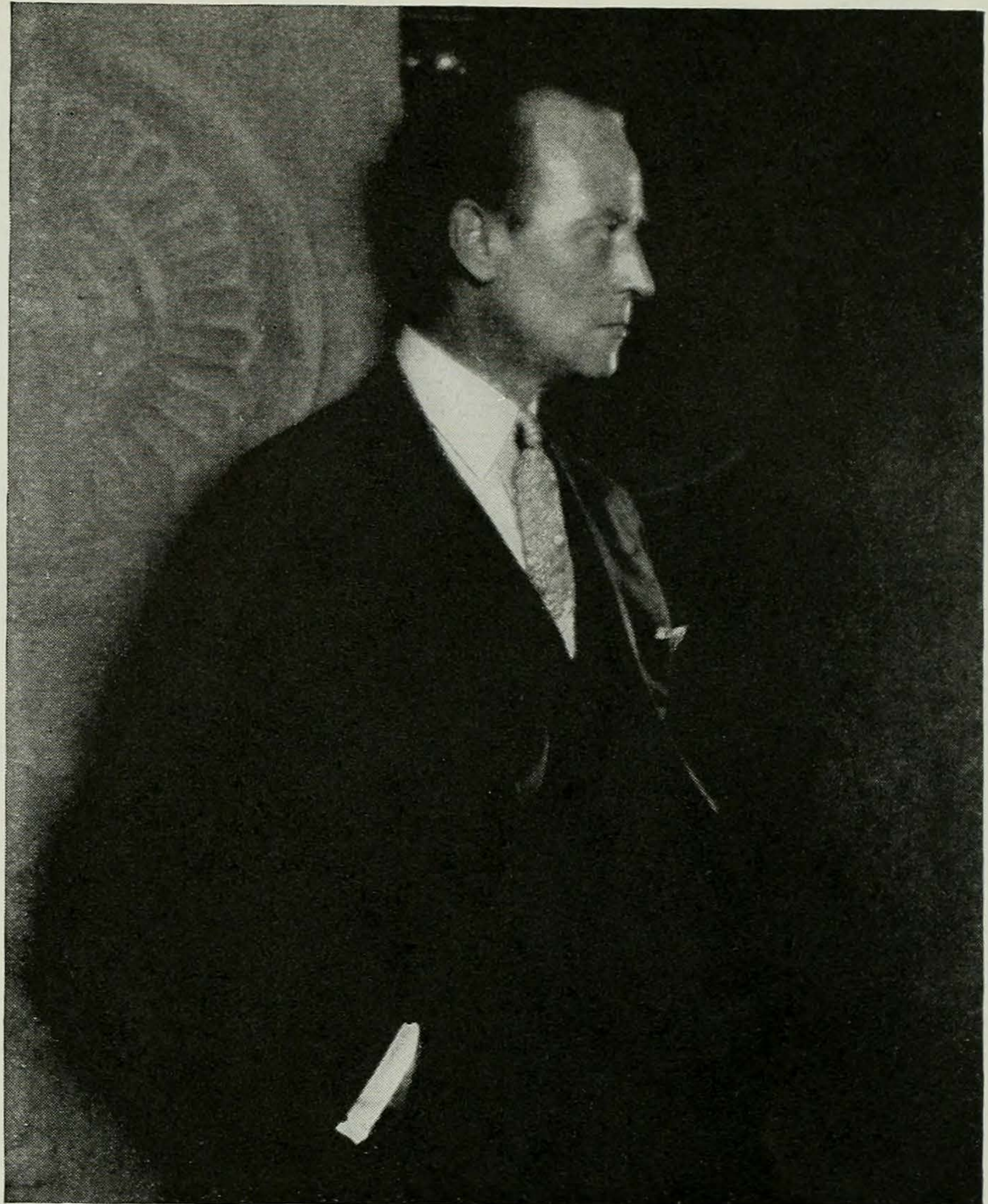
Frayne was a good lookin' chap but seemed terribly out of place in Oklahoma, while old man Couldock fitted in an' in a week could borrow cigaret papers an' tobacco from anyone.

Miss Peggy Blevins didn't know much about horseback ridin', but in a week I had her a gallopin' around with the best of 'em.

Before I get any further, I'd like to put in an' say that Miss Blevins today is the wife of a prominent lawyer in Twin Falls, Montana.

I still hear from her an' we have always exchanged Christmas cards.

A recent picture shows she's a keepin' her good looks an' nifty style. The movies lost a fine girl when she got mar-



H. B. Warner, featured in Cecil B. De Mille Productions

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ried an’ started housekeepin’ an’ I hope she reads what I’m a writin’ about her.

Old man Couldock an’ me became great friends. Once in New York, a few years before he died, Mr. Couldock took me over to the Players Club, in Gramercy Square, an’ introduced me to John Drew, Francis Wilson, David Belasco, Steel Mackaye, William Faversham an’ a lot of actor folks. In those days stage players didn’t think much of us movie folks—I reckon they don’t now—an’ I suppose my callin’ didn’t make much impression on them, but I’ve sure remembered ’em an’ what a fine lot of gentlemen they was an’ how nice they treated me.

ONE day up comes Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay an’ says, “So you’re *Ursus*?”

“No,” says I, “you’ve got me wrong—I’m Tom Mix.” He said I didn’t understand. He looked over my arms an’ shoulders.

“An’ you think you can throw a bull?” says he.

“I don’t think anything about it,” I told him, “since I’ve throwed more of ’em than you an’ your folks’ neighbors over in London will ever see.”

“But,” he kept on, “you got to break this bull’s neck, did any one tell you about that?” That made laugh since in bulldoggin’ contests it’s against the rule to break the animal’s neck—it’s a heap easier to break the steer’s neck than not to—only I didn’t tell him that.

“Well,” he says, “you got a great part in this picture—best in the story. You break this bull’s neck an’ do it right an’ there’s millions for you in the movin’ picture business.” That sounded good, since I was only a needin’ one.

Macaulay wasn’t a bad sort of gent as gents go, only he didn’t know much—which rule, I might stick in about here, still holds good with most of the movin’ picture directors at the present time—there are some exceptions, but few.

If you doubt this talk to a couple of ’em sometime. Get ’em off pictures an’ see what they know about things in general. Their talk on anything except movin’ pictures is just about as valuable as the advice that comes from a gent who has stood the raise and then drew one too many cards.

BECAUSE of the way it started out, we soon switched Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay’s name in “A.B.C.” an’ finally it drifted into “Alphabet” an’ he didn’t seem to mind.

It was about this time that old man Couldock gave me a book to read. It was “Quo Vadis,” the picture we was to make. The book was wrote by a gent whose name no one in the outfit could pronounce except Mr. Couldock an’ the director. I tried to read the book but it was too tough for me. The names of the people in it were worse than the author’s.

I got more’n a hundred pages in it an’ when *Ursus* hadn’t showed up yet, I commenced to doubt that he meant much to the picture, but Mr. Couldock turned over the pages an’ read me the chapter where *Ursus* rescues *Lygia*, who was to be Miss Blevins, from the horns of the wild bull while Nero looked on, an’ it sure sounded great.

I told him that the bull was just as good as dead.

Mr. Couldock said he was to be *Petronius* an’ young Mr. Frayne the *Vinicius* of the story—the girl’s sweetheart, while I was *Ursus*, the real bulldoggin’ an’ rescuin’ gent of the outfit. Later, a few of the cowhands around there got picked for small parts an’ lots more of ’em were used in the big scenes as populace.

MR. COULDOCK said that notwithstanding the fact the other bird was the sweetheart, everything depended on me—if I let the bull get the best of it, the play was shot.

“No matter what the rest of us play,” my old friend told me, “you’re the big show an’ don’t let anyone kid you that you’re not. I don’t know what money you’re gettin’ but nail all you can—it’s worth a lot to do what you’re a plannin’.”

“If I succeed I suppose there’s millions in the game for me?” I wanted to know.

“Sure,” says he, “it’s the greatest chance a man ever had in the pictures.”

So by this time they had me pretty well steamed up, an’ I was buzzin’ around like a side-winder rattlesnake in the desert.

I’ve always been one of those fellers that tries to think things out in advance, an’ so I got an idea. I told Mr. Walwrath, the business man, that if he didn’t mind I’d like to drive the four bulls over on another pasture where they’d get better grazin’ an’ be wilder when the time came as it wasn’t doin’ ’em any good havin’ so many folks around. You see, we’d bought four bulls to get one good one.

My real idea in gettin’ the bulls out of the way was to do a little rehearsin’ on my own account an’ find out which of ’em was the real mean one—that bein’ the one that wasn’t goin’ to get his neck broke. The bull that was goin’ to make up with me was the bull selected for the great honor.

ALPHABET MACAULAY had explained to me they was a goin’ to put a dummy on the bull’s horns, only a usin’ the girl for some close-up shots, so I hunted up some old clothes, stuffed ’em with straw an’ made me a dummy. Next mornin’, before sunup, I roped the old black bull an’ after much effort managed to get the dummy strapped on his neck. He got up, lookin’ kind of dazed, shook the dummy a little an’ then calmly resumed grazin’. Plainly, he didn’t propose to be annoyed.

Next mornin’, I tried the red an’ white spotted bull with the dummy. The way he cut up was somethin’ awful an’ which, I figured, would earn him a ticket to the stockyards in Kansas City, so far as I was concerned. I watched my chance, however, an’ grabbed him by the horns to see how he’d turn out. I wrassled around for a time an’ decided if the worst came to the worst, I could throw him, although it would be a tough job. But the lettin’ go wasn’t so easy, so I decided that in the next rehearsal, I’d better have help.

So it was that next mornin’, I took with me Colorado Cotton, one of the best ropers that ever hoolied a steer in any man’s cow country. Incidental, I might say, Cotton is one of the cowhands who is

goin' with me this summer to the Argentine, to make some pictures. Someone told Cotton he couldn't rope a llama, an' he don't believe it. Cotton's part of the wild bull rehearsin' was to step in at any time I needed help an' rope the bull so I could get away.

THE white bull didn't make half the fuss we expected. But the red bull was the boy. Him an' the dummy just couldn't get along. He wasn't interested in movin' pictures or the folks who made 'em, had never heard of Nero or Caesar an' didn't want to know 'em. I felt it in my bones he was goin' to hate Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay. I was the Nineteenth Amendment in cowland with that bull.

"Cotton," says I, "which one of these Oklahoma critters would you pick to bulldog?" He allowed he'd choose the white an' lay off the black an' the spotted one. "That black bull is a actin' simple to throw you off," advised Cotton, "black cattle is always treacherous, an' that there black bull will think up some way to do you a heap of dirt." Anyway, I had a feelin' by this time that when Mr. *Ursus*, of Rome, got into the ring an' was introduced by the announcer, everything would be okay.

About this time a coupl'a movin' picture carpenters came in from Chicago an' started to build the sets. They put up long rows of houses with funny columns in front of 'em, which they said were Roman residences an' one the Forum. Then they built a big corral with high tiers of seats which Alphabet told me was the Roman Circus, an' where me an' the bull would have our dispute.

THE day before the shootin' was to commence, my old friend Mike Cunyan rode over from Ponca City. "Tom," says he, "you ain't aimin' to let 'em start this picture in the dark of the moon, are you? You ought to know that it's the worst kind of bad luck." If a man ever uttered a prophecy, it was Mike Cunyan, only none of us knew it. We went over and drew Alphabet Macaulay's attention to the situation, but he said the dark of the moon talk was foolish an' the picture would start accordin' to schedule.

The first trouble came when the wardrobe boss started to dress up a lot of cowhands who'd been hired at \$3 a day, as Roman soldiers an' citizens. He give 'em some funny clothes which he said were togas, loose and roomy kind of garments. No one could tell which was front or back. All came out in 'em a wearin' their boots, spurs and Stetson hats. The wardrobe man said that wouldn't do. Buster Gardner, an old time cowhand, put his on over his chaps an' refused to take off the chaps, even if he lost the job. They put sandals on the men an' women, something like a Injun's moccasin. Around the men's heads, they tied bands, about like the Apaches an' Arapahoes wear. About noon, after much argument an' two fights, they got the clothes question straightened out.

The first scene was where a lot of Roman soldiers was to ride in, a bearin' of bad news—what the bad news was, none of us could find out.

"You gentlemen go down there behind

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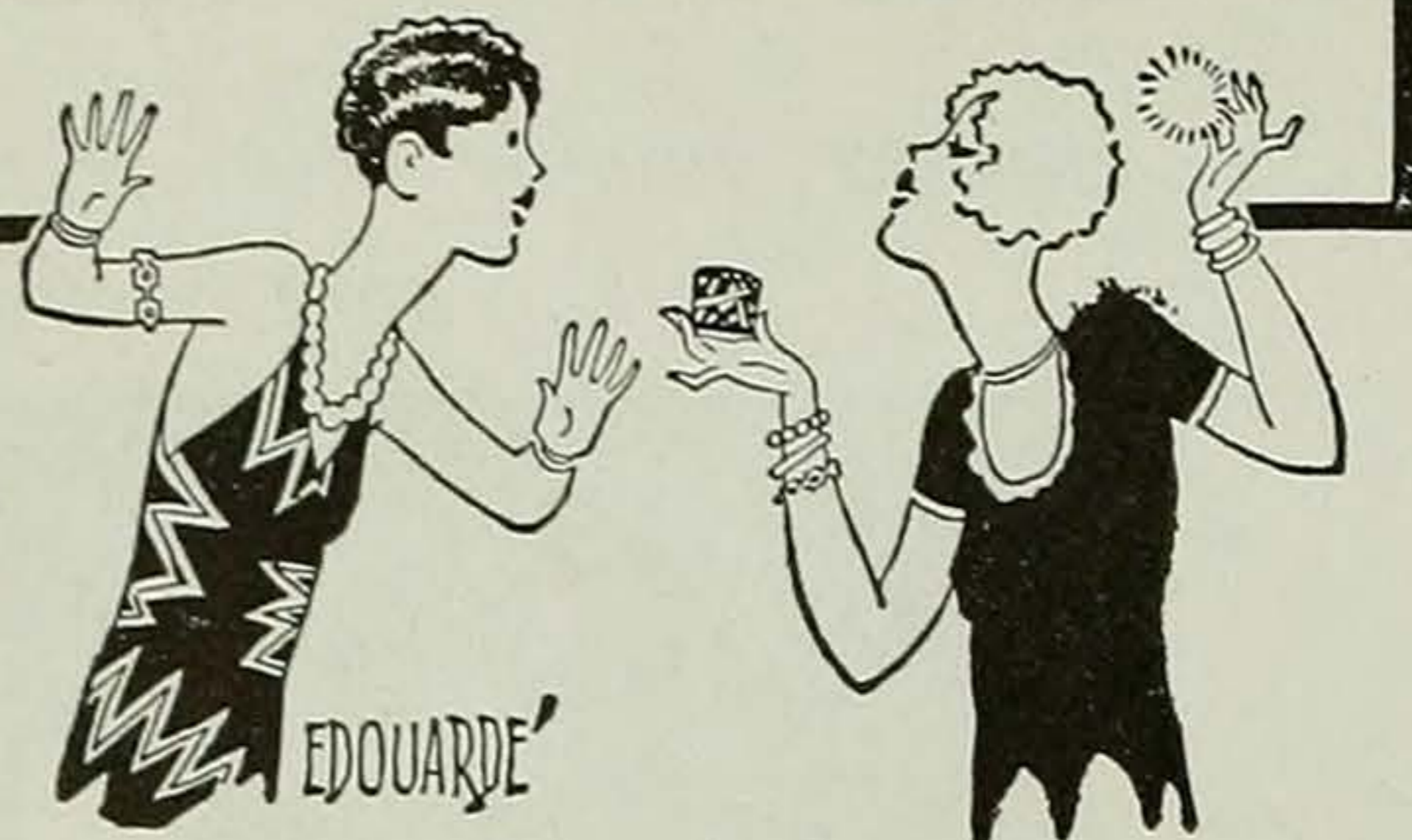
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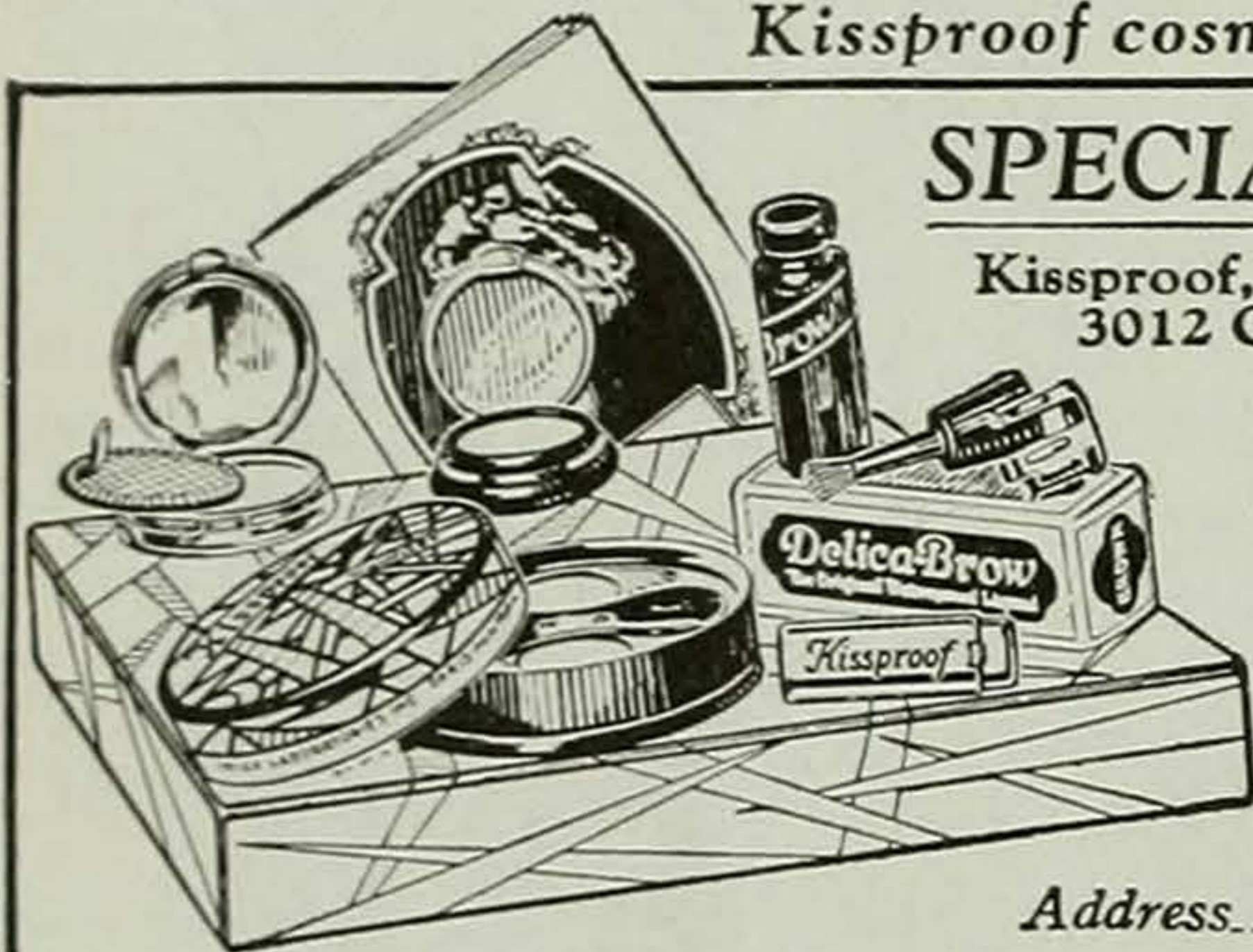


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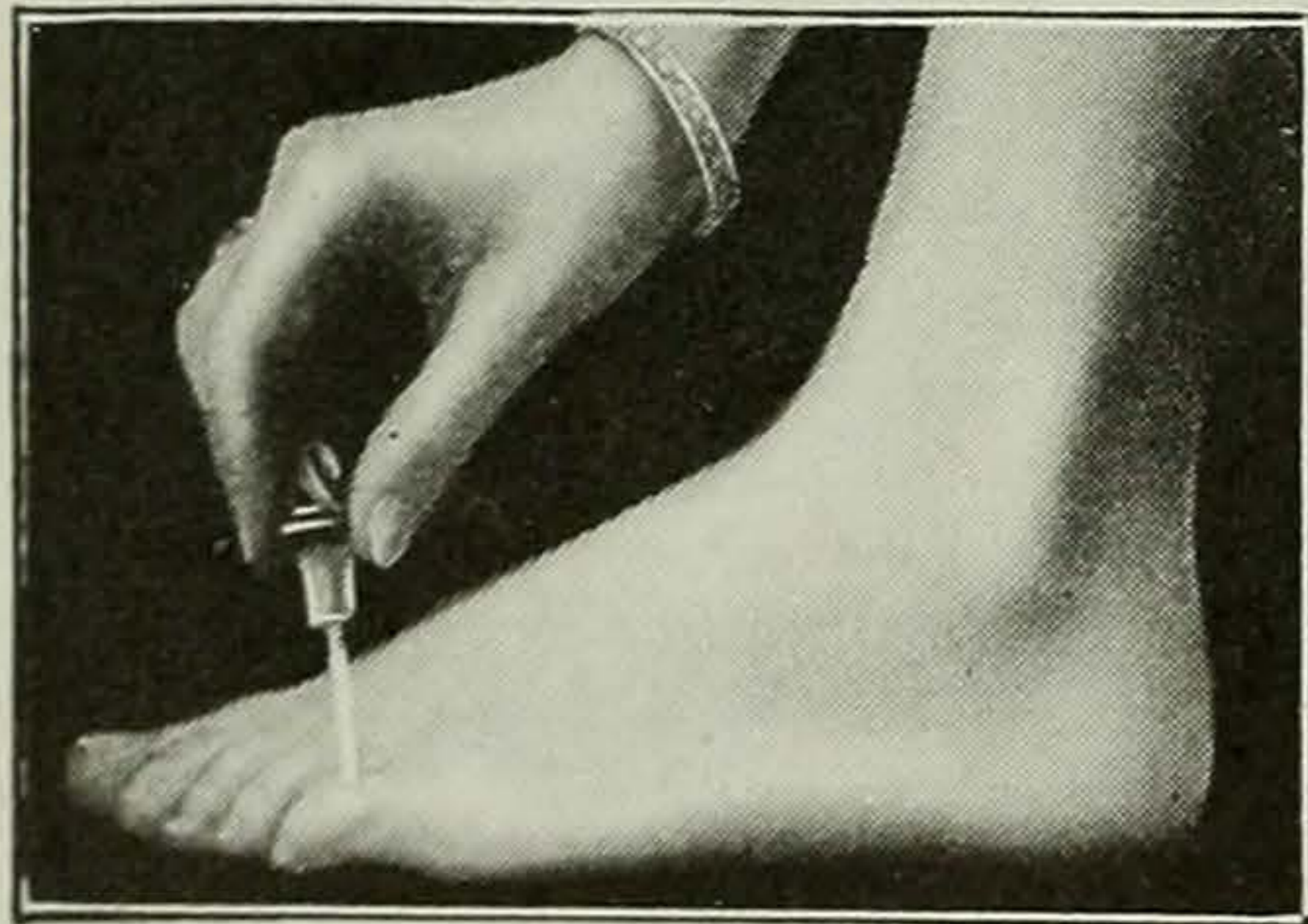
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those cottonwoods," yelled Alphabet, "an' come in toward the camera, where you meet the Centurion, an' tell him the bad news."

"But I ain't got no bad news to tell him," explained Buster, who was leader of the bunch, "unless you want me to tell him"—Herman Nolan a bein' the Centurion—"that they got out a warrant for him today in Guthrie for disturbin' the peace, an' which is a fact, the deputy sheriff a comin' up in the mornin' after him—shall I tell him that? If I do, he'll light out, pronto."

"All right, tell him," says Alphabet, "an' be sure when you come in to ride pell mell," only he pronounced it pall mall.

BUSTER, Cotton, Slim Johnson an' Tex Brode away for about a hundred yards. Then they stopped an' huddled like a bunch of football players. Leavin' the rest, Buster an' Cotton rode slowly back, an' called Mike Cunyan over.

"Mike," says Buster, "you been a livin' in Oklahoma a long time an' what's this pall mall style of ridin'? I kin ride a cow pony or a buckin' horse; I kin ride bareback an' me an' Cotton kin ride double, as his horse is broke to it an' mine ain't. If anybody's been a ridin' this pall mall way down here in Oklahoma or in Texas, where I come from, I ain't see him to do it. Us boys is willin' to try it, but some bird's got to show us how it goes, first."

Mike an' me went over to Alphabet, who says, "for one to ride pell mell, one must ride dashingly." "All right," says I, "as long as one must ride thataway, Cotton can do it, but how'll the rest ride?" "The same way," says he.

Mike Cunyan went back an' acted as interpreter. "What the gent wants," says Mike, "is for you boys to come in like you're on your last mile to Curley McBride's saloon, that bein' the place you're a headin' for." The boys went down behind the cottonwoods an' rode back whoopin' as loud as they could whoop. Alphabet says it won't do as they must come in solemn like, since they're a bearin' bad news.

"How the hell can a man ride the last mile to Curley's place without whoopin'?" Tex Riley wanted to know, "I been down here a long time an' I ain't seen it done yet."

THE scene was finally made. Then a row broke out between R. Frank Frayne, the leadin' gent, and E. Burdette Boardman, the deputy assistant villain, as to who had the right to wear the biggest wreath. Alphabet settled that by makin' them both the same size. At this point a cowhand rode up with a telegram for Alphabet Macaulay. It was from the town marshal in Ponca, who said he had just locked up a bird named William Ellis, who said he'd been fetched from Kansas City to play Nero. Nero, the marshal said, was drunk an' disorderly, an' was bail a comin' for him? "Decidedly not," declares Alphabet after talkin' to Walwrath. "Ellis got hisself in, let Ellis get hisself out." Then they drafted Buster Gardner in to play Nero, but they had to promise him \$1.50 a day extra to take off his chaps, wear the purple clothes an' wreath an' sit in the grand

stand box. He kept on his boots an' spurs. They started Buster in with a close-up.

"Look out there, *Nero*," yells Alphabet, "look out there, an' you see a lot of wild beasts a eatin' up Christians—do you see 'em."

"No, I don't see 'em, an' what's more," says Buster a declarin' himself, "they ain't a goin' to be no Christians et up with me a sittin' here. Besides you ain't got no wild beasts an' there ain't no Christians nearer than Ponca City." Alphabet finally got Buster agreein' to see things an' we was gettin' along great. Day by day we made scenes, hoppin' first to one place an' then another. It was so mixed up I didn't think anyone knew how anything was, but Chuck Hartman, the cameraman, said he did and everything was okey.

THE next day we had a scene where a lot of cowboys an' ranch women were in the circus grand stand all dressed up like they was Romans an' Augustans, whoever they were. They was supposed to be a seein' me a fightin' the bull with Miss Peggy Blevins tied to its horns an' settin' the girl free. That eminent citizen of Great Britain, Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay, had distributed little type written strips of paper among the folks in the grand stand an' which they was supposed to shout as a protest to *Nero* Gardner, who it seems wanted the girl killed. The three words they had to shout, as written on the slips were:

Ahenobarbus! — Matricide!
—Incendiary!

Well, sir, what those cowhands an' ranch folks called those words was just somethin' awful. The nearest anyone knew about what the words meant was when Hank Emrick got arrested for settin' fire to John Porter's hay ricks, south of Ponca, an' he was charged with bein' one of those words. So far as we knew there was nothin' about *Nero's* settin' fire to hay ricks. Later, I learned that this *Nero* gent had got on a drunk an' set fire to the town. In view of the way they called those three words, it's a mighty good thing they didn't have no vitaphone in those days to record the scene.

THAT same day Alphabet made four close-ups of Peggy Blevins an' one of R. Frank Frayne, the leadin' man. That same night Frayne give in his notice an' announced himself a leavin' for Chicago in the mornin'. By promisin' Mr. Frayne five close-ups the next day and buc one for Miss Blevins, the leadin' gent reconsidered an' stayed in the cast. For four days we had to lay off because the war film didn't get in. Later I learned it had come C.O.D., an' Walwrath had trouble in raisin' the money. After one day of shootin', it started an' rained steady for seven days. As soon as it dried up a little, me an' Cotton slipped over to rehearse the bulls once more an' finally decided on the white boy for the sacrifice.

The night before the great scene, me an' Cotton give him his last rehearsal. It didn't come out so good. I couldn't find my dummy an' had to make another out of an old suit of red flannel underwear left behind in the bunkhouse by Gus Hender-



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Then you apply the *extra touch* — a *special* rinse — the “plus” that makes this shampoo *different*. Your hair takes on new gloss—new finish. Its natural color, now revealed, is enhanced by sparkling lights! You are reminded faintly of your childhood’s tresses—soft, silky — exquisitely fragrant and lustrous. *Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames!*

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son, a cowhand just then a doin' a three month's sojourn in the county jail for fightin' with a squaw. The way the white bull acted with the red dummy was somethin' terrible, but I figured as the girl wasn't supposed to have any clothes at all it would be all right next day.

Early, Cotton an' me drove the four bulls over to a little pen on one side of the set. I told Alphabet we'd use the white one. Peggy was on hand to see the scene an' slip me a little encouragement an' hoped I wouldn't get hurt. I didn't tell her that bulldoggin' a steer meant nothin' more to me than a little exercise, an' not an awful lot at that. I wanted them to think I had a tough job.

THE first shock I got was when they handed me my costume. It was a piece of old red blanket to go over one shoulder. It had been daubed here an' there with white paint in spots. Chuck, the cameraman, said it would photograph like a leopard skin. I had a little pair of trunks an' wrapped about my waist was a wide, red sash. I told A.B.C. that the red sash wasn't goin' to help any, but he insisted it go thataway, as red photographed black an' it was what they wanted.

Up to now me an' the white bull was on good terms. I'd got him pretty well gentled an' he discovered gettin' throwed didn't mean much. Of course, I was aimin' to break his neck in the scene an' thought he didn't know it, but it seems if he didn't know it, he at least had suspicions.

Cotton an' Buster strapped the dummy they brought on the bull. It was a pretty nifty dummy. Alphabet an' Walwrath bought it from the New York Dry Goods Emporium in Dewey, where it had been used in the window to put women's clothes on. The white bull didn't make much objection to the dummy, bein' used to one by now, but when he saw me in my clothes—he started an' what he didn't try to do.

Everything was set. The big scene was on.

In the middle of the circus arena marched the bul. He stood for a moment

an' pawed the ground. Old man Nero was in his royal box an' all Rome was a watchin' as I walked out in my funny clothes. I was probably fifty yards away when the bull gave a snort an' started for me. Whatever friendship we might have once had, was gone. He made that plain. In a minute I saw what was wrong. From my dress he thought I was an Indian.

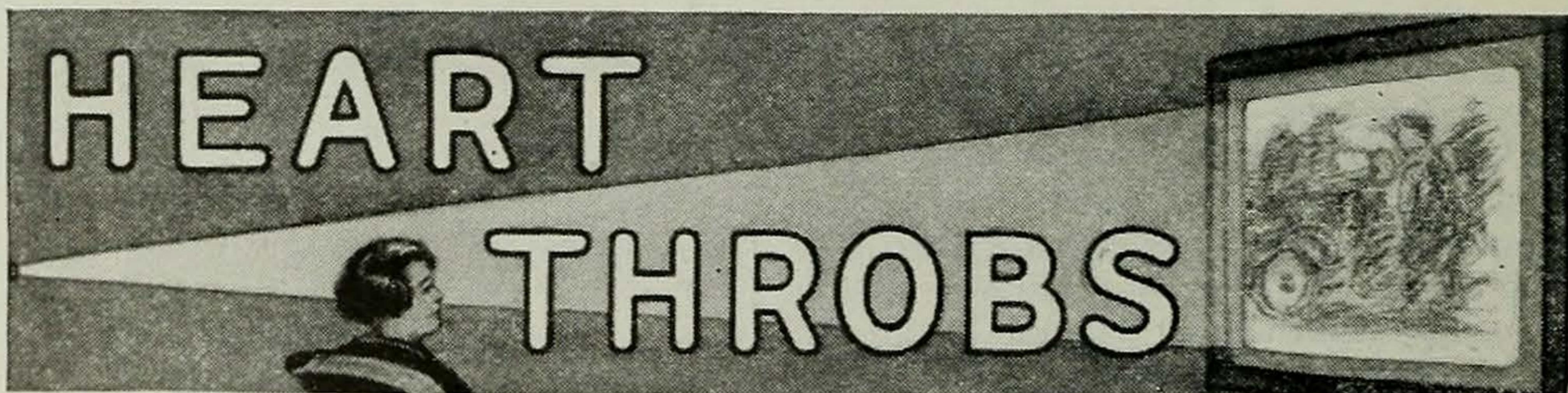
Down in Oklahoma, all cattle grow up a knowin' that if they ain't careful, some dark night a coupl'a of our native red men is a goin' to Injun up on him, an' the next day there's goin' to be beef stew in a near-by tepee. Oklahoma cattle keep an eye on Indians, just the same as cats watch dogs. You see, I'd always played around this old bull in cowboy clothes an' now he didn't know me—took me for an Indian.

I got him by the horns an' the wrasslin' commenced. I was a doin' good an' the populace was a yellin' as ordered by Alphabet. About this time the old black bull in the pen saw my red outfit an' me. With one bust, he came on through the pine board fence of the pen an' headed for me. Right behind him followed the red an' white spotted bull, also a snortin'.

Nero Gardner, in the royal box, stood up an' yelled, "Tom, the black bull is a comin'—get out of the corral if you can." Seein' my danger, Cotton, who was a wearin' a toga, chaps, boots an' spurs an' a wreath, grabbed a rope an' jumped into the arena, aimin' to rope the black bull.

"KEEP out of there," yelled Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay, "you're spoilin' the scene—get out of there!" But Cotton was my friend, an' made a throw for the black bull an' missed. By that time I had the white bull on his knees an' in a minute more it would have been all over. Cotton yelled. I let go an' beat it for the fence with the white bull not more'n a foot behind me.

At this moment, Chuck Hartman made the mistake of his young life by a yellin' at the black bull an' wavin' his hat. Well, sir, that Oklahoma bull made two jumps, stuck his horns under Chuck's camera an' with the tripod a hangin'



Natchitoches, La.

It is not often that a woman in her seventy-fifth year gives expression to her feeling and writes about the movies. For the first time in his life, my husband had bad health about sixteen years ago. He became very despondent which naturally reflected upon me. We rarely left home after his business hours. My pleasure was to be with and entertain him. My children suggested we attend the movies. It worked like a charm. I, too, began to enjoy myself. Until a month before

his death, we rarely missed a night. We would return home and discuss the pictures which gave us so much pleasure and so many new thoughts.

For some time after his death, I would not hear of returning to the movies. But eventually I did and now I get as much pleasure from them as I used to. I see at least three pictures a week. I have really become a movie fan and, as old as I am, I get many thrills from the fine acting of the handsome young men and women.

Mrs. J. P.

around his neck started for Oklahoma City by the way of Bartlesville and Ponca. Two hundred feet away, he threw that camera a hundred feet in the air. When it came down on the hard sod ground, what happened to it was terrible. Brass parts an' glass lenses were just scattered all over the prairie. Some of the parts we never did find. The camera was a wreck. Miles of film was blowin' around between the arena of the great Roman Circus an' the Salt Fork of the Canadian River.

An' that, ladies an' gentlemen, was the end of "Quo Vadis"!

If it had been ended as planned an' hoped, the name of Tom Mix might have been seen in electric lights eight or nine years before it finally reached that dignity. It was my great chance. A red sash spoiled it. Still, I like red. Almost everything I own is painted red.

OUR troupe ended up much like an Uncle Tom's company that went broke in Dewey when I was marshalin' there an' it got attached. Little Eva married the sheriff; Topsy got a job in McGurk's restaurant; Marks, the lawyer, worked as a clerk in the town's best hotel an' Uncle Tom, who was a colored man, was porter in the same place. The only man in the troupe who couldn't find something to do was Simon Legree. He got out of the state in a box car an' my assistant shot the bloodhound.

I had a little money left an' helped Miss Blevins get a ticket to Chicago. I'd like to add in here some place that she paid it back; pronto. What I lent to that ambassador of good will from England, Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay, is still a owin'. Old man Couldock had money of his own to get away with. Chuck Hartman got as far as Oklahoma City where he opened a photograph gallery, got married an' has since become a very rich man in the oil business.

THEN came sad news for me. I got sued for two of the bulls I had bought an' for which Mr. Walwrath departed without settlin' for, so I had to pay. One of 'em was the black bull an' so far as I know, he's still at large, somewhere in the State of Oklahoma. I never could find him. The red one I sold to a butcher. By the time I got straightened around, my money was all gone an' I owed Mike Cunyan \$140.

"Tom, didn't this movie man tell you there was millions in the picture business?" Buster Gardner asked next day.

"He sure did," I replied, "but there ain't no million in pictures with wolves, buffalos or wild bulls in 'em. You got to have elephants, hippopotamuses an' rhinoceroses to get in the big money."

That gave me an idea.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

NEXT MONTH:

Through joining up with a big animal picture in Florida where he was employed to protect Kathlyn Williams from wild jungle beasts, Tom finally reaches Hollywood and at last gets into the "Big Money." He found the human sharks of Hollywood worse than the denizens of the jungle he had been fighting in Florida, and is greatly amazed thereat.



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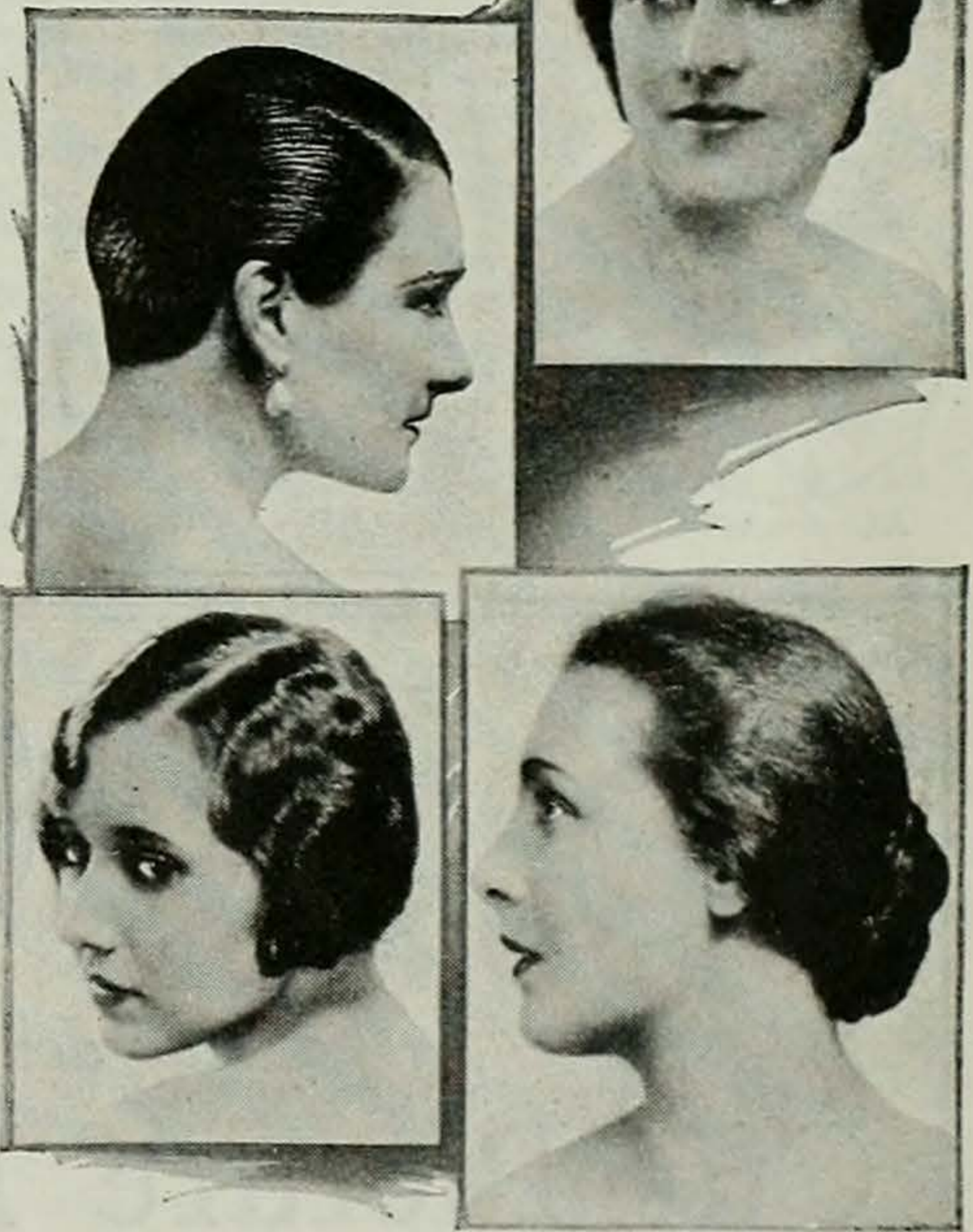
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