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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Redners in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when those speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Astor.—Pay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers are insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Carnival.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Briani. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads this cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson, W. J. Ferguson and the clever and personable Wilton Sisters.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operaetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music. And a corking cast, with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kast and John Goldsworth and Frederick Santley.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and H. K. and Frank plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a poignant personality to the proceedings.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disposing in the huge "hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence." Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

Henry Miller.—"Moonlight and Honeysuckle." Ruth Chatterton in a charming comedy that might have been a big hit had the playwright taken full advantage of some of the situations in the last act. As it is it starts like a hare and ends like a tortoise.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Unknown Woman." A very emotional melodrama by Majorie Rambeau in Bendel gowns and tears. Jean Robertson contributes a vivid bit as a dope.

Mercedes.—"City Clothes." A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title rôle shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.

Playhouse.—"Palmy Days." A picturesque drama by Augustus Thomas in which Wilton Lackaye does the finest work of his career since "Jim the Penman.


Princess.—"Nightie Night," Described by the program as a "wide awake farce,

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“Thirty-ninth Street Theater.”—“Scandal,” Cosmo Hamilton’s daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Frannice Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading roles in the excellent foottlight production.

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“Chin Exchange of Waves.”—Another Cosmo Hamilton comedy which, however, never attains the spontaneity or piquancy of “Scandal.” The chief laugh inducer is a scene on a sleeping car.

“She Would and She Did.”—Gra: George in a light (very light) comedy founded on a little hole in the golf links which Grace angrily made, resulting in her suspension from the club for two months. Society and golf folk will probably find this an entertaining little play.

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SYNTHETIC

well, a little more. My name is Grace Edmerson.

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Here is a prayer for relief from the custom-made movie plot:

EDITOR—With more or less interest I have digested some of the letters to the Editor; Mr. Finney in his epistle about "Boltsism on Trial" is telling us only his impression. While to six readers he may be correct in his criticism, half a dozen will be just as sincere in the praise of the picture in question.

One has his favorites, his likes and dislikes. But honestly, can you point out one screen group that has not a tragic, drama, comedy, slapstick, Charlie Chaplin or "Fatty" Arbuckle, which does not always, and where one finds the heroine fading out in the respective star's arms? Seems to me the so-called movie writer-director is the one who gets out of the rut, go into "high" gear and strike the highway of entertainment as well as education. It can be done; if I remember correctly, it has been done once or twice. This everlasting falling in love at first sight, fighting overheating, odds and coming on top—it's not done nowadays. Take Harry Moe in "Beauty Proof." Can you, even under the influence of 275% beverages, imagine a N.W. mounted policeman following a female—no matter how beautiful—up north without his coat and gauntlets? Silly. Good luck and success.

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(Continued on page 14)
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AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION

On October 1st, 1919, practically all of the printers and type-setters in and around New York went out on strike, including those who print this magazine. Without going into the merits of the controversy between the employers and the employees, we will simply say that we had no voice in the matter one way or the other. Several labor unions had differences among themselves, and these differences caused the Publishers' Association to refuse to comply with the demands of certain labor unions. We do not belong to the Publishers' Association. That body conducted all the negotiations. When the printers and compositors walked out, it was not in our power to make them walk back, even if we had been willing to give them everything they asked. Had we terms with one union, another union would have refused to handle our paper, and another union would have refused to make the plates which are necessary for us to have. In other words, our hands were tied. We were helpless. Some publications were fortunate enough to have some of their printing done for them in distant cities, some had it done by some other process (such as typewriting photographed) and some could not have their work done at all. The strike did not end until the latter part of November, having lasted nearly two months.

During this time we did everything possible to supply our readers with this, their favorite magazine, on time and in good condition, but such was not possible. We left no stone unturned and were willing to go to any expense, but in spite of every effort, we were unable to meet the schedule, hence we were late. Furthermore, the magazine that you received was not the one we intended to give you. When the strike came on, this magazine was partly made up and partly printed, but we were unable to move either the type or the parts that had been printed. We managed to get out a MAGAZINE, but it was not the kind of magazine we wanted, it was the best we could. We could not even print an explanation and an apology, hence this one. We hoped and still believe that all of our esteemed readers, even those in distant parts, had heard of the great tie-up strike and that they would patiently wait. Some of our contemporaries took advantage of our extremities by issuing extra large editions on an advanced date, hoping thereby to secure some of our readers, instead of extending us the brotherly hand and saying, "Is there anything we can do for you in your distress?" We hope that they have largely profited by their business sagacity, but we believe that we have not lost a single reader. Once a reader always a reader.

We are now fully recovered from the disaster and from now on our readers may expect the finest magazine possible. We have done this for ten years and we can do it now. WATCH US.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
"I take this occasion to tell you of the genuine pleasure and perfect satisfaction your New Wonder Model Instruments, used by the members of my Band, have given me. In one extended engagement at the New York Hippodrome your instruments have had a splendid opportunity to display their merits. They have fully demonstrated their worthiness of the Grand Prize Medal and Gold Medal of Honor given them by the Jury of Awards at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. During my recent engagements at the Exposition I had occasion to note the various bands and orchestras there engaged and the Conn Instruments seemed to be in evidence everywhere. Particularly true this was where High Grade Musicians were engaged.

I must maintain that the new model Conn Instruments enhance the musical value of any organization to a marked degree and the members of my organization fully respond with me.

The Conn, Ltd., has created a high standard of excellence for Band Instruments, a standard worthy of emulation, if possible, by other makers. Very sincerely,

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

The Famous Jackie Band, U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill. Lieut. John Philip Sousa, Conductor

The organization and successful training of the "Jackie Band" is one of the most remarkable of Lieut. Sousa's achievements. Its members were recruited from all walks of life—many of them wholly unfamiliar with music and musical instruments—and yet in a few short months, Lieut. Sousa was able to develop them into a world-renowned organization. The Band of over 1200 members was equipped throughout with Conn Instruments—a most significant fact when one remembers the success achieved. And yet, good music is no mystery. It is the expression of skill in both the artist and the maker of the instrument.

MUSIC IN OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

ESSENTIAL TONAL QUALITIES

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The best of an instrument is its tonal qualities—its perfect intonation—its symmetry of proportion—its proper balance—its embodiment of Art and Science as expressed in appearance and performance.

Conn Instruments are the product of a patented method impossible of attainment elsewhere. From intimate, scientific knowledge of requirements, plus a mechanical skill in proportion that approaches the Artistic and Ideal, gives a guarantee of quality and uniformity in tonal elements that is unsurpassed. The universal recognition of this superiority of Conn Instruments by all great Band Leaders of International Fame is the best possible guide and assurance for the beginner or the veteran purchaser of band instruments.

Let us send information about forming a band in your organization. If you are a player or beginner, ask for information concerning the instrument in which you are interested.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
From a recent photo

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CARMART, IND.

Largest and most thoroughly equipped Band Instrument Factory in the World.

THE DARLING SAXOPHONE FOUR

is all that the demand implies. These four charming young ladies who are achieving musical success as musical entertainers in high-class workrooms. They, too, place their dependence on Conn Instruments. The result? Exactly what you would expect—the finest ever.

Ralph Dunbar's White Hussars have become so enthusiastic over their Conn Instruments that they both play and sing the praise. Those who have heard the White Hussars in Lyceum Chauncasqua and Warsaw know the quality of their work and appreciate the significance of their enthusiasm for Conn Instruments.

THE SCHUSTJ FAMILY

Many brothers and sisters might well employ the musical activities the Schustj Family Saxop hone Quintette w has earned as a reliable reputation as entertainers. The degree of harmony is prised by the little family truly wonderful—let them, the use Conn Instruments, of course

PICTURE PAGE 17
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Write the Words For a Song—We will publish your songs. Free copy of "How to Write a Song, Free," "How to Publish a Song, Free," "How to Sell a Song, Free." Chicago Play Call, Box 746, 111, Chicago.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"I have just read your magazine and am so pleased with it that I have subscribed for it. I have not read any other magazine that has given me as much pleasure as your." (Continued from previous page)
music wins the instant approval of everyone because it is so sympathetic in quality, so
appealing, so singable. No wonder every-
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any piano.

ance to Stanly Music, you hear Stanly Song
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Love and longing, pathos, hope and happiness are
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Will You?
I’m Forever Thinking
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Lullaby Land
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My Gal!
In China!
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your TALKING MACHINE

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Nothing will ever please HER better than this song—
“Only You.” Of course she’ll
believe the words, and keep
humming the melody over and
over—it’s that kind of a song.
The big thing that Paramount Arctcraft has done for you is to take the gamble out of seeing motion pictures.

Time was when you took a chance every time you paid your money—every fan remembers it.

And even now it isn’t everybody who knows how to avoid taking chances.

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But note this: Wherever you see the name Paramount Arctcraft you can bank on rich returns.

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Go by the name and you’re in line for something good.

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THE MAN ON THE COVER

Cover portrait of Antonio Moreno, by Leo Slikke

Romantic Madrid with its unfulfilled dreams—its bull-fights—it's crumbling castle walls—this was the birthplace of Spanish Tony, otherwise Antonio Garrido Montegudo Moreno. Born into an old and aristocratic family dusky Tony was to have been educated for the priesthood, but he felt he would make a better actor than priest and came to America, receiving his education at Northampton. After a short time on the stage, he joined the Vitagraph, where he has remained almost constantly ever since. Lately he has appeared in serials—but whether it's serial or feature play Tony is sure to be pleasing and vivid in his characterization.

READ

An unusual interview with Earle Williams next month

WATCH FOR

The story of the illustrated movie title

---

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Write today for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," together with a Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

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BOSTON, MASS.

KATHERINE MACDONALD

Katherine is a Diana to be sure. In “The Woman Thou Gavest Me,” we gasped over her beauty and then we loved her. She was a star! And in her first release under her own banner, “The Thunderbolt,” she ably lives up to what we have expected of her.
CARROLL McCOMAS

It was the Kleine-Edison feature, "At the Rainbow's End," which saw the bow of Carroll to the cinema world. Before this she had been in Charles Frohman productions on the legitimate stage. And now the Famous Players-Lasky have her playing leads in their photo-plays.
Doris found no joy in the material business world, so she turned her pretty back upon Pitman pot-hooks and the typewriter and became an extra girl at Universal City—but not for long—leads soon came to her and she has been seen in many Fox productions. Now, however, she is playing in Goldwyn films.
Thomas Meighan has done fine work in many productions, but never since his Pittsburgh school days has he done more artistic work than recently. His characterization in "The Miracle Man" places him with the artists. Recently he appeared with Katherine MacDonald in "The Thunderbolt."
There have been pretty blondes and there will be pretty blondes, but we wonder if there'll ever be a prettier blonde than Una Trevelyn. Una in her blonde beauty is leading woman in Eric Stroheim's Universal release, "The Woman in the Plot."
Many films have been a bit brighter because of the beauty and talents of Alice Elliott. The latest production to be enhanced by her presence is "His Divorced Wife," with Monroe Salisbury.
Charlotte is one of the blithe comedy lassies who has remained loyal to the mirth provoking movie despite the exodus of her comedy sisters to the field of drama. She is now of the Lyons Moran comedy fold.
AT NIGHT—a thorough bath for your face

If you want a skin that is clear, brilliant with color—let it breathe at night

TINY, invisible dust particles—always, always falling on your unprotected face!

In crowds—in shops—in theatres—all day long, while you are going unconsciously about your occupations—the delicate skin of your face is exposed to millions of unseen enemies.

That is why a thorough bath for your face at night is so important.

During your eight hours of sleep the skin of your face should be allowed to rest—to breathe. The delicate pores should be freed from the dust and dirt that have accumulated during the day.

For remember—authorities on the skin now agree that most of the commonest skin troubles come, not from the blood—but from bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores from outside, through dust and small particles in the air.

If, from neglect or the wrong method of cleansing, your skin has lost the flawless clearness it should have—if it is marred by blackheads—by disfiguring little blemishes—begin tonight to change this condition. You can make your skin just what it should be. For every day it is changing—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By giving the new skin, as it forms, the special treatment its need demands, you can make it as soft, as clear and smooth as you would like to have it.

The famous treatment for blackheads

Perhaps, in your case, failure to use the right method of cleansing for your type of skin has resulted in disfiguring little blackheads. This condition can be overcome—and your skin can be smooth and clear in future.

To keep your skin free from this trouble, try using every night this famous treatment:

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then, with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury’s Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully. To remove the blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

In the little booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap you will find the treatment for blemishes, for conspicuous nose pores—for each one of the commoner skin troubles. Find the treatment that your particular type of skin demands—then use it regularly each night before retiring. You will be surprised to see how quickly your skin will gain in attractiveness—how smooth, clear and colorful you can keep it by this care.

Woodbury’s Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States and Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

We shall be glad to send you a trial size cake

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, “A Skin You Love To Touch.” Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., 1302 Spring Grove Ave, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1708 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.
Faith!

"ACCORDING to your FAITH be it unto you!"

In what do YOU believe?

Do you believe in yourself, in your future, in the goodness of humanity?

Do you BELIEVE that you will be a success?

Do you believe in the future of the photoplay?

Do you believe in the coming happy time when labor and capital will be contentedly linked together?

If you do, you are a force for good in the world, and sooner or later the horn of plenty will pour forth all the good things of life, until your cup runneth over.

But beware of and pity the man who has little faith, who does not believe!

For his carping pessimistic thoughts are as injurious to the progress of the world as are pesky blackbirds in a new and well-sown field of corn.

When he tells you that you will never be able to succeed in your chosen work, he has hampered and delayed your progress in proportion as you have believed him. When he tells about the burdensome hard times ahead, he saps a certain zest of endeavor which would otherwise leave one strong enough, not only to breast the breakers ahead but to throttle and harness them to advantageous use.

When he says the photoplay is all bunk and will never progress, that the world is in the clutches of a revolution, that everything is all wrong, refuse to listen to him, or if you listen, gaze at the puny, useless, retarding, grumbling creature and let your faith be so strong, so all-engrossing that even his pessimism shrivels before it.

Teach the benighted creature to believe in the potency of good as opposed to evil—and you will have swung the wheel of progress speeding up the hills of hardship so easily that humanity won't notice the grade.

And—if these few words of mine have not helped you to see ahead just a little bit better—then go to see George Loane Tucker's motion picture, "The Miracle Man."

Remember thereafter, that you and I, each of us, have a Miracle Man in our own heart and—if we will give him a chance, if we will only have FAITH—the world and all the glory thereof will be ours!
An Orchid Speaks

There is this aura about her which one senses rather than feels . . . a sense of dreams rather than realities . . . of realities which still are dreams . . . and there is the flushed heart of gold, humanly warm, which causes this orchid person to drop on her knees to fondle a stray studio dog which entered, all unceremoniously, the partially opened door of her ivory-and-mauve dressing-room at the Famous-Players Lasky studio. The dog, like the proverbial fool, rushing in where angels, etc., etc. . . .

There is a naive, too, an ingenuousness which is the antithesis of the poseur.

"I am still afraid of people," admitted Miss Ferguson, "just as I was when I was a child. . . . so sensitive. . . . so timid. Even now, I am afraid. . . ."

It is hard to be literal when writing of Miss Ferguson. There is so much of the literal in the world. One dwells on her fantasy. One remembers her whimsicality, deliciously. The quizzical light in her grey eyes when she discusses herself . . . herself most of all. . . .

There is a sort of super-nicety about Miss Ferguson. It is in her physical make-up and in her manner of speaking and, psychologically, in her aura. . . . and there is the flushed heart of gold . . . humanly warm . . . which causes her to drop on her knees and fondle a stray studio dog.

There is a pedestal with which she establishes contact with the world . . . this is her personality, her ego, if you will. She is an attar of rare

THERE is no more perfect as there is no more beautiful simile than that of a beautiful woman to a flower to which she is somehow intrinsically kindred. Referentially, Tennyson's "Lily Maid," the famous "Rosebud Garden of Girls," the vivid "Tiger Rose" and many others.

When one sees Miss Ferguson, one sees an orchid. A particular, a delicately poetical kind of an orchid. Not the purple variety, haughty and scentless and rather forbidding . . . a white orchid, say, rather, with a veiling of moonlight and a heart of pink and gold. Fantasy, no doubt. But there is fantasy in the personality of Miss Ferguson. Fantasy, whimsicality, fragility and sub-stratum, a mentality which is all of these and none of them. Paradoxical, no doubt again. But so is Miss Ferguson paradoxical.

There is a sort of super-nicety about Miss Ferguson. It is in her physical make-up and in her manner of speaking and, psychologically, in her aura. Perhaps she has retained it consciously, not without effort. Who knows? After combat, after struggle, after fight, but she has retained it, which is tremendously indicative of qualities far stronger than fantasy and fragility.
things, rare persons and there is a rare atmosphere about her...

And she dwells upon a mission...

"I like to touch as unobtrusively as possible on the sordid side of things," she said. "Sometimes that is not possible, but when I can do as I please, I lay no stress upon them, especially in the lives of women. I know these things exist, of course; I am not discounting their reality nor their import. But I should like to stand to women for the thing beyond. I should like to have women see me and go away feeling, even vaguely, that these things need not exist, need not be permanent. I should like to hold out to them the hope of an inner development, the belief that that development, call it a spiritual one if you will, or a mental, or both, is the only thing that counts really. That this development has nothing more to do with the luxurious externalities than it has with the sordid ones; that it is irrespective of all things save that which is within. A higher plane as a reality... the admission of no limitations..."—came the little, deprecating shrug of the shoulders—"perhaps I hope too much...

I, fatuously, with conviction: "You have that aura... the aristocracy of things..."

"Not only that the aristocracy of things exists—I am mounting my favorite hobby—for me or for you—but for everybody. That they are possibilities—the things beyond experience—the hope of these things."

There was an interlude during which the aforementioned canine stalked in and had to be petted, and Miss Ferguson's favorite cat was discussed with some minute-ness, and I was blinded by the colors of some gorgeously Spanish costumes she is to wear in her forthcoming picture.

"I wanted to go to Spain this year," said Miss Ferguson; "I don't care about going to the war-torn countries, but I do want to go and steep myself in the atmosphere of Spain. I believe it would teach me a very great deal.

There is a sort of a call... perhaps it comes from delving about for these genuine old-Spain things. I think I have had an instinct for them."

Which led her to speak of instinct. "I believe in trusting instinct absolutely," she said, "providing one does not confound instinct with impulse, which is neither one. If one went by one's instinct one would go a very long way in the right direction. By impulse—the little, quasi-humorous shrug again—"what mad things might one not do! Of course, like all questions which are really great, it simmers down to the individual."

One would not precisely picture Miss Ferguson doing "mad things." They are not, could not be, her forte. Unless, indeed, one might do them with a subtle charm and an ingenuous. But even then—she has too nice a sense of balance, too fine an equilibrium.

We touched on hobbies. "Hobbies," she said, "are at once the curse and the hope of the inter-
viewer and the curse, certainly, of the interviewee. We both have it. Well, then—tapestries. At present, I care most for the things which are imaginative, for the things which suggest other realms of thought and fancy, other visions, other scopes. And there is the charm of finding tapestries, of coming across them, always with a thrill. Then, being possessed of their histories, which often mean lifetimes of romance and tragedy, of dreams and death... cloisters... and infinite patience... "It is, I believe," she went on, rather more thoughtfully, "largely infinite patience and time and the necessary mellowing of time that makes for the sheerest beauty—not only of tapestries. Patience is the gold from which all the alloy has been taken out. It is the ultimate refinement. And it is not necessarily the puerile thing one thinks it to be. It can be vital. It can have red blood. And it can still be patience, a sort of a splendid holding in leash and a great developing. Art, especially, must have it, because art, truly, is seldom the burgeoning to life of a sudden flower. It is essentially a growth of the sensibilities, the responses, the reactions. All sorts of things go to its perfection and for perfection there must be patience—and there you are!"

When we left it was with reluctance, not with the feeling of a necessary talk concluded, but of a charming talk which had not well begun. For every topic Miss Ferguson has the same rare whimsicality, the same delicate profundity of thought, the same hope... hope, which is her keynote.

An orchid, an aristocrat, an intellect—Miss Ferguson.
To Corsica With “Dusty”

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

“Want to go to Corsica?” Dustin Farnum asked me.

“Do I?” was my reply, in the unmistakable tones signifying that I most certainly did.

“All right,” said Dusty. “We are going on location to Catalina Island—which makes a fine Corsica—to shoot scenes for my new picture, The Corsican Brothers,’ and I’ll show you what a Barney Oldfield of the sea I am.”

Now, in the vernacular of the motion picture world, location means any place away from the studio where scenes for a film are made. Going on location is an ordinary occurrence and there are many ways of reaching the destination, but it was left to Dustin Farnum to set an absolutely new standard by taking his company across the thirty miles of Pacific Ocean to Catalina in his own splendid sea-going yacht, the Ding.

I was excited, for the trip promised to be full of thrills, and I arrived at the Los Angeles Yacht Club promptly on time, where we boarded the Ding, which Mr. Farnum keeps anchored here along with his pet fishing boat, the Juanita, and his new swift motorboat, Miss Los Angeles, with which he hopes to win the motorboat races this autumn.

The star, arrayed in spotless flannels, with his prized captain’s cap perched on his head, was rushing about, giving the engine a final oiling from a can that might well serve the Twentieth Century Limited, and his greeting was punctuated by the famous Farnum smile.

“This is the happiest time of my life—when I have my hands on this steering-wheel,” he remarked, as he skillfully sent the yacht thru the maze of sea craft that crowded San Pedro harbor.

The fog that had hovered all day along the coast lifted just as we swung into the ocean. Millions of white-crested waves, riding a choppy sea, were catching and reflecting the sun’s rays, adding a brilliance that was most exhilarating, and the first few minutes were spent drawing in deep breaths of the crisp air and enjoying the animated picture spread out before our eyes.

“Gee, but I’m happy! I wouldn’t change places with any one in the whole world,” laughed Mr. Farnum, as we settled into a steady speed. “I wasn’t satisfied until I got my navigator’s license—I am my own captain now!”
The Ding is 300 horsepower, can go 22 knots an hour, turn in her own length, and every inch of the 65 feet is devoted to comfort. There are shaded decks, staterooms that are marvels of convenience, while the complete kitchen, tiny as it is, stirs the housewifely interest in every feminine breast.

"No stilted etiquette goes here," laughed Dusty. "We just have a good, happy time.

"I've always been crazy about boats," he went on, eagerly, as I curled up in the window seat near the steering-wheel. I remember the very first one I ever owned. One summer up in Bucksport, Maine, grandfather bought me a punt and I was the proudest kid in the State. I remember, too, that I took one of grandmother's best sheets for jib and sails and took a wheel from brother Bill's little wagon for a steering-wheel. Imagine a punt all dressed up like that!" And the big fellow laughed at the memory.

"How was the fishing this season?" I asked, recalling that both Dustin and William are members of the Catalina Tuna Club.

"Great! Don't get me started on fishing, for I'm a wild man on the subject. I'll tell you, tho, what Bill and I did this summer. In ten days we caught thirty-four pounds less than two tons of tuna! Some catch! We had an eleven and a half hour battle with one big fellow, then lost him."

The world and its cares, its struggles and efforts seemed far away, and we could easily "play" there was no land in sight, just a limitless expanse of ocean. We had reached the deep, heavy swells, and the yacht rose and fell with fascinating regularity, while every one settled down to the pure enjoyment of the trip.

Suddenly, from out the space directly in front of us rose a huge, dark object that looked like a boxcar floating in the water. The next instant the brown body of a whale lifted itself to the surface, becoming (Continued on page 97)
Beautiful Elaine—down thru the ages; back to the days of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table—there has always been a beautiful Elaine. Today we have Elaine of the Hammerstein clan,—and those who have seen her in "The Country Cousin" vote her as beautiful as the Elaines of yore.
That Stonehouse Youngster

THERE are certain Sunday afternoon motor trips in Hollywood, just as each town, however small, boasts some favorite Sunday afternoon stroll, whether it be up Bon Ton Avenue or to the reservoir. Laurel Canyon, which is a canyon because of two towering mountains on either side, is the Mecca of Hollywood motorists who have enjoyed a late dinner and seek a short but pleasant spin. One doesn't wonder at its selection, for it is a beautifully picturesque road, and now and then, if you return after dusk, you'll see the glow of the lights in the pretty bungalows scattered here and there along the mountainside and quite secluded from view by the huge eucalyptus-trees which spread sheltering arms around them.

In one of the most attractive of these domiciles, which boasts glorious fruit-trees, a prize grapevine and, most wonderful of all, an honest-to-goodness old-fashioned garden like the one grandmother used to revel in, with a garden wall ‘n’ everything, lives Ruth Stonehouse. And it was here at “Stonehouse Castle,” as she whimsically calls her abode, that she had requested I visit with her when I had phoned her early that morning.

There were two ascents to the house, one of wide stone steps up the mountainside, while a little further up the road was a sloping, flower-bordered path. Luckily, I chose the steps, for they led to the kitchen-garden and fruit-trees. Had I gone the other way, this interview would have been very different. As it was, I saw something very much like golden hair glitter thru the branches of one of the fruit-trees and, walking about to the other side, I discovered “Ruthie” Stonehouse endeavoring to balance a ladder, a huge basket of fruit and herself at the same time.

Coming quickly down the ladder, she brushed her hand off on the brown overalls she wore and then offered it to me with her word of greeting.

“I never do anything like other people,” she admitted, regretfully, as we wended our way toward the attractive house and entered thru the French windows overlooking the garden. “The last thing Joe told me when he left was not to gather that fruit, but, of course, I had to have my own way, and now look at me! Any other person would have been dressed when a perfectly good interview was at stake, but I always do manage to accomplish the taboo act.”

Photo by Hoover, L. A.

Two new portraits of “Ruthie” Stonehouse, who admits she was as important at the Essanay studios, where she started picture work, as a groom at a wedding.
Joe, kind readers, is Ruthie's husband. And he's a very, very nice husband, too, so she says, and not eligible for "Only Their Husbands' Club," being a scenario writer of repute and extremely clever.

"Well, as long as you don't mind, I'm glad the fruit is mostly all gathered," continued Ruth. "You just can't get a man around here to do anything but hug the studios. It doesn't matter whether they were gardeners or school-teachers in their home town—they'd rather starve to death believing themselves a second Booth than help conserve the season's crop. Now, if you'll make yourself comfy, I'll take ten minutes to make myself respectable, and if friend husband returns, please don't tell him you discovered me up a tree, will you?"

And, obtaining my promise, she flew up the winding stairs, leaving me in the long living-room, with its inviting chairs, filled bookcases, huge fireplace, Oriental rugs and pretty hangings.

In less than the requested ten minutes she returned, looking like some elfin spirit which had glided in thru the open window, in a simple white crêpe de chine frock, her hair waving about her forehead in golden ringlets.

Ruth's voice is particularly musical. The fact that she planned a career on the stage and, in fact, was on the stage for a time, may account for this fact, for it is well-modulated and always well under control.

Nestling up comfortably on a chaise longue, she looked at me from beneath half closed eyes and, (Continued on page 99)
America and the
An Interview with Richard A.
By JAMES

AMERICA will always dominate the world production of photoplays. That is the belief of Richard A. Rowland, president of Metro Pictures, who has just returned from a tour of England and the Continent. Since he studied film conditions on the other side at first hand, his comments have distinctive significance.

"The great—and vital—essential on the other side lies in the theater itself," says Mr. Rowland; "there are no big houses where big pictures can be played at a profit. The tiny existing theaters can only afford to pay the smallest of rentals.

"England was a shade ahead of us in theater-building and film exhibiting when the world war started. For instance, England never had the daily change idea, but always played screen productions for three days or a week. We are many strides ahead now, however. The Continent is practically a virgin field in theater-building, but there is still an appalling lack of material, while labor, too, is completely disorganized.

"Yet the people everywhere are literally crazy for pictures. American films have a tremendous hold in every country. In Spain, for instance, Italian pictures completely dominated the field before the war. Then the production of Italian films stopped and Spain had to purchase our photoplays. As a result, American stars are widely popular and I do not think Italian photoplays can return to ascendancy there.

"American producers have been fearing the invasion of Continental pictures. Consider Italy. While the war has been a terrific blow to that country, they are now going after film production in a big way. Yet I can see but one field, the big special drama or spectacle, in which they can successfully invade America. If they produce super-spectacles of an international type, such as 'Cabiria,' they can obtain a hearing everywhere. They must avoid the drama of the typical Italian type, in which American audiences are not interested.

"They can never financially cope with regular American productions, since we have such a tremendous home consumption that we can afford to make them supremely better. Due to the war, the cost of photoplay-making in Italy now equals the cost of filming a drama over here,
Foreign Photoplay
Rowland, President of Metro Pictures
FREDERICKS

“American photoplays dominate the world and they will go on dominating it—unless one thing occurs. We all know the tremendous influence of the screen, but over there, in England and on the Continent, they see greater national and political strings attached to films than we appreciate in the United States.

“In Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and other countries they are coming to believe that the steady presentation of our life, our ideals, our ideas, via American pictures, is undermining their national existence. They believe that American photoplays are drawing their citizens away from the mother country and undermining traditions and patriotism. Right now the French are said to be considering a law to hold the number of imported films down to fifty per cent, of the whole amount of films being exhibited in France.

“All this may develop into an actual governmental opposition to our pictures here and there.”

Mr. Rowland made a particular study of theater conditions and audiences. “Pauline Frederick and Pearl White are tremendous favorites,” he said.

“They like Miss Frederick for her Continental type of emotional play and Miss White for thrills. Fairbanks is exceedingly popular among the Italians. Mary Pickford is a favorite everywhere and, of course, Chaplin is an idol in every land.

“In Italy they realize that America has technically advanced beyond them and they are seeking American directors. When I was in Rome I met Herbert Brenon just after he had signed with a big Italian company to direct Marie Doro in a series of specials.

“Italy, due to its climate and natural advantages, is physically America’s one big contender in the field of production. The south of France is ideal, too, but the French are not returning to production with sweeping zest, at least not yet. England would make a nervous wreck of the average American director, despite its beautiful countrysides, castles, and interesting places. The atmosphere and conditions are appalling.”

Mr. Rowland summed up American conditions as he found them upon his return.

“The American picture business is narrowing down to about four organizations which will own the country’s screen theaters. Metro is not trying to be one of these four. We are basing our business upon the idea that, if we go on steadily making good pictures and steadily advancing, we will always find places to show them, no matter how few organizations own the country theaters. These combinations will not refuse pictures that are sure to make money for them. And good pictures make money.

“I believe that, unless the picture people watch out, the money men in Wall Street will soon own the whole business. Yet, the efforts of producers to control the theaters of the country have been a mental and logical development of bad business methods.

“The motion picture has been based upon sand—the star idea. When the stars, mad with the avalanche of...

(Continued on page 96)
Bebe Daniels has emerged from a little brown-eyed comedy lass into a beautiful orchidous, butterfly person. And in the DeMille productions in which she will appear she plans to make up for all the pictures in which her wardrobe was necessarily limited. Behold, then, these gowns!

Above, Bebe wearing a cloth-of-gold gown gathered in about the ankles with old gold fringe and a headdress of pale gold aigrettes, also wearing an evening cloak of black and white striped velvet, generously trimmed with fur, and below in a dinner gown of silver cloth and rose chiffon which hangs by strings of jet from a jet circlet about her head. Thrown over her shoulders and trailing upon the floor is a wrap of black tulle, embroidered in sunburst designs of silver and bound by wide bands of skunk.
HAPPY VALLEY called her “Angel o' Happiness.” Almost every soul in Happy Valley had a reason for giving her that name. Some of them remembered the day she was born, in storm and stress and coming death, and the little, marvelous smile that twisted her distraught small face thru the very pangs of torture. They said, some of them, simple souls, that it must a' been an angel kissin’ her good-by and wishin’ her Godspeed thru her pilgrimage on earth.

Ezra Hopkins was one of those who remembered that day, and the smile the new baby had given him lay warm against his heart.

Pegeen, as Happy Valley called her, had need of an angel’s kiss and an angel’s blessing. Most children have when their mothers go out with the tide that brings them in. Something very bleak and very tremendous and very, very lonely yawns in the gap where a mother’s love should be.

It might have been different for Pegeen if her father had been different. And then again, there were those who said that nothing would have made things different with Pegeen. She was herself. She would have been herself tho the rains beat her to the earth or the sun raised her to the clouds. She lived, not for herself, but for others. Her happiness lay in the young bride’s happiness across the street; in the young mother’s radiant bliss; in the Jenkins boy, who won a scholarship thru college; in the Smith girl, who was left a thousand dollars and bought her-

self bewilderings finery and left Happy Valley; in the same girl’s automobile when, coming back, a year later, she allowed Pegeen to sit in it. Pegeen sat in it for a happy, silent hour, eating luscious bon-bons the Smith girl had offered. She was too awed even to be aware of Jimmie Gates, staring at her from the outside and telling her she “fitted to a T, honest she did.” Of course, Pegeen knew that she didn’t.

Pegeen was only seven when she knew that there was something terribly wrong with her dad. She knew it first, as some devastating illness, and then, very briefly, as “drink.” She had heard of drink before. There was a great deal of it in Happy Valley. Poor Mis’ Leeks, for instance, with her nine children and all of them bruised and battered up most of the time so’s they could hardly crawl about to do the washings a few of the more plutocratic families from the town nearby sent to them. That, Pegeen knew, was “drink.”

There was Mis’ Fellow’s son, too, her only son, for whom she had worked herself to skin and bone that he might be educated past and beyond the educational standards of Happy Valley. He had come back and stolen from her and even struck her and finally left her altogether to the somehow tender mercies of intermittent charity. That, Happy Valley whispered, was “drink.” Prior to “drink,” Mis’ Fellow’s son had been a nice enough chap.

When Pegeen knew definitely that drink was what ailed her dad, her soul shuddered with terror. After a while, tho, she saw that drink did a different sort of a thing.
Pegeen sat in it for a happy, silent hour, eating luscious bon-bons the Smith girl had offered. She was too swed even to be aware of Jimmie Gates, staring at her from the outside and telling her she "fitted to a T, honest she did."

She prolonged aint specificly feel not Pegeen a beautiful P? Afi£ silent offered. bon-bons Pegeen ter died, teriously, Gates, the For outside "fitted cheat to flower quite... too, he... Smith it was... happy, he... girls... talk of... space, always... her... goin'... he... become, having, her... he... drunker... When John... When John, she... how, he..." kid, Pegeen... and John... John's, the... Pegeen... John... when, he..." kid, Pegeen... did, he... and... John... John... had... John..."... kid... John... John... John... defantly, triumphantly, that he did know how... he'd got to light the skies, that was how, he'd got to light every bloomin' inch of sky, and then he'd find her, he'd find her... then. Death shouldn't play the cheat with Dan O'Neill... not when it came to his girl... not much...

When Pegeen was thirteen, after a prolonged succession of disappearances resulting in his returning to moan that he couldn't get the sky bright enough all at the one time, he disappeared with apparent finality. Pegeen was left alone.

All this was why Happy Valley loved Pegeen. She made of her loneliness a crown and wore it with an uplifted head. She made of her pain an instrument of service in the lives of others. She took her tears and fashioned them into smiles and dropped them, like sinking suns, into hearts still sadder than her own. She looked out thru prison bars and saw not mud, but stars.

Loneliness grows many things, according to the individual. It may grow ugly things—hatred, for instance. It may grow a beautiful thing—say, love. Loneliness brought Pegeen love. For a long while she didn't know that it was love she felt. She didn't know it specificly, that is, because there were very few things she did know specifically, by name or by definition. She hadn't ever been taught by word of mouth or by writ of book. She did know that she felt just like "doin' things" for John. Once she said, "Whenever I see John I feel jes' like runnin' an' gettin' him somethin' even when there aint anythin' ter get."

She knew that, more than anything else, she wanted John to smile and to be happy. And a little later, she knew, with a growing pain, "worst ache I ever n' ever had," that John could only be happy with Nora Quinn. Once he told her so. Once, unforgettably. Pegeen grew very old in that moment. She knew that she was old, too. It was an... a terrible moment. She felt like the butterfly must feel shedding its enveloping co-con and stepping forth, delicate and naked, into the sunshine, only to die—that night. She had had the feeling that the little old Pegeen was trotting off down the road and leaving this shaken, white, fumbling woman standing, mute, with John.

Then the moment passed and she wanted, fiercely, for John to be happy, for Nora to "come around" and treat him "nice." "I think you understand, Pegeen," John was saying, "kid as you are."

"I think I do, too, John," Pegeen heard her own self saying, "but I ain't a kid, John, got too much."

John had laughed. Not at her, but with her. "Since when, Pegeen?" he had wanted to know.
"Since—oh, since—well, since world before last, amen." Pegeen had answered, and had been proud of the little laugh she finished off her speech with. My, what an effort that laugh had been! What hard work!

After that Pegeen worked very hard to make Nora Quinn see John as she herself saw him—or almost. Nobody, probably, could see John just as she saw him. She had had her own perfect revelation.

Prior to all this she hadn't been quite as kind as she might have been to Jimmie Gates. She hadn't meant not to be. She just hadn't known how it was. Now she knew, and she didn't want any one to feel what she had felt on that mountain trail when John had told her about Nora and the unwanted loves of women of all ages had crushed down upon her heart. Jimmie, for instance, might not have been able to achieve that little triumphant laugh that spoke of victory. She grew very kind indeed to Jimmie. He was, she found, even a comfort to her. She could talk to him and he understood her. He was always there. He loved her and she couldn't help feeling comforted and warmed. It was sort of like having a family of whom one was very fond. It wasn't John, but neither, by the same token, was earth heaven. There have to be comparative standards.

Pegeen was fifteen when Happy Valley was distraught by a series of obviously incendiary fires. Cabins were burned down, the general store, barns and outbuildings, indiscriminately. There seemed to be an attempt on the part of the unknown incendiary to do it in as wholesale a fashion as possible. "Seems like he wants to light up the earth," said Jimmie Gates, and when he said that something cold and dreadful smote Pegeen on the heart.

There echoed back to her, "I've got to light every bloomin' inch of sky . . . every bloomin' inch of sky . . .!" Her father, wandering still on his maddened search, had returned to the scene of his loss to light up Happy Valley.

She told him fear to Jimmie, and he laughed at her. "It's Ezra Hopkins," he told her; "every one says it's Ezra Hopkins, Pegeen. Your pop's been gone this long while. It ain't him."

"It ain't Ezra," persisted Pegeen; "somethin' tells me it ain't Ezra."

"Ezra does all the mean dirt tricks in Happy Valley," declared Jimmie; "you had oughter know that, Pegeen. Everybody says so."

"That's all it amounts to, Jimmie, everybody say; don so, beed ter kep his I g

big and old enough to keep house alone. I know Ezra has a real kind heart. He don't do all the dirt folks say he does. I—it's wicked—but I almost wish I could believe he done all this—if it has to be my dad instead."

When the fires flared up rather than died down, Happy Valley formed a vigilance committee. If there were to be any Happy Valley, something drastic had to be done.

Jimmie Gates was one of the committee, and he told Pegeen of the plan to wear masks and gowns and track down the supposed origin of the trouble to the cabin of Ezra Hopkins.

"The committee believes," he told Pegeen, "that it may be just Ezra and it may be a gang—but we're dead sure the trouble starts at Ezra's, somehow or other."

Pegeen shook her head. "I saw Ezra today, Jimmie," she said; "I was talkin' with him, and he aint up ter this. He—he told me he had done had things in his day, but he said that somehow he and folks didn't ever seem ter get on. He wanted folks ter like him, he said, and once up on a time, he
said, he'd tried ter make them, but they didn't never meet him, he told me, they didn't never meet him even half way, he said, 'exceptin' you, Pegeen,' and he—he blest my little heart. Folks that bless you, solemn and lovin'- like, aint up to firin' folks' houses, Jimmie, that's the solemn, earnest truth."

"Then who, Pegeen? These fires hereabouts aint startin' up theirselves."

Little Pegeen's small face grew white. "Mad folks, Jimmie," she told him, "mad folks . . . with broken hearts and . . . and broken brains . . . tryin' ter catch up . . . with Death . . ."

When the vigilance committee set forth after dark that evening for Ezra Hopkins' cabin and saw, with a resounding shout, that small, attempting flames were at work upon the Hopkins cabin. The men swore. "The nigger! He's burnin' his own shack now. Thinks he'll fool us thisaway . . . thinks he'll . . . down with him, th——!"

Pegeen had seen some one sink in the back way immediately after the flames had become evident, and then had been seen Ezra barricading his flimsy front door, his white face cut sharply against the night.

Pegeen crept around to the back and pressed herself into the narrow crack of one of the windows. She had known that sinking figure. She had known she would see it from the beginning of the fires. Her pop . . . he was still trying to light the skies and he was devastating Happy Valley . . .

She heard him singing to himself as she crept into the room. A ray of moonlight, streaked with the red of an occasional, more venturesome flame, fell athwart his face, and, too, across her heart. He opened his eyes and, above the uproar from without, he gave a tremendous cry. Pegeen knew that it was a dying cry. Under its unutterable, shattered triumph the death rattle shook. "You come, you did come!" he cried. "Peg . . . I found yer . . . I got it light enough . . . I got it light enough!"

Pegeen stole over to the cot and took the wreck into her arms. So she had grown in her mother's likeness! She held him to her

heart and tried to imagine how her mother must have held him when they were young together. Life, she thought, was crushing a flower to his lips before releasing him. Well, that was kind . . . "You come . . . you did come . . ." the wreck was muttering.

"Yes, dear; yes, dear," Pegeen crooned over him. "I looked fer yer . . . ever'where. I lit the skies fer yer . . . ."

"I know, dear; I know, dear."

"Death couldn't hide yer from me. I loved yer too hard."

"I love you, too, dear. Oh, I do, I do!"

"Did yer see me lookin' when the skies lit up? Did yer know 'twas me?"

"Of course, dear. Of course, I did."

"I feel happy now, Peg. Awful happy, now . . . pain all gone . . ."

Pegeen held him closer to her young heart.

"Sky's awful light, Peg," he said, in a moment. "Now God knows I found you, He'll put it out, I guess . . . I had to find you, Peg."

Pegeen held him still closer. He closed his eyes against the blissful thudding of her heart. The sky was awful light. Ezra's cabin was become a furnace and the heat of the flames was growing closer and closer, closer and closer to Peg and the old man, dying in his dear delusion.

Pegeen moved her mute lips. "Dear God," she prayed, voicelessly, "he (Continued on page 103)
Some have acrobats thrust upon them, but St. John was born to stunts. He had gone thru school and did not take kindly to the idea of a business career. In a serious young man of an inuventive turn of mind, such contrariness was alarming to Pa and Ma St. John.

The family has always lived in Santa Ana, which is about one hour's electric ride from Los Angeles. Locally, the town has the reputation of being the Gretna Green of Southern California. It's a small, dry, churchy burg which, outside of its license bureau and Lohengrinless weddings, is enlivened chiefly by trials in a rather splendid county courthouse. Idlers and honeymooners are fond of the little Santa Ana park, where acacia-trees scatter pink, violet and yellow blossoms on the grass. But outside of knot-tying, the airing of some ranchman's grievances against his neighbors, or an occasional county fair, Santa Ana has no claim to distinction beside that of being the birthplace of Al St. John.

In the beginning, right after Mr. St. John framed his high school diploma, he applied to the old Keystone company. It didn't work, and he didn't have what it took, so he decided to try stunts. He did.

Al will try anything! He does not rehearse difficult feats. He simply takes his life in his hands. He has a lucky barnacle sort of clutch.

According to St. John

By Doris DelVigne

Al will try anything! He does not rehearse difficult feats. He simply takes his life in his hands. He has a lucky barnacle sort of clutch.

I have seen him take a twenty-foot jump on a bicycle, hit a concrete balcony and dash right thru a window, without shaving an eyelash and as devil-may-care as you please. The falls attempted by this youthful protagonist are marvels that will astonish blase fans. How he avoids breaking his neck is a mystery, but he manages to land on the side of his neck every time and he isn't keen on having nets spread to catch him, either. It is only in very high jumps that he consents to be a "poor fish," as he terms such cowardly acts.

I have seen him dive right over a five foot ten upright piano while the "pianophiend" was juggling its poor old teeth. It was a straight floor dive, with no spring-board or other appurtenances to make work easy. Mr. St. John believes in making every stunt real and taking a chance isn't anything in his young life!

Years ago, Al
rode a wheel as a time-saver. Then he decided to put balancing feats and wild jumps a la kangaroo into a bicycle and, with two days' practice, he suddenly found himself an expert trick rider. The peculiar part of it is that Al St. John never thought of being an acrobat, never trained for such a career, and yet he now finds that he can perform almost any stunt after a few hours' practice. Golf is his hobby, swimming comes next and every day of his life he puts on the gloves. He trains for an hour every morning before doing an entire day's hard work. He cuts and edits his own pictures at night and finds time to call up the wee wife three or four times daily to assure her that he is still able to sit up and take nourishment.

When Mr. St. John decided to star himself, he sought a studio at Glendale. Now, everybody knows that this village in the foothills is mighty pleasant in winter, but quite the contrary in summer. When a series of forest fires began the lot seemed to be under the shadow of Vesuvius, with fine ashes drifting down like the snow in "Way Back East" and exciting the wrath of Al's camera-man. The heat of the fire, the low-hanging smoke-clouds, might have discouraged a weaker spirit, but the elements have no power over St. John. He knows neither fear nor weariness.

On the screen, one is apt to think of him as slightly built, but when Al inflates his chest, it's impossible for him to go thru an ordinary doorway full-face. His expansion would make an indignant bull-frog hide his head in shame.

When Al left the Arbuckle forces to set up for himself, he had a conviction that he could earn more money by playing the game alone. But a strange chance has put another big man into his company. One day, a friend of his, en route to California, was delayed at a small Western station. While he was sauntering up and down the platform, he noticed a young Hercules driving up to the baggage car to receive some mail-order goods. While the engines were being replenished, the traveler hurried forward to greet the giant ranchman. He thought that if Al had no longer a fat man to play with, he ought at least to have a tall one. So he took Cupid Pickett's measurements, found him to be seven feet and one inch long and wired a description to St. John instantaneously. St. John replied by sending Cupid some carfare and presently we shall see them together in a new series of two-reel comedies in which there will be no resort to slapstick.

"The Messenger Boy" will be the first release showing the new combination and, in its way, it will be quite a substantial first offering. It cost a fortune and over two months were required for its production. If any one imagines that it is a slow comedy, let him wait and see St. John ride his wheel across a rocky road, down a precipice and finish up with a twenty-foot jump on it.

Hereafter there will be eight of St. John's two-reelers every year, released under Paramount. All the stories are written, directed and acted by Al St. John. They are really one-man playlets, the leading woman and the characters employed being merely feelers for the acrobat's thrillers and comical stunts. An inventiveness and a streak of humor which would not be forced into mechanics or business has found an outlet in the making of comedies.

Here, then, is the record of Al St. John, the telling of which, perchance, may sound tame, because wild stunts of the kind practiced by this merry diable are calculated to thrill behold- ers, not hearers. Al St. John himself is not much given to speech. He (Continued on page 108)
MORE and more the silversheet is becoming a medium of handing down great events—crucial moments in the world's history—to posterity. Each year finds something more wonderful, more unbelievable, accomplished. The screen, in addition to being a great amusement institution, is fast becoming a pictorial newspaper, graphically depicting every event of importance for the audience of the darkened theater. And this newspaper is presented in a form which everyone may understand—and enjoy.

Not long ago America's great hero returned from "over there" where he had commanded the American Expeditionary Force thru the hard years of warfare—people rushed to the river's banks in such numbers when the great ship loomed upon the horizon that only a comparatively small number were able to catch a glimpse of her as she sailed proudly into port.

But that very night in several theaters thruout New York City, hundreds of people saw the huge craft slowly steam into view; saw the flying boats and seaplanes circle overhead; they almost stood beside the smiling Pershing on the bridge as the ship docked and he beamed a welcome to the waiting throng on the pier below—then they saw him cross to Manhattan Island from the Jersey shore, saw him welcomed by the Mayor of New York—and all this was seen from a vantage point—at times there was a bird's-eye view of the thrilling, indescribably joyful pandemonium beneath—and a few days later the triumphal march down New York's "Avenue of Allies" took place. People from every
state in the Union thronged to the line of march in the wee hours of the morning that they might behold the valiant commander and the inspiring columns upon columns of American manhood—columns of the same lads who stood ready to make the supreme sacrifice if need be to save the world for democracy.

Again—that very night—every detail of the day was flashed on the screen in several theaters of New York. And the people witnessing the boys tramp across the screen in full battle array, helmeted, with full knapsacks, bayonets glistening in the sun, wondered, subconsciously perhaps, how it could be given to them, via the screen, so quickly—six hours, in fact, after the event itself had been staged.

The next night the Chicago audiences might view it, and the next night audiences which were another day’s travel from New York, and so on until the film had been distributed North and South and East and West.

In order that this feat be accomplished many people are necessarily held in readiness; preparations are made beforehand and the right man is in the right place.

The editor of the Pathé News, Emmanuel Cohen, is the man who directs all the activities connected with this special news film. His staff includes those who develop and print the film; those who cut the negatives; those who write the titles and last but not least those “camera reporters” who are always “on the job.”

For instance, weeks before the parade of Pershing and the First Army took place, locations for cameramen were secured on roofs, in the windows of skyscrapers, and in the main streets where the soldiers were to march. Arrangements were also made with the government to allow a cameraman to go up in one of the army planes and fly over the parade. Directions, explicit and minute in detail, were given beforehand to the developing and printing departments to be prepared for special “rush” work on this day.

When the day finally arrived, every one and everything was in complete readiness—there could be no slip-up, no flaw of any kind. Each cameraman was assigned his definite location along the line of march and knew just what special features of the parade he was to “cover.”

He received instructions to rush his negative by special messenger to the office as soon as he had finished photographing the scenes assigned him. With the cameraman’s first batch of negatives dispatched in this manner, he himself was to proceed immediately to secure additional scenes at another location. No time could be lost.
Messengers arrived continually during the day with the negatives sent in by the cameramen. Immediately upon their receipt these negatives were delivered to the laboratory to be-developed. An hour later the process of developing was completed.

After the films were developed they were edited—that is, the most interesting scenes were selected, arranged in their proper sequence and then the film was cut to the desired length. During this process the negatives had been written and inserted where required in the negative. The film was then ready to be sent back to the laboratory where it was made into the number of prints required.

Naturally, the laboratories have to be spacious to facilitate the greatest possible amount of speed; again, the men have to be thoroughly efficient and cognizant of just what is expected of them, and the finest material available must be used. One flaw would make all the previous labor useless and quite spoil any chances of the accomplishment of the feat—for a feat it assuredly is.

As to the titles which have been written and inserted in the negative, skilled writers have been provided with an outline of what features the camera reporters have been assigned to "get." They know, then, what must be explained and perhaps the titles have been written days beforehand.

The making of the prints, then, is the final step in the actual making of the news reel.

The final negatives arrived in the office at 2 p.m., and at 7 p.m. the last of the eight "specials" which were made were completed and rushed to the sales office in New York, where the messengers sent by exhibitors had been impatiently awaiting their arrival. The films arrived—the messengers grasped the precious reels from the hands of the startled booker, dashed out of the office, and—to the nearest taxi!

The pictures were then delivered "red hot" to the theaters, where no time was lost in rushing them to the projection room.

Here and there, scattered thru the audience in the darkened house, were those with weary and aching feet—those who had arisen early and braved the frightful crowds, endeavoring in some way or another to secure some vantage spot where they might view the spectacle. For hours, perhaps, they had stood on the curb that they might be sure and see everything to be seen.

The reel of film was slipped into the projecting machine . . . presto!!

Across the silversheet tramped the flower of America's manhood—the beautiful steed proudly carrying the great megaphone before the marveling eyes of the hundred—general which barked either side of the line of fine and curious. A stirring band selection was played by the orchestra—it was there—there in all its wonder all—graphically portrayed thru the medium of the eyes of the news cameras.

Above, a Fox cameraman who finds no awkward "setting up" of his camera too much trouble for an unusual view and below an International photographer climbing a tank on one of New York's skyscrapers in order to "shoot" a bird's-eye effect.
CAPTAIN JOSEPH MORISSON, with a record of twenty-four years' service in the French army, goes unobtrusively about the streets of New York, trying to look like no one but his distinguished self, yet everywhere he is greeted and pursued by cries of "Foch, Marshal Foch!" For, altho the captain is not related except by the ties of friendship to the marshal, he bears a very marked resemblance to the illustrious commander.

Captain Morisson had been honorably pensioned when the Hun set out in 1914 to conquer and destroy France, but, with the advent of a new war, pensions stopped and the captain was not fit for active duty. So he came to America, where his brother, Maurice Morisson, had become a celebrated tragedian on the Yiddish stage. Soon after, the brother died, but the captain stayed on in America, teaching French, helping to train Uncle Sam's armies and during the past two years he has lent his presence to many screen plays.

In a Liberty Loan trailer, Captain Morisson, a distinguished figure in his own French uniform, played the rôle of Marshal Foch, appearing with Pauline Frederick, Madge Kennedy and many other famous people of the stage and screen. He appeared with Alice Joyce in "The Third Degree," "The Spark Divine" and other photoplays, with Virginia Pearson in "A Daughter of France," with Catherine Calvert in "The Career of Katherine Bush. In Dorothy Dalton's picture, "L'Appache," he played a "male vampire" rôle, and his last part was that of the judge in "The Mystery of the Yellow Moon," a Mayflower production, under the direction of Emile Chautard.

Singularly modest is this hero of many wars. He thinks that twenty-four years of service was not too much and, as for resigning his pension, Captain Morisson did it gladly, because it was one more thing he could do "For France." He likes America, he says, and hopes to make a success in pictures; if not, he will "go back."

"My country must finance a new war, so gladly I resigned the pension I had earned. It was one more thing that I could do 'For France'"
Artists of the Desert

The life—the drama of the desert—these Bill Hart paints for us in his characterizations of men of the sandy plains. The lure of the stretching sands—the flitting pastel colors of the bizarre landscape which appear to almost immediately merge into nothingness—these Rosel O. Butler gives us thru her canvases. Artists both—artists of the desert!

And while this noted artist of the palette and brush was in California the two met—and sometime, in the near future, Mrs. Butler is going to paint this man of the desert—to paint him as she sees him with his craggy face, stern jaw and inflexible expression.
Houses have souls—they are susceptible to a degree to the influence of those who kindle the home fires on their hearthstones, and invariably they reflect the character of their occupants.

There’s the house where the angry words of petty disturbances and irritations seem to lurk in the shadows of every corner and where so many factions constantly operate that one instinctively guards their every word for fear of making a faux pas.

Then there’s the house where the soft-tinted walls themselves echo the musical laughter of happy hours, where the very arrangement of the furniture breathes a spirit of rest and repose.

Such is the delightful atmosphere which pervades the luxurious apartment which Edith Hallo r calls home. The big easy chair drawn up beside the spacious bookcases suggests hours with the master minds whose works adorn the shelves; the bouclier, in cream and wine color, brings to mind a lazy morning and frilly negligees; the beautiful grand piano in the artistic drawing-room invites a seance with Mozart, Rubinstein or Chopin, whose selections lay scattered on the music-rack, left there hurriedly, perhaps. And the dining-room, with its massive furniture and dull silver candlesticks and pink candles, suggests the gay dinner parties which have faded into memories, while the spacious white-tiled kitchen—well, one thinks of taffy-pulls, fudge parties, mellow roasted apples and the wholesome laughter of the partiers.

These and other mental pictures flitted thru my mind in kaleidoscopic fashion while I sat in the sunny window of the drawing-room and waited for Edith Hallor to return from the downtown office, where she had been detained at a conference with her director.

For weeks I had been trying to see her, but her leisure hours are things rare indeed, for she’s returning to the screen in Lawrence Weber productions, to be released thru World, at the same time as she is appearing in a new musical play on Manhattan Isle’s Gay White Way.

When she came into the room, her cheeks flushed from hurrying uptown, I knew the home had given a true impression of its mistress.

A head of burnished hair, laughing brown eyes and a complexion like the petals of a wild rose—these things make Edith Hallor beautiful—but it is her spirit of camaraderie which makes one think of her as far more than just a beautiful girl.
of Edith FLETCHER

rose—these things make Edith Hallor beautiful—but it is the spirit of camaraderie, which she possesses to a marked degree, that makes one think of her as far more than just a beautiful girl.

Heaping the shirred cushions of taffeta and gay silks behind her on the deep lounge, she looked at me inquiringly.

"Washington pleads guilty as my birthplace," she began, in answer to my question, and her brown eyes crinkled up as I learnt they do when she is amused. They're the merriest eyes, filled with highlights, but not incapable of sympathy and great depths.

"I often wish I could live those Washington high school days over again. Isn't it funny how we never know the true value of things while we have them? It was while at school that I decided to join a local stock company. Father tabooed the idea immediately, for he's of the good old-fashioned school which thinks girls should marry and settle down. But mother believed that my life was my own and knew I would have to live it for myself, so I joined the stock company and father gradually came to know it was for the best. I didn't know a thing about acting, for the family is not at all theatrical, but I could sing and dance, and bit by bit I learnt the subtle points of the profession."

She was endeavoring to have the facts out of the way and talk of other things; one could readily see that. But it was evident, too, that the years she was speaking of had been happy years. She's that sort. If there was a vestige of fun, of happiness in a thing, she would root it out and make the most of it.

"You've played in movies before, haven't you?" I queried.

"Yes, for William Fox, but only in a few productions and that was some time ago. I've been so devoted to Broadway productions lately that I've had time for nothing else, and I love the movies. On the stage one works all the time, mostly in the evenings, and that is so unnatural, while in the movies you're like any other human being, with your evenings to yourself, to entertain your friends or to be entertained.

"Of course, I won't have days or nights to myself now, and I may find it's too much playing on the stage at two matinées and every evening and at the studio the rest of the time. I'm going to try, tho, and I feel sure I can do it. And I'm going to do the kind of play I like—not a musical comedy, rather a comedy with music."

"What did you do when you first came to New York?" I asked, endeavoring to bridge the lapse of time between the Washington stock company and today.

"Oh, I was in 'The Century Girl,' in the Ziegfeld productions and recently in 'Leave it to Jane.' I loved the rôle of Jane so well, in fact, that I went on the road with the play."

As she sat there in the autumn sunlight, the burnished wisps of hair curling beneath the wide brim of her black hat, essentially the retiring, unassuming girl, I found it not a bit difficult to realize that she had been lauded by critics, praised by the public and advertised in huge electric lights before the leading theaters—she looked more like the idol of some pretty suburban town, more like the belle of a country club dance, more like a popular sorority girl. She's just the sort of person who would be showered with offerings of orchids and pink rosebuds... sweet peas and lilacs of the valley

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She reminds one of that idol of some pretty suburban town, of the belle of a country club dance, of a popular sorority girl... she's the sort of person who would be showered with offerings of orchids and pink rosebuds... sweet peas and lilacs of the valley.
To her native son, Emerald Isle gave the spirit of Romance—And it is a great gift. Possessed of that gift, he came to America and went into the West. To him the West gave the spirit of Adventure—And it is a great gift. Girded with these two gifts, the son of Erin came to the Big City—And the stage called to him—

And he answered the call...

Success claimed him as her own—then came the movies.

Of good looks—a good actor, a good fellow—

Eugene O'Brien!
Eugene from Erin

The illustrating pictures were taken of Mr. O'Brien while he was working on a very beautiful estate during the filming of his forthcoming Selznick production, "The Broken Melody"
Richard
— An
By HAZEL

is perhaps the most popular idol of the screen today.

Now, every girl knows just what young Barthelmess stands for to her. She knows just why his shadow self is her ideal, but she doesn't know what he is like in reality. Is he just as ideal, just as handsome, just as good and true and manly, she wonders. And, for the pleasure of every girl who has idealized him, I am writing my candid impressions of Dick Barthelmess.

Rather short is Barthelmess and sturdily built. Young he is and clean-cut, with astoundingly large brown eyes—the eyes of a visionary, which belie his somewhat practical

The young Barthelmess has sound, manly ideas about life in general, but he is still too much the boy, too busy living and enjoying all the good things that Fate has suddenly poured into his lap to waste his time in hot-house philosophy.

For Dick, as his intimate friends call him,
manner and business-like ideas. His hair is shiny black and brushed sleekly to his well-shaped head. His handshake is hardy and his success has not as yet made him blase to interviewers. In fact, he finds them embarrassing and spends most of the allotted time trying to turn

the conversation from himself. He has sound, manly ideas about life in general, but he is still too much the boy, too busy living and enjoying all the good things that fate has suddenly poured into his lap, to waste his time in hot-house philosophy.

He likes his machine and—week-end house parties. He likes to dance and go to the ball game, and he just revels in New York, where "You can buy honest-to-goodness clothes and see some real shows!" In other words, he likes precisely what any normal-minded man of his age would like. There is nothing hectic about him; a certain elation, however, and a certain busy thrill at life does characterize him. He is at the top of the wave while he is young and he cant help exulting any more than a winning race-horse can help prancing and holding its head proudly aloft.

For Dick Barthelmess has earned his success. Altho his mother was a well-known actress, he was not ashamed to start at the very bottom; in fact, he worked his way into pictures as an extra at Ithaca, where Wharton Bros. were producing a serial. Later Nazimova gave him a boost by offering him a part in "War Brides." But for the most part his success has been slowly and carefully

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HEN the maid opened a porch door leading into an exquisite hall with a Colonial-looking stairway, I was not quite sure whether to inquire for "Miss Williams" or Mrs. Eyton. But the old name stuck somehow, and the maid was evidently quite accustomed to its use.

In the five minutes' grace which I had before she appeared, I was struck with the very first intimation of Kathlyn Williams' love of freedom. Her rooms are arranged so one might walk about in the dark with no danger of knocks and bruises. The big chairs and stuffed davenport are pushed to odd corners of the room; there is a simplicity in the softly shaded, crushed mulberry surroundings which is delightful.

And when she came into the room, her hand extended in greeting, I found her typically the Western girl. With the mountains for her inspiration and the unexplored mines of her native Montana to fire her imagination, she has not lost that easy sociability, blended with a certain delightful aloofness which would indicate her pleasure in the society of humankind, but a firm resolve to live her own life, free from mental intrusions.

"This morning I had the highest flight I've enjoyed so far," she told me, enthusiastically. "We rose to over four thousand feet. I do love that feeling of freedom which one just can't get anywhere save in the air. I hope to learn to fly alone some day. It will be a great thing to be alone with one's thoughts, far away from everything sordid," smiled the beautiful Mrs. Eyton.

"Evidently you associate solitude with freedom," I ventured.

"Cela va sans dire," came the positive answer, with a pretty shrug. "I'm afraid I'm something of a radical. I hate oppression in any form—perhaps that is why I avoid large gatherings when people get together and talk and talk and talk."
By
DORIS
DELVIGNE

One has no doubt about the big-ness of Kathlyn Williams. In a way it is her birthright—she is again so evidently the girl of the West. And there is something about the Western-born girl which never enters another's make-up. You may fetter her with ties, put her in a dramatic school, give her city environment instead of her dearly loved mountains, but you cannot obliterate that indefinable air of freedom—her independence and innate dignity.

"I'm not working constantly, you know," she was saying. "I did that years ago in the Selig serials. Then, too, my marriage to Mr. Eyton makes me independent, and I enjoy working in the pictures now and then when I can choose my roles. I shall never give up pictures entirely, but I do want little vacations in between, when I can keep house, enjoy our home and aviate."

We drifted back to the days when Miss Williams had done "The Spoilers," journeying to Panama, where the company worked for eight weeks.

"What do you think of 'The Spoilers, now that you have done so many other pictures?" I asked.

"I still consider it a very great picture in some respects. It is crude as we judge the photoplay today, of course, just as all the old productions are. However, the story was good—it had dramatic value, and that means so much. It means," she mused, (Continued on page 94)
An Erstwhile Vampire

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Miss Mann admits candidly (I was going to say frankly, but 'twould never do) that she's endeavoring to do just one thing at the present time—and that's live down the reputation she won as a baby vampire in the Morosco stage success, "Upstairs and Down."

"Ever since I played the baby vampire in that play," she told me, "people insist upon looking at me thru half closed eyes, as tho I were a strange sort of creature, and then saying sweetly, 'Oh, yes, I remember you; what havoc you did wreck with all those poor men,' and then they proceed to cast me in a similar rôle—and I proceed to refuse the engagement. Not that I have any particular aversion to vampires, but I want to do different things—ingenue rôles, emo-

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All Photos by Edw. Thayer Monroe

SHE'S a little bit of a thing, with soft and big brown eyes. That is, she's a little bit of a thing physically; mentally, it's quite another story.

And she's original. Movie stars and other celebrities have many privileges, and that of keeping such inconsequential people as interviewers waiting is worn quite threadbare. That's why I was amazed when the page boy of one of New York's largest hotels bellowed my name thru the corridor on precisely the last stroke of seven. It was something new—and something startling. Of course, Frankie Mann's secretary had told me over the 'phone that morning that Frankie would have me paged at seven, but seven is quite as good as any other hour and she had to say some specific time.

Preliminaries are short things with Frankie, and we were soon comfortably esconced on a lounge in one of the reception-rooms, chatting as tho we were old school chums at a reunion.

Reputations are oftentimes the most unpleasant things in the world to possess and
RS. OGDEN PETT had had rather a
horrible time of it—achieving promi-
nence, social prominence, to be spe-
cific. It had been one long, long
struggle from her—well, let us say, with charity
—obscure days up to the fortuitous meeting with,
chase after and capture of the Ogden Pett. Even
after the safe and insane consummation of their
nuptials she had not dared to believe she had
really done it; did not, in fact, just know how she
had done it. Something canny, as a matter of
fact, had armed her with the full panoply of the
weapons of her sex—and Ogden Pett had fallen.
Even then there were still Waterloos. There
were all kinds of ragged edges to be smoothed off
and over. There were, it seemed, hordes of un-
desirable relations from the obscure past to arise
or to threaten with arising. Life, for Mrs. Og-
den, was just one long series of eliminations.

Then, in the prime of things, when the green
sickness of youth had been got by, when all the
wheels were oiled and egress seemed most cer-
tain, there arose upon their Newportian horizon
the infamous exploits of that scapegrace, “Picca-
dilly Jim.” Mrs. Ogden was unfortunate enough
to own Piccadilly for a nephew, and the press
was detestable enough to be cognizant of that
skyrocketing fact. Mrs. Ogden was so dowager-
like and so wholly unimpeachable that it added a
delicious spicing to write columns on her as blood
kin to the daring James. Mrs. Ogden was
drenched with despairful tears and smelling salts.
Just when most of the original drawbacks had
either died or been finally disposed of, as Ibsen
would say, younger generation came knock-
ing at her door, battering it down, in fact.

In the very early days of their obscurity, Mrs.
Ogden had had an elder sister who had disposed
of gloves over a green velour counter in one of
the semi-smart shops. While so doing a Mr.
Crocker, from England, and quite wealthy, came
in to purchase a dozen elbow lengths for a lady
who had captivated his eye in some frolicsome
frolic or other. He purchased the elbow lengths
from the elder sister and then returned them to
her with a rather ardent invitation to dinner,
which was followed by many subsequent invita-
tions and, eventually, a marriage ceremony and a
mutual exodus to the ancestral home. It had
been quite a glory to the obscure family, only to
be eclipsed later by the pursuit and capture of
the Ogden Pett.

This same elder sister was directly responsible
for the irresponsible existence of Piccadilly Jim.
Edna, remembering Mrs. Ogden, had always been lax. She had been lax in permitting Crocker to buy her gloves and dinners. That he had bought her a wedding-ring to top off the occasion was merely an involution of the wheel of chance, something like winning the gold ring or the vandyke beard of a go-between, and not, in an inverse, the reward of merit or of campaigning, such as had been true in her own case. She had, it would seem, been just as lax with her son, James Braithwaite Crocker.

The things he didn't do were not possible of human endeavor. The things he did do... they shone at one from the headlines of the newspapers... they were hinted at starkly in flaming editorials... they were carried by word of mouth... put into popular songs... made the sum and substance of moral anathema hurled at the youth of America from righteous, valedictorian pulpits. "He is the man," said one wit, "who is making London famous."

He is the one man," groaned Mrs. Ogden Pett, "who is making us infamous. They must think there is a family taint... being related to Jim. If only I could get him over here, under my wing. If only I could reform him, make something of him. If I could... think what an air it would give to the entire thing, what a difference it would make."

The Sunday papers of the particular week following Mrs. Ogden's desire for moral uplift bore, heavily, an account of Piccadilly Jim punching the Duke of Mandeville's nose at one of their clubs. A blonde member of a Variety was hinted at, not dearly. It was declared the gluttonous press, the end of a perfect scandal. Forthwith Mrs. Ogden Pett set sail for English shores, leaving her rather bewildered spouse and their constantly bewildered and bewildering son behind.

"I shall bring James Braithwaite Crocker home with me or die on English soil," was her final dramatic declaration.

On English soil matters were not quite so simple. Old family animosities, brewing since glove-counter days, came to several heads. Mrs. Crocker, still inefficient, resisted promptly and volubly her sister's intended reformation of Jim. Her slogan was, obdurately, that boys will be boys, and she didn't care in the least if nasty American yellow journals magnified Jimmy's "cunning little ways." Her sister, she suggested, had better go back to America and her own particular Ogdens, the younger of whom had already a record for being kidnapped and returned for fabulous ransoms.

The result was a frigid farewell between the sisters and an exchange of amenities regarding the welfare and upbringing of sons in general, and Piccadilly Jim in particular. "A blight, that's what he is," was Mrs. Ogden's parting shot, "a blight... a blight..." she flung at her sister's bristling back.

Dovetailing nicely with the frigid parting, the "blight" was also dovetailing with a young person of the opposite persuasion in matters of sex in the region of Piccadilly. Almost originally, this particular dovetailing was accidental.

"Oh... I beg your pardon!" exclaimed the feminine young person.

"I beg yours," came back Piccadilly James. Then, her grey eyes fell upon him. "I entreat it!" he added.

There seemed to be no adequate reason why the interchange of these pleasing civilities should end right there. There seemed to be so many natural and obvious reasons why it should not. Jim had never seen such grey eyes... like moonstones seen under water, delicate and filmy... Ann Chester had never felt anything like the appeal of the colliding young man... she had the most absurd, improper, inexplicable desire to pat him on the head and offer him a lollipop and tell him not to be naughty any more. She had no reason to suppose that he was naughty, save intuition, which told her that he was... upon the face of which she accepted his suggestion that they talk...
the accident over and have some wholly incidental tea. "Just by way of adventure, you know," he added, with his engaging smile. At home, in America, Ann Chester was not allowed to read the newspapers, saving only the very most conservative, else she would have been familiar with that engaging, that publicized smile.

After tea, which was something of a game of hide and seek owing to the drifting presences of mutual friends and a desire to avert explanations which might have proven embarrassing, Jimmy discovered that Ann Chester was leaving for America the following day. "I've been in school here," she said, "and my foster aunt has just come over and wants to take me back. She's in a very nervous state and wants me with her. Poor dear, she's martyred by a nephew of hers, literally martyred. Perhaps you've heard of him; they call him Piccadilly Jim."

James Braithwaite mopped his bearded brow with a silken kerchief. One good habit, he felt, was his recently acquired one of not divulging his identity too speedily.

Altho, in this particular and quite delicious case, he had simply and nobly forgot all about himself and who he was and why he was. He had been experiencing the pungent sensation of complete immersion in the personality of another being.

"Yes, I've heard of him," he answered her, casually; "let's not talk of him. Do you know, isn't it odd, I was just about to make reservations on the same boat for myself. We'll go together." To himself he added, "Jolly little word, that—together."

The Crockers were accustomed to abruptness on the part of their only son. He had been abrupt with consistency at least. Also, this particular trip had to it an aspect of relief. The indenting of the ducal nose had had far-reaching and probably disastrous results. In the first place, he had been aiding the elder Crocker quite remarkably in obtaining a peerage, which would have made the long-ago disposer of elbow-lengths sink to a happy grave. There remained but one thing to do, and that to eradicate the disastrous memory from the ducal mind, which, not being overstrong, was more or less malleable if skilfully handled. Mrs. Crocker felt that she could skilfully handle it if Jim's reminiscent presence were removed.

Jim's presence was very much removed and not in any sense reminiscent. As "Mr. Bayliss" he was successfully forgetting all other days, all other identities save this one, save these days of the sea voyage when all the world seemed to him to be the essence of the sea's mysteries concentrated into moon-grey, filmy eyes. "I've just been playing about," thought Jim, "all my life... fiddling about with my time... waiting for this."

Jim had, incidentally, to do quite considerable fiddling, altho of a slightly different nature, aboard the ship. He was not quite certain as to the authenticity of his various likenesses in the various American newspapers, nor yet of his Aunt Pett's memory of the infant likenesses his fond mother had been wont to send her sister in the more amicable days before he "began." He did not want his Aunt Pett to recognize him, more particularly when he learnt, with the pleasant sensation of a man who has had the cold hand of the wet Atlantic slap him in the face, that Ann Chester was the foster-niece of Aunt Pett and resided with her in New York. Complicity, thought Jim, was the word for it.

It meant complicity in New York, too. The hastily constructed Mr. Bayliss had to do quick thinking and plead a pressure of business absolutely obviating him from coming to see Ann at the
Pett home. He saw to it that it was necessary for her to meet him for tea here and there... for that it was necessary for them to meet was as distinctly clear to him as the skyline of New York silhouetted on a brisk morning. The only necessary thing, in fact, that had ever happened to him, was this same Ann.

At one of these teas Ann became confidential. There had been a worry line in her forehead when they met and Jim had asked about it. "I don't like to see it," he had said.

"Well, you see," Ann impulsively explained, "I've got some kidnapping to do. I've got to kidnap Ogden."

The eyebrows of "Mr. Bayliss" attached themselves to his unruly forehead of hair. This slim, georgetted person, inhabiting the ultra home of the avuncular Petts, was calmly announcing her intention of kidnapping their only son. Ann laughed at the eyebrows. "You have no idea of the state of affairs," she pursued. "Not only am I to kidnap the impossible Ogden, but his own father is the instigator of the dark deed. He had it all fixed up with Jerry, Ogden's physical instructor, before Aunt Pett fired Jerry;...now the thing devolves upon me." Ann looked rueful. "Ogden is very substantial," she lamented, "and he has been kidnapped so many times before... he is quite frightfully precious as to methods."

"What," queried Jim, "is the paternal idea?" Ann laughed. "An overdose of Ogden, I guess," she said. "Ogden is a miff, if you know what I mean. One of those horrible boys... no training... beastly spoiled. Uncle Pett wants to get him away from his mother for a few months and put him thru his paces. He has a belief in Ogden, eventually, if only he can get him away from Aunt Pett, who thinks up ways to mollycoddle him when the ordinary ways run out."

"What a time you must be having!" sympathized Jimmy, privately considering that Piccadilly Jim had nothing on this bizarre arrangement of domestic infelicities.

Ann spoke, again impulsively. "I don't know who I'm telling you all this," she said, "only that... well, it seems... you might almost be one of the family, you know," she ended up, with something of a rush.

Jim raised a protesting hand. It occurred to him that this was the meaning of the ancient adage, hitting the nail on the head...

"Aunt has such queer persons around her," Ann went on; "she thinks it the thing to do... it is... for this year... but they are so frightfully queer... poets and inventors and musicians and..."
Freudians with complexes and all of the most abstract beings. They’re largely spirit, so they say, but how they do consume Aunt’s sandwiches and make away with her tea! One of them, one of the inventors, is quite a dear. Uncle says he is a visionary, but that he will “hit” it. He has invented a high explosive and keeps talking of it in the most intensely scientific and technical way. No one understands just exactly what it all means, save that it will probably blow up the planets by spontaneous combustion. Aunt doesn’t care much about things she doesn’t understand and hasn’t much sympathy with him. She has a great deal of sympathy with the one Lord in the crowd, tho—Lord Wisebeach—and she has told him all about poor Teddy’s high explosive. I’m afraid.

“Afraid of what?” prompted Jim, ever so gently.

“I’m afraid Lord Wisebeach is too much interested in the high explosive,” said Ann. “He—he looks sharp and he hasn’t much money. There’s a fortune in that high explosive for...some one.”

Jimmy looked thoughtful. Something told him it was time for the shell of the busy Mr. Bayliss to drop from him, while Piccadilly Jim, reputation or lack of it, and all, emerged. There were things at Aunt Pett’s to do, the sort of pies he liked to thrust his meddlesome fingers into. Then, too, the strain of being Mr. Bayliss was becoming too much for him. He wanted to get nearer to Ann.

“Ann,” he said, suddenly, with the air of a man who flings his entire hand upon the table, to win or, desperately, to lose, “I’m not going to stand by now...wearing Mr. Bayliss as one wears a shielding coat, and just listen to your difficulties when, as my real self, I could be right on the job, kidnapping Ogden, and—oh, you know, all those little matters. I’m Jim.”

Ann’s grey eyes, containing all the subtle secrets of the sea, widened to troubled depths in which Jim felt his own soul was floundering. “You’re Jim,” she repeated, too softly; “not...not...you don’t mean Piccadilly Jim!”

The unhappy hearer of the name inclined his head. He didn’t want to meet any longer the troubled depths.

Ann rose and they walked out together. He could see that she held herself rigidly, as tho making some sort of an effort to repress something she was feeling. He wondered in just what sense he had hurt her, what he had better say, which one of his stupid, innumerable follies was bruising her, brushing the bloom of the sensibility she had had for him away. He dared not speak for fear of further intrusions.

“I’ll go to the house with you,” he said, “now. We’ll go in separately. I’ll say I’ve just arrived.”

At the door Ann faced him for the first time. Her face, he thought, had taken on the sharp white of sea foam. Her lips looked like flecks of bright blood. Her

(Continued on page 100)
The Girl
With the
Hoe

"Do I enjoy it?" asks Lila Lee archly. And we ask who
wouldn't enjoy farming if it
meant such attractive—and be-
coming—togs? So far the only
thing Lila has raised are roses,
and they are in her cheeks.

Lila threatens to raise enough vege-
tables in her H. C. of L. garden at
the Paramount-Artcraft studios,
where she is supporting Wallace
Reid in "Hawthorne of the
U. S. A." to cause the local profi-
lers considerable alarm.
Our Own Hints to Scenario Writers

FIRST of all, take a complete course in elocution. Film producers love to be talked into anything.

Remember that in the picture game a good story is the hardest thing to sell, unless you've got a good line of guff.

If you've got a good line of guff you don't have to write good stories. Film producers will pay just to listen to you chirp.

Best of all, if you can only get your story published somewhere, it's a sure sale at four times what you originally asked for it.

If it should happen to run in the Saturday Evening Post, you'll be rich for life. Producers buy everything that appears in the Post except the ads and the subscription rates, and they'll be after them next.

We knew that some one would expose the cussedness of the newspaper profession some day. In Alice Joyce's picture, "The Winchester Woman," the villain is none other than a reporter. Some cigarette smoker, too.

POOR BUTTERFLY!

"Madame Butterfly."
"The Broken Butterfly."
"The Butterfly on the Wheel."
"The Butterfly Man."

Things must be looking up in the picture business. Only six stars announced last month that they are about to retire.

What could be more appropriate than the title of Earle Williams' latest picture, "When a Man Loves?"

Vamps are like beer, says a humorist; they run light and dark—only they've got a lot more kick. And it makes no difference whether they're blond or bald, all vamps are ruinites.

LIFE'S LITTLE JOKES

You never can tell. Olive Thomas once aspired to be the best salesgirl in Pittsburg. Now look at her.

Ernest Truex is evidently a humorist as well as a comedian. He wants to know why, if money talks, they call the movies the silent drama.

OUR OWN News Monthly

Rumor has it that Constance Talmadge and Irving Berlin, the famous song-writer, have more than a friendly feeling for each other.

Bet Reginald Barker is sorry now that his name is so prominently displayed on "The Flame of the Desert."

There are still some people who do not believe that Adolph Zukor is interested in the "Big Four."

The picture version of "Treasure Island" should be a knockout, but why did Maurice Tourner go to work and put a girl in the leading boy's part?

And what has become of Carlyle Blackwell?

"Should a Husband Forgive?"—A Fox Special, read big posters all over the country. Why the modesty? Should any one forgive a Fox special?

Changing the titles of well-known works so as to make them conform with movie box-office standards has become so popular that alteration of the following list has been suggested:

Original Title
Alice in Wonderland
Rip Van Winkle
Tess of the D'Urbervilles
Les Miserables
The Miracle Man
Don Juan
Merchant of Venice
Evangeline
Hotel, Biltmore Menu

Movie Title
The Girl Who Dared
What's Your Husband Doing?
The Virtuous Sinner
The Slums of Paris
Honor Among Thieves
The Wonderful Lover
The Price He Paid
Hearts Torn Asunder
The Price of Pleasure

William S. Hart dropped his Western outfit in "John Petticoat" and some of the critics are panning him. Yes, they're the same critics who roasted Hart, Fairbanks, etc., for sticking to a certain type of part.

Lady Astor, the ex-American, member of Parliament in England, is crusading for the censorship of motion pictures. Evidently Lady Astor has seen herself on the screen in a news weekly.

Everything had been going along quietly in the motion picture industry—but now William A. Brady has returned to the fold.

BEST TITLE OF THE MONTH

"You Never Know Your Luck." Nothing could be truer. We went in hoping to see a good picture.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it isn't stranger than the movies.

In a recent picture House Peters bets money on a horse-race and actually wins. Some people have no regard whatever for the realism of the movies.

A certain film producer is reported to have been offered the screen rights to "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," but replied, "Bill Hart might buy it, but I don't want it. The public is sick of Western subjects."

Wanted—A screen star who does not boast about her cooking.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

"The Perfect Lover."
"The Glorious Lady."
"The Blind Husband."

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THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

“The Perfect Lover.”
“The Glorious Lady.”
“The Blind Husband.”
As the Army Moved Overseas
By LILLIAN MAY

On a quiet side street leading from the greatest Avenue in the world there stands a three-story brownstone front that is the exact duplicate of many others in the big city, yet it bears a record borne by no other house in New York. Already it has been photographed for the government archives in Washington. It is one of the places where history was made. It is the place where more than three thousand soldier and sailor boys were welcomed, cared for, by one noble, generous-hearted woman, and went bravely forth to win the war treasuring in their hearts the memory of this house and its owner as their last touch of home.

Maibelle Heikes Justice comes of fighting ancestry which has figured for several generations in the army and navy both in America and England.

Her father, the Honorable James M. Justice of Indiana, served in the civil war when very young under General Lew Wallace. Miss Justice was brought up in the middle west and, having a natural gift of expression, became a writer of considerable note. Several years ago, when motion pictures were becoming more and more popular, she invaded New York and made a name for herself as a successful writer of photo-plays.

And then, there went out one day from the house on the quiet side street leading from the Avenue the sister of Miss Justice, with her husband and half a dozen friends. They sailed on the Lusitania and they went down with her. From that day Maibelle Heikes Justice admitted her willingness for our part in the great conflict and when it came she threw herself heart and soul into various kinds of canteen service, aside from important confidential government work in New York.

Her own original work began in the winter of '17 and '18 when the (Continued on page 106)
Thru the back
alleyways of sin
he had come at
length to this
miserable huddle
of degraded men
and women—he
had made himself
master of them—
to him was
allotted the best
cabin in the
wreck of a
steamer where
they lived—to him
also was allotted
Anuncia, prettiest
of the women, a
dark angel to look
at, with a soul
the color of her
skin.

was as masculine as the First Man, fresh from the hand of his Maker. He had a
deep voice that boomed from some place far within his great chest cavern, and
squat hands covered with coarse black fur. No matter how freshly shaved, he
always showed a beard, and he never seemed able
to get garments that quite concealed his massive
thighs and sinews.

"Coarse! Impossible! An animal," Helen shud-
dered delicately. This was at
first. Afterwards—but let us
not hurry the tale too breath-
lessly. Vance Clayton
brought his wife, and
their little girl, a sunny-
haired midge named,
primly, Prue on board.

Fall men are made
of clay Helen
Clayton's compo-
sition was a little
finer, less coarse-grained
than that of most
humans. She was rare
porcelain while another
woman would be mere
earthenware. She had,
to carry on the simile,
the fine glaze of breed-
ing that set her apart
from vessels of a com-
moner make.

Captain Yank Bar-
stow, on the contrary,
was of the earth,
earthly. Six feet and to
spare in his stockings,
with a broad beam of
shoulder and full blood
that flowed splendidly
under his hairy skin, he
the Yucatan bound thru the gulf, for Mexico, together with a boxed grand piano, and an amazing quantity of other packing cases—all their household goods, as he explained. They were going to live in Mexico—because the doctor had told him that the Northern climate would soon do for him.

"Lungs," Clayton explained with a wan smile, "it's tough on the little girl and the kid, but—well, it can't be helped."

There was rough weather for the first week of the trip and Captain Barstow had his hands full, with the boat and the crew, the one a lumbering and antiquated tub resurrected since the war, the other a sullen lot of odds and ends of humanity, picked up thru an agency, and containing in the aggregate about all the physical infirmities and moral obliquities in the category. Men with scars, maimed hands, missing eyes, men with dark blotches on their faces, murder on their souls, men of all countries and no countries, such was the crew of which Barstow was the master. It took just one thing to hold this mass of potential mutiny in subjection, and that was fear, and Captain Barstow knew it.

Consequently when the first bo'swain, winking at the crew, answered him impudently on the third day out Barstow promptly knocked him down, with a bloody gap between his lips where three front teeth had been. Then, standing over the man sobbing with pain he kicked him heartily in the ribs and broke two of them. After which he turned on his heel without a backward glance at the subdued crew and strode away about his business. And from then on the men obeyed him without answer, while in sick bay Dead Light Burke, the bo'swain, meeded his ribs and spat out curses between his broken teeth.

Here Helen found him, a week later, and learnt his version of the tale. It turned her quite sick and faint with disgust. "He is not only an animal—he is a beast!" she thought with abhorrence, as she watched the Captain across the dining salon, eating heartily. Her fastidious spirit shrank from this frank manifestation of enjoyment of physical appetites. Married for seven years she was yet spiritually a nun looking shrinkingly out upon the coarse, degrading thing called Life from behind shuttered windows. She loved her husband palely, her child passionately—any other emotion she would have considered indelicate and unfeminine, like women who were not well, nice.

But Prue did not share her mother's fastidiousness. To her small six-year-old mind Barstow was as romantic as the hero of a fairy tale. She was a tiny flame person, all quick, eagerness, violent happiness and griefs, imagination. What there was in common between this small, wild spirit and the great fleshly man was a mystery which her mother could not understand, yet Prue would stand for hours beside the wheel, perfectly content to chatter to Barstow of the thousand pretty nothings that make up a child's world.

After her visit to the sick bay and Dead Light Burke's indictment Helen found her daughter perched up beside the wheel, one tiny hand confidently laid upon the great
shoulder of the Captain while she chanted an original litany anent the sea in fluting soprano.

"I love the ocean!
"It goes to so many places.
"It goes to China and New York and Africa
"And I think it even goes to Heaven over
the edge of the world."

Helen listened with a half-smile, that faded as Captain Barstow turned and looked at her. Her delicate cheeks flamed. There was something in the way he gazed at her that she felt to be an insult, something challenging, appraising—she held her head high. "I have just seen the poor sailor you treated so unspeakably," she told him. "I suppose there is no use appealing to your sense of decency, for if you had one you could not have maimed a fellow creature in that vile way. But I may as well warn you that I shall report the matter to the authorities when we reach Mexico. There surely must be a law that will prevent such brutality."

Captain Barstow set his jaw. 'It stood out unpleasantly under the dark bristling skin in a ridge like iron. "There is no law upon this ship but my law, Madam," he said briefly, "the only way you can fight brutality is by being more brutal than the other fellow."

And there was always Anuncia—Anuncia with her evil warm human beauty—her lure, her nearness
But somehow Barstow knew that to turn to Anuncia would be the last step in his degradation...

"There is no authority for such a statement," Helen cried indignantly. "Have you never read the Bible—do you not know that we are commanded to love one another, and to return good for evil?"

Captain Yank Barstow smiled grimly. "I don't know much about Bibles, but I do know a heap about seamen. Fists were made before commandments, ma'am."

She was aware of a baffling personality before her, a granite thing against which argument would beat as feebly as sea spume. She was aware also of something else—something rather splendid and strong and more than a little terrible that frightened her so that she turned away with quickened breath, and for the rest of the voyage avoided him. But her husband struck up a friendship with the Captain. This was not remarkable. Vance Clayton had a facile talent for friendships—he was charming, adaptable, a man to be liked rather than trusted.

Barstow sensed that at once. On the last night before the landing he beckoned Clayton into his cabin and shut the door. "I hope," he said coolly, lighting a cigar and handing the case to his visitor,

THE BEACH-COMBER
Fictionized by permission from the scenario by Harvey Thew, based on the story by J. G. Hawks, produced by Universal Pictures and directed by Rex Ingram. The cast:

Captain Yank Barstow...............Elmo Lincoln
Vance Clayton.........................Harry Van Meier
Helen, his wife........................Mabel Ballin
Pn, their child............................Nancy Cawell
De J Light Burke......................Frank Brownlee
Plo, a Duff...............................Paul Weigel
Second Mate............................Dick La Reno
Baltimore Bucko........................Noble Johnson
The Island Girl......................Beatrice Dominguez
"I came—yes," Yank Barstow said slowly, in his rough, deep voice. "I came, and I'm going to stay."

"that you didn't set great store by that piano of yours?"

Clayton's hand in the act of selecting a cigar, paused, fell. He gaped at Barstow, his face the sickly yellow of tallow. "Why," he tried to speak lightly, "what do you mean?"

"Only that the case got broken yesterday when we struck that hard sea," the Captain said stolidly, "Clayton, I don't believe—I don't really believe that you'll ever have the chance to use that—hm—piano!"

Vance Clayton sprang to his feet and paced up and down the cabin. His voice was sullen. "Well—suppose I am bringing in guns? What are you going to do about it?"

"You can ask the American consul that," said Barstow, filling his great lungs with smoke, "gun-running isn't a healthy pastime, Mr. Clayton, and when it comes to smuggling ammunition to a bunch of greasers to use against your own country—well, there's a shorter and uglier word they call it."

The man before him seemed to crumple up suddenly. He dabbed at Barstow with shameful hands, his voice rose to a shriek: "Dont! My God! you couldn't give me up! Think of my family—think of my baby, and my wife—it would kill her! She doesn't suspect—she thinks I am good!" He was a degraded spectacle, slobbering and pawing the other man, playing upon the admiration he had seen in his gaze for Helen. "Have some mercy on my wife if you wont have on me! Dont give me up!"

"Oh, shut up!" Barstow shook him off, angrily, and went to the port-hole, staring out at the restless silver of the moon on the sea. A man with a woman like that to protect and a child—he grew sick at the thought. Yet he couldn't punish the man without crushing the woman as well. She was all fragile sweetness, all unsullied purity. He turned abruptly. "Get out!" he told the huddled figure on the chair, voice taut with contempt, "I wont hurt you—for her sake. I'll take charge of your baggage and carry them back with me, next trip. Now—get out, I tell you! If you try to thank me I'll kick you, you rat."

He did not see the murder in Vance Clayton's eyes, nor

(Continued on page 111)
The time was a golden afternoon in autumn. The place was the Commodore, almost newest of New York's mammoth, perfectly appointed hotels. The girl—and hostess—was Marguerite Courtot, petite, gracious, modishly dressed. The guests, a friend vampishly attired in a black velvet gown and turban, and—the interviewer.

"I want a table for three, with pink candles and—I hope the orchestra is going to play," confided Marguerite to the waiter, who outdistanced the others in their efforts to reach us.

"Yes'm," he said, leading the way to a cozy corner, and "yes'm, the orchestra will play," he promised, beaming fatuously while he waited for us to decide as to the advisability of cinnamon toast and tea, frivolously named ices and assorted cakes.

There came the opening strains of "Poet and Peasant." "Isn't music wonderful!" exclaimed Marguerite. "The only time I feel that I would like to be on the stage is when I hear music like that—just beginning. It must be so wonderfully inspiring to the players back stage when the orchestra begins playing and they know that the audience is out front waiting—just for them. But the desire doesn't last long," she laughed, "and I'm glad, because I want to stick to pictures, now that I'm back."

Marguerite Courtot was lost to the screen for a couple of years for the best reason in the world. She had not time or inclination for anything but war work. She gave her time unreservedly to Red Cross and canteen work, speaking for Liberty Loan and War Saving Stamps, sewing, knitting, writing myriads of letters to the boys overseas. And then, as unobtrusively as she went, she came back and with Guy Ermey in "Undercurrents," with David Powell in "Teeth of the Tiger," with Eugene O'Brien in "The Perfect Lover," she has slipped back into popular favor—the same Marguerite, with the same fetching little French air, and as refreshingly modest and natural as in the Kalem days when she dawned, a little star, upon the photoplay firmament.

Thru my mind flitted memories of the picture beloved by fans of all ages, "The Barefoot Boy." Children loved it because perhaps only that day they had droned from their third reader: "Blessings on thee, little man, barefoot boy with cheeks of tan."

And there he was! "with his turned-up pantaloons," and they could just imagine his merry whistled tunes, because schools had evidently not yet been instituted, they thought, enviously, as they saw the carefree youngster visualized on the screen.

Grown-ups loved it because it brought back their own childish, happy days and, as the little figure on the screen splashed and rollicked its way straight into their hearts, they breathed a prayer and a tender recollection: "With my heart I wish thee joy; I was once a barefoot boy."

Curiously, Marguerite began speaking about this very picture. "It's the best thing I ever did," she said, reminiscently, a wistful light in her hazel eyes. "Of course, it appealed to me then, because I was just a child and it didn't seem like work."

"But weren't you only fifteen when you did Zoe in 'The Octoroon'?—And that was an emotional rôle, quite a big one."

"Yes," she admitted, "but acting before the camera was not as hard for me as for the usual beginners, because I had posed for a great many Harrison Fisher pictures. It was a preparation for my motion picture work, altho I did not realize it at the time, but it
cured me of the inevitable self-consciousness, so that the camera had no terrors for me whatever. I had taken a great many dancing lessons, too, and that helps," pausing a moment as the rollicking strains of "I Have My Captain Working for Me Now" were wafted to our corner. "I adore to dance, I never tire of it, but not in noisy cabarets and restaurants—I dislike them very much, also subways and crowded streets and New York in general. I live in Jersey, and love it there and don't care who knows it. If I have a hobby, it is my home and mother and sister, and I like to change furniture about and arrange the rooms tastefully and study out color schemes for the bedrooms."

Miss Courtot doesn't think it hurts a star in the least to do serial work; in fact, she is very firm in her championship of this particular kind of picture. A serial keeps a star before the public for weeks and weeks and is the best kind of advertising, she said, frankly, and, as for the pictures, serials are as carefully produced and in some cases they are much higher class than so-called features.

"Not since the old Kalem days have I been so happy and contented in my work. Such wonderful people to work for! Mr. Seitz, who produced the picture I just finished, was also the director and played the leading part. He is the busiest man in the profession—but he is ideal to work with and for. You know the studio is in an impossible part of the city—impossible to find a place to eat especially. But Mr. Seitz inaugurated a lunchroom and we have delicious home-cooked meals every day. We work from ten until five and until one on Saturdays—quite different from some 'studios I have met'—but Mr. Seitz is such a

(Continued on page 102)
A Dark Star

“Sunshine Sammy” is what they call him in Los Angeles. His real name is Frederick Ernest Morrison, but that’s such a big name for such a little boy.

Sammy is going to play with Harry Pollard in a series of one-reel Robin comedies. Perhaps you remember him when he acted as a foil for Baby Marie Osborne.
We have with us this month no "Broken Blossoms," no "Miracle Man," no great addition to the sum total of our national art, the photoplay. And yet the public have found their month of silversheet offerings precisely as entertaining without the inconvenience of paying double prices. Why must all art be expensive? Did it cost more to produce a "Miracle Man" than a "Market of Souls"? I venture to say that the monetary expenditure was practically even, and yet the one is shown at double prices throughout the country, the other at the usual rate—and the poor public doesn't quite know why it should pay exorbitant prices for the one entertainment and not the other, any more than it understands the impossible sums charged for every other pleasure, convenience or necessity. Are the movies also in danger of becoming the playthings of profiteers ... is it possible that the people's amusement is to become ... a luxury? I fervently hope not . . . I hope that the artistic advancement of the photoplay will continue to be within the reach of every man's pocketbook.

The Winning Stroke—Fox

Here is a Fox program picture which is singularly remindful of "Brown of Harvard." The story concerns a young college athlete who incurs the wrath of the college bad man during a hazing episode. Both men fall in love with the same girl, whereupon the college bad man plans a revenge which plagiarizes Nick Carter. However, in spite of the depth of the plot against him, the athletic hero proves his innocence and is re-entered in the Yale boat race in time to stroke the crew to victory. A college story always possesses an interesting element of entertainment, but this one has been badly marred by its director. Given a star like George Walsh, young, vigorous, athletic, good to look upon, nay handsome, the director has kept Walsh so far from the camera that we almost lose track of him. Yards of celluloid are expended upon the antics of the villain, the insipid pout of the amateurish actress who portrays the girl both college men love and upon subtitles whose chief cause for existence are to show off some one's ability to make cheap puns. This is a poor policy! For George Walsh is the most fearless stunt man in the business; he is not only pleasing to feminine eyes but to masculine ones as well. It is high time he was given a good director, half-way decent photography and a chance at the camera. A company willing to pay a star's salary shows poor headwork in hampering that star with poor productions.

The Lottery Man—Famous Players-Lasky

Wallace Reid, handsome and debonair as always, is happily set in this play. For not only is Wanda Hawley the girl he wins against all the laws of fate and chance, but the story is such as to give Wally an opportunity to display his inimitable humor. The plot, in brief, concerns the antics of a young man who, in order to refill his empty coffers, allows a newspaper contest to be run, he being bound to marry the girl who draws the lucky coupon. Immediately after the first newspaper notice of the contest appears, Wally meets Wanda and falls desperately in love with her. The rest of the celluloid ribbon is spent in unwinding him from the clutches of many women trying to capture...
him by purchasing the lucky coupon. The whole is cleverly done and humorously enacted... an excellent production.

THE WOLF—VITAGRAPH

An unusual picture, inasmuch as I wanted more of it than its five reels. One reason for this unwanted state of affairs is the beautiful scenery throughout. Staged in the great outdoors of the Northwest, scene after scene of inspiring forest and hill, waterfall and valley is unwound. Here the characters, simple, vigorous folk, fight out their loves, hates and wreak their vengeance. Earle Williams, the perennial Vitagrapher, does some of the best and most animated work of his career. He is ably assisted by gentle Jane Novak and that villainous villain, Robert McKim.

THE MARKET OF SOULS—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

Dorothy Dalton proves her complete mastery of screen characterization in this play by chameleoning her orchidaceous self into a demure Pollyanna of the altruistic school, and her performance rings as clear and true as the chimes of St. Peter's. As for the plot, it is one of the best known of the reliable and oft-used fifty-seven varieties. The supporting cast is mediocre, with the exception of the beautifully gowned Dorcas Matthews.

THE GIRL FROM OUTSIDE—GOLDWYN

All the spirit of adventure that is Rex Beach's and the perpetual lure of unknown localities are vividly presented in this picturization of Mr. Beach's story of Alaska. Clara Horton, just budding into beautiful womanhood, takes the part of the girl who is the means of reforming five rogues when she is stranded, helpless, in Alaska. Cullen Landis portrays the youngest member of this gang and holds the sympathy of the audience throughout. I felt as did the old Chinaman in the picture when he spoke, by means of subtitles, "Kid, he friend of mine," and the Kid's picture death was a real bereavement. Greater praise than this hath no screen actor. Hallam Cooley, Sydney Ainsworth and the remainder of the cast are decidedly efficient. Reginald Barker directed and, as usual, his atmosphere is quite perfect. He arouses his audiences' emotions to either pathos or humor with a definitely

(Continued on page 109)
Dialog Imaginary

Miss E. Lectric Fan—If not too indiscreet, may I inquire why they call you Jack the Giant Killer?

Jack the Giant Killer—I presume it is because I have dared to attack giants of various kinds, while others have remained mere sheep of the herd, following the leader and thinking and acting as do the other sheep.

Miss E. Lectric Fan—Do you attack these giants merely for the sake of attacking, or have you a purpose?

Jack the Giant Killer—Always a purpose. It gives me no pleasure to slay a giant—rather pains me; but I believe it my duty to destroy everything that is false, that the good, the beautiful and the true may replace it.

Miss E. Lectric Fan—But you destroy some things which give many people pleasure.

Jack—Yes, people once were pleased to believe in ghosts, witchcraft, etc., but when the beliefs were proven false, their followers were relieved and advanced to more enlightened paths.

Miss F.—Why do you seek to destroy the photodrama?

Jack—I do not seek to destroy, but rather to point out its weaknesses so that it may be a better institution. When we have a horse that balks or a dog that snaps, we do not destroy them, but we correct their faults, and that is just what I strive to do with that powerful giant, the Motion Picture.

Miss F.—Do you think the main fault lies in the acting?

Jack—By no means, but that is often bad enough. Some of your alleged stars are mere sparks, or burnt matches trying to imitate planets.

Miss F.—I do not understand. Please explain. Surely you do not class Fairbanks, one of our greatest stars, in that category?

Jack—Indeed, I do. I would not call a grinning clown a star, even tho' he were a clever acrobat.

Miss F.—But he can act!

Jack—Can he? When? Where?

Miss F.—Have you no regard for his pleasing personality?

Jack—Pleasing personalities are pleasant things to have around, but it requires more than that to be a star. My valet has a very pleasing personality, but I would rather attend a funeral than go to a show where he was the star. Besides, the personality of Mr. Fairbanks is not at all pleasing to me, altho' I can see that it must be to venturedome boys and silly girls. Also, I concede that there is a class of people who enjoy seeing a man do impossible and daring things.

Miss F.—Have you no admiration for courage, bravery, strength, agility and virility?

Jack—Yes, I am a great admirer of Jack Dempsey, and was once of James J. Corbett, but I would not go out of my way to see either of them on the screen.

Miss F.—Do you see any harm in weaving a story around the courageous deeds of an athlete?

Jack—None whatever. In fact, I believe in it, because it furnishes harmless amusement for thousands.

Miss F.—Then you favor the Fairbanks plays?

Jack—Certainly, for the same reason that I favor the Ar-buckle plays. At the same time, I sigh for those who have not progressed enough to enjoy with equal keenness plays of the higher kind, just as I pity those who prefer jazz and ragtime to the symphony orchestra. I pity them because of their limitations. I pity the flea, because all he knows how to enjoy is his belly and his bed.

Miss F.—I suppose you favor such stars as Farrar.

Jack—On the contrary, I can see no excuse for putting Miss Farrar in the pictures.

Miss F.—This is amazing! Is she not a fine actress, and is she not an accomplished woman?

Jack—She may be a good actress, but she certainly is not charming on the screen, and she never quite looks the part she plays.

Miss F.—You could not have seen her Carmen and her Joan!

Jack—I did—both. In neither play did she play the part correctly, altho' "Joan the Woman" was almost a great play, and Miss

(Continued on page 93)
There is no beauty so easy to gain as lovely hands

Lovely hands are becoming more and more conspicuous. They are more and more regarded as one of the chief charms of a beautiful woman. It is hard to get through a single day now, without being judged by one’s hands. Badly groomed hands are more harshly criticized today than ever before. And no wonder. For really lovely nails are so easy to acquire.

Here is all you have to do

Once a week, on some regular day, give fifteen or twenty minutes to this simple manœuvre. It will keep your nails in perfect condition. Scrub the hands and nails in warm, soapy water. Rinse and dry. Remove any dirt from underneath the nails with an orange stick. Never use a metal instrument for this.

The shape of the nails

Then file the nails to the proper length and shape, preferably oval. It is now considered very poor taste to have the nails either long or pointed.

After cutting, smooth off irregularities and shape the corners of the nails with a flexible steel file. Finish the shaping of the nails with an emery board.

Now for the cuticle. Here is where many women make mistakes. The wrong care of the cuticle causes hangnails and rough places. Never trim it with scissors. This leaves a raw edge, which gives rise to hangnails and often causes a sore or swollen rim of flesh about the nail.

Cutex was prepared to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover.

The care of the cuticle

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then carefully work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wipe off the dead surplus skin, and wash the hands.

Now when the nail tips

Apply Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath the nails. Spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. Cutex Nail White will remove all discolorations from underneath the nails.

A jewel-like gloss

Cutex Cake Polish rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed over the nails gives them a quick, waterproof polish. If you wish an especially brilliant finish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake Polish. After washing, restore the polish by rubbing the nails lightly over the palm of the hand.

If your cuticle has become sore and tender from cutting, apply Cutex Cold Cream. Or if your cuticle has the tendency to become dry and harsh, apply cold cream just before going to bed.

Give your nails this Cutex manicure regularly. Do not expect your hands to stay well-groomed with irregular care.

You can get Cutex in any drug or department store in the United States, Canada and England.

If you want a brilliant, lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then Cutex Cake Polish.

A complete manicure set for only 20 cents

Mail this coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you a complete Mid-Get Manicure Set. It contains small sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail Polish, Pink Paste Polish and Cuticle Comfort, together with orange stick and emery boards. Enough of each to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 802, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.
Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views
By SALLY ROBERTS

An accident to my frock one day took me into ZaSu Pitts' dressing room. It was all the fault of a stupid auto—but ZaSu had a pile-driver needle and No. 100 black thread, so we chatted comfortably while repairing the damage. "I hope this place is clean enough," she murmured, "I just swept it."

"You swept it?" I murmured. "How is that—do starward-bound young ladies usually care for their own rooms?"

"If I didn't sweep it, it wouldn't be swept," answered the lively young person with the deep dimple in her cheeks and the droopy little mouth. Everything was in prim order, a lidless suit-box was utilized as a radiator back of the electric bulb, and the wire which extended across the dressing-table heated an electric iron with a curling iron of ten-cent size plunged beneath it for ready use.

Noting my survey, ZaSu said, "Yes, I press things out in between scenes, hair-ribbons and other trifles, not to mention crushed waists—and my hair is always out of curl, so every time I find a minute off, I dash in and use the hot iron. You see, the room keeps warm this way during the day, but when I arrive here in the morning the place is like a refrigerator for the first hour."

Gray walls look uncompromisingly blank in this little den. ZaSu spoke again. "I have 'em gray—they seem to suit me as an environment—sortuva background for my moodiness, I guess. I think of a gray ocean, storm-tossed, a gray and cloudy sky, and a gray eagle soaring in the heights!"

Can you imagine anything more original? Miss Pitts is always full of peculiar inspirations, and writes rhymes that convulse the folks at Brentwood. She can create witticisms while wearing a lachrymose countenance. She is playing opposite Edwin Stevens and Maym Kelso, whom I saw emoting all over the stages on Fountain Street, Hollywood.

"I hate narrow skirts," announced Miss Pitts with her usual emphasis, as I thankfully returned her tools. "Just bought two of the new frocks with wide, short skirts—oh, not short enough to startled anybody, but sorta kidlishly comfortable. They're coming back, didja know that? I hope they begin to wear kilts and box-pleats again."

And we have some more weddings, but that is natural with the coming of October and chrysanthemums. Rodolfo Valentino, the handsome character lead, was introduced to Jean Acker, of the Metro studio, by Miss Pauline Frederick, at a dinner party given by "Polly" in September. The young folks were seen together a great deal, and one fair
WHAT person lives who is not attracted by beauty—beauty of face, beauty of voice, beauty of complexion?

Not all can have beautiful features, nor can all have beautiful voices, but a beautiful complexion depends largely upon the care that is given to it.

Don't neglect those ugly little blemishes, that excessive oiliness, those enlarged pores. Resinol Soap contains just the necessary requisites to aid in overcoming these defects. It is pure, mild and cleansing.

Compounded with the greatest care, it cannot harm the most delicate skin, yet it usually gets right at the root of the complexion trouble, and aids in obtaining the desired beauty of skin.

Resinol Soap for the hair helps to give it luster, and to promote the health of the scalp.

Resinol Soap
occupy a home on Sunset Boulevard and are spending odd moments selecting furniture. Miss Cooper had a good part in "Old Wives for New"—remember?

Speculation is strong as to the outcome of the venture entered upon by J. Warren Kerrigan. You know, perhaps, that he adopted a Russian—or was it Polish?—lad, who had just arrived after a journey of thousands of miles. Mr. Kerrigan made negotiations thru the French society and the little chap of ten was promptly forwarded. Mrs. Sarah Kerrigan, Jack's mother, having raised about ten of her own youngsters, doesn't mind playing grandmother—even to a boy who can't speak or understand an English phrase. Having been in the silent for so long, doubtless Jack can do sign language while he plays the poppa act.

At the first night's performance of "The Thunderbolt," with Katherine McDonald, while a huge double line extended down Broadway awaiting entrance to the second performance, Miss McDonald alighted from a friend's auto and hurried into Tally's Theater. She was wearing a wonderful gray fur coat, a blue and silver toque, and was seated in a loge decorated with yellow chrysanthemums. Instead of making a speech or stage

(Continued on page 108)
A few simple rules that bring Loveliness

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because they know the rules. Here are a few simple ones, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.

When you powder, do it to last. Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearance.

The only way to make powder stay on is—not to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base.

Never use a cold cream for a powder base. It is too oily. The right powder base is a greaseless, disappearing cream. Take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin smoother. Now powder as usual. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.

Do you want to know why your skin is not always clear? Look at the cloth after cleansing your face with a cream prepared especially for cleansing. The dust will make you realize that a dull looking skin is often nothing more or less than a skin not thoroughly cleansed.

The only means of keeping the skin clear of the dust that gets lodged deep within its pores is the cold cream bath. For this, Vanishing Cream will not do, for Vanishing Cream has no oil. At night cleanse the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. The formula for this cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power.

Free sample tubes—mail this coupon.

Pond's Extract Co., 137 D Hudson St., N. Y.
Please send me, free, the items checked:
Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
Sample of Pond's Cold Cream.
Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream.

Name ...........................................
Street ........................................
City .................................. State ....

Chapping is a sign of carelessness. So is roughness. You can keep your skin as smooth as rose leaves all winter long. Always, before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. It softens the skin instantly, so that the cold cannot do it the least harm. It is a good idea to carry a tube of it right in your hand bag so that immediately before and after skating or motoring you can soften your hands and face with it. In this way the delicate texture of the finest skin will never suffer from exposure.

Why your skin needs two creams

One without any oil, for daytime and evening needs—Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will not reappear in a shine.

One with an oil base, for cleansing and massage—Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the amount of oil that the skin needs.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face. Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

Catch the little lines before they grow big

You can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that will keep starting. Once a week iron out these lines. Massage from the center of the face outwards and upwards with Pond's Cold Cream. If your skin has a tendency to be rough and dry, leave a little of the cream on your face over night. Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required for a perfect massage cream.

Pond's Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil
Henry Kolker is producing for Brentwood, a big American society drama in which Betty Blythe and Main- lon Hamilton, known as the Daddy Long Legs of pic- ture fame, are the leads.

Thomas Meighan has signed a long-term contract as a featured player in leading male roles in Cecil B. De Mille's productions.

Martha Mansfield is playing opposite John Barrymore in the screen version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Mae Murray has signed with International Film Company to appear in Cosmopolitan productions. Robert Z. Leonard will direct her.

Lloyd Bacon, who supports Tom Mix in "The Feud," is a son of Frank Bacon, star of New York's great stage success, "Lightning."

Pearl White entertained thirty children from the Orville orphan asylum at Jamaica, Long Island, at her home recently. As one of the orphans graphically explained, they all, Miss White included, had "a fierce good time."

Zasu Pitts has stolen her way to stardom. Her coming out picture, directed by Claude Mitchell, is "Where There's a Will."

Stella Mayhew, popular stage comedienne, announces the formation of her own company to produce two-reel comedies.

Marguerite Courtot is playing the leading woman in another serial picture, in which George B. Seitz will again appear in the triple rôle of producer, director and star.

Mae Marsh will return to the screen in a series of big special pictures to be released by Robertson-Cole.

Picture fans will welcome the return of Edith Storey to the screen after a two years' absence. Her first starring vehicle is called "The Golden Hope."

Sessue Hayakawa will be seen in an unusual rôle in his latest picture, "The Illustrious Prince." In this story, from the pen of Phillips Oppenheim, the Japanese star portrays a heavy dramatic part.

Emma Dunn, who scored a phenomenal success in the stage production of "Old Lady 31," has been engaged to play the rôle she originated on the stage in the film version to be produced by Metro.

Benny Leonard, lightweight champion of the world, has cast his hat in the pictorial ring and will appear in a fifteen-serial episode. The serial will be produced by Ascher Enterprises.

Cissy Fitzgerald, the noted comedienne, is starring in a series of two-reel comedies, released by United Pictures.


As the result of an essay contest conducted by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, celebrated cartoonist, humorist, and editor of "Fragments," published in England, Douglas Fairbanks was chosen as the most popular screen personage in the United Kingdom.

Edith Tatyn, a war heroine, has taken advantage of a woman's privilege and changed her mind. She vowed she would not appear again in a photoplay, but picture fans are to have the pleasure of seeing her in the romantic drama, "Who's Your Brother?"

Ray Smallwood, who was promoted to directorship only a few months ago, has made such rapid strides, that he has already been chosen to direct Metro's biggest star, Nazimova.

Fatty Arbuckle has deserted the coast temporarily and will make a production or two in the East. In fact, he says, that if he likes New York, he may stay for good and all.

Eva Tanguay, who doesn't care, is to be starred in a series of stories written especially for her. It is said that the first of the series for the cyclonic comedienne will be appropriately titled, "I Don't Care."
AND finally Brunswick Records—artistic companions of Brunswick Phonographs. These records are made under the direction of great interpreters: men who have the power and faculty of developing musical selections as they would be played by the composers.

Just as there are directors for the opera, the stage, the orchestra, we now have directors for records.

This means that each Brunswick Record is not only the work of some accomplished artist, but is accompanied by the shadings of a renowned director.

This is why Brunswick Records rise above the qualities most records have in common. Brunswicks are more than title and artist. They bear the impress of some guiding hand. One who knows how to bring out the inherent qualities, the hidden beauty, the magnetic personality, the more spiritual intuitions of the composers.

Ask to hear these records. Made by the House of Brunswick—a name renowned in the world of music. Compare Brunswick Records with others. Be their sole judge! Look for something entirely different. Something sweeter, richer, truer! You'll find it in full measure in this new Brunswick disc!
Marguerite Snow, otherwise known as Mrs. James Cruze and a star of considerable magnitude a few years ago, has returned to the screen in a picture for Universal.

Nazi'mova will enact the role of a temple dancer in a screen version of “Stronger Than Death,” one of I. A. R. Wylie’s novels of life in India. The story was adapted to the screen by Charles Brany and directed by him and Herbert Blache.

Wesley Barry, the boy actor, is now in the same class with Nazimova and other of the stars. A song entitled “Freckles” and dedicated to the lad, has just been turned out by Leo Feist.

An actor has sued Douglas Fairbanks for $100,000, because he alleges that the athletic actor masqué him up in play, or something. Anyway, you are really not in style nowadays unless you have been sued for something.

Patsey De Forest, best remembered for her work in Vitagraph “Big V” comedies and her splendid portrayals in O. Henry stories, is among recent Los Angeles arrivals and giving her attention to several flattering screen offers.

J. Rufus Wallingford, famous in story and on the stage, and his almost equally well-known side partner, “Blackie” Daw, are to make their appearance on the screen in a Vitagraph series of pictures, showing new and the recent exploits of the two famous characters, based on hitherto unpublished stories written by George Randolph Chester.

For the first time on any screen, William Wallace Reid, Jr., son of his dad, will make his appearance in “The Bear Trap,” a continuation of the adventure of Toodles Walden et al., who appeared in “The Roaring Road.” William Wallace, Jr., who is two and a half years of age, is to play Toodles, Jr.

Thomas Meighan’s first starring vehicle for Famous-Players-Lasky is Edward Peple’s “The Prince Chap,” which Mr. Meighan himself selected.

Myrtle Stedman, who portrayed the role of Cherry Malotte in “The Silver Horde,” is now at work with Louise Glaum in C. Gardner Sullivan’s “Sex.”

James L. Crane changes his nationality every time he makes a new picture. In “The Misleading Widow,” he was an American officer, in “Sadie Love,” he was an Italian prince, and in “Wanted—A Husband” he will be seen as an Englishman.

A Japanese temple seventy feet high and a typical street of Nippon were constructed on the grounds of the Metro studios in Hollywood, Cal., for the production of “The Willow Tree,” the Cohán and Harris fantasy, in which Viola Dana is starred.

Dustin Farnum has a new speed boat, the “Miss Los Angeles.” During the filming of “The Corsican Brothers,” “Dusty” managed to get a bit of time off and won six out of eight prizes offered in a motor boat racing contest in Los Angeles harbor.

Leah Baird, starring in Arcto-Hodkinson Specials, has achieved the distinction of having the newly reconstructed studios at Cliffside, N. J., named after her.

Following the completion of “Little Shepherd of Kingsdom Come,” Jack Pickford will begin work in “A Double-Dyed Receiver,” an O. Henry story, which supplies an abundance of dramatic action centering around a character ideally suited to the age and personality of Pickford.

Frankie Lee, prominent in the year’s sensation, “The Miracle Man,” will appear with Mary Miles Minter in her second Reanert production, “July of Rogue’s Harbor.”

Taylor Holmes, the comedian, will produce his own pictures. Mr. Holmes has acquired the screen rights to three stage farce-comedy successes, namely: “Nothing but the Truth,” “The Very Idea” and “Nothing but Lies.”

Benny Alexander, the wonderful child actor of “Hearts of the World” and in “The Turn of the Road,” is appearing in an important juvenile role in “The Triflers,” a comedy-drama of modern life produced by Universal.

Barbara Castleton protests against the announcement that she has a “part” in Gertrude Atherton’s “Tower of Ivory,” for in the woman she is playing there are four distinct characterizations to be made—a factory girl, a dancing girl, a pampered pet, and a grand opera singer.

Jack Gilbert has a prominent part in Mary Pickford’s third picture for First National, “Heart of the Hills.”

Herbert Rawlinson is engaged in filming twenty two-reel features which are based on stories from Chief Fliman of the United States Secret Service, scenarioized by Wilson Minzer and produced by Oliver Films.

Frances Marian, noted scenario writer, was married recently to Lieutenant Frederick Thompson, whom she met while in France, altho she had known him previously in the States.

Motion pictures played a big part in New York’s Red Cross Christmas Seal campaign this year. Selznick contributed an electric sign; slides giving facts in the fight against tuberculosis were distributed by Famous Players-Lasky, and Pathé included a Christmas Seal picture in its review.

Every star has her following of “fans,” but not every one receives the genuine article. In “The Third Generation.” Betty Bythle will use a fan, a rare creation of peacock plumage with inlaid holder. It came from a South American fan to whom she had sent a signed portrait. Accompanying it was a peacock feather head-dress.

Lloyd Hughes has been promoted to the star class, having signed a contract with Thomas H. Ince, covering a period of five years.

Elsie Ferguson will reappear on the dramatic stage this year. Miss Ferguson will make her reappearance under the Charles Frohman management, and it may be noted that it was under the direction of the late Charles Frohman, in association with Kl mehr & Erlanger, that Miss Ferguson, in “Outcast,” won the greatest triumph of her stage career.

Beatrice Joy is leading woman for Bert Lytell in the picture production of Sir Gilbert Parker’s celebrated novel “The Right of Way.”
Look!

21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
Adjusted to the second—
Adjusted to temperature—
Adjusted to isochronism—
Adjusted to positions—
25-year gold strata case—
Genuine Montgomery Railroad Dial—
New Ideas in Thin Cases.

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And all of this for $3.50—only $3.50 per month—a great reduction in watch prices—direct to you—the lowest price at which the Burlington is sold.

Think of the high grade, guaranteed watch we offer here at such a remarkable price. And if you wish, you may pay this price at the rate of $8.50 a month. Indeed, the days of exorbitant watch prices have passed. Write now.

See It First You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. You don't buy a Burlington Watch without seeing it. Look at the splendid beauty of the watch itself. Thin model, handsomely shaped—aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works. There you will see the masterpiece of the watch makers’ skill, a perfect timepiece adjusted to positions, temperature and isochronism.

Practically every vessel in the U. S. Navy has many Burlington watches aboard. Some have over 100 Burlinghons. The victory of the Burlington among the men in the U. S. Navy is testimony of Burlington superiority.

Send Your Name on This Free Coupon Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon now. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. You will be able to “steer clear” of over-priced watches which are no better. Send the coupon today for the watch book and our offer.

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Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $3.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by return, or a list of the firm manufacturers with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write, in the margin, the name of the department to which the inquiry is to be referred.

Barbara — It will not be possible for me to write much at present for I have so much to think about. But you need not worry about me. I am well and happy and believe I shall be able to work as much as ever.

R.E.

BRE back once more again, but if the printer's strike keeps up you might be reading the February issue on the Fourth of July. Please don't be cross with me if your answers do not appear this time. Some day we hope to be straightforward.

Lucy J. B. — Yours was very interesting. So you like Dorothy Gilib's type of comedy. Lillian, Dorothy and Mrs. Gish were in to see us, and they dined at our Bohemian Lunch Room. Lovely people, those Gishes.

Marie B. — The Prince of Wales' first name is Albert Edward. The Puritans who wore short hair were termed Roundheads. William Hart in "John Petticoats," in which he wears a full dress. Quite classy, too.

Ida Neil — Your terrrific. No, Eugene O'Brien did not play in "Panthere" opposite Norma Talmadge. Earle Foxe and Rogers Lyton did. No, I prefer you to write in English. I don't mind the French or Spanish, the only trouble is that I can't read it.

Southern Gal — Douglas Fairbanks in the United Artists Corporation at 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, but that is only where the pictures are released to the exhibitor. His last, at this writing, "When the Clouds Roll By." But if you smile with your eyes, I can tell whether you are sincere or not with the lips. Yes to Nazimova. Write again.

A Freshman — Well, it might take a lot of courage for a freshman to write me, but if you get to be a soph and then you'll be too proud. You think I am one grand mystery. Let it be ever thus!

Constant Reader — I'm glad of that, but please sign your name next time. She is the same old Blanche Sweet.

Note — Glad to hear of your spirit. When a man gets perfectly contented, he and his clam are first cousins. We'll sell it to you for 25c.

Elizabeth — No indeed, the thousands of letters I receive are finally packed away in storage, except a few which are torn up. No, I never married. When I was thirty-five I fell in love with a little girl five years of age. Had I married her I would have been ten years older there are seven times as old as she. If I had lived five years with her she would have been ten and I forty-four times as old as she. Had I lived with her twenty years longer she would have been thirty and I sixty — I would have been only twice as old as she. By now she would be nearly fifty and I would not be nearly twice as old as she and in fifty or sixty years she might catch up to me entirely. Sorry now I didn't try it.

Gay Group — Are you really serious when you ask such questions as "Has William Farnum false teeth?" and "Has Constance Talmadge three warts on her chin?" Richard Barthelmess is 24. You say that Bill Hart is a son of a gun with a horse pistol. If a son of a gun he probably uses a Colt.

G.O.D. — Join one of the correspondence clubs.

Herbert Worshipper. — You tell me that Dickens was the greatest writer, because while Warren wrote "Now and Then," and Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," Dickens wrote the Year Round. Marvelous! So you are gone on H. E. Herbert.

Ford Sterling — You boys must have a gay old time. You say you like actresses, because they all look like pictures. Yes, lots of them look like hand painted portraits. Hobart Henley directed Mrs. Sidney Drew in "The Gay Old Dog.

Ethel N.F.O. — Search me! I haven't any late information on what the companies want in the line of scenarios. They are at present scouring libraries for plots, and a great many stage plays are being done.

Alice M. — Dancing was invented by the Cretans in 1534 B. C., who dwelt on the Island of Crete in the Mediterranean Sea. Chester Barnett and Betty Hihburn in "Girl of the Sea." Evelyn Greetley in "Me and Captain Kidd.

Cleopatsy — You certainly pick out some hifalutin names for yourself. Kate Price with Fox. Pay Tincher is in Los Angeles. You believe that I have a wife and that she keeps a cat and a parrot that her hair is dyed. No, 'tis false!

Miss Curiosity Shop — I.e. are in anima vili. My child, tears and sorrow and losses are a part of what must be experienced in this present state of life. Norma Talmadge in "The Virtuous Vamp." Virginia is known as the mother of presidents, having produced seven.

Richard M. — Hello, Dick. I suppose she will. Yes, Alma Rubens. Bob Walker in "The Countess' Whip." Wasn't at all disappointed to hear from you. Oh, yes, I do all my work by lamplight, even as Demosthenes.

Tessie N. — Thank you for the drawing. Mighty clever. Bobby Connelly, I believe, is living in Brooklyn, and Anita Stewart is married. Alraid you have the wrong meaning there, Argus-eyed means crafty, watchful. Argus had a hundred eyes; the jealous Jum put him on detective duty over 10. Hoping for the Best — I'm with you. Shake! I am sorry, but I have no ins and outs of Buster Keaton.

Just Seventeen — Yes, a lot of the players are East now, Mary Pickford, Earle Williams, Constance and Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Lyton and Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, etc. You ask why I dont get on a newspaper and get a regular salary. Nonsense! Nine dollars a week's stuff for a unmarried man who has plenty of generous friends.

Kathartik — The expression, "Tune the old cow died of," is a song of a man having nothing with which to feed his cow, sings to her of the grass which is to grow. The expression is also used for a worm-cut, tiresome tune. Priscilla Dean married Eddie Rickenbacker and Bert Lytell is not married.

A Scour — No, I am not B.B. Wagner, whoever he may be. Hoc age. You write a very clever letter.

(Continued on page 90)
In a certain sense motion pictures are just like folks—they are all the same, yet all different. Pictures, like folks, differ widely in personality.

And it is because SELZNICK PICTURES have such a distinct personality that they are so popular.

Not only is the powerful personality of SELZNICK PICTURES evidenced in the family of stars, but also is it felt through a subtle something—difficult to define exactly, but best described by one word—“quality.”

Personality is only one of the reasons why

SELZNICK PICTURES
CREATE
HAPPY
HOURS
WADE RUD FAX.—Alma Hanlon and Leo Delaney had the leads in "Prize and the Devil." Ruth Roland is about 23 years. Oh, I don't mind the cold weather, my whiskers are as good as any white fox scar. Nor do I say, the answer is the rich man's wine and the poor man's chaser.

MARRINE A.—You want to know about Earle Williams' pets. I should imagine his wife is his best. You'll have to ask the man about Charlie Chaplin." Well, that gives me plenty of latitude, so I'll say a lot. He's it!

MERRIL LE¥.—Douglas Fairbanks is in Los Angeles now.

MARIE B.—You say that blacksmiths are the most wicked of persons because they forge and steal daily. Say, when you are going to spring anything like that give me notice. I picked it up on the radio. It is a terrible shock on my system. Yes, I think it is wrong. "Run in again.

AN ITALIAN STAR.—I would advise, by all means, that you read Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck," also read Patern Office record of an invention of a stretchable-rubber-fish; warranted to fit any fish story. You refer to Margarette Snow.

RAU L.—You are wrong when you surmise that I attend masquerade balls. I don't. You say that I ought to attend, because I want have to wear a mask and give me a chance to find out my city. I really don't know to whom you refer you, perhaps you mean Eugene O'Brien.

R. L. W.—My dear friend! I appreciate you, alright, but you really don't know much about your facilities. I'm 70 years of age, also W. J. Kerrigan.

MRS. H. T. RICK.—Have mailed the letters you sent me to the various players, but I do wish you would enclose sufficient stamps, hereafter. Also, please do your own typing.

A. W. B.—You are right about the Moore boys. They are in New York now. Mary Moore was their sister. Irving Cummings, you mean. Marin Sais is back from Hollywood. I really don't know to whom you refer you, perhaps you mean Eugene O'Brien.

C. W. D.—No, I don't mind doing a good turn for anyone, as long as it is appreciated. Gratitude is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breeze. I'm directing. Billy Quirk doesn't seem to be playing, just now. Yours was a peach.

CITIZ Pot.—Elsie Ferguson has no children.

OMAR.—Send along another copy. That's good stuff. You say that my wit and humor is clever, but all of it is not original. It is a wise joke that knows its own father. You refer to Mae Marsh in "Spotlight Sadie." "Dusty.—No, I don't mind doing a good turn for anyone, as long as it is appreciated. Gratitude is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breeze. I'm directing. Billy Quirk doesn't seem to be playing, just now. Yours was a peach.

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BRIG.-Pot.—Elsie Ferguson has no children.
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COMPLETE HYGLO OUTFIT at $1.50 (pictued below) includes HYGLO Cuticle Remover and nail bleach, HYGLO Nail Polish in cake form, HYGLO Nail Polish Paste (pink), HYGLO Nail White, also flexible nail file, emery board, orange stick and cotton. HYGLO manicure preparations can be bought separately at 5c. and 6c. each, at leading drug and department stores.

HYGLO Mascara for stiffening eyelashes and darkening eyebrows, can be readily washed off with water, including brush and mirror, 50c; black, brown, blonde.

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NEW YORK

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.

Selling Agents

171 Madison Avenue, New York, and

10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Can.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 90)

Mrs. M. N. S.—I'll tell you about Harrison Ford later.

SYLVIA R.—Your letter was good enough to print, too—you say, "I am just a recent subscriber to the Motion Picture Magazine, but after I had received my first copy I vowed to be a subscriber for life, that is, if my finances hold out and if the market reports for my dad's corn crop are always as good as they are this year. Here's hoping for the corn crop! Walter Whitman played in "When Bearcat Went Dry." And believe me, Bearcat wasn't the only place that went dry."

A. T. B.—Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, for Selig, Vitagraph, Universal, D. W. Griffith and now with Paramount. He also plays the violin, and he weighs 185, stands 6 feet, has brown hair and blue eyes.

RAFFLES, WHEELING.—No, I have never been there. You say, Wheeling is too slow to catch a cold in your letter was very pathetic. I want to hear from you often.

GREY EYES.—No, you are not too young to write. I write mostly at night. A number of the greatest writers and poets had eccentric habits, but I have none. Art Sarge, author of "Gil Blas," could work only with his left eye; while Eugene Sue and Alfred de Musset closed their shutters in daylight, to write by candlelight, and make night of day. Bryant Washburn in "Why Smith Left Home."

LITTLE POLLO.—You want to see Billie Burke and W. C. Reid play together. "Carpe Diem Fugit Hora" means use the day, time flies; and "Vita Brevis Ars Longa" means life is short, art is long. Nigel Barrie says in his letter, "'It was, in my opinion, the finest picture I have ever seen. You want to know what movie actress has been divorced the most times, and how many who have never been satisfied, now. You say, you can't think of any more to ask me, but if I think of any, just answer them for you. No, I can't think of any. Consult Beatrice Fairfax, Melvin."

DORIS.—You're asked to answer this letter, and you're sure enough. Emilie Dexter was born in Houston, Texas, Married to Marie Doro at present. You should put a brace on your temper. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, makes beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured.

ARTHUR P.—You want Thomas Edison's picture on our front cover. We did use his picture for our cover, January 1911. June Elydie and Earle Metcalfe in "A Woman of Lies" (World). No, Earle Metcalfe has never been over to see us, but we are living in hopes.

DOLLIE B.—Well, Diogenes and Seneca were two of the greatest philosophers. One lived in a palace and the other in a tub, while I live in a hall room. You think that Wallace Reid is such a sissy and so conceited. Say not so! And you think that Niles Welch and Malee Hamilton are perfectly worthless when it comes to looks. Miriam Cooper with Fox.

ESTA G.; BILLY; MILDERED S.; FERN W.; MAY A. C.; and MARIE MARTELLE.—Yours have been answered up above. So turn your orbs skysward and you'll find what you're looking for.

OMAR.—No, Art Axxord is not dead. I am indeed glad to be a Scrubber. Charles Ray in "Crooked Straight. You're right; with great and dear so high, what is one going to do for fuel."

GOWNWOLLY.—How's my little Hawaiian maid? That Roland, very much, and you think Peggy O'Dare is beautiful. No, Corinne Griffith is no relation to David Wark Griffith. In name only. Thanks, read it along.

THE GALL FROM CAL.—Said he with rising eyelids,—said he, said he; oh, what did he say, anyway? You say, "Your spicy answers remind one of a Jolly youth, with the scent of Virginia in his mouth!"

Mr. H.—Wallace Reid is a very good actor. If he doesn't do good for you, he'll be written about. In fact, he's a wonderful actor. But not many people are aware of this. He's very small, only 5 feet 11 inches, and he's very tall when he sits down. He's not a very good dancer, but he's a very good actor."

DORIS.—Well, I had seven inches to the right, I could use it for a collar-button. Does this prove your contention? So you like Conway Tearle. All the girls do, Melvin.—Rachel! Rachel! Take in the picture, here comes the board of health. Hooray! Hooray! I wish I were there. You want to know what movie actress has been divorced the most times, and how many who have never been satisfied, now. You say, you can't think of any more to ask me, but if I think of any, just answer them for you. I can't think of any. Consult Beatrice Fairfax, Melvin.

FOLLY PEPPER.—Pauline Stark is playing in "Soldiers of Fortune" and Susse Hahan in "Counterfeiter." "Course, I have teeth, and to prove it I sometimes show them—when I read silly questions. How do you pose I drink buttermilk? So you are from Dixie. I wish I was in Dixie, I do, I do. Little Doris Kenyon was born Sept. 5, 1897, in Syracuse, N. Y., has brown hair, grey eyes, and lives in New York.

INQUIRER WILLIE.—Well, Willie, what's it? Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado in 1893. He was brought to San Francisco in, I think, 1898, and went to school. He's been acting since he was 7 years old. He has played with Elsie Janis, Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Illington, and many others. He's been playing with Selznick. He has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 160. Any thing more? Mae Allison is not married. I can't say whether Jack Holt removes his mustache, on retiring. Much thanks.

DORS, N. Y.—But some of the most beautiful plants are parasites. Why should one root for a living? No, child, all my letters are welcomely received, and also add that Maryland was the first State to mine coal. The production between the years 1807-1820 amounted to 5,000 tons, but it will be less than that now, if they don't get busy.

SHINNY, WAUKENAN.—Antonio Moreno retired? I should say not. He is actively engaged in California, but not married. How do you like his cover picture, The Skunk Spaniard! Screen fright? No, you mean stage-fright. The shimmie to do with the solar system? No, the muscular system.

NAZIMOTTO.—Your pronunciation is correct. William Scott was born in 1893. He was with Jack and Effie Shannon. He has light complexion and weighs 168, 5 feet 6 inches.
Richard Barthelmess—An Impression
(Continued from page 47)
built. Rung by rung he has mounted the ladder of achievement, making each part given him a trifle more sincere, more likeable, until his portrayal of the Chink, in "Broken Blossoms," he gave the shadow world a really great characterization.
I do not know, nor can I guess, how much pep and push and fighting spirit he would have if fate were against him. Would he be hard enough to fight adversity? I cannot say. But I do know, that with success, he is modest, shy, gentlemanly, unspoiled, sensitive to criticism, and wholeheartedly enjoying life.
"I never go after a part if I think I am going to be refused," said Barthelmess.
"It would shake whatever confidence I have in myself too much. For instance, one of my ambitions is to be a writer, but I don't like to venture sending out my ideas. I know if they were returned I should never write again."
And so you see how sensitive he is.
"Sure I'd like to be married," he went on, "that is, if I were really in love. A fellow gets lonesome you know. But what girl would want to sew on my buttons for life? I have yet to find her."
Across the dining-room from us sat Ethel Barrymore's three beautiful children with their nurse. Barthelmess called my attention to them.
"Aren't they attractive youngsters?" he asked. "That's what I would like, a son. I think it would be great to have a little chap to cart around with one and watch develop. I'd like to adopt a boy and bring him up, all by myself."
Mr. Barthelmess started to toy with his omelet, which is a sure sign that it is time for an interviewer to vanish. Also, one or two popular stars started paging "Dick." The brown eyes glanced so new interest in life, while Mr. Barthelmess bade me farewell.
"We're off for a wonderful spin in the country. You'll forgive me, won't you, but it does seem silly for a man to talk of his art, his favorite color. Tell 'em I love baseball, football, prize fights, the theater, movies and all kinds of things."
"I am too busy dying to be in New York for a while—having the time of my life. So long!"

Dialog Imaginary
(Continued from page 78)
Farrar looked better in it than I have ever seen her look. However, she was not the Joan of history, and she lacked charm. Her acting is theatrical—not natural, and she has not what I call screen presence.
Miss F.—If she has not, be good enough to tell me who has!
Jack.—I can name a dozen—Natimova, for example. There's a woman who always plays true type. She is never Natimova, but always and only the character she is portraying. She may lack beauty, but she has everything else. How different than Petrova, who is always Petrova.
Miss F.—Then you do not admire Madam Petrova?
Jack.—Oh, yes, greatly, but not on the screen. Perhaps it is because she was never handled right. In fact, it is said that nobody can handle her. Nevertheless, she is one of our greatest actresses.
Miss F.—Might I ask your opinion of the Talmadges?
Jack.—Yes, you may ask, but I must answer later. Pardon me,—I'm late now—I am going to a prize-fight. Au revoir!
“That’s it — the larger size!” More and more the many thousands of regular users of Sloan’s Liminent demand the larger bottle, knowing it represents the greatest economy.

A ND day by day its volume of sales grows steadily. For a reputation of thirty-eight years’ faithfulness backs it up — the world’s most reliable reliever of all external pains and aches.

Kept handy the nation over for the prompt, comforting, warm tingle of relief it promotes from Rheumatic Twinges, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Neuralgic Headache, Stiff Joints, Lumbago, Sore Muscles, Strains, Sprains, Bruises.

Penetrates without rubbing. Leaves no skin-stain. Keep a bottle handy, 30c, 60c, $1.20. At your druggist’s.

Kathlyn of the Golden West

(Continued from page 59)

“that The Spoilers’ is still being shown and making money. It proves the necessity of a good story.”

“What are you doing now?”

“Nothing at this special time—I have done five pictures this last year and will soon start on another with Mr. De Mille. I can tell you anything about it save the fact that it will be a stupendous thing like ‘Just the Woman.’”

Have done ‘Her Kingdom of Dreams’ with Anita Stewart and ‘A Girl Named Mary,’ with Marguerite Clark. And I want to say right here that she is a dear little thing. She’s one girl who is tailor-made when it comes to business. She is never known to keep a director waiting. If the rest of us have to be on hand in make-up at 7 p.m. Miss Clark is there also.

‘I’ve just finished a fine part in The Tree of Knowledge—it’s heavy, the second time I have played a role of this sort, but it is real—about a remarkable woman and it allows one’s imagination full play.”

“The year before last you were not seen much on the screen.” We gently led the star of “The Perils of Helen” back to the silversheet when the talk again drifted. She would so much rather talk about her hobby—st being animals—than an unnatural hobby either when one remembers her old Selig pictures with the lions and jaguars.

“Was very ill,” she told me, “and for several months I was compelled to rest and recuperate, which made a trip with Mr. Eyton to New York possible. Then he was ill with the flu and just when I was recovering I had to take full charge of his sickroom, for it was impossible to get a nurse during the epidemic, as you’ll remember. The very fact that I had to nurse one so ill helped me to get well—I ceased to have time to be depressed and nervous over my own state.”

It doesn’t take one long to know Kathlyn Williams as self-sufficient. She believes domesticity in no way, yet she feels that a person satisfied to do nothing but make the social rounds, with no thought of things outside of her clubs, is more or less ignominious, and even she the work is not a necessity to her, she will always find time for a characterization now and then, perhaps in later years less frequently than at present.

She is essentially not the type to talk — she is a doer. Her life contains many interests, varied interests. She detests notoriety and only lends her name to an enterprise if it will assist in bringing in funds for a good purpose.

“She is sweet, gracious—and big—a typical Girl of the Golden West, with a heart stretching to cover every living thing with a benevolent purpose.”

EXTRACTS FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

“A woman’s hopes are woven of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.

“Grace itself. That is what woman ought to be. She ought to produce the effect of exquisite music.

“Plantness has its peculiar temptations quite as much as beauty.

“Each woman creates in her own likeness the love-tokens that are offered her.

“Be not always astounded by beauty when a good God has seen fit to make an excellent young woman without it.

“Is it better to pardon too much than to condemn too soon.

“The best part of a woman’s love is worship.

“Remember, very slight things make epochs in married life.”
"He Deposits $500 a Month!"

"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time.'

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you'll simply give them the chance. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 100,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now.

Is there any reason why you should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for you. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.
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By our wonderful new method of teaching by mail, you can learn Illustrating, Cartooning and Commercial Art right in your own home—and in your spare time. Hundreds of successful students and graduates are now making splendid incomes. Get into this fascinating work yourself and make from $50 to $125 or more a week! Our method makes it easy for anyone to learn. The study is fascinating. Only a few minutes a day! Personal instruction given you by Will H. Chandler, one of America's foremost commercial artists. You can have your own studio—or secure high salaried position. Many students have earned more than the cost of the course while they were learning!

No Talent Necessary

Just as you have learned to read and write, we can teach you how to draw. Everybody has the ability. True, some have more than others, but that is because that ability has been developed. You start with straight lines—then curves. Then you learn to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from $30 to $50 or more! Many artists receive as high as $1,000 for a single drawing!

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There are thousands of big-paying artists' positions open right this minute. These positions are actually going begging for the lack of trained artists to fill them. Magazines, newspapers, advertising agencies, and business concerns are all looking for men and women to handle their illustrating. With the tremendous expansion of both foreign and domestic trade, commercial art is in demand than ever—and that demand is increasing every day!

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Mail coupon NOW for our valuable book, "How to Become an Artist." Contains full particulars of our Free Artist's Outfit, and special terms for a limited number of new students. Also contains many interesting drawings by our students, showing their progress. Book just full of valuable information to you. Send for it NOW!

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So says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

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Deep relief with the standing and walking; replaces and restores whatever internal organs have lost strength and vitality. The result is remarkable—more vitality, more energy, more confidence. Send coupon or post card for free booklet and price list. The makers of this Helix brace are the leaders in the world in the manufacture of Brace for the treatment of weakness.

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117 Rush Building, Salina, Kansas

America and the Foreign Photoplay (Continued from page 39)

money, began jumping from one contract to another, the producers began to suffer. A Russian producer hired an American filmmaker to show John Jones' pictures. Jones would jump to another producer and the first manufacturer would discover that he couldn't dispose of his pictures minus Jones. So the producer has decided to own his own theaters and control his output.

"Metro is basing on the idea that a picture should be sixty per cent star and forty per cent special production. No producer can sell his pictures to Metro.

The personal star interest is more or less vital. The producer cannot get enough stories of sufficient bigness to stand production minus the personality of a favorite. We all know that a popular star can swing a weak story. That's why the star will always be.

"While the star will not be ninety or one hundred per cent essential as he or she has been, he will always hold a position of from fifty to sixty per cent importance—of that I am sure. As I said before, Metro is based upon that idea.

"Steadily less pictures are going to be produced in this country. Why make 104 pictures a year when three big successes will bring greater proceeds? Why fool with pictures that bring in $50,000 when you can produce one that will bring in a million a year? It will always be necessary to make enough pictures to cover overhead, bills, expenses and keep distribution offices open. But production will steadily become less and less.

"As I see it, any serious menace ahead of the American photoplay lies within our own ranks—and not from foreign studios."

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

Love is the art of the heart and the heart of art.—Bailey.

Love is ever the golden ladder whereby the heart ascends to heaven.—Geibel.

Love is the essence and the stimulant of all that we express all the follies they provoke.—Rochefrur.

Love is the vision of another who is hold of love.—Ladies, prudence.—Fontaine.

All true love is grounded on esteem.—Buckingham.

He alone knows what love is who loves without hope.—Schiller.

Love without desire is a delusion; it does not exist in nature.—Leland.

Cupid and Hymen were both born without a conscience.—Graves.

A short absence quickens love; a long absence kills it.—Mirabeau.

Love is Nature's Monte Cristo—'The world is mine!'

It is passion that does andundoesthings.—Fontenelle.

Love is like the moon—when it does not increase, it decreases.—Segur.

Love makes obedience lighter than liberty.—Alger.

Love is the pity of the affections.—Pascal.

Let no man think that he is loved by any man when he loves no man.—Epictetus.

We happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.—Pascal.

Whoever has loved knows that all life contains of sorrow and of joy.—Sand.

In love we are all the same.
The Camaraderie of Edith  
(Continued from page 33)
town. But in her case the girls would readily see “what the boys saw in her.”

“I’m going to take two or three weeks between my pictures to shop,” she was saying, “for I love pretty clothes, do better work when I have them and feel sure the public likes them too. I’m so glad I may wear them as the young society wife in my first picture, ‘The Blue Pearl,’ which is taken from the stage success of last season.”

If one may judge the young wife’s clothes by the black velvet frock generously embroidered in old blue floss which she was wearing, they’ll be inspirations—it was the most beautiful thing!

I do hope the public will like me—the most, I mean, for I like the movies so that I want to remain in them. So many folks of the footlights have failed to equal their success on the screen. And isn’t it strange the way the camera sees you—I photograph quite dark.”

That’s going to be the pity of it—the silver sheet won’t give us Elinor’s beautiful burnished locks or her pink and white skin. But it will give us her laughing eyes, her spirit of girlishness which flows a soft and friendly stream in the dark”—and, above all else, her spirit of camaraderie! I don’t think Edith need worry about success . . . I think the success of Edith is going to take care of itself.

To Corsica With “Dusty”  
(Continued from page 34) a living fountain as he sprinkled a spray of water six feet into the air.

With a quick turn of the wheel, Mr. Farnum sent the Dusty surging on its side, as he swung to the right, successfully missing the whale by a safe margin. He was fully 40 feet long and had we struck him the long tail might have caused damage. Anyway, we were glad to give him the right of way.

Hardly had this excitement subsided than we found ourselves entering the Crescent Bay of Avalon. With the picturesque mountains as a back curtain, white houses clinging to the sides, piers and boats filling the foreground, and the whole scene flooded with the gorgeous glow from the sun, which was setting behind the Island, it was indeed a picture.

“I assure you,” said Mr. Farnum, “Catalina has made a native son of me, for I think it the most wonderful spot in the world. Last summer, while on a little trip to New York, I received a letter telling me there was a great run of tuna off Catalina. I closed my eyes for a moment and I could see the quiet waters of the bay and feel the salt breeze, and gee! but I was homesick. It was hot in my room, at the Lamb’s Club, and the air coming in at the windows from the crowded pavement below was stifling. What do you suppose I did? I stepped to the phone, made reservations, and in a few hours I was beating it back to California and . . . Catalina.”

Early the next morning we climbed along the rugged coast to the spot selected for several scenes by Mr. Farnum in his role of Lucien, the brother who stayed at home in “The Corsican Brothers.” Later, in the frame of the pier of the old residence, more scenes were filmed.

With the crazing of the breakers against the cliff, the deep blue sky overhead, the quaint costumes of the actors, I was swept into the very atmosphere of that far away Island—with its romance and love-tales, its loyalty and vendetta.
Wild Press Agents I Have Known
By Ethel Rosenmon

I have known them all. How, I ask you, how could I have escaped them? During fifteen years as editor of The Stars That Nightly Shine, America's Foremost Picture Magazine, I have shot at every member of the species on the hoof or on the wing. They have lamped me and vampèd me, winched me and dined me until I can call each of their ghosts by its first name.

There is the vamp in her natural born, uncultivated—not to say wild—state. She is "doing"—verily, she is "doing"—Totty Twaddles of the Angels' Delight Company, formerly Lizzie O'Brien of the Ribbons. On my busiest morning she shimmies in with a brand new photograph of Totty at her Bath. Now if she would leave Totty's photograph and exit 1.2.1 could forgive Totty for taking a bath, but rule five of "How To Be a Successful Press Agent" reads

"Editors are human; vamp 'em, vamp 'em, vamp 'em."

For what other reason did Heaven or the blond clerk at Liker and Rigget's give her those aeroplane eyelashes? By the time she has exited smilingly she has consumed the two best hours of my precious day, the sweetness of my disposition and the oxygen of my lungs and left me—Totty at her Bath and 1,080 feet of Mary Garden.

Then, oh, then, shades of greaseless doughnuts and boneless shad, there is the human meal ticket. I am on a diet, but what cares he, she or it? If I eat Myrtie Muddie's bread and salt I shall be constrained to put Myrtie's picture in the Gallery. My diet says "No Bread." I do not like salt and I do not wish to disfigure my Gallery—I do not. But other press agents—and perchance my wife—might like to get my office on the phone during the day, so to assure the absence of "Line's busy"—if such a thing can be done in this generation of operatorless telephones and telephoneless operators—I must dine with. I would not, I must wine—verily, Prohibition hath its advantages.

And last there is the honest-to-goodness, ex-newspaper tribe. God bless 'em, God bless 'em. They know how to write a story and, sacred footprints of the wandering Zinemagazine, they know a story when they see it—and when they don't see it, they can make it up. Their sense of the eternal fitness of things tells them that snow pictures are in season from December to March, bathing from July to September. They know there is not a landlord from the Bronx to the Battery or on any point of the Shuttle, who will permit a tenant, be he moving picture star or Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, to raise chickens, cows, or even pigs in his three-room and bath, elevator service, steam heat and hot water until 10 p.m.—maybe. They are sure that Lottie Lightfoot cannot be the Belle of the Exhibitors' Ball in Los Angeles and the Screen Ball in New York on the same evening, and they readily recognize the uselessness of trying to persuade me to convince the public that she can. They realize that if Susan Saintly is the mother of the child wonderer, Sunny Saintly, and if everyone knows that Sunny is Susan's daughter, it is not in good taste to send me a story:

"The Fair Susan is devoted to her art. She has never lamped the male whose board bill she would pay. Her motto is

(Continued on page 136)
That Stonehouse Youngster

(Continued from page 37)

deciding that I was not particularly dignified or ancient, I imagine, she laughed and laughed at the manner in which she had been caught.

"You just can't be gardener, housekeeper, cook and movie star all at once," she managed to gasp between spasms—"while waiting 'The Master Mystery,' the Houdini serial and 'The Masked Rider,'" I was away from home and had no servant problem, but now that I'm working here in California with Hale Hamilton at Metro I often run home between scenes.

She loves to laugh—you see that in the roguish twinkle in her eyes—but almost in a moment they can become unfathomable depths—deep pools that seem to know the wisdom of the world. Ruth Stonehouse does her share of thinking too—she is not all the elfin spirit—perhaps that's what makes her so interesting, so fascinating—she is a study of highlights and shadows, but the shadows are like summer showers and quickly disperse in the sunshine of her smile.

"Essanay was the first motion picture concern with whom you worked, was it not?" I asked.

"Yes—"it was at Essanay that I received my introduction to 'Scandal Alley,'" she laughed. "The family moved from the Montana ranch to Chicago, when I was a young girl just in my teens. I loved dancing and planned to continue on to New York and accept a vaudeville engagement when a friend, whose father was an official at the Essanay, suggested the movies. And so I journeyed to the studios every day and perched myself on one of the trunks in the corridor of the dressing-room building where I would sit and wait for some kind-hearted director to call me for a bit as a maid. In reality I was about as important at those Essanay studios as a groom at a wedding, but finally they decided to put on a circus picture and behold—my ability to do stunts at last came to my assistance well, the public liked me and I was made a star. I think a star's salary then was about fifty dollars a week."

"Are you going to return to New York?" I asked.

"Oh yes, I'm saving for another trip now—I need a young mint in New York. The wonderful shops tempt me so that I really suffer. The last time I was there I stood before a beaded bag in one shop so long, trying to ease my conscience about paying the price they asked, that when I left the counter a woman followed me. I'm sure she was a detective. I lost her at a bargain table rush, however—my only fear was she'd tap me on the arm before I reached that table—I knew I could lose her there. Of course nothing would have happened, but it would have been sure to get into the papers and all the time I was dodging her I could see the headlines. Well, anyway, the next day I walked into that shop and purchased that bag just like such extravagance was an ordinary occurrence."

Somehow, Ruth reminds you of the days when you used to play "Tap on the Back," "Reilly" and all the other games. She's the kind of girl who would be responsible for every noisy game invented, but who would adopt every home remedy for cat and dog for miles around; and who would bear the "bully," however large and terrifying he might be, who teased the younger children.

And the "Miss Neveryoung" of the block would be sure to call her "That Stonehouse Youngster."
An Erstwhile Vampire

(Continued from page 00)

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(Continued on page 06)

Piccadilly Jim

(Continued from page 65)

hair was the first stable weapon of a young

Jim could have wrung his hands,

him meddlesome hands.

Jim, you know, said very softly, and

at all events, I don't think she

been unfairly hurt, "I never liked boys

—of whom played in the mud

—of when there are all the stars

—of which Jimmy put in two weeks of what

be termed intensive living in the Pett

and want to know if she had

towards escape from London and the

and the dust aspirations of the erstwhile

dispenser. Briefly, it was Mr. Crocker's

of whom to make a harmless

The second shock was upon meeting,

of the Pett texts, Lord Wisebeach,

London crowded, having no resemblance to the

harmless actual Wisebeach. That the

had a game to play was obvious, and that

invented some heroic and often.

the instruments of the

(Continued on page 102)
Brings this 9-Piece Bed Room Outfit

Wonderful bargain! A complete outfit of bed equipment—9 useful pieces—sent to you for only $1.00 down! Use them as your own for 30 days. Then if satisfied, pay only $2.00 a month until you have paid $8.00 in all. Think of the value! If you were to buy these singly they would cost you almost twice as much as we ask on this great combination offer. But we make this big slash in prices on the complete outfit to introduce thousands more to the great bargain values offered by Straus & Schram. Look at the fluffy blanket, the soft, cozy comforter. See the 2 fine sheets, 2 pillow cases, bedspread and 2 curtains. Clip the coupon today, have these articles shipped on approval. See for yourself the beauty and quality. You can use the outfit 30 days. Then if you do not like it send it back and we will return your money. All that you have to do is to send the coupon and $1.00 now. Order by No. C5754A; $1.00 with coupon, $2.00 a month. Price $19.95. (Pieces not sold separately.)

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You may doubt this. Perhaps you have tried all the so-called bunion cures, pads, shields, appliances, etc., that you’ve ever heard of and are so utterly disgusted and discouraged that you think nothing on earth can bring such amazingly quick relief. Nevertheless we have absolutely proved to more than 72,000 bunion sufferers within the last six months that Fairyfoot does everything we claim for it. And surely you will at least try it and put our claims to the test, since it doesn’t cost you a single penny to do so.

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Send for Miniature Bottle 20c

Tea for Three

(Continued from page 74)

human dynamo, accomplishes so much himself—and does so much for all of us that we are on our mettle to do our best.

We have finished our picture and I have a two weeks’ rest before beginning the next one. Please don’t judge my last picture ‘Bound and Gagged’ by its name; it sounds like a regular ten-reel thriller—but the name is erroneous. No one is bound and no one is gagged. The story is about a young man who goes adven-

(Continued on page 136)
Pegeen

(Continued from page 44)

ain't been happy in so long. Let him die happy, God, let him die happy."

Then, after a little, with an attempt at the Happy Valley smile, "I'm goin' ter help yer, God, I ain't goin' ter leave him."

and still later, "ain't been so awful hard ter 52, God."

The heat of the flames was scorching the leather of her shoes when Dan O'Neill gave a deep sigh and shuddered stifly away from her. "Find little Pegeen, darlin'," he whispered thru his difficult lips; "an' make her happy. . . . like you ain' me . . . like you ain' me . . ."

Something hot and black rushed over Pegeen as she laid the old man down and saw, with a sob, how the flames with which he had "lighted the sky" lighted his own wrecked face to a late glory, and then thru the roaring of the black hot waters she heard John's voice calling...her name.

Something greater than herself impelled her in the direction of that voice.

His need, perhaps...where was he...what had they done to him? She stumbled, in the direction of the insistent voice, there was a sharp, knife-like intake of the night air, a shout from many throats...strong arms about her...and a profound oblivion.

It was a week later. Jimmie Gates came over in the morning as he had been wont to do. And yet it wasn't as he had been wont to do, either. Something tremendous had occurred. Little Pegeen had been down into the Valley of the Shadow. There had been shadows all around and about her.

Jimmie cleared his throat and tumbled his hat to a shed.

"I'm yer in...in there..." he said, at last.

Then something very amazing occurred. Pegeen gave him her same old smile, the smile that had made the hearts of Happy Valley glad. She wasn't changed. She wasn't different. She didn't act like Valley folk acted at funerals and voice. She was still Pegeen. The Pegeen he knew and all of them...He could talk to her about...even about it. She wouldn't be querulous.

It all made Jimmie gulp more than ever, "I...it's better somehow, Pegeen," he said, at length. He had got to say something.

Pegeen stared into the mists of the mountains. Her child's mouth was womanly-wise and very tender.

"I reckon it is, Jimmie," she agreed. "Dad's...found her. He...he lighted the sky...till he found her. And Ezra, dear old Ezra, he's happier, too. I guess...gone. Folks'll be kind ter him now, I know...I know..."

An Nora, too," said Jimmie, feeling himself safer ground, speaking of the living, "Nora an' John's all hunky dory."

Pegeen nodded again. "It's the way I wanted it ter be," she said. "John happy. That's the best of it, Jimmie."

Jimmie took a step closer to her. "I'm doin' real well, Pegeen," he said, with something of desperation. "Farm's comin' good this year. An'..."

The Pegeen...I.../

Pegeen turned to him and put her hand on his. In mind she was on that mountain top...with John...and knew the immortal pain of the gift sent back to the giver.

"It's the way I want it ter be, Jimmie," she whispered again, "you an' me, Jimmie...it's the way I want..."
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 90)

W. C. J.—Thanks for your guess. I haven’t gotten that far, but misinterpreted symptoms of genius cause many young men to lose their way. Why, for the pressed flowers, flowers were the sweetest things God ever created and forgot to put a soul in.

A. J. S.—What do you mean? A woman! None of that stuff now. Will Rogers and Peggy Wood in “Almost a Husband” (Goldwyn). Why, the Roman Catholic religion is professed by nearly the entire population of Belgium.

ROMEO.—No, Balboa, Lubin, Thanhouser, and Turner are making, ‘Not producing. Bert Lytell has brown hair, hazel eyes, weighs 155, stands 5 feet 10% and is in Hollywood, Cal. Good for you. Seems to me, instead of having a law limiting a man’s wealth, it would be better to have a law limiting his poverty. In either cases I’ll have an escape. There is no limit to my possibilities in acquiring wealth, because out of my $9 a week, I can save a large fortune if they give me time.

JUANITA.—Or are you more careful? If your children eat too much of the varnish off their toys, do not worry, because they may acquire an interior polish. Sweet streets you near my prayer — I’m getting weak. Muriel Ostriche is with World. I’m always here, waiting.

MARION D.—Here is the verse you wanted to put in your scrap book.

LIST OF THE PRESIDENTS
“George Washington leads them, The great and the true. John Adams succeeds him, And Jefferson, too. Now Madison follows, And fifth comes Monroe. Next John Quincy Adams, And Jackson below. The term of Van Buren To Harrison’s leads; Tyler, Polk and then Taylor, Then Fillmore succeeds. Now Pierce and Buchanan, then Taylor, Polk, and Fillmore. Is followed by Johnson; Then Grant we discern. Hayes, Garfield and Arthur, Each one higher than the last, Then Harrison, followed By Cleveland once more. McKinley we honor, And Roosevelt’s name, Oh! who will be foremost To follow their fame?”

J. ENWOERETH.—My, but you are personal! Ralph Ince is going to direct Eugene O’Brien. Yes, Cleo Madison is on the stage.

SORROW.—You may be right, but a woman loves a man more intensely if she knows that another woman suffers. Harry Ham in “The Ants of Ann.”


PROGY.—About eighteen? ANITA.—Oh, my Ford car is doing nicely, thank you. I had it out for a walk the other night and it ran anything, from brass tacks to cherry-stones. Never trouble your stomach unless it troubles you, and if it makes you sick — Gladys Brock well is with Fox.

(Continued on page 115)
New York City, N. Y.

Sept. 24, 1919

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Naturally I am very friendly to Ingram's Milkweed Cream, for it is a real friend to me. I can't speak too highly of the tonic effect it has on my skin; in fact, I attribute my healthy complexion to its daily use. I am never without it.

Helen Ferguson

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FACE POWDER
A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

Helen Ferguson

in "The Gamblers"

Helen's costume is unusual, perhaps; but then, the occasion is unusual. The villain is about ready to let the cat out of the bag, and little Helen in her nightie thinks she knows which way it will jump. He's some villain if he holds to his purpose after looking at her.

Vitagraph Picture

Coupon

(See proper address at left)

I enclose two cent stamps in return for which send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zolenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.
As the Army Moved Overseas

(ship and camps around New York were filled with boys from every state in the Union. Transports were being made ready. Hard training was an actuality. Some of the boys were excited and happy. Others were lonely, homsick. Many had never seen the sights of the big city and every one of them was filled with a glad-some desire to touch up the old town with a bit of bright red color.

One damp chilly night Miss Justice noticed three sailor boys huddled together under a hotel awning and upon questioning them found that they had no place to sleep—that the War Camp Community Hotels, the National War Council, the "Y's," every place they could afford to stay, were filled. She invited them home with her, made them comfortable for the night and asked them to come again. They came and brought others—and that was the beginning. They came to Miss Justice in increasing numbers, until finally she gave up all her work, and fitted up the entire house of eighteen rooms for the comfort and convenience of boys on camp leave. She showed her dining room, she and her mother eating at restaurants. They placed beds in every corner, often giving up their own rooms and sleeping on chairs in the library.

For over eighteen months the house was never locked to the boys, for a key hung in the vestibule where every uniform man could find it day and night. Every night the house was filled to overflowing with boys—often forty or fifty—who slept in comfortable beds between clean sheets. At five in the morning Miss Justice went the rounds awakening them for their early start to camp and, if any boy had a warm heart, the pleasant taste of home made him forget it and he was ready for work again, fit and whole.

I sat in the big library with Miss Justice where lies the historic register inscribed with the names, addresses and rank of the mostly three thousand boys who remained in the house at least once over night, some several times, some on their last leave before going across. These boys were the only men from every now historic division from the United States, but Blue Devils, Belgians, Alsatians, New Zealanders, Canadians and English. Many of them did not come back—but those who did came from the hospitals and detaining camps to see their friend and tell of their great adventures. Two Lieutenants were stopping in the house that night, also four doughboys who had come back that day bringing with a German police-puppy. Many times during the evening we were interrupted by the ringing of the bell and the entrance of a big soldier who had called to say good-bye, to ask for a room for the night or seeking advice or help about the work he was trying to get.

"It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience," said Miss Justice, "this invasion of our house by these fine, splendid boys. It gave our old-fashioned house something of the atmosphere of the dug-outs and the trenches. It gave us a close but military association with the class of boys and men whom Uncle Sam was sending to the other side. And there was never a doubt but what every man would make good.

"The sailor boys were the life and fun of the place," smiled Miss Justice. "They often asked for the use of the laundry.

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Make your complexion beautiful— attractive—a reason for admiration. If your complexion is naturally rough, or lacks that exquisite texture so greatly to be desired, give it a few touches of CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

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As it was falling out, getting brittle and stringy, my scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly. A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels— it is now restored to its original color— not a gray hair shows anywhere. Kolor-Bak is not a dye or bleach. It is odorless, non-permanent, and leaves the hair in its original color to gray hair simply by getting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

Send for our special trial offer also Free Book on Hair which contains how Kolor-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

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Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views
(Continued from page 82)

appearance, the star remained quietly seated, while a spot-light from the camera flashed a glowing portrait of her. For ten minutes she sat, giving every one an opportunity to stare at her. Really, the scheme blocked traffic, for those leaving after the first performance held the aisles and every one stood and faced to the rear to see the beautiful girl, while the orchestra played “K-K-K-Katzie, Beautiful Katzie.”

Speaking of Katherine McDonald, she has brought fourteen scrumptious frocks for “Japonette,” and as few girls wear their pretties as fetching as Miss McDonald, doubtless she will look more beautiful even than in “The Woman Thou Gavest Me.”

Do you know that Baby Marie Osborne’s salary is one thousand a week? She is past seventeen, and still a perfect baby to hold her own in pictures.

According to St. John
(Continued from page 46)
answers in monosyllables; he rarely smiles off-stage, and yet he can put more excitement, facial changes and grins into his countenance when a camera is watching him than one would believe possible.

Altogether a listener rather than a talker, he has a first-rate singing voice. This, however, is a deep baritone secret. Some of these days, he says, he will yield to a desire to have it plowed, harrowed and planted—I mean placed—and then he will be ready to synchronize gymnastic feats and vocal explosions, thus making the silent drama a thing of the past.

It takes time to be a conjurer of mirth for the silversheet. There is probably no more difficult form of story-telling than that upon which Al St. John has now entered. He is determined to succeed in legitimate, acrobatic tales of the romantic West. He’s a horseman, a wrestler, a gentleman and a scholar, but proudest of all is to be a mountebank.

As for Santa Ana, she’s becoming chesier and beginning to brag in a motherly way and no wonder.

WIT AND WISDOM
From Bernard Shaw
The philanthropist is a parasite on misery.

Necessity is ever ironical towards folly. The effect of deterrents depends much less on their severity than on their certainty.

What the world calls originality is only an unaccustomed method of tickling it.

You have learnt something. That always feels at first as if you had lost something.

It is only the big men who can be treated as children.

Compassion is the fellow-feeling of the unsound.

When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport; when the tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity. The distinction between Crime and Justice is no greater.

Honor is worth its danger and its cost, and life is worthless without honor.

It is only the man who has no message who is too fastidious to beat the drum at the door of his own booth.

Men are wise in proportion, not to their experience, but to their capacity for experience.

We must either breed political capacity, or be ruined by democracy.

Indoors or out

HOUSEWIVES! Sudden changes from the overheated kitchens to cooler rooms or outdoors—or vice versa—often mean a cold. Prevent it! Use Dean’s Mentholated Cough Drops. Get them anywhere.

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Keep your druggist’s. Contains no opium. Good for young and old.

PISO’S
for Coughs & Colds
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 77.)

master touch. Here are no half measures, one laughs or . . . one cries.

THAT WINCHESTER WOMAN—VITAGRAPH

A picture totally lacking in suspense from start to finish cannot hope to attract or satisfy. From moment Alice Joyce steps into the country town we sense the whole tale. The thrill's that the plot lacks only that Miss Joyce has been fully pruned by the obvious direction. Miss Joyce herself is as usual beautiful, and a bit warmer than is her wont. Percy Marmont plays opposite her.

FAIR AND WARMER—METRO-SCREEN CLASSICS

When Metro announced their new policy of making only super-productions and followed this by purchasing the picture rights to several famous stage successes, everyone applauded. "Fair and Warmer" is one of these expensive productions. Unfortunately, the reason for this stage success was its clever and exquisitely tuneful dialogue, unfortunately because even with the aid of clever subtitles, a silent show must have action. This is the one aspect that Metro's "Fair and Warmer" lacks. The plum in the pudding is the star, May Allison. Miss Allison plays the part of the wide-eyed baby-doll who determines to reach her mystic shrining going husband a lesson by hitting the high spots, in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. She is as ingenious an actress as Kennedy herself, who starred in the stage version, and in every close-up Miss Allison proves right to be called the picture's most important asset. Ida Palette assists her with a splendid bit of comedy work . . . taking the part of her neighbor's abused husband who also determines to reach her husband. Both innocents get themselves into a fine stew which time and the scenario get them out of.

L'APACHF—FAMOUS-PLAYERS LASKY

This is distinctly a Delton play. It is Dorothy Dalton from start to finish and all over the screen. Don't misunderstand me. I mean this in no disparaging sense, simply that Miss Dalton takes a dual role, that of the Apache L'Apachf, a beautiful American girl supposed to be studying in Paris. The drama is emotional, tragic and presents the horribly sensual side of life. If this be one of the worst of one fact, the great power Dorothy Dalton possesses of projecting real, vivid, flesh and blood emotion across the silver-sheets. The settings are luxurious, nay extravagant . . . as is the way with practically all Ince pictures, but I found the supporting cast again inferior, the grimaces of the man who portrayed the Apache being especially unpleasant to me. Making faces no longer registers as emotion.

HER KINGDOM OF DREAMS—FIRST NATIONAL

A picture which will be judged by the all-star cast, which, headed by the really returned Anita Stewart, contains also beautiful Anna Nilsson, handsome Mahlon Hamilton, our favorite Kathryn Williams, Thomas Santich, Robert McKim, Edwin Stevens, Thomas Holding, Thomas Jefferson and James Neil. A list to conjure with indeed!

PUTTING ONE OVER—FOX

It just chanced that I ran into this George Walsh picture, an older release than "The Winning Stroke," and after my previous remarks concerning that piece I consider it only fair that I report on this. The same director who did "The Winning Stroke" turned out a melodrama in "Put-

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Contributors
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M. TRILETY, Toilet Room, Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.
The Beach-Comber
(Continued from page 72)

guess that when he stood without the
doors he first wiped his craven forehead.
then shook his fist toward the room he had
just left, very evilly. He had not
suspected—Captain Barstow was a
very simple man in some ways—
that Clayton had any hand in what fol-
lowed. You can't teach a good man
drunkard a thing. And while the
man by the limitations to the evil
he is able to discern in another and
Yank Barstow laid the search party to
his ship to Fate alone. When the guns
were discovered and he was questioned,
he replied surely that they could go
to hell, but he would not give them any
information.

Naturally they arrested him. A Mexi-
can official's dignity is a delicate thing
easily offended. Yank Barstow made mat-
ters worse by treating the whole investi-
gation contemptuously and sneering vis-
ibly at the opera bouffe which was worn
by the court attendants. He was genu-
inely surprised when he learned thru
an interpreter that he stood convicted
of smuggling, and that was the
thirteenth time he had been
in jail, and was convicted to jail for ten years.

"The blanket-blank tools!" swore Bar-
stow, and sent a message to Vance Clay-
ton that morning before he came before
the court and earnestly pleaded him
in jail. They did not understand why
the Señor after a single glance about him burst into
a roar of laughter.

"Think they can keep a full-size man in
this match-box!" Barstow jeered. "Why
I could push the whole thing down. But
there is no hurry. If I spoil their
jail—why stick me in front of a
firing squad?"

So for a week he politely remained
locked behind bars which he could have
ditched with a single twist of his
steel-muscled wrist. Then he began to
weary of idleness. Besides, there was the
matter. If there was no telling what
that derelict crew might have done
—he must go back to it at once. That
night he calmly set his shoulders against
the locked door of his cell and
banged and shouted, stepping over his sleeping guard on
the way.

He made his way thru the murmur-
ous night with its white-costumed seori-
tas and sounds of mandolins to the beach,
only to find it deserted. His ship was
gone! The American consul, dressing
over the composition of a report in his
office, looked up to see a grim-faced man
with a week's stub of beard standing bare
shoulder to the locked door of his cell
and singing a ditty, stepping over his sleeping guard on
the way.

Yank Barstow listened, silent but with
smouldering eyes. At the end, still silent,
he swung on his heel. "Where—are you
goin'?" faltered the consul—he was only
a boy, and the situation was beyond his
experience which had heretofore been
limited to signing passports and writing
scripts about the smear crop and the
drainage situation.

"I reck'on," ex-Captain Barstow said

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If your skin is dry and rough, it is lacking in natural oil.

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removes the dirt and grime im-
bedded in the pores and leaves
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LARKIN FACTORY TO FAMILY SALES.
The next morning at precisely ten o'clock, Yank Barstow wound up the clock and embarked on the colony of beach-combers, those uncanny creatures whom society has spewed out to live off the offal of the sea, beyond the reach of the law, or below the notice of it. The way of joining the colony was direct and simple. It consisted in administering a beating to Baltimore Bucko, erstwhile head of the outcasts, in the presence of his subjects.

Baltimore Bucko was a mulatto of incredible ferocity and dishonour. Thru the back alleysways of sin he had come at length to this miserable huddle of degraded men and women, and by right of a certain supremacy of intelligence, combined with impudent assurance he had made himself master of them. To him was allotted the best cabin in the crazy wreck of a steamer where the beach-combers lived. To him also was allotted Anuncia, prettiest of the women, a dark angel to look at, with a soul the color of her skin.

Baltimore chose to take upon himself airs of royalty, a king of rags and tatters, chief of a dingy conglomerate, brown as the blood of some ancient savage king flowered, soiled, thru his veins. Having conquered this colony he looked about him for recruits that the rank and file of his subjects and fatten his treasury with the squall fruits of their toil. These he procured in most ruthless fashion. It is known that the beach-combers offered a haven of refuge for those wanted by the law, that here could be found food of a kind, that sheath enumeration over many a man, and here came the disgraced, the hunted, the indolent. These, Baltimore Bucko received pompously and made use of according to their sex and capabilities.

He had no mind to resign his pleasant perquisites to an intruder. Whatever his sins, Bucko was strong enough to stand up bloody moments under Yank Barstow's grilling punishment. He had no idea, nor the one who grew saw that the game was up. He was bleeding from a score of wounds, his nose was broken, his head swimming from a cruel jolt on the porthole, his face all grey, hands and knees and crawling whimpering to Barstow's feet.

At the same moment, a slim woman-figure, not as seen for the dingy wretch, twisted about her little brown limbs, flashed from the gaping crowd and flung herself upon the conqueror. In fluid Mexican, Anuncia declared her new allegiance. Yank Barstow unbound the slim, warm arms and flung her roughly aside with a sudden nauseous vision of another woman standing before him with the delicate scorn and repugnance on her pure face.

He knew a smattering of their tongue and spoke to the miserable crew which he had inherited by right of might. He left them no illusions. He used words that were not pretty. He was bitter with the lash of self-scorn stinging his fallen soul. He was bestial—but he knew as he swung up his heel to the wish ing but he was the master of those defiled bodies. Those maimed and debase souls. He knew, too, that the path upon which he was setting his feet was always lower and lower to the nethermost of things, and knowing laughed aloud for that it meant something.
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The Beach-Comber

(Continued from page 112)

gin at the beginning!” he commanded, his mouth a gasp in his grim face. At the end of the telling he stepped to the door and raised a shout that brought his black-hearted crew from their holes and crannies, gaping at him, sodden with sleep. To them spake Barstow from his soul to their souls.

What he said the tremulous man who listened could not repeat afterward, except to say that it was as though the words avowed in the miserable wretches who listened something sleeping—their manhood, perhaps. You could see it, he said, in the new look of them, the way they carried their shoulders, the way they stepped...

It was an impossible thing that Yank Barstow did with his crew of derelicts. How, pray, can a handful of such, unarmed save for absurd weapons of bars and clubs, picked up on the way, deal with a squad of revolutionists, foaming with success, armed to the teeth with smuggled rifles? Impossible, I have said. But that is what he did. The barred doors of the consulate were crashing open when Barstow and his beach-combers arrived. They fought in the halls, with the women watching whitely from the steps, they fought and they won. And among the still bodies writhen upon the shambles of a floor lay, with his heart punctured by a bullet from a bought rifle, little Vance Clayton, a victim to his own treachery.

When Yank Barstow saw Helen, she was stooping over her husband’s body with a look that was sadder than tears, for it was the look of one who could not grieve over grief. She would, she discovered what manner of man she had married. Life had at last come close to her sanctuary and dragged her forth and laid ungenite hands upon her, but the face that she lifted to the man who loved it was as beautiful as ever, as fine, as pure of line, tho the eyes were said.

“Your captive,” she said, quietly, as tho between them there was no need of explanation or commonplace, “I think I knew that you would come.”

A bloody bandage wound about Yank Barstow’s forehead, concealed a gash, his shirt was torn from his great hairy chest and a furrit where a bullet had let had scooped the flesh. His clothes were ragged and defiled, the garments of that scan of humanity, the beach-comber, yet somehow dressed the honest normal man. It came to her as she looked up into the worn, rugged face with the strong beard piercing the skin that the flesh was not, as she had thought delicately, a shameful thing, but very splendid, the work of God quite as much as the soul. It came to her, too, as they looked at each other silently, and little Pru ran to her side and clutched at her skirt, that there were depths of Life in that she had never sounded, strange potentialities, fulfillments.

“I came—yes,” Yank Barstow said slowly, in his rough, deep voice, “I came, and I’m going to stay.”

They said no more then, but both of them knew that there would be a time when they could speak of other things as surely as the winter shall be followed by the spring.

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Removes the Actual Cause of the Fungus, that cause of all Foot problems. The cure is permanent.

C. R. ACFIELD, Foot Specialists, All. 1901
Dept. 423, 1328 Broadway (at 35th Street), N. Y.

STRAIGHTEN YOUR TOES BANISH THAT BUNION

ACFIELD’S
Perfection Toe Spring

Uses in work with auxiliary

Removes the Actual Cause of the Fungus, that cause of all Foot problems. The cure is permanent.

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 104)

BLUE MOON.—Very sympathetic, aren't you? See above.

PEA AND BEAN.—Antonio Moreno will continue with Vitagraph for two years more. You ask if I know the famous grace of Oliver Cromwell! I do, and here it is: "Some have meat, but cannot eat, and some can eat, but have no meat, and so, the Lord be praised." In other words, whatever comes, praise the Lord, for it might have been worse. A la Pollyanna! Yes?

KENTRUL.—It was Kipling who said, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." Violet Wilkey was Minnie. Thanks for the card. You must be the one on the right. You know joy-riders breed funerals.

THE OFFICIAL FAN.—Thanks for the tee. "The Ghost" in May, 1914; "The Compact," in January, 1913; "In the Days of the War," in May, 1913; and "A Nation's Peril," in August, 1912. All can be had for 15 cents, except the last, and that is 25 cents. Never ran away any of the other plays mentioned. You're welcome.

JUDDY.—Thanks for the Duffy milk and whiskey. Is this a treat or a treatment? Cost nearly as much as a ton of coal. No, I've never been to Los Angeles. So you don't want to be scolded. Oh, but I am only a shadow—have no fear.

JULIE.—I know you well. Oh, yes, diamonds are a good investment. The staurolite is found in Virginia and North Carolina. It is not very expensive. The name is from the Greek "stauros," a cross, sometimes called the "fairy stone."

NEVER SAY ONE.

MUM G.—I try to keep my mind going all the time. A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them; it must have something to pursue; variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose. Write to me when you are lonesome. No, I couldn't get lonesome with brooks and music.

JERRY.—Have you and Tom dissolved partnership? Harold Shaw is playing for the London Film Co. His wife, Edna Ploughth, is also playing. She is a sister of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. Remember when they were all playing for Edison?

SADIE M.—Come on, I'll be glad to see you. Oh, I dont mind them. It is easier for some people to make a complaint than it is to make a living. Want a reason offends me; want of faith hurts me. Run in again.


NATALIE.—Why, I always give my seat to a lady in a car—why shouldn't I? That's the most I could give her anyway. No man is ever true to any woman in thought and deed, unless his love for her is utterly hopeless. Roddy La Roche in "Would You Believe It?"

HERBERT B.—But if the Broadway theater managers put as much smart and money into the details of their shows as do the moving picture directors, for a program of five reels, there would be fewer failures. It is about 10,581 miles from New York to Panama via Magellan. There is a London Film Company in London. There is no exact age to begin scenario writing, but the writers usually end in discouragement.

Surprises

You Can Serve With Bubble Grains

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Add Puffed Rice to your fruit dish—any fruit. Fruit tastes best with some flimsy crust. That's why we have pies, tarts, and shortcakes. These fragile, nut-like bubbles add that crust. After a test you will never omit them.

For supper, float Puffed Wheat in milk. These are whole-wheat bubbles toasted. They are four times as porous as bread.

Children need whole wheat. They need the minerals in the outer coats. Served in this way they will revel in it.

After school surprise the children with these tidbits:

Douse Corn Puffs or Puffed Rice with melted butter. Let them eat like popcorn. Children can eat these grain dainties to their hearts' content—they so easily digest.

Seatter Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs like nut-meats on ice cream. A famous restaurant in Chicago first suggested this. Puffed Rice is also used like nut-meats in home candy making—to make the candy porous, light and nutty.

All steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Every food cell blasted by Prof. Anderson's process, so digestion is easy and complete.

These are the greatest grain foods in existence and you should know them all.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Like Pancakes Made With Nuts

Now we make a pancake flour containing ground Puffed Rice. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like flavor. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water. You never tasted pancakes such as folks make with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.
They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

You Have a Beautiful Face—But Your Nose

In this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your looks; therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "Tatton" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

RACHEL V.—Thanks for the verse, little one. Sight is a good thing, but insight is better.

BETTY of MELROSE.—So you would like to be my hairdresser. I don't require one, for my head is nude. You must be looking for a soft spot—I mean an easy job. Constance Talmadge is with her own company released thru First National.

CORNELLE.—Alice Brady was married to James L. Crone, son of the famous writer, Dr. Crane, on Tuesday, May 20th. You should tell us what you want and what you don't like. We don't try to please all, but the greatest number.

OVERTON S.—Louise Hulff was born in Columbus, Ga., November 14, 1895. She has violet eyes, curly blond hair, and stands 5 ft, weighs 100 Ib. She is married. Picture in June Classic.

E. H.—Send 13 International Coupons for a pack of stage playing cards. That is, you people in Australia. Yes, talk is cheap, but call me up some time and see.

TAM O' SHANTER.—Welcome to my sanctum. George Chesboro in "The Show Down." Come on to New York. It has been reckoned that New York has at least 200,000 visitors a day, so one more wont make any difference.

VIOLET M.—No, there is no law to prevent the re-election of a President a third time. All he has to do is to go to Washington and ride in the procession and then get elected. De Wolf Hopper played in "Poraderas." George M. Cohan was born in Providence, R. I., July 4th, 1878.

MARJORIE.—That's not the way to do you, you shouldn't fret over the opportunities you didn't recognize. It has demonstrated that the girl who is shaped like a fashion picture magazine may have a disposition like a truck-horse. Watch yourselves. Never too busy.

RUBY.—Hello, Ruby! Thank you for the cijars which I appreciate very much, also I usually smoke a pipe. I get a great deal of comfort out of my dear, old, rotten pipe. A friend of mine gets even more benefit than I do. Every time he smokes, his mother-in-law leaves the room. So you want more about Carmel Myers.

LITTLE PAL.—Fannie Ward, Sarah Bernhardt and Lillian Russell, who seem to have the ageless brightness of the stars in the sky, are fascinating proofs of the theoretical fact that actions for the end of scene and mental concentration keep one young-looking and attractive. Margurite Snow is back with Metro. She will play opposite Hal Hamilton. You refer to Mac Guston.

PERENNIAL MARY ADMIRER.—Yes, one good turn deserves another. As I understand it, the word "sirlon" is of French origin. Yes, Jean Sothern.

JOHN H. C.—Why, Francis Bushman is 34 years old, and Beverly Bayne is 24 years old. Yes, Mr. Bushman did raise prize dogs. Ambition is like love, impatient—both of delays and rivals.

LILIAN G.—Price of radium—what's that got to do with the signing of peace? Well, in 1913, radium bromide, purchasable in exceedingly minute fragments, brought $2,000,000 per ounce. Haven't had occasion to buy any since. You ask which is prettier, Dorothy Gish or Olive Thomas. I wish I could tell.

INQUISITIVE 14.—Arthur James is with Fox, publicity department. You ask the object in keeping me a mystery. That's what I'd like to know. I have heat, living in hopes, but hope is the bridge over the stream of disappointment.

W. W. M.—The girl on page 67 of May Magazine, dressed as an athlete, is Mary Thurman.
Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows the slightest trace of illness or any other cause is stealing from the health, grace, and beauty. It will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, sprays, vibrators, “beauty” treatments or other artificial means, she can remove the traces of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle-aged, who has a single facial defect should know about the remarkable

Beauty Exercises

which removes lines and “crow’s feet” and wrinkles, fill up hollows, give roundness to sunken cheeks, lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skin. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray’s simple exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

KATHRYN MURRAY, Inc.
Suite 256
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Results Guaranteed

Write for this Free Book which tells just what to do to bring back the firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin.

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Stronger, Clearer
Voice for YOU!

Weakness, huskiness and harshness banished. Your voice given a wonder-ful strength, a richer, more pleasing tone, by the
Fonation Method, approved by the American Academy of Otolaryngology. It will teach you how to use your voice to greatest advantage. Envelope contains 10 Lessons on cards. No obligation.

Do You Stammer?

If you have any voice problems improve them.

WRITE!

Send the coupon and get our free booklet. It tells how and why. If you follow our directions, you can’t make a mistake. If you fail, get your money back. Simple, sensible, practical. Don’t lose your chance.

Perfect Voice Institute
226 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

— boycott image and text of “Copy this Sketch” ad.

Krye.—Yes, I understand you perfectly. Of course, I cannot discuss the subject here. Let me hear more from you. Good luck to you.

New Orleans Jaz.—Well, I am not sure that it is good to talk too much before speaking, because you might get out of the habit of talking. Kenneth Harlan was never chatted in CLASS.

The President—Mr. Johnson, if I have made you a third Solon—I being the second. Your letter, however, suggests that you are a second. N.G. I might have expected you to do serious things from a soldier from overseas, instead of a bunch of jokes, but I am delighted to know that your military achievements and dangers have sharpened your wit and that you can look so lightly on the passing show. I am always glad to hear from them, aware of civilization,” especially when they are as good-humored as you are. I read every letter that comes, even tho I don’t always answer. I write “as the spirit moves.” Sometimes it seems to give me the inspiration. Others make me burst forth into a flood of elo-
queness—often it is just a letter or a write any-
ting that comes in my head.

Doughboy.—Guess I must be all wrong.

Sorry.

Nellie.—Very few companies allow visitors. You’ll have to take a chance.

Eunice.—Glad to see you back. You say you dot and dash all day. In other words, talk with your fingers. I am trying to improve it for some women. Pearl White played in “The Black Secret” serial before she left PATH.

Margaret Z. L. J. N.—No, indeed, this department is not a bluff. Your questions will be answered when I come to your letter. So if you get a quicker answer, just enclose a stamp or small fee for immediate reply.

Alice B. M.—Haven’t heard of Sessue Hayakawa—among any children, anybody who calls me a woman can go where the woodbine twine.

Petronella.—Most players have a secretary who answers their mail. They’ll never find time to act if they didn’t.

It’s all right if you know how to use it. Learning collects materials—wise ple-
some of them use. You see, you get both here.

Washburn’s Admire.—Thanks for the secon. First demand is bigger bottom, is five feet tall, and Warren Kerrigan is 6 feet 1 inch. No, no, bananas don’t grow on trees, they grow on bushes from an undetermined source. I didn’t take a vacation this year, but I’m going to Florida very soon. You see I’ve been saving my pennies for a real swell time.

Sonny G.—No you don’t. You send a one cent stamp and ask for a list of manufacturers. Why put me to the trouble of supplying and addressing the envelope and checking the stamp.

C. Ray.—Have a little patience, son. Neglecting to pay your bills is debtu-
rittual to reputation, I pay mine in advance—when the women trust me. Muriel Ostriche is coming out in “Dream Girl,” a musical comedy.

Mafri T.—That’s the gun. Every cheer will be a thought of you. Shirley Mason has been cast for “Jim” in “Treasure Island.”

Mrs. W.—How do you do! Just as glad to hear from the married ones as I am the single. Adds variety and difference in viewpoint, too. Cleo Mave is playing in “The Rainbow” in California. Your story reminds me of the item that Caesar thrice refused a crown, because he thought the Romans loved him, deal more than five shillings. Write again.

You are paying for these books even though you don’t have them

The difference between what you can EARN with that book and what you pay for it says how much you have saved, and how much you pay. With the money you ought to get but don’t, you pay for any set several times over. Every month you can earn enough extra to pay for the set you need. These books bring the expert advice and the most modern approved methods of the world’s greatest authorities right to your home. They explain everything you ought to know—they will fit you to get more money out of the work you are doing now—they will fit you to hold a better job—the job you want but have never been able to get. Read our FREE examination offer below, that brings the books to you without cost and guaran-
tees your satisfaction.

Pay-Raising Books at Greatly Reduced Prices

Carpentry and Joinery, 6 volumes, $23.80
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Plumbing and Heating, 4 volumes, $15.00,
Sanitation, Heating and Ventilation, 4 vol.,
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"Is My Nose Shiny?"

Yes—it probably is. If you depend upon ordinary old-style face powder. But not if you made your toilet with wonderful

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder

Use La Meda Cold Creamed powder in the morning and you are sure of a velvet smooth, powdery fresh appearance all day. A skin charm that has none of that overdosed sensation. Heat, cold, min or perspiration will not mar it. Guaranteed. Cannot promote hair growth. Tint— Flesh, White, Brunette. Any draught or toilet counter anywhere can ext La Meda Cold Creamed Powder for you— or it will be sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents for a large jar.

Name ........................................
Address ........................................

I usually buy my toilet goods from—

Send for a Trial Size Jar.

LA MEDA MFG. CO., 123 E. Garfield Blvd., CHICAGO.
Please send hardbase miniature test jar of La Meda Cold Creamed Powder. Enclosed is remittance for 50 cents for postage and packing. Our life stamp is more expensive.

Women Wanted in Banks

Women are specially needed in the big, handsome new Bids that are opening up daily in the Bank Department of large stores. The pay is good. There is no experience necessary. Only bright, steady, business women preferred. Apply at the firm, O. T. Allen, Prop. American School of Banking, New York City.

It Points the Way to Financial Independence

Are you worrying about the high prices of your home, the cost of clothing, the car, and all the other necessities you have to pay for? Are you grateful that you have been able to meet the previous payments on your house, or the income on your investments is not sufficient to meet your current needs?

Are you making your money work? You can! And you'll find that it pays dividends, too!

Be a Local Representative for World's Star Hosiery and Kleng-Knit Underwear

Sell our quality goods to your friends and neighbors. You will be doing them a real service in saving them money and wasted effort. You will earn a regular income from your own efforts. There is no risk. You can work from home, or you can start a small business of your own. All you need is a little courage and a willingness to learn. No previous experience is necessary.

We have helped thousands of women create a comfortable financial position for themselves and their families. We have helped thousands of men create a comfortable financial position for themselves and their families. We have helped thousands of children create a comfortable financial position for themselves and their families.

No Previous Experience is Necessary. The training is free. The sales are simple. The pay is good. The hours are flexible. The work is interesting. The method is scientific. The rewards are unlimited. Write us today.

World's Star Knitting Co.

Depts. 390-391 City, N. B. in Business Here Twenty-Five Years

Nora P.—No, indeed. I have no wife.

Never expect to get married. What would I do with a wife? (And what would she do with me?) I wouldn't live forever, for I wouldn't, but I needn't fret about it, for I couldn't if I would. William Taylor is directing Mary Miles Minter and Frances Marion in the writing of the scenarios.

L. C. H.—Why ask me who the best looking girl is on the screen. Ask me! Why don't you join one of the corresponding clubs? Those were frightful thoughts of yours expressed in flowery language.

Selah!

A Hard Nut—Wait until I get a cracker. I don't mean soda. You say "You are the cleverest piece of work I have ever come in contact with." Heave ho, my lads, hear what Charles Williams says in "The Fortune Hunter."

Jess—George Larkin and Ann Luther are playing in "The Lucky Peril," a serial in fifteen episodes. It was written by George Larkin himself. They are at the Mirror Studio, Glendale, L. J. Sure thing, real lions, ye gods and little fishes! Jess Belle—I don't want to discourage you, but La Rochefoucauld said, "True love is like ghosts, which everybody talks about but never see." I have seen neither and I doubt if you have. Yours was great. Run in again some time.

Hopeful.—A five-part scenario ought to bring from $1,000 to $5,000, and it would cost anywhere from $250 to $1000 to

Walter McCrall FAN.—Yes, I'm the same gink who writes the Classic inquiries, but not the Shadowland ones. I heard of Walter McCrall, her, and Selznick. You refer to Warner Richmond in "Sporting Life." Kind of you to say that.

Winifred L. D.—Your chance will come. The road to glory would cease to be arduous, if it were trite and trodden; and great minds must always be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them. Wha there, Winifred! Address Marjorie Wilson, Los Angeles, Cal.

Morrell Hodges.—All the way from Australia. Thanks indeed for the picture. Very good likeness. Edmund Lowe with "Show Boat" is "in the French, Call me grandpa, Rip Van Winkle or anything you like, but don't call me a woman, because we are not having mules here. Not since July first. The temperance laws forbid it.

W. O. A., SINGAPORE.—And you too from across the pond! Gee, but my family of readers is growing expansive. No, all features are not charged for at the same rates. There are several men giving female impersonations in vaudeville, and I cannot give you their heights and ages. Just a branch of Universal. You pay the dress circle prices are $2.00 reserved seats $1.50, and first class $1.00 for movies. Ours are much cheaper. The Strand and Kiaoio charge 60 cents for orchestra seats.

Vetra.—So you have a new hat with burn orange on it. Quite fashionable. That's one no one else has ever tasted. That's one no one else has ever tasted. That's one no one else has ever tasted. That's one no one else has ever tasted. That's one no one else has ever tasted. That's one no one else has ever tasted.

Sibylle B., Chipping, says, "The truth of loves must pass," and so it is. Nothing is permanent on this earth, not even peace. You will see an interview with Richard Barthelmess soon.

Women’s Star Hose and Kleng-Knit Underwear

We have helped 10,000 Women to Financial Independence. Make less, world’s largest manufacturers; write to us and we will send you a sample of our work. Write us today.

World’s Star Knitting Co.

Desc. 390 City, N. B. in Business Here Twenty-Five Years

Dye Old, Faded

Write the Words for a Song?

SELECT your own subject—love, patriotism, write what the heart dictates, then submit your poem to us. We, the music and guarantee publisher’s acceptance. Our leading composer is Mr. Leo Friedman one of America’s well-known musicians, the author of many song successes, will sing "If You Forget Me Tonight in Dreamland," "T’ll Meet You Down There," "I’ll Meet You Down There," "When I Dream of Old Days," and other songs which run into millions of copies. Read the story of our "Sing Out for America." Published by Chester Music Co., 323 E. 42nd St., New York.

Hermo “Hair-Lustr” (Keeps the Hair Dressed)

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The hair will stay dressed after Hermo "Hair-Lustr" has been applied. No more muss, no tangle making looking hair. Adds a charming sheen and luster, insuring the life of the hair, as well as its beauty. Dress it in any of the prevailing styles, and it will stay that way. Gives the hair that soft, glossy, well-groomed appearance so becoming to the stars of the stage and screen. Guaranteed harmless and greasless.

Two Sizes—50c and $1.00

All the little, little parts of the face. Send for full information to the American Hair Dressing Co., 130 P. W. Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.

"Diamond Dyes" Make Shabby Apparel Stylish and New—So Easy Too.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, draperies, everything! A Direction Book is in package. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dyes," by B. L. Wells and Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.
K. K.—You ask permission to pour into my aged ears your woe! Pour away. Bored to death? I should say not. Yes, it seems that Otis Skinner is going to play “the clown” in the next play. I don’t see why. All they come our way sooner or later. Bessie Barriscale in “Her Purchase Price,” Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber in the Playhouse. You want full aspeth watching this one.

I WANNA No.—What? No, Frances Starr is not in pictures. What wrong are you bailing from? The torrid, temperate, frigid, or postal? You sound like the torrid. I think you made a mistake and put your foot on the accelerator instead of the brake.


SATELLITE.—You think I am a man—that a woman wouldn’t be able to conceive of 78. That’s the soundest logic I’ve heard yet. You shadow, and Checkers and Crane. You must go to see Crane Wilbur on Broadway now, in a speaking play.

FRANK A. M.—You think we are. Thanks, you pay me a compliment and don’t know it, for as Emerson says, “Nothing is more simple than greatness; its beauty and its greatness are seen.” Xance O’Neel and Emily Stevens aren’t doing anything just now.

MORWELL, HODGES, VICTORIA, AUS.

Just read your letter again. Wish I had time to answer at length. The only word I know of which contains the latter is ‘farcical, is factiously. Yes, I have the same, kind, generous, benevolent, philosophic look in real life as the drawing at the head of this letter. I’ve come to the conclusion that, as this department being conducted by a “grandpa with long whiskers, who works for a pittance, drinks nothing but bitter medicine, and has a very clever and learned person” why, yes, certainly, all but the grandpa.

KATHLEEN L.—A stamp is not sufficient, you must send a stamped, addressed envelope. It takes more of my time to address envelopes than it does to answer questions. Besides, I haven’t enough saliva to go round. Yes, there are two Jack Holts. Theda Bara is not married. Was that a knock or a boost? Knowledge is power. You are right.

ELIZABETH D.—You’re all wrong about Mabel Normand.

ELECTIC FAN.—Rather chilly weather for a September. So you liked Harold Goodwin in “Puppy Love,” and think he is a second Jack Pickford. I went into this kind of work because I couldn’t afford to keep two unnecessary snot nos without a cent in my pocket and I’ve got it yet!

MONTANA GIRL.—Squashed, again. Don’t shoot me with your bow and arrow. You say, “Come down from that high perch of yours—you must be up high or you wouldn’t know so much about the stars.” Perhaps. It was the old-fashioned girl, the way Miss Grimes was the handsome hero in “Sporting Life.” Watch out, slander is usually a civil action, but sometimes it is criminal.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don’t Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thoppers of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven’t got started? Come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can’t most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn’t this only another of the half truths the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortals of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday’s “impossibility” is a reality to-day.

“The time will come,” writes the same authority, “when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, a whole new world of them!” And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, attending to coffee tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—may laugh—these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn’t only for geniuses as most people think. Do you believe true grotesque you a story—writing locally just as it was done in some office? Only the other day I heard of a woman who “hadn’t the gift.” Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they are in position to try and don’t get the results they want, they stop writing. Many people don’t think the writing they have done is good. They have never taken no”—the short answer. It is a remarkable.
Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor.

And what better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5%" x 8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait re-productions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

... You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

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Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart
Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Parham
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter
Thelma Todd
Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
Tom Moore

These portraits are not for sale. They can be secured only by subscribing to the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic or Shadowland for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the Magazine, Classic, Shadowland or all three during the coming year. Subscribe now and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order to-day and we will mail the portraits at once.

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NORWOOD, H. S.—Yes, I went to college. Rah, rah, rah! I once was a real rah rah boy, and am yet. You want an interview with Harrison Ford. It shall be done.

C. RAY, MARION, ILL.—Verdict for plaintiff—you win. So you think it takes me six months to make a film? Say, so, m' dear, You say you wrote to Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Bessie Love and Marian Davies for photos, enclosing quarters, but have received nothing. Give them time! They probably needed the money and spent it foolishly. Some pay day they will economize and set aside enough to send you what you bought and paid for. Consider the high cost of living! How can you expect a star to get along on six or ten thousand dollars a week without aid from the fans? Every quarter helps! Yes, some players get paid for allowing their pictures to be used in newspapers, magazines, etc, and some are glad to get on for nothing.

DORIS W.—See interview with Antonio Moreno in December issue. Ruth Roland is now the Serial Pearl. Pearl, Pearl, where art thou?

REMOND.—You must mean the meaning of "Elevated to unqualified Stardom." It means that there is no question that she is a real star—that she has won that title. When you wish to complain about not having received your magazine please write it on a separate sheet of paper, because it has to go to the department. Robert Warwick in "In Mizoura."

MRS. C.—Oh, I see—any one wishing to join the Bushman club please address your note to Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford, 372 11th Ave., S.W., Roanoke, Va. Not dead, but asleep! Mary Miles Minter in "Anne of Green Gables." W. B. B.—Have forwarded all the letters you sent me.

BARKER.—Yours was too good—I must quote it. "My wife and I went to the movies last night. While there we witnessed, in one of the love scenes, a long lingering, just right, the right kind of a claret kiss. My wife turned to me and said, 'You utter kiss that way, Bob.' Now, you was ever so gentle to see her face, but I have wondered ever since whether her expression was one of relief or regret. What would you think?"

Send your wife in to see me.

MARGARET W.—You must have gotten up on the wrong side of the bed this morning. You think Mary Pickford is too thin? Harrison Ford is a haircut; that I lived in Chicago; and that I am color blind. Virginia Pearson played in "The Impossible Cinderella." Mae Murray in "The Twin Pawns."


PEERS PH.—Your letter is sure Greek to me. Consult the Sage in Shadowland on Venusios the Greek. The Yale Bowl will seat about 60,000, but one might call it a bowl of mists. Earle Williams in "The Fortune Hunter." You know, you have graduated from this or that photoplay school doesn't get you anywhere.

S. L. C., CHARLESTON.—The only place you can buy photographs of the players is direct from the players. Write them and enclose a quarter.
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ANTONORA N.—Send for a list of the manufactories to whom the address is addresed return envelope. Address all players in care of the company, and most players are in Los Angeles, Actresses will happen in the belligerent families.

LILLIAN O.—Sorry I cannot help you. I would like to write cleverly, but I would rather do a good thing than say cee. I may write a clever thing once in a while, but this trying to be clever all the time is as tiresome as walking on tip- toe. And so, let me write. He be, ha ha, and likewise lo lo!

SOUTHERN GAL.—Ah, ha, my charm! You want me to shave off my whiskers, and I will look younger. But I never did shave, you say. Not so. No, I put them on kid curlers at night. A great man undertakes a great many things because it is great; a fool because he considers it easy. Don't be foolish. A fool and his money are soon spotted in New York.

THU JAYS.—Who let you in again? Restlessness, hey? You say you absorb, but reveal nothing, I'll say that, was some dream you had up in the air all night. Maybe you invented an aeroplane. You say that author must have been paid by the letter instead of by the word. Genius has nothing to do with greatness, last character has everything to do with it.

MAID o' THE BUSH.—Thanks for the drawing of my exact bargainness. Only not so good looking as I am. Keep up the good work, you have possibilities. William Shay in that Fox. It's a big song, but I need the translation of the inscription which is chiseled upon the house which Elizabeth Barrett Browning occupied in Florence was as follows: "I wrote to and died Elizabeth ."

PEGGY W.—Come on here, jazz up a bit. Yes, some of the stars are prettier off the screen than on. You want a picture of Dorothy Gish in a bathing suit. We'll have to page our Classic Editor, Don't mind the paper you use at all.

ANA S.—We'll hope you are right. You know there's a whole lot of difference between a great man of wealth and a man of great wealth. The last kind are getting very numerous. There is a demand for movie actresses, but the sup- ply is unlimited. You want to know if the Talmadgers are nice when not acting. They're always nice. R. B. B.—What has become of King Baggot, that's what you would like to know. Well, he's still in business, but he's in a truck house, where once he was a thoro- bred. Yes, Bull Montana. Edwin August was in California last. He's another. They need managers. No, to the darkeist question. You're getting into the heavy stuff now. Nebulor Hypnosis has to do with the Heavens.

A BOOKLET.—But you should think before you speak. The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath, as the delic- cate rings and tendrils of the vine are agi- tated by the faintest air that blows in summer. Ernest Trux had in playing in "The Night is the Time of Man."

GOODWILL W. S.—Some protest you write about the directors making the college boys look like cads, and just a one. I don't blame the directors one bit to learn something about the thing they are directing. You say the "Winning Strokes," which was supposed to be of a Yale boy, was shot in Reunion Hall and Nassau Hall, Princeton. Silly mistakes of this kind happen too often. I once saw an old picture of Norma Mainja playing tennis with a man who wore patent leather boots with heels! Your letter was mighty interesting.

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H. E. — Garden: bien. My boy, there’s no hope. I haven’t a funny bone in my body, not even a funny-bone, but I have a wish-bone. I understand the 8th division of Pennsylvania lost 3,800 men killed. Other losses were in proportion. Con-
stance Talmdge is playing in “At the Barn.”

MELVIN C. — You want me to ask Wal-
lace Reid to act out the story, “The Patrol of the Sunfish” especially re-
quested, hey? Nay, nay, Melvin, things aren’t being done that way any more. Wallace MacDonald will play opposite Anita Stewart in “The Fighting Shep-
herds.”

MARY S. — What are you waiting for then? You know Opportunity no longer
knocks — she comes in on the wind, so you
ought to do the rest. Knocking is a lost word anyway. Come, crank up! You said you weren’t going to work any more. I remind you of “A dark green racer” or “A kiss in the dark.” Some comparisons.

BOYNTON S. — The picture will be for-
forthcoming soon. So you are opposed to aero-
plane races. I think this is carrying race
prejudice too far. They may be dangerous, but look at the good they do. Yes, Jack Linder is going to produce in the West.

PICK. — No. I don’t mind the winds; I
still seem to be holding my weight down. Of course you can’t do that in Monday. I
very often go to the Rivoli, Rialto, Strand and
Capitol. Most of the players answer
letters, but I can’t get you to work all day and then rest all night.

LIGHTNINO. — As I find it, Mammoth
Cave was discovered by a hunter in 1809, and is annually visited by 50,000
people. It is in Kentucky, 85 miles southwest of
Louisville, and is the largest cave known,
reaching the surface of the earth 11 miles
below. N. C. W. Walker wrote a poem entilied
“Greatheart” in memory of Roosevelt, and there is a novel of the same
name, by Daniel Henderson.

BILLY P. — I have just finished a
script about a Budapest, Hungary;
you know, the one with the great
bridge. It is to be used as a stage
piece for the school play.

J. H. S. — There are several large theatres
about. In Scotland the Savoy is larger and more elegant than ours. New York, and they have a tea room attached. Have never been in the Graumans. No, I didn’t care
for “Broken Butterfly.”

BARBARA — Yes, indeed, I liked David
Copperfield. No, not so good. Nani-
mona is 5 feet 4, Margarette Clark 4 feet
10. So, big sister is all-awed all the thing;
sister can’t have. Just the way you
say you have six collar, puppies, and you
have named them Pete, Repeat, Kate, Du-
plicate, Max and Climax. I hope they
will all remember their names people.

LOUISE. — I have just finished a book on
glueing. I think it is a very important
topic to study. The book is called “The
Tulip School.”

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S. A., Brookline.—Haven't heard of Eric Von Stroheim's matrimonial troubles, Olga F.—You must join one of the clubs.

Miss ANSWERETTE.—Will answer yours by mail.

K. W., Wellington.—I agree with you that something ought to be done to stop the many silly, thoughtless people who talk or read the titles aloud in the picture theaters. The other night I sat alongside a couple of spooners and heard her say to him, "I believe that man in front of us is trying to hear what we say." Whereupon the man in front said, "You do me an injustice, my dear young lady, I am trying not to hear." You're all wrong. See the ads in back of the book.

DORIS, N. Z.—You say now that men have finished fighting for home and hearth, but they soon will be fighting to get away from it. Doris, Doris, I will have to take you on my knee. Rita Jolivet is not playing now. Yes, the flies used to delight in landing on my bald pate. I love to make the dear little creatures happy by furnishing them with a nice commodious skating rink.

URU PET.—Ruth Stonehouse can be reached at Hollywood, Cal. Corinne Griffith in "The Climbers." They advertise 48 costumes to bewilder the feminine eye, but it only takes one to bewilder the male eye. You think Ruth Clifford has no modesty. Say not so. Edna C.—Always room for you—if there are not too many others. So you're mad. You want more news about Victor Sutherland, Sidney Mason, Stanley Walpole, and others. I'll do my best, but these fellows don't seem to keep me informed about their whereabouts and doings.

DICK W.—You ask me how I know that Adam was born about 6:35 P.M. I admit that I have no proof, but he was born a little before Eve. (Now isn't that brilliant?) Of course, Bill Hart is alive. Let's see—what's the address? Vitagraph are reissuing "Sins of the Mothers" with Anita Stewart.

HYPATHIA.—So you are studying the moon. Well, I am sure I don't know whether the moon is inhabited or not. Never been there. However, I know that there is a man in the moon and it goes without saying that this must be a man, too, or he wouldn't be there. How many more there are I don't know. Antonio Grisanti, Ubaldo Stefani and Signora Eugene Tettori in "The Last Days of Pompeii."

OMAR KHAYYAM.—A bottle of wine and thou? Oh, yes, I remember the happy days, Omar, but 7,000 years from now we'll never know the difference. You say the brother of the crippled girl in the "Miracle Man" played the leading part in "The Garden of Allah" years ago. I don't keep track of stage plays, you know.

FRENCHY.—You want a list of the married players. Some list. Louise Gluma is to play in "Sex," Irene Castle is playing in "Miss Antique" at Fort Lee.

TOOKAURRA.—From Brisbane, you call me an "Old Bewhiskered Enigma," yet I kiss your feet. You want to know if the Americans are altering their hours. Very much so, from 48 a week to 44, and gradually they will cut that down to 40, and finally to 0, and then we will work for them. You say Charles Ray's acting is so natural and delightfully entertaining. Well, you want to see him in "The Egg Crate Wallop." It's about the best thing I've seen this year. And it was ever thus, he's a sure bet. You refer to Seena Owen. Howard Hickman was John in "The Wolf Woman."

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My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the right way—teach you or your children to play or to sing by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshift of any kind.

I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly tried. We have taught 215,000 successful pupils—from boys and girls of 7 to 80 to men and women of 70—are the proof.

Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

To prove what I say, you can take any course—begin any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own ear. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then I won't cost you a single penny. I guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your money back if everything isn't included. When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my methods? I know you will find this book absolutely interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

For Beginners— or Advanced Pupils

Piano
Organ
Violin
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Cello
Banjo
Mandolin
Clarinet
Guitar
Saxophone
Harmony and Trios
Harp
Creston
Tenor Trumpe
Voice

S. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 502 Brunswick, Habi., New York

Mr. David W. Kem, President, U. S. SCHOOL OF


Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your Special Offer.

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Can you Play—or Are you Popular?

Let this famous violin player be your instructor. Let him teach you to play beautiful, symp
thetie melodies on the Hawaiian Ukulele. No more exquisute music was ever given to the world.

Bass: To your home and without chagrin of feeling, to your helper, to the delight of symphonic players, to the delight of symphonic players and to your helper.

Write us at once for free instructions on how you can obtain a free book and the secrets of the Hawaiian Thistle, which are giving awaylay is

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127

PAG
When Father Was a Boy!

**He Went to College—**

THE old stage coach carried him away from home and he was buried in a strange city amongst strangers to get an education. This was not possible at home because he lived too far away from any educational institution. Nine months out of a year he was separated from his people, and he had possession of the biggest portion of the family income. The result, too often, was discontent when the course was complete to return to his people again. Consequently he started out with his education, minus business experience, to battle his way. He met with many defeats—and no longer having the confidence of his people he suffered many lonely hours. The question comes: Is education worth the price he paid?

**To-day!**

**The College Comes to Father—**

Uncle Sam helped us solve the problem of separating the boy from home and at the same time giving him an education. He put a mail box near your door and we want to play Santa Claus and fill it full of good things for you. The American College is giving lessons in the biggest money making field to-day—the field that requires a Pen for a weapon and a Cultivated Brain to work with. Here is an opportunity to sit by your fireside with your friends and at your leisure, study the big things of to-day at a small price.

A card mailed to us will bring you a

“Open Door” booklet

**AMERICAN COLLEGE OF LITERARY ARTS AND CRAFTS**

173-175-177 DUFFIELD ST.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

**WHAT THE OLD POETS THOUGHT OF THE MOVIES**

Compiled by V. Manning

The best in this kind are but shadows.—Shakespeare.

Mary Pickford—

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.—Burns.

There’s a woman like a dewdrop,
She’s so purer than the purest.

—Browning.

Marguerite Clark—

Joy comes, grief goes—we know not how.—Lowell.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns.

—Tennyson.

Douglas Fairbanks—

Ye are wondrous strong.—Byron.

Charlie Chaplin—

You hear that boy laughing?—you think he’s all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man who knows him laughs loudest of all.—Holmes.

And I did laugh sans intermission
One hour by his dial.—Shakespeare.

William Hart—

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

—Bayard Taylor.

Norma Talmadge—

Thou wert a beautiful thought.—Byron.

Dorothy Gish—

Joy rises in one, like a summer’s morn.

—Coleridge.

Lillian Gish—

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded—
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.—Byron.

May Allison—

What potent blood hath modest May!

—Emerson.

Roscoe Arbuckle—

Laugh and be fat.—John Taylor.

Eugene O’Brien—

O love! O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thru
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

—Tennyson.

Richard Barthelmess—

He wears the rose
Of youth upon him.—Shakespeare.

Anita Stewart—

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.—Tennyson.

Nazimova—

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful,
Wonderful! and yet again wonderful,
And after that out of all hoping.

—Shakespeare.

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight too her dusky hair.

—Wordsworth.
If you ask at the store for a Kodak camera, or Kodak film, or other Kodak goods and are handed something not of our manufacture you are not getting what you specified, which is obviously unfair both to you and to us.

"Kodak" is our registered and common law trademark* and cannot be rightly applied except to goods of our manufacture.

*Trademark: Any symbol, mark, name or other characteristic or arbitrary indication secured to the user by a legal registration, adopted and used, as by a manufacturer or merchant to designate the goods he manufactures or sells and to distinguish them from the goods of competitors.  

STANDARD DICTIONARY.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.
Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE, CHAPLIN or ELISIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHELMES or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMova or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest will open on December 1, 1919, and close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:
   December 1919 ballot
   January 1920 ballot
   February 1920 ballot
   March 1920 ballot
   April 1920 ballot
   May 1920 ballot
   June 1920 ballot
3. The result of each month’s ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

Class Number 1
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider __________________________ the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name________________________

Street________________________

City________________________

State________________________

Country________________________

(Dated)________________________

Class Number 2
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that __________________________ will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with __________ votes.

Name________________________

Street________________________

City________________________

State________________________

Country________________________

(Dated)________________________
Winning Personality for Women!

Your Right to Happiness

Dear Reader:

I often wonder why there are so many unhappy, discontented women in the world. Truly, my heart goes out to the young girl vainly reaching for that joy in life, for the lighted fires of heart enjoyed by others who seem to have everything their hearts desire. Compassion arises within me when I see women of more mature years struggling in the grasp of somethings that ever holds them back from the love, popularity and attention they so much crave.

How do I help them all, to whisper in their ears the secrets of success, the secrets of personality that have changed many a long life from gray obscurity to one of rose-hued happiness?

Study the Picture

I have had an artist draw the picture you see on this page to illustrate one particular case I have in mind.

I will call her Betty Brown because that wasn't her name. Betty lived with her family in a small town. She was a little girl, really pretty, with soft hair and a laughing sort of face.

But Betty Brown never got ahead. From her earliest school days until the time I spoke of her went through her uneventful, uninteresting school career. She had no particular friends, no pleasures and friends she could not share, unimportant in every way she missed, despairing of ever being anybody; just the unfortunate girl she was, ignored by her fellow women, the uninteresting life she seemed to lead even at the age of 13.

You Must Have What She Lacked

Betty Brown's one great wish in life seemed to be that of her daily routine of existence. To her it felt the self-appointed task of keeping her little quarters clean, shape, while her girl friends went about, bright and happy a Flame in a life of surrounding, admiring friends constantly, seeking to be noticed.

Poor Betty! How she did long for just a little of the admiration and attention showered on her by their many friends! How she longed, too, for a little of the pleasures with which she saw others surrounded.

Then, one day she heard her own to a woman who seemed sympathetic.

"My Dear," this new friend told her, "you have a good education, but your girl, you are Chained to Your Undeveloped Personality. You lack that something by which other girls make themselves sought after, attractive, charming. You must be content with your lot for you were born so."

Charming Personalities Can Be Developed

But oh, how little this woman knew, how little she realized that she herself had been the victim of the "Be Kind"条例 that accidentally or otherwise she had not learned the secrets of a charming personality.

Betty's friend had a charming personality which, combined with her goodness, made her so popular.

The unrealized advisor of Betty also had a charming personality which had helped her to hold much to achieve his success in life. And to think, neither of them could help Betty Brown.

Love—Happin as—Success

For You

But to Betty the thought was a revelation. "I need a personality," she kept repeating to herself, "by the first of next year, one that will draw friends to me. One that will bring me the love, happiness and peace I so much want."

Thus she mastered English, and next year again, became an orphan until one day she cried:

"And what she found was an advertisement of the Gentlewoman Institute in a magazine she was reading."

Perhaps she was a little doubtful that Julietta Fara, could teach her the secrets she possessed, that she would really be able to transform her from the necessity she was to the lovely, charming girl she became afterwards.

Why Don't You Learn?

But Julietta Fara took a chance. She wrote the Gentlewoman Institute just as I advised in the advertisement. She selected the truly important secrets such as she was ready to impart to you, she found out her faults, trivial as they were, she became mistress of herself, she commenced to share the happiness that was her God-given birthright, the joy and contentment are purposed to which you, dear reader, cannot get a great deal out of life.

All this our Betty Brown told me in a confidential letter and it is but hypothesis of many other letters of appreciation from women whose lives I have helped to change from gloomy shadow to bright sunshine.

My Secrets

What are these wonderful secrets of personality, by what wave of magic wand can any girl or woman become fascinating, attractive and successful?

Let me tell you how I learned and why I know. I spent many years in foreign climes, I have been privileged to study the ways of successful women in this and other countries. I have observed and learned, I have developed, I have been a schoolmistress, I have been a charmer, and I can tell you my observations, what have I tried my way with the results that I have learned to possess a secret of charming womanhood. Always I have un- covered this, that and everything that was destined to go down in my book of books, my life's work, so that my sisters, all women, should have the benefit of the accumulated knowledge of ages of womanhood.

Become Fascinating

And such simple things they are, not as some might think of beautiful gowns, brilliant education, artificial beauty or the questionable charm of of a belle. But just the thousand and one little things by which any woman can make herself as charming as the best, finest and most popular women she knows.

You may be shy, reticent, so unconfident of yourself that you positively repel instead of attracting as you should. You may be oversensitive, bashful, or without the strength and spirit of perfect womanhood. I can help you, for I have learned, studied, and secret with a manner so fascinating that the soul will without its education.

You may be overbold, too assertive, scaring others with unintentional but well-intentioned friendly advances. You may be too much in little ways, you may be cold, which until you study my secrets before to so I can change you to the sweet, lovely girl you should want to be.

You may be selfish and not know it, you may be attractive and sure, you may be able to make friends and not hold them. You may be handicapped by private secrets and worry.

I Can Help You

No matter what your trouble may be, in a few minutes, holding you charmed to the post of an Undeveloped Personality, my secrets will be found it out and charted, and you may be transferred, so to say, without any expense of your children.

Win Admission

I have not room on this page to tell you half I would like, so I wish you would send right to the Gentlewoman Institute for my Free Book "How." They will send it to you in a perfectly plain wrapper, just with your name and address. And they want me to ask you to please write your name on the coupon below plainly, so there will be no mistake. Of course, you may write me a letter, too, asking for a copy.

Now, I wish to say that I want to hear from you, to know, to make you more attractive. Young girls in their teens, women over 30 and in middle age, all may have benefited by what I have to say in my book "How."

Post Card Coupon for Free Book "How";

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 West 43rd Street, 1039
New York, N.Y.

Please send me, postpaid, free of cost and charge, any publication on my part, Matrion Julietta Fara's little book entitled "How."

Name.

Address.
THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Don't lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE
Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box in all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record. A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

SECOND PRIZE
Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $55). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip — in pictures — pictures of your family or friends — living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE
Sheaffer "Gift" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold-filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

SIXTH PRIZE
Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE
Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE
Marble nickel-plated pocket axe, of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.
Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.

Evangeline

The Beautiful Maid of Fair Acadie

lives for all time on the screen.

You have read *Evangeline*, the immortal poem of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In your imagination you have pictured Gentle Evangeline, whose beauty Longfellow described as being like Exquisite Music.

You can now see this vision of celestial Brightness and watch - not read - the tenderest love story ever unfolded. It is told in the WILLIAM FOX PRESENTATION of Evangeline, produced with the most elaborate scenery and costumes ever known to motion pictures.

**EVANGELINE** is now being shown in the best theatres everywhere. It represents the beauty, realism and deep dramatic power of

FOX ENTERTAINMENTS

WILLIAM FOX, President

FOX FILM CORPORATION
Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

The first Fame and Fortune Contest having come to a happy and successful end, and several prospective stars of the first magnitude having been selected and started on their careers, it is with pleasure that we announce a similar contest for the year 1920, beginning with the January number of

Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland

Once more we shall go thru America with a fine-tooth comb, as it were, in search for budding beauties with Motion Picture ambitions. No longer can any young lady or girl say that she has not had a chance. We shall give them all a chance—that is, every one that appears to have sufficient personality, charm, beauty and winsomeness. The first test is the photograph. If that gives promise, we publish it and ask for more. If the others are equally promising, we secure a personal interview, and finally we make a “test” Moving Picture and send it broadcast thru the theaters. Many of the girls whose pictures appeared in the Honor Rolls of our magazines, received many flattering offers from producing companies, and this proves that we are doing a good thing for ambitious American beauties, even tho we might err in our final judgment in selecting the winners. The Honor Rolls will continue each month in all of our publications, thus giving something like two hundred girls honorable mention, including a published photo. One or more of these we promise will be made

Stars of International Fame

Just think of what a prize this is! The contest just closed attracted nation-wide attention. The newspapers everywhere published illustrated accounts of our final test, and several of the News Weeklies of Current Events showed scenes of the happy party at Roslyn, which were flashed on nearly every screen thruout the United States.

What an opportunity! If it does not interest you, tell your neighbor about it or your distant friend—they may have a daughter just looking for a chance of this kind.

One thing we want to impress upon all aspirants—be careful in the choice of the photograph you submit. Postcard photos will not do. Poorly printed photos, and small ones, cannot be considered. We feel that many beautiful girls lost out in the last contest just because they did not go to the trouble of consulting a good photographer. Furthermore, dont submit photos that lie! They may get you on the Honor Roll, but they will never see you thru. We recall in the last contest several young ladies who submitted wonderful pictures, and succeeded in getting on the Honor Roll, but when they appeared on the scene, alas, we found that the camera had lied. We want pictures that do you full justice, even flattering ones, but not dishonest ones. If you are a giant or a midget, if you have an impossible profile, or an ugly nose, or some other defect, dont let the photographer conceal these things—it will be to your loss and disadvantage in the end. Your features may not be perfect, but you may win in spite of that—only, we want to know all. Hence, please do not try to deceive us. Make yourself appear to the best advantage, but do not overdo it.

Rules and date of Contest opening to be announced in next issue.

Select Your Photographs Now!
Does Marriage Kill Love?

Or, can true affection survive the "deadly" routine of married life?

EVERY GIRL IN LOVE,
EVERY MARRIED WOMAN,

will want to see the startling solution of this present-day problem, pictured by

The Star Charming

Mildred Harris Chaplin

in

"The Inferior Sex"

A Louis B. Mayer production, adapted from the international stage success in which Maxine Elliott starred.

Watch for this sensational expose of married life

AT YOUR THEATRE

A "First National" Attraction
Wild Press Agents I Have Known
(Continued from page 98)

"Be sure your orange blossoms didn't grow on a lemon tree."

Then, too, they are well versed in mathematics, and in the laws of human progress. They figure out mathematically and geometrically that Dolly Dwight cannot remain at the innocent age of eighteen from 1913 to 1919. Their color cells hint that if Tresse Tara played in pictures for two years with raven locks and then finally decided to purchase a blonde wig for divulging its consumption, it is out of place to explain to the fans how she shampoos her golden tresses to keep their heavenly sunlight tints. They have known girls who have gone from infancy to ripe old age, aye, have even married—before the ripe old age—bearing two names that do not begin with the same letter, and so on, and so on, and so on. These press agents, I tell you, are the friends of unhappy editors—bless 'em, bless 'em, bless 'em.

Tea for Three
(Continued from page 102)

...turing into far places in possession of a certain secret which he was bound not to tell. See?" If I were asked suddenly to state the most charming characteristic of Marguerite Courtot, I should say "her lips," which is entirely unconscious, and instead of impeding her speech, it adds quaintness and charm to her prettily modulated voice. Again, I would say that her principal attraction is her indescribable girliness, her quiet vivacity. One can't imagine her being wildly enthusiastic or boisterous, but in her half-shy way she is thoroughly convincing. There is wisdom in her pretty head and simple ideals in her heart—the same pure, unspoiled ideals that she cherished in the old days—before she came back.

ANOTHER THRILLER
Flora—is your husband a movie fan? Feva—Well, he came upstairs in five reels the other night!

RIMES OF A MOVIE FAN—CHARLES RAY
By Frank E. Cuddy.

A Willy-boy, a sily-boy, a fairer-than-the-illly boy,
Who never had a serious thought in all his empty skull;
A honey-boy, a funny boy, a watch me blow-my-money boy,
A boy that's full of vagrant whims, but never, never dull.
A hero man "cheer'ol man, a temperature-at-zero man—
The idol of the other sex—a really perfect dear!
A slender man, a tender man, a let's-go-on-a-bender man—
"And step hard on her tail, garçon, and get away from here!"

A weedy boy, a speedy boy, a yes-he-is-induey boy,
Who takes the hills of life on high, and gives her lots of gas.
A breathing boy, a dreaming boy, a brain-with-thoughts-a-teeming boy,
Who sees a thing that cant be done—and brings the thing to pass!
A wealthy man, a healthy man, a timid, furtive, stealthy man,
A streak of yellow for a spine, and grove to quack and quail.
A cheerful man, a pleasant man, a hold people's hands,
A Galahad, of dauntless soul, who seeks a mystic grail.

A jockey boy, a stocky boy, an "aint-he-cute-in-khaki" boy,
A rookie of the A. F. E., and right there on the job!
A dashing man, a smashing man, a wit-and-woops-dashing man—
It's "Hands up! Quick! No fooling, now!" He makes the pulses throb.
A happy boy, a mussy boy, a full-of-scrappy, too-man boy—
Ah! Attaboy! He's at the butt; just watch him make a hit!
A harried man, a varied man, a single or a married man—
From A to Z, from sov't to nuts—no matter what—he's It!

BON-MOTS
By DOUGLAS JERROLD
That sconndrel, sir! Why, he'd sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother.
A cold friend is like cold mutton, the less to be stoned for having once been hot.
Man owes two solemn debts—one to society and one to nature. It is only when he pays the second that he covers the first.
Commentators are worthy folks, who too often write on books as men write with diamonds on glass—obscuring light with scratches.
The Shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for.
Give a friend your hand as often as you like, but never let them be a pawn in it.
Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' garrets.

MONEY is a habit—nothing more.
Compared with London, the country seems to me the world without its clothes on.
If I were a grave-digger or a haugman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of pleasure.
An attorney's conscience—I say, tender the bellies of alligators.

WIT AND WISDOM FROM CHESTERTON
The old religious tortured men physically for a moral truth. The new realists torture men morally for a physical truth.
The only thing still old-fashioned enough to reject miracles is the New Theology.
The two things that a healthy person hates most between heaven and hell are a woman who is not dignified and a man who is.
Whatever makes men feel old is mean—an emperor or a skin flint shop. Whatever makes men feel young is great—a great war or a love story.
Joan of Arc was not struck at the Cross Roads either by rejecting all the paths like Tolstoy or by accepting them all like Nietzsche.
Life is a thing too glorious to be enjoyed.
A man's good work is effected by doing what he does: a woman's by being what she is.
Christianity is always out of fashion because it is always sane; and all fashions are mild insanities.
—prove that all mankind is akin in the love for romance and adventure.

Watch the audience when next you go to a theatre showing a Pathé Serial! All kinds and conditions of people there!

How they thrill as they see the stirring action; how they exult at the escape of the heroine from her danger, at the triumph of innocence over evil!

Everyone loves romance and adventure in motion pictures. That's why Pathé Serials, (the best in motion picture serials) are seen and loved by the world's audiences!

They will have an appeal for you!


Ask your favorite motion picture theatre when they will show a Pathé Serial!

Pathé Exchange, Inc.
25 West 45th Street, New York City
Elmer Richards

Famous

"Winter King"

Solid Chrome Tan Leather

16-Inch

Men's High Cut Shoe

$1.00 DOWN

Send only $1.00 and we will send you this splendid shoe bargain on approval. If entirely satisfied you have six months to pay balance. You can't imagine what this shoe is until you see it and feel what wonderful quality is in every inch of the leather. You don't run the slightest risk. If you aren't more than delighted, return the shoes and your dollar will be refunded immediately. Don't wait. The stock is limited. Order now.

Chrome Tan Solid Leather Throughout

16 inches tall. Every inch selected, softest, pliable, touch, storm-proof, solid, dark chrome tan leather. The best wearing leather in the world and at the same time is pliable and easy on the feet. Full oak tanned, double soles. Solid leather heels. Bellows tongue, same superb quality tan leather. Full vamp runs all the way under toe cap. Leather counters. Leather insoles. Full vamp runs all the way under toecap. Leather counters. Leather insoles. Back seams reinforced. Two straps and buckles. Positively the best shoe in the world for work or hunting.

6 Months to Pay

Think of it, less than 8 cents a day buys these splendid high cut shoes. We don't charge a penny for credit—not one cent discount for cash. We trust honest people everywhere. All business men use their credit. Use yours. Send for these shoes today.

Order Now

People all over the country will rush their orders for these shoes, so don't delay. There's only a limited quantity of leather like this to be had in the whole United States. This offer is only open for a limited time. Send the coupon today with a $1.00 P. O. order or a dollar bill. Don't wait a minute. Remember you take no risk.

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XIX

MARCH, 1920

No. 2

Published at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post office as second-class mailing
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M. P. Publishing Co.

Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

On sale at all newsstands on and after the first of each month

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Published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York Corporation.

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(Also Publishers of the Motion Picture Classic, out on the fifteenth of each month, and Shadowland, out on the twenty-third)

Address all communications to

Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers. In the event of failure to obtain copies, a notification to us will be appreciated.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation
STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Brent in “East Is West.” The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Radial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a delightful and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Casino.—“The Little Whooper.” Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivacene Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Brox, who does excellent work, Mildred Ritz, Brown, W. J. Ferguson and the clever and personable Wilson Sisters.

Cort.—“Abraham Lincoln.” You should see this if you observe nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater’s play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. “Abraham Lincoln” can not fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—“My Lady Friends.” Highly amusing and tenderly handled, framed in a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the role of the guileless young publisher. To this end of the day money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scenes in Mr. Crawford’s support.

Century.—“Aphrodite.” Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Loty’s exotic novel of ancient Egypt. Alexandre Costarricis, by recommendation, is a happy font of the adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal role of the Gallician courtesan, Chrysia, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male role.


Elgin.—“The Girl in the Limousine.” A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by a score of members of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasing as the heroine.

Forty-fourth Street Theater.—“Carnival.” A British-made romantic drama of Venice at marking the first appearance of the English favorite, Godfrey Tearle. Mr. Tearle seems an actor of unusual attainments, but the drama is dreary, out-of-date stuff.

George M. Cohan’s.—Elise Janis and her gang.” Lively entertainment built about the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with her decided brashness.

Globe.—“Apple Blossoms.” The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban decorations. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

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MARCH 20

Last Day
to get
Jack London
Free-

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O. Henry has made another record. More volumes of his works have been sold than any other short stories in the history of the world. Up to the day this page goes to press 3,784,000 volumes have been sold—in England and Australia, France and Germany—throughout the world—over two million in the United States alone. So many editions have been printed that the old plates were entirely worn out and we had to make brand new plates for this edition. So you will get the very best impression from these new plates—clear, clean, print.

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Tomorrow may be too late—Today is the last chance to get a FREE SET of JACK LONDON. Don't miss it. Delay will cost you money. Don't be left out of this last chance offer. There are comparatively few sets left. There will be no next time. Your chance is here now—while you've got the coupon before you—send it in—save money.

DO IT NOW!

Send the Coupon Now

Get Jack London Free—and join the millions who have wept and laughed and felt better for the reading of O. Henry's warm, kindly, joyous, tragic bits of life.

Remember that the end of the sale is at hand. A day left will cost you money.

Send the coupon now—before the sale ends. This one-day-only offer is giving way before the London sets will cost extra. Offer expires Friday, January 2, 1930.

The special O. Henry binding of O. Henry sets includes a low-cost mailer and has proved a favorite. For this reason, present offer is being handled differently and only sets at or under $1.00 in price will be sent under disappearing offer. Offer will end within 30 days, or as soon as all sets have been sent at this low price.
Watch Your Nerves
By Paul von Boeckmann
For 25 years the leading authority in America on Psycho-physics

The greatest of all strains upon the human body is that caused by nerve tension. Instant death may result from great gashes or wounds. The greatest man may in a few months shrink to a skeleton through intense worry. Anger and excitement may cause an upheaval of the vital organs. It is simple to understand, therefore, that lesser strains upon the nerves must slowly but surely undermine the vital forces, decrease our health, and generally wreck the body and health.

In this simple truth lies the secret of health, strength, and vitality. The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, says: "It is my belief that at least 90% of all the people of today are suffering from a strain of nerves that is ten times that of health. And how may they manage with the body when they become deranged, super-sensitive, and unmanageable. Few realize that they have nerves, and therefore heedlessly waste their precious Nerve Force, not knowing that they are actually wasting their "Life Force," and then they wonder why they lack "Pep," have aches, pains, cannot digest their food, and are not fit for mental or physical labor.

I think that we should be more conscious of our nervous system.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wrecking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the nerves against strain. Education alone is not enough. It is imperative necessary if we are not to become a race of neurasthenics (nervous exhaustion). I have written a 64 page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches you to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps).

Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 118, 10 West 25th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at your leisure. In other words, if after reading the book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. I have written a million copies since they have been sold.

You should send for this book today. It is for you whether you have trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nervously means to be dull brain, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament.

The finer your brain, the more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high-strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and advertised by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me in digestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again, and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time.

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I am feeling fine and not gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

Letters to the Editor

A faithful reader offers a plea against hair-ribboned débutantes and generously praises Wally Reid:

DEAR EDITOR— I have been reading your magazine for about five years and I have enjoyed each number. With this recent letter back I feel it my privilege to voice a few compliments as this medium. And I might say it is my first offering:

1. William Fox
2. Theda Bara's productions
3. Theda Bara
4. Tarzan of the Apes
5. The Romanic of Tarzan
6. The Auction of Souls
7. Hair-ribboned screen "déstébantes"
8. Big "V" Comedies (?)
9. Francis X. Bushman in knee-pants
10. Francis X. Bushman

Having started I could continue endlessly, but I have restrained myself nobly. However, to this I must say that Programme is vital. Someone should take some measures. I had to witness "Yaps and Yoffs" with a Big "W." In my opinion the first time was bad enough the second time I determined to pen a complaint—and the third time I broke down and wrote.

And hair-ribbons! I am seventeen myself and I haven't worn one for seven years. Nor have any of my acquaintances altered. Nor have any of those I've seen past the age of twelve. Yet Constance Talmadge, ordinarily sane and delightful, tripped about in one, and then "Joan" is married less than a day afterwards. It seems a trifle remiss, but it is only one of many instances...

I'm glad you brought it up. It would be a most trying experience if ever I went anywhere else. Hence I am, according to fable, supposed to possess an overwhelming desire to be shown. But even I could dispense with the never-failing display of the hero's beautiful limbs and chest. Perhaps their contracts call for it, but it seems sad and aesthetic eye."

But this is a disappointing letter and I do detest people who dont approve of the movies, so I'll be pleasant.

In light of current events—I've loved her ever since I can remember. It's hard to even imagine a fan existence without her—it would be uninspiring, to say the least. My grandmother says she would "like to take her on her lap and rock her"—it's a nice feeling to inspire.

And please wont somebody say something about Wally Reid, except that he is good-looking? He is, superlatively so, but he can and does act! And he has, and displays, a refreshing sense of humor. (But I've confessed to being seventeen and perhaps no one will pay any attention to this.) And please, kind sir, wot you promise once learned I will not interview with him—a real one. "They all flop sooner or later."

And lastly, one more request—Just be case D. W. Griffith, who has made a phenomenal and deserved success, why accredit her with an "enigmatical smile," a "potent nostril," or a "beau ideal," or "aesthetic eye"? His smile is about as enigmatique as Tom Moore's.

I hope I will not offend anyone for I know how angry I get.

Sincerely yours,

AVERY WINGATE
5273 Westminster Place,
St. Louis, Mo.

Melodrama is quite all right in its place, but one might make a play of
words at times, so it seems from the following letter, and say, "When is a melodrama not a melodrama?" and answer, "When it's a comedy".

Dear Editor—For the past fifteen weeks I have been enjoying the best series of side-splitting comedies ever produced, and if you would but see a few episodes of that hair-raising serial, "Elmo the Mighty." I feel sure you would agree with me that the wonderful Charlie is a real number.

In this serial Elmo Lincoln is supported by Grace Cunard—so the advertisements read. And this would appear to be the first mistake. It seems to me that thru the whole story Elmo has done all the supporting of the willing heroine, who must have lost the power of her pedal extremities.

One episode, in particular, was particularly funny. Elmo, his feelings a trifle hurt by having fallen a few hundred feet, as usual rescues the fainting heroine in the first reel. He places her on a horse and together they ride away, pursued, of course, by the long-suffering villain. They come to what the subtitle kindly informs the audience is a blind canyon. Elmo las-

sos a tree and hauls the fair lady and himself off the cliff, leaving the villains gnashing their teeth below.

The master villain thinks "They are going across desert" (as if they ever went anywhere else in a serial), "we must fol-

low them in an airplane." Now airplanes do not grow on every bush, so one of the villains rolls up his sleeves, shoots one of Uncle Sam's birdmen and captures the desired plane. (I might also mention that the protagonist is shot in the shoulder and walks away with a limp, but allowances must be made, I suppose.)

To get back to Elmo and the leading lady. Their horse camouflages a broken hoof just as they get to the desert, so the much abused heroine has to walk. But not for long—she is clever and knows of Elmo's soft heart and hard muscles, so she falls, fainting from thirst. Elmo pours some water down her throat and is about to drink himself, when he tares the water bag resolutely from his lips and screws it on the top. He will reserve it for some future occasion. (This scene reminded me of one I saw in "Wagon Tracks," when William S. Hart divides his share of water between his horse and his dog. But I laughed at one—the first—while tears trickled down my cheeks at the latter.)

Elmo finally picks Miss Cunard up again and carries her—this time across the desert. They come upon a shipwrecked prairie-schooner and Elmo, ordering the family to go inside with the heroine, gets between the wagon shafts and pulls it for a few thrilling hundred miles across the sand.

Need I say more? I think not, but I should advise Universal to make their next attempt at a serial less of a strong man circus. This picture was shown in a first-class theater for fifteen weeks—

can you beat it?

Cordially yours,

Miss K. B.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Does age influence a player's popularity? This correspondent writes "No":

Dear Editor—A few months ago an interview was published with a star, whose name I shall not mention. In it he spoke of a sister who was then playing minor

(Continued on page 14)
If it's Goldwyn
It's a Winner!

Goldwyn is not an institution resting on the laurels of one or two great successes. Its aim and middle name is consistency! For Goldwyn does not make the mistake of trying to sell the public a single motion picture, but bends all its energies and its talents to the end that every Goldwyn production shall be a winner.

You can see a motion picture any old time!

Goldwyn is worth seeing all the time!
In “The Wonder Book for Writers,” which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Starts point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don’t Know It!

This is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of the Dramatic and Literary Bureau, one of the highest rated agencies of writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really care and simply haven’t found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can’t most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn’t this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives as a swimmer ten thousand feet deep in the earth and sky, and is even shown to be a tiny mortal atom of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday’s “impossibility” is a reality to-day.

‘The time will come during the same authority, “when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, screenwriters, newspaper writers who are coming—coming—coming.” There isn’t a whole new world of them! And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing medical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working on the floor, teaching, in every district; and women, in every district. Is it astonishing that they have not yet found out there is a world of them? And do you know 10 such people by and down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you’ve read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, “Well, if Writing is so simple as you say it is, why can’t I learn to write?”

Listen! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a startling new, easy method of writing. This amazing book, called “The Wonder Book for Writers,” shows you how easy stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who didn’t think they could find out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live, and work, and write. How bright men and women, with not! any special experience, learn to their own satisfaction, that Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories.
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FEMALE HELP WANTED

Wanted—5 bright, capable ladies for 1928, to take over positions in commercial art firm. Send full particulars, Social Wed., 1330 19th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., $35.00 to $50.00 per week. Railway fare paid, V. B. C. Goultier. Jno. Dept. 690, Omaha, Neb.

$6-518 a doreen, decorating pillow tops at home: exciting profit. Send 5c for full particulars, a beautiful stamp. Tapestry Print Co., 133 La. Clapp, Chicago, III.

Wannet—Become Expert Des, Designers. Earn $100 each month or open parlors for yourself. London patent. Immediately, Franklin Institute, Dept. 0155, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

Artists in Great Demand. Big salaries paid for full or part time. Learn quickly at home in spare time. Technical Art, Caricature, Illustrating, Designing, Outfit free to new students. Send for handsome Free Book. Write Now, Washington School of Art, Inc., 1433 H St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Government Positions Pay $800-$1,000 a Year. Write for free book giving list of positions and how to secure. Write to Commissioner, Patterson Civil Service School, Box 1465, Boulder, Colorado.

Be a Detective—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 West 88th St., Kansas City, Mo.


MICROSCOPES

Write the Words for a Song. We write, poems, write music and guarantee publication. Send $1.00. Submissions on any subject. The Metropolis Studio, 314 Michigan Ave., Dept. 109, Chicago, Ill.

The Latest Fad—Your name beautifully written in a pen on twelve calling cards for twenty-five cents. They are popular among your peers. Reg. Edward, to Clark Street, Paterson, N. J.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly, Small capital starts you. No experience, no capital. Our machines are patented and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Allis Moving Picture Co., 1111 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

MUSIC

At Plantadoi Co., Music Publishers, 236 W. 46th St., New York, N. Y., for popularizing purposes offer their latest Waltz Song "Egyptian Nights," $1.00—other choice song hits, postpaid for $1.00.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS


NEWS CORRESPONDENTS

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 100 St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

Free Book on Patents—Write today for free copy "How to Obtain a Patent in your own Home." Contains valuable information and advice to inventors. Tell how to secure authentic model of your invention for opinion of its patentability. Phil. F. Talbert & Talbert, 4100 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

When Marriage is a Crime!

The man who deliberately marries a good, pure, wholesome woman, knowing in his heart of hearts, that he is not 100% perfect, that he has abused Nature, and is otherwise unfit to be the father of those innocent souls he is about to bring into the world, is unworthy the name of Man—unworthy to be a Citizen of this great Nation—unworthy of happiness or financial success—He actually commits the worst crime known to Civilization, because he abuses the women he marries to the grossest extent, and the woman who confides in him and places her future in his hands—because it is the progeny of just such beasts that are filling our hospitals, our jails and our asylums—DON'T DO IT, MY BROTHER. DON'T DO IT—Come to me, confide in me and I will make you worthy of the best woman in the world—worthy of the deepest respect of your fellow man. I will build you up so that you can look the whole world in the face and say, "I am a Man—100% man."

To Err Is Human and to Correct These Errors Is Manly

The man who admits he has physical defects has taken his first step toward manhood and honesty, but he must not stop there; he must see to it that he gets good competent advice and attention, and to do this he must go to the one who can prove by his own physical condition, that he is ABLE to REALLY give him THAT HEALTH, STRENGTH and PHYSIQUE he desires—DO THE THING WHICH MADE ME A MAN: I built myself up first. I experimented with my own body, until I made myself what I am today, what those co-nepent to judge say I am, "The living illustration of the perfection of the human form, according to the highest standards." I don't care a rap what caused your lack of fitness, whether you have been brought to your rundown physically unfit condition by your own indiscretions, your own folly, or whether it has been caused by circumstances over which you have no control. I WILL REBUILD YOU, and will make a MAN of you—a 100% MAX, but a MAN—A 100% MAX. I accomplished all this in Nature's own way. NO DRUGGING, NO MEDICINES, NO FADS OF ANY KIND. Simple scientific instructions added to the proper method of living, and that's more. I guarantee you that I will accomplish all I undertake, and I won't undertake what I cannot accomplish.

The Strongfort Course of Instructions

will in no way interfere with your occupation or plans. You may follow your daily calling, no matter what that calling may be; even if you attend school or college, my instructions will not interfere with your studies in any way whatsoever. And what is more, you can follow to the letter, the Strongfort System in the privacy of your own home, without the knowledge of any one in it, and without the aid of a Gymnasium.

Now Be Honest With Yourself

Get in line with the men worth while. Make work and living a pleasure, not a bore. Confidently, mark your physical trouble on coupon below, and believe me, I will tell you frankly just what you should do, just what I can do, so that you can honestly face the world as a man, so that when you see your little ones playing around your fireside, you can proudly feel that you did everything you possibly could to bring them into the world physically perfect. Don't ever forget, all the world loves manly men; women look up to and truly love them—men admire them.

Did you ever see a thin, emaciated fellow—one who shakes hands with you as though his wrist were broken? Did you ever see such a man amount to anything? NOW GET BUSY—DO NOT DELAY ONE SINGLE DAY.

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your Book—"PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGIES," for postage of which I enclose three 10c stamps. I have marked (X) before the subjects upon which I am interested.

Every one is interested in HEALTH, STRENGTH and MENTAL ENERGIES.


LIONEL STRONGFORT

Dr. Strongfort, of Harvard, declared that "Strongfort is unquestionably the most scientific of physical development ever known."

Get This Book—it's FREE!

If you will send me three 10c stamps to every mailing expenses, I will forward free my book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGIES," and not be without it. It contains many truthful facts and helpful hints.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist.

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SOURCES WANTED

Write the Words for a Song. We will publish poems, music and guarantees publication. Submit MSS. to: Thomas Merlins, 231 Reaper Block, Chicago.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 9)

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 9)

parts with another artist. She told me how her sister was the youngest of the family to become a star by the age of twenty and still—reminded me that all does one's age make one unpopular? I think not. Take, for instance, two of the most popular song-writers of the day—Domin—Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark. Everyone knows that when Little Mary played "Tess of the Storm Country," she was twenty-one and still—she is now still twenty-one. She gives her correct age and isn't she the world's most popular star today? That seems to prove that the public does not measure its regard for a star by the years she has or he has shown.

And while on this subject I do hope the world and the public— Fortune contest will be a year older every three hundred and sixty-five days—

With best wishes to every member of the staff, I am

LAURA WELLS.

Box 98, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia.

Anent better pictures

DEAR EDITOR—Among the many issues of your excellent MAGAZINE I have noticed and read with interest the different articles dealing with the problem of better pictures. The screen is a good medium of education and enlightenment, and the place before an audience the exact atmosphere that the majority of people, when reading a book, cannot understand. For instance, I would say, "Are you a fan of the stage (impersonated by eggs) and the dance (impersonated by popcorn)?" But let us have something worth while with actors like the Barrymores, Warner Oland, Tully Marshall, Frank Keenan, and others, impersonating the character of a man. These can have a good picture.

The motion picture here, as in America, is, shall we say, "the soul of the people," but some plays such as "Magda" may be artistic from an artist's point of view. I do not think that where money is concerned the artist's point of view is supreme. The public at present has to watch its money and fifteen cents spent wrongly will soon make the people cry for better pictures—both educationally and morally. We do not want sex plays. Rather, something which could take the public back to the happy, peaceful years before the war would be very welcome. How much I prefer to watch the young girls dance than to be busy with questions of dress. I want to say that from all my observations, sex and eternal triangle plays are not wanted. Respectfully yours,

GREGORY ALLEN.

P. O. Box 592, Adelaide, S. Australia.
Humor is raised to the nth degree in Pathé Comedies. Joyous, care-free laughter bubbles out of audiences at the mere thought of Pathé Comedy stars. No propaganda, no social problem, but just clean fun and the high spirits of youth!

Harold Lloyd, who for four years has been teaching the hard-to-make-laugh how to laugh, is presented in a hilarious two reel comedy every month, produced by that master hand, Hal Roach.

Mrs. Sidney Drew, who is known wherever live people who have not forgotten to smile, is presenting John Cumberland, famous star of the stage, in two reel comedies, one each month.

"Bringing Up Father," the famous George McManus creation, has now been brought to the screen in two reel comedies, one every month, produced by the Christie Film Company.

"Rolin Comedies," each of one reel length, for four years favorites with the public, featuring "Snub" Pollard and "Sunshine Sammy," the cunning little darky, are shown weekly by a theatre in your vicinity.

Ask your favorite theatre when!

Pathé Exchange, Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York
"I'd like to see it right over again"

To make you say that it's got to be a pretty good picture. But these pictures are not so rare as they used to be. You've noticed that.

More and more often you run across them. Genuine portrayals of human virtues and ventures and follies and perils that are all the more fascinating and thrilling because so clipped-from-life as it were.

The kind of motion picture that carries you off like an aeroplane—and you've no desire to get back to earth till the journey's end. The kind—as you've probably noticed also—that bears the brand name Paramount.

In every Paramount Artcraft Feature, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation recognizes no limits on the scenes but the earth. No limits on the machinery but machinery. No limits on the cost but money. No limits on the cast but artists. No limits on the plot but clean, new and thrilling. And that's what brings the encores from you!

Paramount Pictures

Latest Paramount Artcraft Features—Released to March 1st

Billie Burke in "Wanted—a Husband" 
Dorothy Dwan in "The Amazing World"
Marguerite Clark in "All on a Sunday Pardon"
Ethel Clayton in "Young Mrs. Webster"
"The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore
Cosmopolitan Production
"The Cinema Mourns" with Victor Heming
Cecil B. De Mille's Production
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"Cecil B. De Mille's Production"
"Cecil B. De Mille's Production"
"Everywoman"
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Dorothy Gish in "Marry Ellen Comes to Town"

D. W. Griffith's Production "Scarlet Days"
D. S. Hart in "Kano"
Houdin in "Terror Island"
William D. Taylor's Production
"Huckleberry Finn"
Vivien Martin in "His Official Fiancée"
Wallace Reid in "The Teeth of the Tiger"
Dorothy Seiber in "Dorothy Seiber"
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THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Anthea Getwell, one of the four winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, owes her success to many things—primarily, of course, to her ability to depict the various shades of emotion. But Anthea possesses far more than just this—she is tall and stately with an innate grace and poise; with an abundance of pale gold hair and large blue eyes. And Anthea's beauty has excellent photographic qualities—that naturally means a great deal in the field of the cinema art. She is about to prove her right to stardom under the banner of the American Cinema Corporation with whom she has signed a long-termed and most remunerative contract.

Gallery of Players
Expletives!
The Golden Girl
Muriel and the Constant
The Fair Winds
A Cinema Cinderella
West Is East
The Illustrated Title
More Deadly Than the Male
An Intimate Chat With Bessie
The Cross-Eyed Jinx
The Story of Anthea Getwell
Earle's Elegy in a Churchyard
Vacationing on Location
Wanda—Horticulturalist
We Meet Mary
Claire in the Gloaming
The Seat of the Mighty!
Slaves of Pride
The Independent Priscilla
The Right of Way
Our Movie Monthly of News and Views
The Answer Man

READ
The Interview with Lillian Gish—unlike anything ever published—portraying the new Lillian.

MARCH, 1920

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Cover portrait of Anthea Getwell by Leo Stilke, after a photograph by Gibson Sylex and Fowler

Gallery of Players

Portraits of Anita Stewart, Ethel Fair, Marion Davies, Kenneth Harlan, Clarine Scymore, Gladys George, Lewis L. Crane, Margaret Courtet and Helen Eddy.

Expletives!

Hazel Simpson Naylor

The Golden Girl

Adele Whitely Fletcher

Muriel and the Constant

Muriel Cooper reflects her screen self.

The Fair Winds

James Fredericks

A Cinema Cinderella

Lillian Montauy

West Is East

Ellen D. Torlace

The Illustrated Title

An instructive story of the subtitle.

More Deadly Than the Male

Janet Reid

An Intimate Chat With Bessie

Maude S. Cheatham

The Cross-Eyed Jinx

Doris Delvine

The Story of Anthea Getwell

James Fredericks

Earle's Elegy in a Churchyard

Gladys Hall

Vacationing on Location

Gladys Hall

Wanda—Horticulturalist

Mary Pickford visits the Magazine office.

Claire in the Gloaming

Adele Whitely Fletcher

The Seat of the Mighty!

Grace Lamb

Slaves of Pride

Elizabeth Peltret

The Independent Priscilla

Depicting the real Priscilla Dean.

Corinne Herself

Betty Bruce

An interview with Corinne Griffith.

A Man of Parts

Doris Delvine

Interviewing Darroll Fess

Tamar Lane

Harrison Ford—Romantic Lover

Maude S. Cheatham

Expressing his views and ideas.

The Right of Way

Norman Bruce

A novelization of the Bert Lytell photodrama.

The Binney Blues Cure

Edna S. Michaels

Constance Binney talks "fashions.

Across the Silversheet

Hazel Simpson Naylor

Reviews of the most recent offerings.

The Why of Motion Picture Make-up

Victor A Stewart

The makeup of the movies ably described.

Anita in Ole Kentucky

Sally Roberts

Jack the Giant Killer

Himself

Our Movie Monthly of News and Views

READ

WATCH FOR

The Screen Time-table, a concrete critique of photo plays, which will appear every month
How to keep your silk underwear and stockings

SOFT crêpe de Chine nightgowns, chemises of satin and lacy sheerness—you couldn't bear not to have the darling silk things. And yet the extravagant way they wore out used positively to scare you. Once you even considered going back to the humble, horrible "other kind!"

Then it was that Marie—three-quarters angel that she is—showed you how to make your silk things live and live, with the wonderful Lux suds.

Perspiration ruins silks

Every minute that your silk underwear used to spend in the hamper was making its precious life that much shorter. The expensive silk stockings that you calmly allowed to lie for days after they were worn, were being rotted away with perspiration acids. And then you wondered how they fell apart so soon!—why your underthings didn't last longer!

Wash them after every wearing

Every night now, Marie whisks up a bowlful of Lux suds—adds cool water till it's lukewarm, swishes the silk things around in the lather, dips them up and down, squeezes the suds through. Never a rub or a bit of hard cake soap to injure a single delicate thread.

In half an hour they're tucked safely away in the drawer, fresh and whole for the next wearing.

Your sheerest silk stockings, daintiest camisoles, frilliest petticoats can be trusted to these gentle suds. Anything that pure water alone won't hurt, can be washed with Lux. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.
Perhaps there's no star in the film firmament today who has enjoyed a longer popularity than Anita, and it is probable that she will remain among the favorites for some time to come. Ever since she won success in her Vitagraph work, she has held a firm niche in public favor and her recent pictures of her own company have found her even more worthy of stardom than before.
Elinor really wanted to be a grand opera singer and, with this in view, went abroad, studying in the greatest conservatories. But she changed her mind and went into the movies, soon winning recognition. Her work as the cripple girl in "The Miracle Man" is particularly worthy of mention. Lately she has been co-starred in Fox productions.
LEWIS J. CODY

Lew Cody, called "The Man of a Thousand Loves," has left the rank and file of attractive leading men and is now a star in Gaumont productions. He is soon to appear in "The Beloved Cheater."
Marguerite is another young "old star"—one doesn't quite remember when she didn't come to the screen now and then to please them with some portrayal. She has been "serialling" lately, having started on another Pathé serial almost immediately upon the completion of "Bound and Gagged."
It is her very individuality which makes Helen Eddy so attractive. With an innate air of simplicity, she has rapidly gained a place among the foremost leading women, perhaps playing to best advantage with Beauce Hawakaya.
Begin tonight to win the charm of “A Skin you Love to Touch”

A BEAUTIFUL skin, soft, fresh, flawlessly clear—no other charm makes an appeal so instant, so complete.

You, too, can win this charm. If, through neglect or the wrong kind of treatment, your skin is marred by blemishes, blackheads, conspicuous nose pores—you can correct these defects—you can make your skin as clear, as smooth and soft as it should be.

Begin tonight to give it the Woodbury treatment suited to its individual needs.

You will find the special treatment for your type of skin in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap. Get a cake today. A 25 cent cake of Woodbury’s lasts for a month or six weeks of any one of the treatments, and for general cleansing use. Sold at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

THIS PICTURE IN COLORS FOR FRAMING
Send for Your Copy Today!
For 20 cents we will send you this picture, a trial size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap—large enough for a week’s treatment—the booklet of treatments containing the treatment for your individual type of skin and samples of Woodbury’s Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

Reproduced from the original oil painting in four colors—on fine quality paper—this picture will go to you ready for framing—no printed matter on it. Size 12½ x 22 inches.

Send today for your copy to The Andrew Jergens Co., 1303 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited 1303 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

THOUSANDS WILL WANT THIS PICTURE. WRITE TODAY FOR YOUR COPY
DAMNS—Darns—dashes are becoming the exclamation points of motion pictures.

With a brazen freedom, of which even a man in the bosom of his own family would be ashamed to avail himself, the sun drama is reveling in an orgy of swear words. Subtitles bristle with expletives . . . as a rule a dash is not sufficient, the custom at present being to print the full word out in capitals, with an abandon nothing short of shameful.

Does a director feel the need for injecting a bit of humor into his photoplay, rather than annoy his brain hunting for an original bit of action, he promptly puts a parcel of swear words in his subtitles.

The audience laughs!

But doesn’t anyone realize how demoralizing this shocking practice of publicizing the cuss words of our language is?

Children, young girls, youths read these subtitles; nay more, they are subtly influenced by the movies. They consider anything that is correct in celluloid drama, correct for them.

Thus an increasing laxity is noticeable in the language of our young people.

This is the day and age of free speech, of unvarnished truth, and of a strange boldness: no longer is the gossamer web of idealism spread over even the most intimate subjects. The world is a throbbing wound which is not being healed by public probing.

If there is a place for swearing, it is NOT in the illuminated subtitle of the motion picture.

Already England has editorially voiced her protest against the perpetual appearance of slang in American-made photoplays, naming this as an argument against their frequent and common usage in the British Isles.

We stand justifiably accused!

Let us, then, make a renewed effort to keep the English of our screen literature pure.

All these surplus expletives are unnecessary and, being of benefit to no one, have no place in the world of today.

For the world needs reconstruction, not retrogression, and no one factor has more potency for good or evil today than the motion picture.
WHAT a lure in the word gold! Gold, the open sesame to happiness; gold, for which men in their prime have died; gold, for which brothers have slain one another; gold, for which women havebartered their souls; gold, gold, gold—cold, hard, and yet ever beckoning with its yellow glitter, offering the open doorway to happiness.

I can hear you ask, if this be true, why do I call Mary Miles Minter the Golden Girl. Because, in her way, she is all gold. Her young personality seems to offer all great things...just as unlimited gold holds out the promise of happiness.

Rumor has it that this little lady's new contract with Realart forbids her giving interviews. If this be true and not mere press agent junk, I was lucky, for I spent a busy afternoon with her a day or so before she placed her highly valued signature to the new scrap of paper.

Mary Miles Minter, whose real name of Juliet I found much more suitable, has the divine enthusiasm and ambition of youth, combined with periods of depression, which are equally a proof of her youth and her genius. She is, to a certain extent, a little rebel. For her snappy blue eyes flash with anger and her whole mobile little face tells the story of her feelings when she tempestuously talks about the past year.

"All last year I never did anything worth while," she cried, protestingly. "Look at the namby-pamby stories they gave me! I told them I wanted to do real things, stories with a problem or lesson in them, stories that gave me a real chance to do something. After I saw each one projected, I cried—cried over them. I said I wouldn't do any more. What happened? Everybody patted me on the back and told me to be a sweet little girl and that they knew the type of part that suited me best. Consequently I went on, doing nothing worthwhile, just a set of sugary program pictures! I tell..."
you, I'd rather die than go on doing stuff like that."

Juliet's eyes fairly flashed her indignation. Youth, I thought, youth and outraged genius.

"It is the same way with my hats, my gowns, my shoes," continued this electric youngster. "Mother always picks them out for me. Mother always decides what is best for me. Mind you, mother is a wonder, I couldn't even breathe without her, but oh, dear, I would like to pick out my own hats!"

What girl of seventeen or eighteen hasn't experienced that identical feeling at one time or another? Every week, Mary Miles Minter earns thousands of dollars, and yet her whole soul agonizes with a desire to select her own hat. The delicious unhappiness of youth!

"What do you want to play?" I cried, beginning to feel with the same intensity of the little live wire sitting beside me and wishing that the camera could catch the wonderful animation of her face in real life.

"Oh, dear," she cried, jumping up uneasily and coming back to our davenport with a box of candy very nearly as large as herself, "do have some candy. If mother were here, she would never let me talk this way, but I tell you, if I don't do something worth while in the next year, I want to either die or leave the screen. I mean it. I can't bear this mediocre stuff. If there is anything in me, it is time I did something. If I don't do something big now, I never will. I couldn't bear standing still. I've got to go on...or die. I want to do 'Romeo and Juliet,' or something equally big. Why will picture audiences be satisfied with namby-pamby stuff? That is one reason I want to go back on the stage, the opportunity for real portrayals is so much greater."

Mary Miles Minter has no false vanity. She is not the type of girl who goes around with a powder puff in her hand. She is not a perfection of grooming or a product of hours spent under a maid's tutelage. She is too vivid, too colorful...
Miriam the Constant

stood, specter-like, in the winter twilight. From the violet dusk in the corner of the room the Madonna smiled down upon the Blessed Babe. Tall candlesticks stood upon the long table; parchment-shaded lamps threw a soft glow about the restful room; dull greys and blues blended together in the witchery of the twilight hour. And Miriam Cooper sat back in the high tape-tried chair, serene and complacent.

Watching her in all her dark beauty as the firelight played upon her, one thought again of her cinema Evangeline—“black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the roadside.” Surely it was not difficult for Miriam Cooper to play Evangeline, for, verily, she of the dusky locks and eyes like black velvet is Evangeline—ethereal, almost, in her slimness and delicacy.

“One who plays steadily for the screen must accept colorful stories, questionable scenes, unpleasant phases of things fine and beautiful. I wont play them,” she was saying. “I’ll play any true rôle—a rôle like that I did for Mr. Griffith in ‘Intolerance’ if necessary, but never in some distorted thing.

AFTER seeing “Evangeline,” one would immediately decide to call their interview with Miriam Cooper by the above title. I did. But when I tried to see her, she was vacationing in the mountains and the interview was accordingly postponed until she returned to the city. By that time I had forgotten the title suggested by her work in the story of Arcady—at least, so it seemed.

The colossal apartment building in which she lives faces a park. Across the avenue, as one looked out from the French window opening onto a stone balcony, the trees, with their barren branches,
By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Some players who appear steadily escape them, of course, but more do not. It has been my fear of them which has kept me in private life.

There was no pose, no desire to impress or entertain in this slip of a black-eyed girl, sitting placidly in the great chair. It was a simple declamation. One divined that she was capable of altruism—that she possessed beautiful beliefs—ideals—behind her very words something stirred and breathed, "I believe . . . " It was vague, intangible, indefinable—intuitively gathered, undoubtedly, but it was there.

"Mr. Griffith and Mr. Walsh are the only two directors for whom I have worked," she told me, "and when I left Mr. Griffith it was with the intention of remaining in private life. I came East to marry Mr. Walsh and, as most of my friends are married to men in naval circles, I had other, outside interests.

"But time and time again Mr. Walsh would seek some type for his pictures in vain—then he'd come home and the first thing you know, I'd be accepting the role. That was how I came to do 'Evangeline'—I really didn't intend to when they first spoke of producing it.

'Evangeline,' I enjoyed. It was a sweet story of a big, wonderful love. I haven't seen the picture yet, but they tell me it breathes the spirit of Arcady and the farmers.

Some critic had said the constancy of Evangeline was a thing mythical—mythical, that is, in this age, apparently so fickle—and that it seemed rather a waste of time for her to have searched so untiringly for her lover. I mentioned this to Miss Cooper—I wondered what she would think of the opinion.

She smiled. I thought it was a rather tolerant, understanding smile—a trifle sad, perhaps—when she answered, "We can't blame one for thinking constancy is a myth in this day, can we? And yet I think there is still that quality, don't you?" It was a question, but not asked interrogatively. Her tone implied that she knew constancy still lived.

"We don't hear of those whose love goes on, even into the autumn of life, a light brightening the way," she continued. "It is the divorce court which finds publicity.

"Miriam, the constant," I recalled, musingly. "Are you going to work steadily now?" I queried.

"Yes, I expect to," she replied. "Mr. Walsh is going with Mayflower, and I'll probably play in his new productions. I am going to work hard, too. There is a slight possibility I may accept a (Continued on page 106)
Winifred Kingston hails from England—and it was the English theater-going public who witnessed her stage début. She has created some very winsome roles for the American cinema and recently has known the distinction of being leading lady for "Dusty" Farnum.
The Cinderella o' filmland is no other than tiny Fritzi Brunette who will be seen with J. Warren Kerrigan in his new productions. Fritzi owns the smallest feet which trip across the silversheet and had Cinderella of story-book fame tried to don one of Fritzi's slippers she would have acquired not a Prince—but a bad limp instead.
LIKE young Lochinvar, Alma Rubens has come out of the West. She has revelled in the big stores, spending much time and money in an orgy of shopping. She has spent many evenings and much enthusiasm at the theaters and restaurants. She has been joy-riding, sight-seeing, from Bronx to Battery, East Side and Chinatown. She has delighted in the funny, crooked streets of Greenwich Village, visited Bruno’s Garret, Polly’s, The Pirate’s Cave, the quaint Italian restaurants and French, table d’hotes, watching with the naïve joy of a child the comings and goings of the habitators and visitors of this world famous section of New York. And now, vacation over, she has settled herself with her mother and sister, also a fluffy Pekingese, in an attractive uptown apartment and is hard at work in her first Cosmopolitan production.

Every one, every one worthy while, every one interesting—has an atmosphere, as it were. Alma Rubens—New York—how could she, in this amazing city that grows more and more wonderful to her each day?

“I am not at all good ‘copy’—I never have anything interesting to say. It has been said so many times that I was educated in San Francisco by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, that I made my screen début with Triangle in ‘Reggie Mixes In,’ that I did not have to struggle along as an ‘extra,’ but at once began playing leading rôles, that I played opposite William Hart and Douglas Fairbanks—let’s leave that out and begin all over, now that I’m in the East.

“Ambition? Specific ambition?” Alma Rubens gazed thoughtfully thru the chintz-framed windows at the rose-flushed twilight sky, at the ever-changing panorama of Broadway, its throngs of home-goers.

“People do have homes, and go to them—even in New York, don’t they?” she questioned, irrelevantly. “I love to watch the lights coming out here and there, in the windows of the big apartment houses, and to weave little fancies about the lovely women—little children—perhaps—waiting—

“Ambition?” she repeated, reflectively. “I’ll tell you.
Alma Rubens Comes Out of the West
By LILLIAN MONTANYE

Since I can remember, almost, it has been my ambition to go on the stage. While I was working in the West it did not seem feasible, but now that I'm in New York and have the opportunity—well, I may as well confess that I have the manuscript of a play right now that I'm considering. It will keep me very, very busy, acting in pictures and rehearsing a stage play, but I'm more than anxious to try it."

In speaking of her first picture to be done in the East, Miss Rubens overcame her reticence and became almost enthusiastic. "It is a Fannie Hurst story," she said. "Humoresque," a vitally human thing, as all of Miss Hurst's stories are. I think my role is giving me a chance to work from a different angle. That's another 'specific ambition' of mine—to do something 'different,' altho I realize it's far from 'different' to make that remark. It's true," she continued, whimsically, "that there are only certain emotions to depict: love, hate, joy, sorrow, and so on; there's nothing new in emotions or situations—but I'd like to do something that stands out—if it's humanly possible."

Miss Rubens is one of the most versatile of artists. Because she did not begin at the bottom of the profession, she has had to study harder than if she had first passed thru an apprenticeship. Between pictures in which she starred she has insisted upon playing "extra," doing bits of character portrayal, anything to keep from the rut of the ever-threatening type. As a result, her work has been a varied gallery, replete with contrasts, infallibly rich and compelling. She has not yearned particularly for the title of star, because it is being applied promiscuously in these days, she says, to babies, freaks and dogs. Therefore she prefers to be known as a genuine actress, because a star, sooner or later, loses his or her place—but a real artist can go on forever.

And that's what Alma Rubens will be, always a real artist. She has the easy naturalness of expression, the strong dramatic sense that is invaluable, an innate art that will grow—that is ageless, deathless.
The Illustrated Title
By Ellen D. Tarleaw

Much has been written on almost every phase of the motion picture industry, from the writing of the scenario to the building of the mammoth scenes and the tricks of photography. The average audience of today is well versed in a general knowledge of the beloved “movie,” but there is one important detail which has never received quite the recognition it deserves, comprising, as it does, one-fifth of the average feature production. The detail to which I refer is the title—more often the illustrated title.

To many people this illustrated title means little more than an additional finish in the general make-up—an exquisite detail to amuse between scenes—an interesting and artistic manner of decorating the brief note which has been found necessary to explain the progress of the action. But it is more than this—it plays an important part on the screen and answers a definite purpose. The illustration holds the attention, carries along the thought and completes the title, not only completes it, but very materially shortens it, for a picture will always convey infinitely more than words. One sees the picture immediately, while words have to be read in order to grasp their full significance—thus the illustration bridges the gap. It gives atmosphere, a subtle hint of what is to follow.

Every picture of five thousand feet contains about one thousand feet of titles, and as the industry has progressed from the crude, early stages of the flickering, disjointed one-reeler to the finished and polished super-feature of today, so have the titles of yore, which were primitively printed on cardboard, been replaced by the (Continued on page 94)
More Deadly Than the Male

By JANET REID

"There is nothing new under the sun," said Richard Carlin, and caught himself thinking that perhaps he had spoken too soon . . . the steady grey eyes of Helen O'Hara, into which he was for the first time gazing, held something of an at least potential thrill. Impatiently, tho, he shook off the thought. It was an intruder into his settled philosophy, his settled scheme of things.

"Some one," said Helen O'Hara, "has said that before you."

Carlin jerked his head back and made a large pass with his adventurous-looking hands. "But it is true," he protested; "or possibly I should say there is no new adventure—and if an adventure is not new, it is nothing. Thrills . . . they are all stale. Zest . . . where is it? Inertia . . . everywhere. I want to feel my blood pounding in my veins . . . I want danger . . . experience with raw meat to it . . . things to wrestle with . . . elements to combat . . . man-stuff. It went out with the cave days, with the Stone Age. I am being stifled."

Was it amusement in Helen O'Hara's eyes, or a gleam which meant an answer? Carlin could not quite tell which.

"Where do you plan to go?" she wanted to know.

"To Alaska or Zululand—haven't determined which. A friend of mine and myself. There are elements of the unknown in both those places—unknown elements—hardship—demands on the nerves—on physical prowess—adventure, the breath of real living."

"What of women?" asked Helen O'Hara.

"Women?"

"As adventures, you know. As incentives to resource, to prowess."

Carlin shook his head. "Fevers," he proclaimed; "women have been fevers in my veins, that is all. Delightful deliriums, at times, I must admit to that, but weakening, not strengthening, preying, never companionsing, with the spirit of adventure confined to tea-rooms and modern dances and love-making under sickly moonlight . . . I am surfeited of all that."

Helen O'Hara rose to go. She had more than the average of assurance, probably because she felt that she had earned the right to it. A child of obscure origin, she had risen to the rank of one of the foremost actresses-managers. She could have been a vogue and disdained the hollow tinkling of the cymbal. She had a dignity which was respected, a brain which was feared and revered, nerves which were reputed to be unshakable and more than the hon's courage in the face of insuperable obstacles. In addition to all of this, she had genius, and knew enough to keep it covered except on rare occasions. It is superlative and may be minteresting to add that she had never been in love. Frankly, she had been seeking it, thus far in vain. She had never compromised with anything and had no intention of compromising in the matter of the most sacred of her emotions. She had no penchant for clay feet. She had rather have a solitary splendor than a mutual sort of a cheap bargaining with lesser joys.
Carlin, taking leave of her, found himself holding onto her hand. It met his grip with a like, an adequate response. There was nothing clinging about it, nothing of appeal in the accepted sense of the word. It was, solely, vibrant.

"I want you to defer your departure for a day or two,"

she was asking him, or was she giving a command, subtly veiled and inescapable, "if you will. I should like very much to have you visit me at my mountain home before leaving. It is rather—let us say, different. Perhaps you will take with you when you go a more vivid memory. Memories, vivid ones, will be kind to think on when the Alaskan winter closes in on you. Lask it—please!"

Richard Carlin released the hand with an almost obvious reluctance. "I'll come," he said. He added, "You know that I will."

Helen O'Hara did not deny the allegation, and they parted.

Carlin started for the mountain retreat the following morning with a slightly dampened ardor. He always, he decided, was being side-tracked in one fashion or another. These side-trackings were what kept him, always, from his great adventure, the hardly, stinging, red-blooded thing of iron conquests and valiant conquerings he sought. A woman... oh, of course. But there were no women today worth fighting for. A woman worth fighting for must be a woman one could fight with, a woman who could know the battle-light, who could know originality, daring, purposes beyond the restrictions of our little everyday. Helen O'Hara had certainly seemed, but then, too, he had had so much of seeming... There had been the case of Gloriana, for one... the very memory assailed him with the overburdening sweetness of late lilacs, and he shuddered... Still, he was committed now and he would go thru with the thing, gracefully as possible.

There would be remnants of the London theatrical crowd, no doubt, vivid enough—to themselves. They would drink a bit, of course, and play bridge and have, those who knew, some hunting. There would be daring, radical sort of talk—scandals would be not merely aired, but exposed nudely to the four and forty winds of as many heavens. It would be a sort of a defiant atmosphere. Every one would be "odd." He knew it in advance. He gave Helen O'Hara credit for the probability of a slightly different setting... no doubt his credit would cease right then and there.

No one met him at the rude little station. That, in itself, was surprising. Week-end guests were always met, in one way or another. There was, however, nothing whatever to be seen. A person with a great deal of hair and a somewhat detached relationship to the station informed him that the O'Hara place could be reached by the Lone Trail. It was, he added, recently blazed and he thought it could be "made."

Carlin referred to his luggage, which consisted of one substantial portmanteau and some of the habitual golf-sticks. There was a tennis racquet, too. One did those things over week-ends.

The detached person enunciated thru the hair that he guessed the bloke could carry em. His pronouncement conveyed the necessity of such procedure or the consigning of the luggage to the doubtful mercies of the station and himself.

Carlin acquired as many explicit directions as could be had...
and was off. This, he thought, was novel if not thrilling. It was one way of receiving an especially hidden guest.

Recently, Carlin thought, as he trudged and dodged and scrambled along, was scarcely the word for the blazing of the trail. Amateurishly, if it might be applied to trail-blazing, was more like it.

When he reached, about sundown, the clearing, he stood quite still. He had, he decided, either gone mad or he had taken a thousand years on the trail and was back again to the stage-just-once-removed when his ancestors swung from the limbs of trees by their—well, young, you know.

There was no crowd to be seen. Just two men, huge specimens, with rough hair and massive limbs and crude actions, attired in fur pelts and little or nothing more. They had clubs which they were swinging about, apparently for a little mild amusement, and they were uttering uncouth sounds, whether of joy or mere lust, Carlin could not tell.

Sitting on the ground, not far from them, was Helen O'Hara. She had her hair unbound and it cascaded all about her as tho it had never known the confines of pins or nets. Her sole garment was the skin of a leopard, twisted about her, and Carlin noted, with the first keen thrill he had known since first he had tasted big game shooting, that she was not only incomparably beautiful, but that she was strong, and vital, and somehow magnificent.

The setting, too... no lawn mowers had ever penetrated this rejuvenated Eden. There had been no pruning and no shearing. The hand of man had neither stayed nor attempted improvement upon the hand of God. Savagery, sullen, but colorful and pulsing, brooded, everywhere...

Carlin took a step forward. Obviously, he could not stand even in the Stone Age without a word or a sound. Primordial people must have had some form of greeting, even if they only said "Ugg-ugg!" For lack of better knowledge, he would utter the conventional London platitudes.

This, even, forsook him when his step forward was met, promptly, by the seeming rattle of an hospitable snake. Snakes, be it said, were not among his hobbies. His sudden halt attracted the attention of Helen O'Hara.

"Oh, dont, dont be alarmed," she called out, her voice as vibrant, here in this wilderness, as, yesterday, the touch of her hand had been in the London studio; "he's quite harmless. He did away with so many..."

"I want you to defer your departure for a day or two," — she was asking him — or was she giving a command, subtly veiled and inescapable — "if you will. I should like very much to have you visit me at my mountain home before leaving..."
Helen broke from him and stared out and down. "The dam is breaking!" she cried out; "and just beneath it—oh, God, Man of Mine, the hospital—the hospital—the babies' hospital—"

chance guests that I had his fangs removed. He's merely playful now."

Helen gave a ringing sort of laugh. It held both derision and a potent sort of call. Almost the call a tigress might make to its jungle mate . . . It stung Carlin to a tumult. This was the Stone Age. Good enough. Men, in the Stone Age, didn't stand on formalities, nor yet did they wait on time. There was no benefit of clergy. In fact, there wasn't any clergy. Luxuries had not come in. You wanted a woman—and you took her—by the hair of her head if you were quick enough, and then you dragged her away to your cave and beat her into submission if she would not be submissive otherwise.

Carlin made a spring for the woman who stood and laughed at him. He caught her to him and kist her fully, vitally upon the mouth. Suddenly, with that kiss, Alaska seemed pale and frozen and inconsequential, and Zululand a scene in some lurid musical comedy. She was trying to speak. "Be careful," she was urging; "oh, do be careful!"

Carlin drew back, to face one of the two men who had been brandishing their mighty clubs.

"There's not going to be any slick argument to this," the man was saying. "I'm Terence O'Hara. I guess that will answer you. We'll fight this thing out now with a little gunplay. That's how we do it here. Come on. No stalling."

Carlin found himself staring into the muzzle of a gun. There was nothing for him to do but make like use of the one he had had thrust upon him. He shot—and did not miss. O'Hara, with a bellow like a wounded bull, rushed away into the green leafage. Helen explained, rather tremulously, that he would take the nearest trail for the doctor's, some miles away.

She led Carlin into the rudimentary of what might have been, in civilization,

Helen O'Hara..........................Ethel Clayton
Richard Carlin..........................Edward Coxen
Terry O'Hara..............................Herbert Heyes
Jimmie Keen................................Hallam Cooley
Angela....................................Peggy Pearce

"Do what?" asked the woman, the splendid savage woman who crouched by his chair, giving him more cakes and more wine as his needs arose.

"Live like this—be like this—you know—"

The ringing laugh again, primitively unconcerned over the poor death of one man so that another and stronger vanquisher was to take possession of the cave.

"Oh, this—because we are savages, you see. Now and then we do the habiliments of civilization—but all that is only a camouflage. At heart, in the core of us, there is still the call of the green woods and the ancient, abandoned caves and the gleam of white bodies and the religion of sinew and brawn. We haven't changed—not really. Scratch the whitest skin and the reddest blood will gush. I am simply wise enough to know my true environment. When I heard you speak yesterday I felt that you had the same urge. Few come here. Few would dare to. Few could."

Carlin, silently, conceded that. As yet he was too amazed to take actual stock of the whole thing. Probably, he had killed a man . . . he felt that he need offer himself no apologies for being at least mildly concerned on that score . . . He had never dreamed of Helen O'Hara having a husband. If he had thought of that he would be, he knew, even now, well on his way to Alaska or a sumptuous living hall, and there gave him wine and cakes. The wine was crude and quaffed from hollowed-out gourds, and the cakes were eaten and not very easy of mastication.

"Why do you do this?" Carlin wanted to know, after he had secretly pinched himself into a state of positive blackness and blueness to find out if he'd been drugged, gone mad or was merely sleeping and had missed his train.
Zululand with his friend Jimmie on their trig little yacht. The thought gave him, too, a thrill down his spine which, strictly translated, was more like a shiver of repulsion. He hadn't, for many years, harbored so nauseating an idea, a fact . . .

Cailin asked for his room, and Helen took him to a bare chamber containing a rude bench piled high with various skins. Here she left him. "You are not to use us," she told him, "so you may care to rest a while."

Cailin did.

When, later, he emerged, it was to be told that O'Hara had died of the wound.

Helen, rather white, but otherwise composed, gave him the staggering tidings. Told him, Richard Cailin—impeccable gentleman with an adventurous soul, that he was a murderer. The brand of Cain was upon him.

Alaska and Zululand, which first had allured him, then repelled him, now demanded him, offered him sanctuary. He had no notion of remaining to bear the inevitable brunt of an apparently cold-blooded but actually inadvertent murder. The thing to do was to beat it back over the same trail to the coast—toward Jimmie—dear Jimmie—and the trig little yacht. The thing to do was to put space and then more space between himself and this revived Stone Age.

He told his plan to Helen.

"If you run," she told him, "you are a coward. If you stay—"

Cailin felt again that tumult in his blood. "Well," he wanted to know, "what then?"

Helen laughed and Cailin caught her to him. It was little enough, he felt, in that stinging moment, to have killed a man for her love's sake—for it was her love—it was—that came surging to her lips, that lit her eyes, that throbbed against him in the throbbing of her heart . . .

It might have been an eternity—it might have been only the brief moment it was—when Cailin heard a vast shout from below and the splintering and surrendering and cries, muffled but fright-laden.

Helen broke from him and stared out and down. "The dam is breaking!" she cried out. "And just beneath it the—oh, God! Man of Mine, the hospital—the hospital—the babies' hospital!"

Cailin followed her lead and, thru the roaring and the crashing of giving wood and many waters, and with the pain of his torn hands as they laden with the orderlies and surgeons who had come from the wards to help stem the rush, he thrilled to the tone of her voice when she had said "the babies' hospital"—the primitive note again—the woman aroused to the saving of baby life—and he had not thought a woman lived—like this!

When it was over he took Helen back to the house. She had fainted, and while she was as she was, Cailin decided to follow his original plan. Not cowardice, now, even tho she might go on thinking so. She loved him, had given him irrefragable proof of it. And he was a murderer—the murderer of her husband. What sort of a future would that augur for her—for him—the twin of them? Better that he commit himself to obliteration—to extinction. Better that he carry this memory of her with him into ice-locked exile and silence than stand by while the mob shung mud at her and stones . . .

Before she had revived he was on his way to the yacht, and before he had reached the yacht, Helen had notified the police to detain him and bring him back.

He hadn't thought of Helen's awakening to detain him, but he had reckoned with the possibilities of the police—a murderer would—and he forced them into a splendid chase. If he had dived into the waiting waters just a shade straighter, just a hair's breadth more cleanly, he would have avoided the rock, the cut that stung him, the stretcher that bore him back to the O'Hara camp. Would have missed, too, the sight of the "murdered man" waiting in the doorway to receive him, not as Helen's husband, but her brother, and the waiting woman, Helen, with her waiting arms.

"It was all staged, Richard," she told him, bathing his injured brow; "an exhibition of my skill as an actress-manager. You wanted adventure," she went on, "and you had planned to seek it, so . . . oh, I am shameless . . . so far away . . ."

"And you . . . ?" he prompted her.

"And I—I knew, at once, you see, that—that I loved you—and being modern I—" Go on, my love—"

"I turned the tables and—and dragged you to my cave by the—by the hair of your—head—Richard!"
An Intimate Chat With Bessie

All my life," began Bessie Barriscale, solemnly, "I have dreamed of having a home, a real home of my very own, I am so tired of hotels and rented houses, and on our thirteenth anniversary, October 19th, we started to build my dream. If we have half the pleasure living in the new home that we have had in planning it, I shall be satisfied."

"The den and sleeping porch are the most important points, I say," laughed friend husband, Howard Hickman.

"Oh, no," corrected Bessie, adding, enthusiastically, "The great big fireplace across the entire end of the living-room is the very best. We will burn real logs, too. No sputtering gas fires for us. There will be a huge davenport in front of the fireplace—"

"With shaded lights so we can lie there and read," went on Mr. Hickman.

"And on cold, wintry nights we'll be so cozy!" said Bessie.

"Perhaps the snow will bank up against the chimney," continued Mr. Hickman, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"And all this in sunny California," I mused.

"Oh, I forget," laughed Bessie, gaily. "You see, when I began dreaming about all this I was shivering in a boarding-house room in New York—that blazing fire used to cheer me up!"

With "Chin Chin," her little brown Pekingese, cuddled in her lap, Bessie started all over again. "There are twelve rooms, and downstairs the walls will be a soft grey, with French-blue draperies and rugs. The breakfast-room is to be a splash of the wildest colors and, as it opens into the garden, there will be flowers and birds to greet us in the mornings."

"We are such early birds ourselves that we need all the cheerful surroundings possible for our early breakfasts," laughed Mr. Hickman, as he disappeared down the hall.

"I love colors," Bessie continued, "but motion pictures teach you to see them in a different light. I shall never forget the day I went out to the Lasky studio to begin my first picture, 'The Rose of the Rancho.' I wore white. Imagine a blonde in white on the screen! I soon learnt the importance of colors in photography and the proper clothes to wear before the camera."

Being one of the most versatile actresses on the screen today and having played every rôle from rags to velvet, tragedy queen to French Apache maid, cowboy to sweet girl débutante, Miss Barriscale has had unusual opportunity for using this

Three new photographs of Bessie Barriscale in the Hickman home. "If we have half the pleasure living in the new home that we have had planning it," said Bessie, "I shall be satisfied."
knowledge. The little star declares that too much time cannot be spent in studying and selecting costumes, for an actress should convey a dominating impression with each one that will instantly suggest the age, type and social environment of the character she is playing.

"Clothes," said Miss Barriscale, "should have a definite relation to the scenic background and should form a key to the play. It is the little touches in the costume that quickly place the story, creating the atmosphere, and do more than a dozen lines of explanation to get the spectators into a comprehensive mood."

"The sharp contrasts of social development depend largely upon clothes. In a recent picture that we made, I was a forlorn child of the gutter in the beginning of the play—a sorry sight in rags and stringing hair, in every detail showing neglect. Later, as the result of an experiment of my benefactor, I developed into an educated, cultured (Continued on page 109)
The Cross-Eyed Jinx

This story does not even begin with a description. It started right off inquisitively when Alan Forrest burst into the secretary's sanctum and said, "Don't care if I do!" as he snitched a cigarette from the flu-proof can which was making the rounds.

You don't need an introduction to Alan Forrest. You know him on the screen as the man who wears evening clothes faultlessly, and who looks mighty handsome in a "flannel" shirt and you put out a fin which is heartily flopped about by that very French-looking young man. Meanwhile he tries to keep his eyes steady and the dimple in his chin from deepening into mirthfulness, as you attempt to floor him with a leading question.

"What do you like best to do, Mr. Forrest?"
"Cash my pay-checks!" he answers enthusiastically.

"Have you ever experienced any inability in that direction?" One feels well enough acquainted with Alan Forrest to venture a leading question.

"Say, do I look as prosperous as all that?" he counters.

"You don't look worried and you haven't a wrinkle, but the world is waiting for a confession of your

By DORIS DELVIGNE

early experiences."

"First part was very uneventful. I had graduated from the University School in Cleveland, and knew nearly everybody in the Majestic Stock Company there. One day they needed a super to play a policeman, so my theatrical friends gave me a chance. I borrowed a suit from a police sergeant, wore five coats under it to give me an important exterior, since (Continued on page 92)

A recent portrait of Alan Forrest, who started his theatrical career in a Cleveland stock company, where he played the part of a policeman

Alan Forrest in a scene with Mary Miles Minter
The Story of Anetha Getwell

"ANETHA GETWELL, of Chicago," was the way the newspapers of the country carried the announcement that the young woman was one of the four lucky young women in the Fame and Fortune Contest of The Motion Picture Magazine, the Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland.

"Miss Getwell, of everywhere," it might be easily read, for she has had an oddly picturesque career, stretching from far-off Russia to our own land of democracy, strikes and motion pictures.

Miss Getwell is American born, however. The event, in fact, occurred on a Pullman sleeping car on Christmas Day, just as the train was pulling into Washington, D. C. You see, right from the start, Miss Getwell decided to be at the center of things.

"My father is French and my mother is Russian," explains Miss Getwell, in telling her career. "When I was but six months old my parents took me to Russia. There I was placed in a private school in Petrograd—then St. Petersburg. Incidentally, I studied dancing there. Petrograd, the home of the imperial and Bakst ballets, has done a great deal for the development of the dance, and naturally, I had an opportunity, despite the fact that I was a mere child, to study with some of the men now world famous.

"When I was eight years old my parents migrated back to America. I shall never forget my first childish glimpse of New York harbor and its Statue of Liberty. At heart I was an American, you see, and it was in reality my first remembered glimpse of it. I had been a mere baby when I went abroad.

"We made our home for two years in Washington and then moved to Springfield, Ill. That proved to be my real home, for there I went to grammar and high school.

"After my graduation my aunt wanted me to come to Chicago and make my home with her. There I have lived ever since."

Miss Getwell's father and mother now reside in Detroit, her father being a government mine examiner.

"Fate seemed to turn my feet towards motion pictures," Miss Getwell continued, "in Chicago I secured considerable practical motion picture experience, amounting to something like two years' (Continued on page 111)
Earle’s Elegy in a Churchyard

novel “location,” almost any one will admit, gives the mere interviewer a certain epitaphic license.

Earle Williams has been unforgettable for a great many things, to a great many persons, in a great many different ways ... probably to no person has he been unforgettable because, for one—oh, only one—reason, he walked, on a golden autumn day, with the first haze of evening fingerling the landscape, among low dolorous graces. I have done a great many interviews in a great many different places ... hotel lobbies, tearooms and cafés, private homes, Mirror candy stores, limousines, flivvers, subways, elevateds, rolling-chairs at Atlantic City, here, there, almost everywhere. It remained for me to do my first one in a cemetery with Earle Williams. It would be more eminently correct had it been my last, but life is consistently paradoxical ... who, I say, would visualize Earle among the quiescent dead ... the quick and the dead ...

I sought Earle at the Vitagraph and was told that he had departed for Sheepshead Bay to shoot some exteriors. I was, synonymously, invited to shoot along after him, which, bumping madly in a Vitagraph car, I did. My first glimpse of him was an arresting one ... a late sun, drifting old-gold leaves, this very tall, very distinguished-looking person strolling among the graves, so sunk-en and so old they were all but obliterated, all but forgotten. To the right of the churchyard stood the old Dutch Reformed Church, upon the portals of which Mr. Williams had been doing some

If I should look up in my ponderous thesaurus the precise definition of the word elegy, I should probably discover that Earle Williams did not 'elegize' at all. Hence, I shall not look up the meaning. I like too well the play upon the famous Gray's "Elegy." Besides, it was in a church-yard, which

Photo by Apeda

You assume that he would fit, pre-eminently, in a ballroom and you find him singularly a part of the melancholy of a late October day in a quaint churchyard. You think he should discourse upon Broadway and you find him talking quite absorbedly anent Pekingese dogs, lettuce beds, kitchenettes and jewelry insurance. Below, in a scene from "When a Man Loves"
of the scenes of "The Fortune Hunter." All about the grounds were groups of people, extras and otherwise, in the habiliments of the Pennsylvania Dutch—Jean Paige, very quaint and typical; two ministers talking together, one of whom, I learnt, was the actual minister of the quaint old church, the other the character in "The Fortune Hunter." It was oddly unlike anything being "taken." It was quaintly real, quaintly sincere.

"That is the great change in the pictures," said Earle Williams, and tapped one finely shod foot against a taint "Here Lies."

He said that in answer to a query of mine as to the difference in the picture of today and the inceptive yesterday. I felt that he could mark a discrimination, mark, as it were, time. He is one of the old originals in the sense of having been among the early screen idols. He has, in the vernacular, "stuck," not only with the Vitagraph Company, which is, in itself, unusual, but in the popular esteem of a fluctuating public. Earle Williams is still Earle Williams. Others have come and gone; he has, somehow, remained. I wondered what he thought, since the days of "The Christian," what he believed the difference to be, and he said, "The difference is that they are no longer—pictures."

I raised a couple of interrogative eyebrows.

"They are realities now," he said, "just as, for instance, here this afternoon. Real people live real things in real settings. There are no more paper doors and rooms that shake and quiver with the inadvertent passing of a stagehand. If an illusion may ever be called not an illusion, then that illusion is the screen."

I asked him how he had happened to remain so steadily with the Vitagraph, remaining not being, it would seem, a star habit.

"Well, you know," he said, and he rubbed his fingers together, meaning coin of the realm, "and then," he added, "I have stayed, too, because I am in something of a rut, I suppose. That would happen, of course. Like everybody else, there are a great many things I should like to do which I do not do, a great many parts I ought to play which I do not play nor make any serious effort to play. It got to be a habit with me in the old days, when, for the sake of the dollar involved, I had to take whatever rôle came along. In a sense, I still do that. A certain loss of incentive, perhaps . . . still . . . ."

He gave his quiet, contained sort of smile. "There is always tomorrow, you know."

"I know," I assented, and we moved rather quietly out from among the dun-colored stones, under an intermittent shower of dying leaves curiously glad and bright.

Twilight was on us and we motored back to the Vitagraph studio, where we found Mrs. Williams awaiting us in the Williams' limousine. Earle said, at once, eagerly,
Location and vacation mean one and the same thing to Gladys Brockwell of the Fox firmament. When one plays in as many pictures as Gladys there's little time for vacationing so the weeks spent filming exteriors must suffice. Gladys admits she prefers stories which call for the rugged California hills, rather than the desert with its sunny sands, sagebrush and cacti, for then she can do a bit of riding when not busy before the camera.

Vacationing on Location
According to the dictionary a horticulturist is one who cultivates flowers—especially one who cultivates them scientifically. That’s Wanda, we’ll say—after reading the names she called some of her blossoms—they’re scientific without a doubt.
On the night of the fourteenth Mr. and Mrs. Brewster gave to the employees of the Big Three a dinner, a “turkey dinner with trimmings,” as Dickens’ Little Tim would say. There were turkeys, (I use the plural advisedly), and raisins and cranberries and olives and ice-cream and cake and many etceteras. Cider, too, which deserves honorable mention. There were souvenirs and paper hats to adorn the learned staff heads, and after dinner there were speeches, after-dinner speeches, you understand, of a surpassing—well, originality, at least, all beginning with a beautiful vagueness, all ending with a sort of a gasp of thanks to Mrs. Brewster for her gracious hospitality.

The guest of honor at this dinner was to have been Mary Pickford.

Think of that!

There was a place reserved for her to the right of Mr. Brewster. The prettiest paper hat was carefully selected and saved, with a thrill at the thought of it adorning the famed Pickfordian curls. An air of hushed expectancy prevailed. At the last moment Miss Pickford phoned that she had been delayed in court all day, detained overtime, was literally exhausted and would be unable to be present. She was upset about it and disappointed, she reiterated, and she would come over the following morning and tell us so in person.

There wasn’t much done that “next morn-
By GLADYS HALL

ing." Mary Pickford's coming to Duffield Street automatically proclaimed a sort of an intensive holiday. We teetered perilously and nervously on the thin-edged fear of another disappointment. What was she going to be like? What would she wear? Feminine interrogation. What do, and how? Would she wear her hair in the famed curls? Would she be "upstage"? Speculation ran rife and riot.

She came.

Our Mr. Smith brought her over in a taxi from the Knickerbocker Hotel in New York, where she was stopping. He escorted her direct to Mr. Brewster's private suite of offices. There the staff in toto were invited to come and have Mary shake them by the hand, individually, one by one, while Mr. Brewster made the introductions.

It was really more of a gracious little picture set in a friendly frame than any other thing. Mary might have been you or me, you know, for all the air of import there was about her. She was sweet; she was wholly unaffected; she was interested and winning and sincere. She talked about herself, because she knew with a surer good taste than any other demonstration she could have given that herself was what all of us were most eager and interested in. She did it, too, with a delightful lack of ego, as one might speak, detachedly, of another person. She didn't in any sense take a stand or strike an attitude. She just leaned up against Mr. Brewster's big mahogany desk and held a sort of a clubby conversation about her trip to the East, the suit that was being brought against her and which she had come East for the purpose of fighting, the trials one has when one makes and is known to have made big money, the way and the ways in which she is taxed, even to her pieces of jewelry; her hope and determination to win this particular case that it might not establish a precedent for endless others of the same nature. She scoffed at the premise of the whole thing, admitting herself to be a good business woman at least.

(Continued on page 122)
SOME one happily said, "A room which flowers have made sweet is sweet long after the flowers are gone; the sky glows long after the sun disappears; there are people who make us feel happier and richer and leave us lonelier and poorer when they go away...."

Claire Whitney is one of those people. After I had left her, I wondered why I had placed her among them, and I knew it was because she is one of those understanding hearts who longs to understand and who is, supremely interested. At first I had the feeling of having understood Claire Whitney, of gathering the whole import of what she had said, and, more than that, of the things she had left unsaid. But I came to realize it had really been Claire Whitney who had understood me.

She had just come back to her cozy New York apartment after months on the road because the play, a satire, in which she appeared could not get a

New York, theater in the melee of the season's premières. And, jumping here and there as she did to fill the engagement, she found it quite impossible to do any screen work.

But in all its charm, the room didn't submerge Claire herself; rather it served as a background for her, with her wealth of pale gold hair and her quiet little air of distingué.

She had switched on the silken-shaded lights and drawn the peacock curtains, for it was the hour of the gloaming, and she admitted that she felt luxuriant in the little things of..."
the home after so long an absence.

"While I'm not fond of the routine of housekeeping," she told me, "I love to potter about, making the hangings and cushions and trying the effect of one color against another. But it falls to mother's lot to see that things are kept comfortable and pleasing. Mother loves it, tho, and so does grandmother, and I'm home so little that I really wouldn't have the time anyhow."

Life has not always laid a loving hand upon Claire Whitney. She has encountered little unpleasantnesses upon the road. People have abused some of the privileges she has generously offered, as people sometimes do, and while tragedy has not stalked across

There is an almost indescribable air of whimsy in Claire which is fascinating—and the material things of her life would often perforce give way to fantasy—one divine that from the Japanese prints, they breathe things intangible—delightful

her path, things have not always been easy. Her work, too, has meant more than it did originally, for at her father's death it fell to her to care for the dearly loved mother and the charming grandmother who came in to meet me. Yet these things have not caused her to become a cynic. She has not permitted the disillusions every one meets to use her—one might, in truth, say she has used them—accepted them—been taught by them.

"Any one who breastes the world must accept some disappointments," she said. "Some of those whom I felt I might trust have broken faith perhaps, but must we always remember the unfortunate when there is so much of the fortunate?"

A white ball of fluff, so very white that one felt his bath knew bluing, had been snoozing before the fire. Rising, he stretched himself and, jumping to the lounge, made a place for himself beside the girl, with a manner of assurance absurdly funny in anything so tiny.

"Was it a theatrical tendency of the family which caused you to go upon the stage?" I asked her.

"No, I am the first of the Whitneys to know the joy of public life," she told me, rubbing her hand affectionately thru the

(Continued on page 105)
When one of the property men took pity on Bryant Washburn and built him a chair, labeling it "Bryant Washburn—Private," Bryant, who was playing a scene, rejoiced and was glad. But alas! By the time he had finished his work some facetious person had added "Everybody Welcome,"—the pictures complete the story.
T

HE red roses dropped from Patricia's white hands and lay in scarlet profusion upon the floor at her feet. She had the morbid thought that they were so many drops of blood spilled from her heart for no greater purpose than just this wastage. She had the thought, too, that it was a characteristic thing of Reynolds to do—to send her, on her bridal morning, red roses. She knew that he knew it was a cruel thing. That she and her bridal morning and red roses had nothing to do, the sad one with the sad other. Immortelles was what he should have sent her . . . little frigid blooms of what should be her eternal keeping of faith, her cold sacrifice, her unwanted warmth and love. Immortelles . . . flowers laid upon a tomb where the young recline . . .

Persons. Patricia went on to think, while they draped and redraped the bridal lace about her proud head, are just habits, compounds of habits. She, Patricia, was a habit of her mother's. She knew that now. All her life she had been doing, in lesser and varying degrees, just what she was doing this morning, just what she would do at high noon when she and Brewster Howard were united in holy matrimony.

She could remember a long way back . . . a long way back to her father whom she had loved. Their secret plays together . . . the stories he had whispered to her, in her bed, in the dark, when all the rest had gone away, mother and all . . . the haunting, fairy things . . . till all that same darkness was peopled with strange, delightful folk . . . ah, those were brilliant, breathless hours! The daysimes, too, with her mother and her mother's voice . . . things, it seemed, never quite right, never right at all. Demands . . . such little annoying demands it had always seemed to Patricia . . . when they might have all been so happy if only mother hadn't whined.

Once she had intimated this thought to daddy, but daddy hadn't sympathized, which made an impression, because he almost always did. "You must do what your mother wants, Patsy," her father had said, "always, all the time. You must be very patient. You must love her."

Then, suddenly, there hadn't been any more daddy, nor any fairy-tales in the dark, nor any hopes of the dark to make the daylight bearable. A grey monotone of existence had set in. The whining had increased until the whole of Patricia's world seemed troubled by it. There were persistent complaints against the absent daddy. One day, a year or so later, Patricia knew that he was dead, and that her mother had been complaining of him, and, also, that one doesn't talk of the dead . . . Still, to love her, to be patient . . . he had said it . . . and one does the wishes of the dead.

And so Patricia, lonely, had formed the habit.

They were quite poor, she and her mother. She was quite far along in her teens before she knew that they might not, in fact, would not have been poor at all if her mother had only not whined and also had not spent quite so much on frills and turbelows and gans and furs. They not only would not have been poor, but the fairy-tales would have gone on and on . . . daddy, she learnt, had been "worried into his grave" . . . there was also some talk of what a "fool woman" can do. But these were inconisiderable things compared to the way Patricia sensed her daddy had felt about mother. He had loved her; that had been it. Foolishness and all, whining voice and pretty, shallow face—still he had loved her, perhaps because she was his wife and the mother of Patsy. Patricia, then, could not do less.

With her teens her mother's lesser demands pitched to one key, took to one theme . . . that of Patricia "marrying for money." Of course, Mrs. Leeds did not say so.
in just those words. She was far too refined for that. Also, the "natural" was a cult with her. But she had ways... plaintive, insistent ways... she "suffered," delicately, imperceptibly, but she did suffer.

When Brewster Howard came along, out of a clear sky, as it were, young, self-made, a power, tremendously wealthy, Mrs. Leeds superconcentrated her efforts. Here, at last, was the consummation of her hopes. With Patricia as Mrs. Howard—well, Patricia had a terrible month. There was no hour, there was no single part of any hour in which Brewster Howard was not in some way, some impalpable way, extolled, intimated, subtly suggested. His wealth, his utter desirability were integral parts of her horizon as formed by Mrs. Leeds.

All at once—and crushing the red rose-leaves now beneath her feet until they seemed to bleed—it had not been necessary for Mrs. Leeds to maneuver further. It had come to Patricia one twilight, singing the dusk away with Brewster Howard, that she loved him. Because he was strong and had been strong alone, all things notwithstanding. Because he had, chin high, unstained, won out. Because he, whatever his motives, was seeking her as mate to his pride, to his achievement. It had come to her then. Love. Love for him. And it had come to her at the same time that not even for her mother could she put forth a cheap wire, a cheap snare to beset this man. If he wanted her, he must come to her, standing, as she would stand, unbeckoning. There should be no delusion. She would be herself essentially.

He had come to her, and this was her bridal morning, and all about her these petals of blood were dripping and sending up their fragrances, heady and sweet. And in the midst of them, white against their red, Patricia sat coldly while they draped her lace and satin. In the background, her mother bemoaned something or other, but, for once, Patricia did not hear. She did not see. The current of events moved on around her and about her. She was passive.

Brewster Howard did not love her. He did not love her. She was tall and fair and well-bred. He was enormously wealthy and could afford to purchase such things as he might desire. A beautiful woman, and she knew herself, wearily, with no vestige of pride, to be that. A beautiful woman with a background of family and name, with accomplishments, with graces—these were the things Brewster Howard had desired and had been able to buy. Had been able to buy.

The room was warm and, ah, but the roses were red, and yet, sitting there, Patricia shuddered with cold...

He could not have consummated this bargain, she knew, if she had not been a creature of habit with her mother, if all her life she had not heeded to the endless whimming. She had laid no snare, true. She had created no delusion. She had simply waited. But if it had not been for her mother, if they had not been "genteelly poor," she could have held her head high when he came to her that day—she could have said to him, "Your wealth is no fit gift for such as I. You must come to me with your love." She had not been able to say this to him. She had not dared. With wistful eyes, she knew that she had sold her birthright for a mess of gold.

With the intoning of the Lohengrin Bridal March, people said, "How beautiful she is—but how cold. She looks like a frozen rose." And they did not know that she had trod out the blood of red roses before she had come to the altar.

Brewster Howard had been a more or less ordinary little boy, save that he had had, and most fiercely, a pride of possession. He had determined, quite early in life, to get things. Fiercely, then, he had applied himself to the getting. He had exerted his tremendous powers to their fullest extent. He had trod heavily, altho always justly, with his mammoth heel. He had made himself

Now and then, too, in the days they spent together, there by the sea, playing golf in the daytime, motoring, or, which Patricia loved more, just roaming in the dusk of an evening,.... or playing cards... while a slow twilight gathered as the reluctant to veil her bright beauty, there had stirred in Howard's prideful heart a softer thing than the mere pride of possession.
felt. Very early, owing to the vitality of his purpose, he had succeeded.

Up to the time of meeting Patricia Leeds he had not thought very much of the softer side of life, of home, of the part in his hard life a woman might fill with witcheries, with fragrances, with the softer, dearer things. He had not felt any special need. But there had been times of late ... he had dined out with various of his friends at their homes ... met their wives ... their daughters and sons ... had had one or two fleeting impressions of himself ... later on ... alone.

He had shown, too, a great many things off. His high-powered boats, his cars, even his 'plane. It would be, he had thought, quite nice, quite gratifying, to show a woman off, exquisitely clad, wearing the jewels he would buy her, gracing the home in which he would enthroned her. There was, besides mere pride, a thrill in the thought. Of course, the woman would have to qualify.

Almost at once Patricia qualified. Her bearing, of a wistful queen; her dark, splendid hair; her wide, sad eyes; dream-haunted; her voice; her beautiful hands. She fitted with an exactitude into the frame his mind had created.

Now and then, too, in the days they spent together, there by the sea, playing golf in the daytime, motoring or, which Patricia loved more, just roaming in the dusk of an evening, playing cards, listening to her play and sing while a slow twilight gathered as the reluctant to veil her bright beauty, there had stirred in Howard's prideful heart a softer thing than the mere pride of possession. There had recurred to him the thought of this woman as a woman, a soul, priceless, dear, beyond, remote from the fingers of his gold, who had supposed nothing to be beyond it. The thought of love had come to him—love which means, not pride, but service.

And on the honeymoon ... things came to Brewster Howard during that enchanted interlude, the delicious-like of which he had never thought to know. Almost the ramparts he had erected about himself were disintegrated—almost, but not quite ...

And Patricia, more keenly intuitive, sensitive to those things of life beyond corruption, knew that she loved him wholly; knew, too, with a stab of an intolerable pain, that he did not love her. He loved his pride. It was his Moloch, and to it he made willing sacrifice of all the fruitage of his and her young years. He took the blooms of love and crushed them beneath his heel.

At first she pleaded with him. She tried to show him, as she felt it, the wrong of his pride. When he spent long hours in reminding her of the place wherein she dwelt, of the supremacy she held over other women because of her face, her jewels, her motors, her glittering social advantages, she begged him to know that all these things pass away ...
Patricia had done what she had done because her own pride had, at last, been violated to the point of outrage... she held over other women because of her furs, her jewels, her motors, her glittering social advantages, she begged him to know that all these things pass away, but that the warmer, closer thing she offered to him could never pass, tho the things of the earth were not.

Brewster Howard had bent too many things and circumstances to his will. He had gotten the taste of blood. For a woman, however desirable, however lovely, to defy him, madden him so that even his love, in its conception, withered and hardened. He must break her before he could love her. He must have her servility before he could taste her caresses. The thought became with him a form of paranoia. He felt, invertedly, that he would be less than a man if he did not have this woman's uttermost surrender. He grew to the point of longing to abuse her, to bring her high-held head into the dust, providing the dust should be at his feet.

Perhaps he did not dare make of himself the sole instrument of her abasement. He may have feared the pleading fingers of those tender joys he had glimpsed with her before their marriage and during their honeymoon. Or he may have wished to be as cruel as he could. His motives in this thing, as in most other things, he kept to himself. Whatever it may have been, he appointed Reynolds, his confidential man, as go-between. When he had a command to give Patricia, he gave it by word of Reynolds' mouth. When he wished to humiliate her, either privately or publicly, he caused Reynolds to do it for him. He gave her the orders one would give a slave—thru Reynolds. He almost never addressed her himself, even when the three of them were, together.

Howard had dealt in corporations and with men, always with a cruel sort of power, always with a merciless justice, always successfully. He had seldom if ever dealt in the emotions, the actions and reactions of a man and a woman. If he had he would have known what he was doing when he sent such a man as Reynolds, a sensualist, crafty, a man of greeds and appetites, to such a woman as Patricia, tenderly desirable. He might have known the hounds he would unleash. Contemptuous, always, of the softer feelings, unregardful of them, Howard discounted them, too, in all others.

He discounted them so entirely that he was shuttered into aces of terror, of abasement, of maddened incredulity when he learnt that Patricia had run away with Reynolds. His unbelief, raging at first at the very imputation, gave way to a horror, the abysses of which he dared not permit himself to sound. He felt as tho foundations and structures, solidly, carefully, eternally built, had crashed to upon him. He had believed in a fixed God, in a fixed order of things; he had believed in himself and in the indestructibility of his pride and place, and lo! none of these things were. His pride a woman had destroyed as a child might destroy a silly doll, with no more thought of it. His place in life was likewise gone, for where his pride was not, he was not.

Being essentially the male as he was, he gave immediate chase. It never occurred to him that Patricia might have been maddened, too. To be maddened by pride, by pain, was his own prerogative. For the first time in his life, he thought in dizzy circles. He could not believe Patricia loved Reynolds, with his wet, red lips, his impossible teeth, his fatuity. A good business man, Reynolds, but as a lover... thinking of the interlude he had permitted himself of love, with Patricia, Howard could not suppose her love of Reynolds to be a fact. He could not deduce, from the whole affair, any sort of fact at all.

Sometimes the old Biblical prophecies, sayings, come back with amazing pertinency, "The wages of sin is death" being one of them.

When Brewster Howard saw Reynolds ground to death beneath a locomotive before his very eyes, after having chased him for four days and four nights, from town to town, from hotel to hotel, from night to night; after having learnt, by eavesdropping, that Patricia had done what she had done because her own pride had, at last, been violated to the point of outrage. Reynolds had met his death.
It wasn't the sort of a vengeance Howard had planned. On his return trip he began to see that none of the things he had planned fell out as he had planned them. Evidently, this was not the orderly world he had supposed, his power a guiding factor. Evidently, there were, then, other, inner forces...

When one began to play with the emotions one struck, it seemed, troubled and unfathomable waters...

A house of cards, he thought, bitterly: that was all it amounted to—a house of cards! Now it was falling down about him, and what a clatter it all made! What a confusion! And the first had been this woman... who had run away merely to make the cards tumble, who had had not even love for the other man to impel her; had even, it seemed, fought him off like a tigress... He felt dizzy by the dizzying trend.

One had to get hold of a fact. It came to him that, in this sort of chaos, there was only one fact. That was to conquer by brute force, if other forces did not do. Let him begin with the woman, with the love she had vaunted. He could conquer her within his arms, where other ways failed, had melodramatically failed...

He may have been, literally, maddened when he came upon Patricia leaving the house upon his return. With Reynolds' death, with his own dismay, had come the intelligence that he and his firm had failed, had disastrously and completely failed. He had allowed the reins to slacken and the steed had galloped away to complete destruction. He was, in every sense, ruined. The last brick had slipped and fallen. He had builded ill.

He saw that now. He was reduced to the simplest common denominator, that of mere man, with his two hands, with his prime strength. Well, with these things he knew not let the woman, too, escape him. Her he could still bend to his will. With her, because of her frailty, he could still be invincible.

He did not, even then, know Patricia. His heart was not given to her woman. He did not know love, nor the old adage of Greek meeting Greek. He had thought his pride the greatest, but he had yet to match it.

It was simple enough to force Patricia back into the house, to order her to remain, to stand like a madman, triumphing over her. It was not so simple to withstand her face, white as some deathly bleach, sharply cut into agonized lines as a keen knife, suffering... It came to him then that there was greater suffering than his own, a finer pride, a deeper sensibility. Here, he thought, yet would not let the thought gain sway of him. Here was pride which would not stop at death. Here, indeed, was pride worth winning, worth holding, worth, even, destroying... He started to go to her, to take her... there was a shot... and he crumpled to the floor... yet it was not the pain that bewildered him... not that, at all... but the look of supreme love there had been on her face as she shot him... the look of love which could defend itself against cheapening, even from him, the object of it... greater love, he thought, has no woman than this, that she would kill, in self-defense, the man that her love is given to...

A moment later and he was in her arms, against her heart, close to her. Her tears were healing the wound in his wrist: only a flesh

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The Independent Priscilla

PRISCILLA DEAN has, doubtless, often been called a modern Diana. This happens in the life of every girl who is beautiful and fond of sports, independent and gifted with splendid health. But, somehow, the term fits Priscilla Dean as it fits no one else. You would notice it in the most opposite surroundings; find the goddess of the chase in "The Virgin of Stamboul," "The Wildcat of Paris" or "The Exquisite Thief."

She is not just "breezy," like many a "modern Diana." Hers is the vivacity of mind that comes from abundant vitality. Her gestures mean something and they are graceful.

She has brown hair and very bright dark-brown eyes. She is slightly above medium height, (five; five), does not need any weight either taken off or put on, has a keen sense of humor and can pilot her own aeroplane. With all this, she is the quintessence of femininity.

I saw her at Universal City during the making of "The Virgin of Stamboul." Her arms, face and neck were stained a light brown and she wore a gorgeous Turkish wedding costume, a network of pearl beads over gold brocade. Long streamers of beads hung from her shoulders and banded her wrists, and all thru the ceremony a white veil concealed her face. The whole was designed to symbolize the bondage of the Turkish woman and so it accentuated the star's lithe youthfulness and independence.

"All right, now, Priscilla," said Director Tod Browning. "Put your hand thru the curtain."

(At a Turkish wedding the groom doesn't see the bride until after the ceremony.)

"Look sad, sniffle a little, sniffle a little bit more, getting sadder. Everybody except Priscilla, look up, 'Allah witness' hands crossed, bow, come up slowly, look towards the door—cut!" The last word, of course, spoken to the camera-man.

"Oh," said Miss Dean, "I wish I could get married a little more quickly. This has been going on for three weeks, and it will only run about a minute on the screen. But if it isn't absolutely correct, a few hundred fans who have lived in
Turkey are going to write in and protest.”

We were on our way to her dressing-room.

“You've lost something, Priscilla,” her director called after her. She turned and was handed a handful of beads.

“My trademark,” she said, holding them on her outstretched hand for inspection. “When I was making ‘The Exquisite Thief’ it was spangles. There were spangles, spangles everywhere, all over the lot! They were sewn together in such a way that if one string broke, several thousand of them would fall off.” She was walking with an easy, swinging movement, jangling her beads at every step.

“Where’s the parade?”

some one called. It was a masculine some one, of course. He ducked before she could find something to throw at him.

“Do you notice that odor?” she asked.

“They've stuffed my keys full of garlic again. And I just paid a dollar to have the garlic taken out of them that was stuffed in last week.”

Her dressing-room is a long, narrow building facing a green court, the whole quaint and reminiscent of a stage set in the play “Pomander Walk.” Her room is furnished in cretonne, but the two pictures on the wall are decidedly futuristic and brilliant.

“Is this the first time you have been married?” I asked.

She nodded, seating herself at her dressing-table and preparing to freshen her make-up, which she had worn since early morning.

“Absolutely the first,” she answered, adding, “I think that marriage would interfere with my work . . . and anyway”—she was kidding again—“I'd make some man a perfectly terrible wife. I'm too independent. I wouldn't for one single minute be dictated to.”

It is quite impossible to imagine Priscilla Dean being dictated to by a husband. But then, it is equally impossible to imagine her going thru life without any husband. She is not a man-hater. One can fancy her reasoning, like any other girl of her age, (she is about twenty-two), that while the world is full

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JUST at first I found Corinne Griffith inaccessible—or I might better say she was inaccessible before I found her.

The guardian of the gate at the Vitagraph studios sent a boy with me in search of the set in which she was working. He was important, even for a seventeen-year-old call boy, and one inadvertently admired his air of nonchalance.

"This way, please," he murmured, and

... pieces of scenery, around stacked-

up furniture we went, making wide detours to avoid camera-men and directors with the ever-present megaphones and stars and extras talking in groups—groups separate and distinct. He maneuvered along for all the world like an eel, and, humbly following in his wake, I marveled at his dexterity in avoiding impedimenta.

Those dashes tell how we finally reached the set—summing up the many bruises I acquired en route from unexpected obstacles in my mad pursuit. And despite the hurrying electricians and property men, the sputtering lights and general chaos, it loomed up before me as something of a haven of refuge.

"There's Miss Griffith," volunteered my guide efficient, and, pointing to a girl watching the scene from some erstwhile kitchen chair, he left me.

It was superfluous on his part—the pointing out of Miss Griffith, I mean, for any one who has seen her on the screen would be sure to recognize her. You are never quite sure just what color her eyes are, but you know with a certainty that they are very pretty eyes. And when she turns and smiles at you in greeting, you remember that she's a native of Texas and that Southerners are noted for their beautiful teeth.

Any one who has seen her on the screen would be sure to recognize her. You are never quite sure just what color her eyes are, but you know with a certainty that they are very pretty eyes. And when she turns and smiles at you in greeting, you remember that she's a native of Texas and that Southerners are noted for their beautiful teeth.
By BETSY BRUCE

noted for their beautiful teeth—and then when she generously offers you her chair, while she gets another, you wonder why she doesn’t have a special chair, with her name on it, like so many stars do. And by that time you’re pretty well acquainted and talking on the difficulty of getting good stories and how hard it is to get different looking clothes which will still be smart—and she’s told you that she is going to let her beautiful bobbed hair grow again—for really Corinne isn’t inaccessible at all.

The scene was a newspaper office, and she was waiting for her cue to go on.

“Have you ever been in a newspaper office?” she asked, and I said that I had not in a tone which did not lack inanity.

“Well, then,” she said, “I think I had better tell you that all those scraps of paper littered about are atmosphere,” and way down in the depths of her eyes (they looked a clear grey just then) there was a twinkle.

Her cue came and she went on. From my vantage point, i.e., bobbing my head to and fro so that I might catch a glimpse of her now and then from between the broad expanse of director, electrician and camera-man backs, I noticed the ease with which she works. It rests you just to watch her, and as you watch you decide that it is more than ease, tho’ it be ease utter and minute—it is grace to the nth degree.

Some film was to be run off in the projection-room, and we went down to see it. Now stars are pampered people, and whenever there’s an especially comfortable chair, it is for them—a sort of unwritten studio law, as it were. There was such a chair in the projection-room, and when I refused it, she laughed.

“So you like to sit on the bench, too,” she said; “I always sit here with the boys and then you can talk about the picture.”

On the records of the Vitagraph Company it is undoubtedly called “the Griffith Company,” but it doesn’t work out just that way. The company doesn’t work for Miss Griffith exactly—it works with her. And that makes such a difference!

Finally, the day’s tasks over, we went out into the yard on our way to her dressing-room. Dusk had enveloped the huge glass studio buildings; there was a hint of snow in the cold air.

“I’m just longing for a snowstorm,” she con-

vided, enthusiastically. “Down home in Texas snow is a novelty, and when I went into pictures at the Western Vitagraph studios in California, you know—well, there was no snow there, so it remained for New York to introduce me to my first snowstorm. I love the blustery, cold days, anyhow. They make you feel that you must be up and doing or the whole world will have passed you by.”

Perhaps Corinne Griffith isn’t conscious of it herself, but one feels that she is fond of people—figuratively, she’ll always “live in a house by the side of the road where the race of men go by—men who are good and men who are bad.”

Her dressing-room is quite as you’d expect it to be, with splashes of black in futuristic designs on the pink draperies, with oodles of cushions of all shapes and sizes on the wide couch, and with deep wicker chairs beautified.

(Continued on page 123)
A Man of Parts

Santerining up dressing-room row at the Metro, I heard the strumming of a banjo and followed up the music with an interview in mind. Darrell Foss tossed his instrument to one side hastily, reached for a powder puff and invited me to ramble over the set while he was shot in a few scenes. "If you'll just hang around until I do two little scenes, we can chat."

Mr. Darrell Foss wandered into May Allison's set blithely. They're doing "The Walkoffs," you know. He is playing the brother in that satire, and by the time I had gone over him carefully and found that his pink ears were made up, that his lip adornment was real and his perfect complexion fresh from various boxes, I felt that he was something of a chameleon. It was only, however, after I had talked with him—a man who is ready to try anything once and is successful in many diverse roles—that I fully appreciated his versatility.

When we returned to the dressing-room, I asked all about his music, and found that Mr. Foss plays seven instruments—violin, piano, banjo, guitar, tuba and the banjoguitar, so beloved of Hawaiians. I marveled. "Oh, well," he said, "those are just amusements for an odd moment; my real delight lies in shooting. I've eighteen of the finest guns you ever saw."

"And you like out-of-door life?" I audaciously interrupted.

"Bless your heart, yes! Father was a race-track man always. We had a Middle West ranch with nearly one hundred and fifty blooded horses. He believed that every child should have some duties to perform daily. I had to rise in the dark, snowy morning at six and curry and groom three horses. Imagine a little shaver like me grooming horses! I'd sneak on him sometimes—try a rag dipped in coal-oil to polish the nag—but if father suspected anything, he'd rub his handkerchief over the animal and notice the oil at once. Then I got not only the boot, but I had to go over the work again till the shine came from elbow-grease and brushes.

"I love the lumber camps—I've worked a lot in those. I've lived in the open since I was a (Continued on page 106)
Try This on Your Piano

It is remarkable, the extent to which character may be read simply thru handwriting. This has been developed to such an art that it is positively mystifying how personalities can be so utterly exposed. The hand is quicker than the eye, ladies and gentlemen, and to prove it I give below a character analysis of several of our foremost movie stars without even a personal acquaintance with them.

Mary Pickford—Versatile, clever, smart, bright, gifted. Hair inclined to be curly. Is a good actress. Feels badly when sick. Admires beauty and has a peculiar aversion to bichloride of mercury.

Charlie Chaplin—Funny, comical, laughable, droll and amusing. Is a good comedian. Resents insult and unjust criticism. Is apt to be cold in the winter and inclined to be ambitious. Prefers to have his own way.

Olive Thomas—Pretty, lovely, beautiful, good-looking. Enjoys a good show and dislikes a poor one. Usually eats three meals a day. Apts to be affected by very bad news. Has an aversion to rattlesnakes and third-rails.

Pauline Frederick—Very dramatic. Enjoys acting and prefers the movies to teaching school. Is apt to be slightly excited when in a fire panic or shipwreck. Admires beauty and is fond of good living. Hates to try to get a 'phone number. Has no use for bores.

A committee of women recently met in Chicago and decided that the screen was all wrong. They voted that “Alice in Wonderland” was the finest screen story. Evidently they have never read ‘Little Jack Horner’ or ‘Old Mother Hubbard.’ And it isn’t quite fair to “Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers.”

We were going to write a scenario about a poor little girl who was brought up in an orphan asylum, but we discovered some one else has already done it.

Kamerad! Kamerad!

Eva Tanguay is returning to the screen. The name of the picture will be “I Don’t Care.” Neither do we.

“The comedy is often the feature of the program,” says Mack Sennett. Right. And, sad to say, the feature is often the comedy of the program.

Erin Go Bragh

“For the Freedom of Ireland.”
“The Luck of the Irish.”
“God Loves the Irish.”
“An Irish Colleen.”

You’d Be Surprised!

Dorothy Dalton has temporarily deserted the films to appear on the stage in the sensational “Aphrodite.” And does she show us just how attractive she is?

Movie puzzle—Why is a ballroom scene?

When D. W. Griffith startled the world by being lost or missing off the coast of Florida, he didn’t realize what an inspiring thing he was doing. In fact, he started something that will be much followed. Already Phillips, of the New York Globe, and several other correspondents report catastrophes, among which are the following:

Garden City, Long Island—William Fox is reported missing somewhere between this city and New York. Nothing has been heard from him for fully an hour and there is fear for his safety.

Hollywood, Cal.—Billie West left here early this morning for Los Angeles, with one of his million-dollar comedies, and nothing has been heard from him since. A gale of wind is blowing off the coast of Spain, and aeroplanes and tugboats are searching for him, but little hope is held.

The Screen—Theda Bara has been missing from here for several months. William Fox is overcome with grief. It is reported that he will start a special exploitation campaign to bring her back.

729 Seventh Avenue—Lewis J. Selznick reports that he is lost and has notified the Army and Navy Departments to send out scouts for him. It is feared that he has run aground in the Astor Hotel grill.

What could be sweeter than deathbed scenes in the movies? One we saw last week, however, pretty near fooled us. If it hadn’t been for a spoken title, we never would have known that the villain had cashed in. The director forgot to have someone pull the sheet over his face.
HARRISON FORD and I were having a little chat in his dressing room at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, but he was so sincere in his belief that no one could possibly be interested in the footsteps that had led him to his present position in motion pictures, that I could obtain no more than a fleeting glimpse of those earlier efforts.

"I've always been stage struck," he told me. "When I was a small boy, I used to save my pennies for a Monday night seat in the gallery. I've seen many a good play that way down in St. Louis at the old Olympic Theater.

"It was Robert Edeson who gave me my chance on the stage. I was with him for several years and I consider myself fortunate to have been with such a splendid actor in my early days. I went to London with 'Strongheart.' That was a great play! I was a member of William Crane's company, too. He is another fine one. Later, I was in the New York production of 'Excuse Me,' with Ann Murdock."

Interspersed with these theatrical engagements were several trips to Europe, the last one being just before the World War. Returning to the United States at that time, Mr. Ford came West to visit his mother in San Francisco, and contracted the picture fever!

Convinced that success depends not only on having a vision but having the nerve to back it up, he decided to journey to Los Angeles and try his luck. He had known Jeanne Mackerson, Lasky's clever scenario writer in New York, and taking courage, he looked her up. She graciously introduced him to her associates and Harrison Ford has been a member of the Lasky organization ever since, playing leads with many of the brightest Lasky stars.

During the long period in which he played opposite Constance Talmadge, he demonstrated the fact that a leading man, even the portrayee of the romantic lover, can remain a human being. Ford's lovers are always real men! He shows us the actual joys and the heartaches of youthful romance.

At the mention of Constance Talmadge, Harrison becomes enthusiastic. "She's great! I made ten straight pictures with her and each one was a holiday. She is the squarest girl to work with you ever saw! Constance has a distinctive gift for always keeping her comedy on a high, sparkling plane and she has created a wonderful screen personality. Her characters are sweet, refreshing and straightforward, just like the girl, herself. Gee, but I miss that child! Why, I have been only

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The Right of Way

By NORMAN BRUCE

"Who did you say, Benton?"
The butler's manner expressed strong disapproval, nicely tempered with deference. "He did not give his name, sir—said you would know him. A!—he coughed—"a rather rough sort of person, sir, if I may say so. He did not seem to belong—somehow—inside a—a house, sir."

Charley Steele gave a short bark of laughter. He laid his tall silk hat down on the table and reached for the decanter and glass standing thereon with an automatic gesture. "Show him in, Benton," he directed, dryly, "and then—wear the silver!"

The man who stood, bowing and cringing, in the doorway, was, as the butler had said, an odd figure in this environment of marble and silk and gilding—Kathleen's room, and typical of her. He was shaggy, like some half-tamed dog; he was dirty; his garments were loose and uncouth, only hinting at the magnificent frame they covered. He stood looking about him with darting, sullen glances of suspicion, like some wild, trapped thing, but his eyes, when they rested on the man by the table, were worshiping.

"M'sieur—m'sieur, I came." he fawned, ducking over the greasy wreckage of a hat clutched between his palms, "I came, b'cos I could not go back unless you thank you, m'sieur."

Charley Steele drank off what he had poured out for himself before he glanced up at the visitor. When he did so his eyes were the color of his name, cold, very hard, very cruel. "So it's you, Joe Portuages? Well, you owe me thanks for nothing—"

"On'y for my life, m'sieur," ducked the man; "ee it had not been for you, they would have hang me very certainment." The hunted aspect of the man increased, he commenced to shake.

"Nevair to see ze woods, my woods, so of a greenness! Nevair to hear ze bell reeng over Chaudhere! Mon Dieu—'ave I not somesing to thank you for, m'sieur?"

He crept closer, an abject thing. He tried to touch the fine white hand. "You 'ave given me ze sun, m'sieur, and ze river, and you have done zees b'cos you have b'lieve me innocent!"

"Because I was paid, and well paid, for proving you innocent," corrected the lawyer, with a sneer which struck the cringing creature full in the face like a blow, "and now, get out of my sight, and keep out of it! You know and I know that you're guilty as hell!"

The man seemed to shrivel. Drawn to his full inches, he would have overtopped the tall, lean figure beside him, but with sagging shoulders, outthrust neck and trembling knees, he scarcely reached the black broadcloth-covered shoulder. The unwholesome pallor of the prison cell gave way to the waxy green-grey hue of death; his eyes, following the pointing finger of Charley Steele, seemed to behold unimagined horrors, instead of the slinky beautiful figure of the woman pausing in the doorway. With dragging feet, he stumbled by her, into the hall. A thick sob came to their ears, a mutter of hybrid French, and the door opened and shut Joe Portuages, free man and eternally condemned, out into the night.

"A dreadful creature!" shuddered the woman, drawing her furs about her closer. "He made me think, somehow, of Iscariot in Bonnet's painting—"

"A case, my dear Kathleen." Steele smiled coldly, and again his
hand went quite involuntarily out toward the decanter and glass. "I would plead Judas' cause with pleasure—if the thirty pieces of silver were forthcoming, and I venture to say I would probably free him. Our hairy friend who has just left was legally innocent until that ranting ass, Pertholin, proved him guilty; as a matter of fact, he was quite entirely guilty until I proved him innocent as a new-born lamb. His sins were as scarlet, but rhetoric bleached them as white as snow."

"Dont!" Kathleen said, impetuously; "dont be sacrilegious, Charles!"

"Pardon me, my dear," her husband sneered; "I forgot that the words of the Bible were only for the holy to speak, and not for sinners like myself. However, if you are curious, and I am much flattered that you deign to be interested in a case of mine, Joe Portugais went to a dance and, according to his amiable habit, got roaring drunk. He became jealous of another half-breed trapper who danced too often with his sweetheart, followed him home and shot him theroly and completely dead. It took a good many fine fox and wolf skins to free him from the clutches of the law—he lifted the decanter—"but now he may go back and kill whoever has been unwise enough to make love to his sweetheart during his absence—"

"Charley, you've had enough. Not any more—tonight." Kathleen touched the decanter hesitatingly, reluctantly. There was cold disapproval in her tone, rather than pleading. Kathleen Steele never stepped down from the pedestal, an eminence upon which birth, position, training, her friends' regard and her own self-love had placed her, for anything so smacking of human weakness as pleading. She was a woman made to be looked at, admired as a beautiful work of art, even worshiped, but never to be handled. Even in her wifehood she was icily immaculate.

Charley Steele looked down at the glass, half-filled with ruby liquid, with mocking eyes that were yet a trace wistful. "A man has to warm himself, Kathleen, somehow,"

he said, "and if he has no hearth-fire of his own—what then? He follows marsh-lights—he lifted the glass, emptying it—"that lead to the devil, hoping that they may keep his heart from freezing."

She smiled thinly, with fastidious eyebrows. "There is no need of rhetoric before me, is there? I'm afraid I dont appreciate it, Charley, especially when it is—inspired."

"In other words," Charley Steele said, imperturbably, "you mean, in your charming restraint of terms, that I am drunk. And no doubt I am drunk. I should hardly be fool enough to appeal to you for pity unless I were. And now, my dear Kathleen, shall we go?"

Montreal said of Charley Steele that, half-drunk, he was a d—d good lawyer, and, wholly drunk, he was invincible. What he would have been sober, no one knew, never having had an opportunity of discovering. Brilliant, cynical, an agnostic, a sybarite, he was desipised—and adored. His morals, shuddered the women of society—horrors! But his manners were positively irresistible, and after all, one did not have to know what he did. To the men who knew him, Steele was a good fellow. There was not one of them would not have chosen him to pull them out of legal difficulties, nor one of them who took his part when the stories of his wild escapades were passed from lip to lip.

They were talking of him tonight at the Racquet Club, with a woman's name tied to his by the scarlet threads of insinuation. "Saw him myself," one affirmed, "on the road to the Cote Dorion. The woman in the car was one of those ripe-looking French-Indian creatures, red and dark and round—wore a scarlet necklace of some kind of glass—"

"Suzon," nodded another; "every one knows her, and so poor Steele—"

"It's a wonder," murmured another, "that his wife—"

And then there was a silence as each of them remembered the Steele-Dillon wedding, three years ago, when a frozen bride, whiter than her white draperies, had stood beside the man who even then was a byword and promised him the love which she had already, as all the world knew, given to her handsome cousin, Captain Tom Fairing. It had been a fair exchange—Kathleen Steele had made him an impecable wife, and in return she had had the position, the carriages and the fine home which she had not been brave enough to do without. If she gave the man she had married only the letter of the law of wifehood, she never reproached him for seeking elsewhere what she did not give him. She chose to be serenely unaware of where he went for these things,
Tonight, after he had seen Kathleen safely delivered at the musicale to which they had been asked, Charley Steele sought out his hostess and made laughing excuses. "A case to prepare," he told her. "My dear lady; personally, I would much prefer to stay here and let my client hang, but he has the most absurd prejudices!"

To Kathleen he spoke with his usual sardonic show of affection. "The Grimwells will take care of you. You will excuse me, my dear, from my conjugal duties?

She looked up at him with hard, scornful eyes, and bowed without speaking. Without speaking, he turned away, and neither guessed what parting lay before them. If Charley Steele had been granted to see the fate toward which he went that night, thru the windy darkness of the Cote Dorion road, would he have turned back, or would he perhaps have laughed recklessly and gone on? Who shall say? Enough that he did not know, save in a general way, what red destruction lay behind the gateway of Suzon's crimson smile.

The story of Charley Steele's murder filled the papers for many a week. The meager details were told and retold, expanded, interpreted, eked out by conjecture and surmise. There were few points known beyond a doubt, but they were the made of by the special writers. The lawyer had arrived at the Cote Dorion at midnight, when the roadhouse was packed to the full with roistering trappers, half-breeds and their women. He had drunk heavily—no one questioned that—and there had been hot words, a quarrel, finally a fight. No one could say just what the cause had been, but drunken men do not need much cause, and of course, there had been Suzon—Suzon with the black satin hair and her red glass beads—then a blow—

A great window at the rear of the Cote Dorion gave upon the swift-rushing river. It was a forest ranger, a little less drunk than the rest, who described how it was opened and the unconscious man lifted over the sill. The river disappears in rapids below the bend, and there are still, dark pools that men say have no bottom. No one would ever know in which one lay the thing that had been the gallant, debonair, sinful Charley Steele. The river never tells its secrets.

Oddly enough, no one was arrested for the murder of the lawyer. For one thing, the testimony was too confused, too unreliable; then again, many of those who had been at the Cote Dorion that night disappeared quietly, others seemed to be afflicted with a strange loss of memory. And Kathleen, cold, white, a Niobe in ice, told the district attorney that she would be glad, if possible, to be spared the horror of a trial, with its inevitable opening of the sore of her marriage. The sob sisters quite outdid themselves with pen pictures of the widow, "beautiful in her sorrow," "heroically denying herself tears." There were hints, too, very discreetly done, that time would dry such tears, mention of a certain handsome young captain who was her faithful attendant in her days of trial.

And all the time, in a poor little cabin in the French settlement of Chaudiere, far down the river, a man lay, slowly winning back to life, a man with the body of Charley Steele and the mind of a stranger. Father Dubois, the cure, had found him, spewed up by the waters, miraculously breathing still in spite of the terrible trip down the river and the great wound in his forehead that bore the print of a hobnailed shoe. The winter shut Chaudiere away from the rest of the world with the lock of ice, and so the tale of Charley Steele did not come to those who lifted the poor wreckage of Charley Steele from the frozen bank and took it to the tiny cabin beside the log chapel and there nursed it patiently back to life.

The most patient of the nurses was Rosalie Eventurail, daughter of the trader and one who was always called to the house of sickness because she had, the settlement said, "healing hands." It was these hands, firm and strong, for all their delicate fashioning, that changed the bandage about Charley Steele's broken forehead, held the cup of broth to his senseless lips and bathed and cared for him.
as tho he were a little child, which, thru weary weeks of
watching, was what he was. The whole village came to
look upon him, and to wonder what life he had left behind
him, what eyes were weeping for him now.

"For he's a handsome homme," they said, wisely, "and
there is sure to be a woman somewhere—or two women."

One man who came said nothing, either then or there-
after. Joe Portugais, who alone might have given a clue,
was the only one strange dumb instinct far within
his soul. A dog occasionally has such instincts. "It is
the business of le bon Dieu," Joe told himself; "let le bon Dieu
manage it."

He would have died for the man who had saved him
without hesitation, yet he feared him, even hated him, for
knowing what he knew of his soul. And so it was like a
reprieve to one condemned when at length Charley Steele
opened same eyes upon a world that had a present and a
future but no past. It was as tho that moment, in the
smoky cabin room of Father Dubois, he were born for
the first time.

In the old days, he had sometimes affected a monole.
He felt for it feebly now, and made as tho to screw it
into his eye. "I beg your pardon," he murmured, with the
ghost of his old careless, gallant air, "it's beastly careless
of me, but—I dont seem to quite remember you!"

Rosalie Eventurail gave a little, warm cry of gladness
and clasped her hands in a way she had upon her breast.
"Merci à Dieu," she cried, "you are yourself again!"

"The man on the cot frowned, knelt his brows and shook
his head, "are you?"
"And who are you?" he sat up, caught at her hands, studied
the small, pure face under the simply parted brown hair,
and suddenly a great joy swept over him, "Why, it's you!"
Charley Steele cried, weakly and wonderingly. "It's—
you—"

And so saying, he lay back, smiling, on the pillows and
slept wholesomely, and woke healed. Only his mind had
a broken thread in its warp, and he remembered nothing
of his old life or
even his old name. When he had
looked at himself
in the mirror
Father Dubois
handed him, he
shook his head
apologetically. "I
dont remember," he confessed, and,
with a sort of
terror, "and I don't
want to remember!
Only let me stay
here with you—
let me find work!"

The old priest
laid a kind hand
on the shaggy
head. "Of course,
you will stay here,
my son," he said,
gently, "and you
shall learn to make
shoes, and take the
place of Jacques
La Roux, who died
last summer."

So Charley Steele stayed at Chaudiere, and be-
cause he must have a name, called himself Jacques, after
the man whose last and bench had come to him as herit-
age. Day in and day out he sat in the tiny shop and
patiently taught his unready hands to cut coarse leather
and sew it into shoes. The bitter waters thru which he
had passed seemed to have washed the craving for liquor
away, but one thing was unchanged between the wild
and wicked Charley Steele, the criminal lawyer, and the
gentle village shoemaker, Jacques. When, on Sunday, the
bell rang out over Chaudiere, summoning the village to the
tiny log chapel, he drew the shades of his shop close and
bent over his last defiantly.

"I do not believe, Father," he told the priest; "I am
sorry, but I cannot believe."

Argument and pleading alike were of no avail, even
when Rosalie came, pale and woman-sweet, and tried to
move him. He even took a sort of childish pride in his
apostasy. It was the old Charley Steele speaking thru
his new lips, parrotwise, from the past, "I do not be-
lieve—"

"But, Jacques," Rosalie trembled, one spring day as
they walked under the leafing trees, "surely all this—the
sky and the river and you and I did not just happen.
There must be some reason. You speak as tho believing
were a hard thing, but it is as simple as breathing. You
just lift up your eyes and let God into your heart and
say, like this, 'I believe in beauty, I believe in goodness,
and so I believe in God.'"

He looked at her as she stood with her pale, pure face
lifted to the springtime sky, and suddenly he began to
tremble thru all his big frame. "Rosalie!" he cried, and
took her hands softly, reverently, and held them to his
bearded lips and kist them. "Rosalie! I believe in you,
my dear, my dear! I believe—in you . . . ."

And then he laid her hands down and stood back, rigid,
and bowed his head. "Forgive me," he said, hopelessly;
(Continued on page 99)
The Binney Blues Cure

By EDNA S. MICHAELS

"BLUES," said Constance Binney to me over the pale-green teacup, "are the easiest things in the world to lose, provided one has dollars in her purse and good shops close at hand," and she smiled the Binney smile, quite confirming her statement.

Now, of course, motion picture stars, just like stage stars, know how to dress. That is just as much a part of their profession and has been just as large a factor in their success as their charm and ability. Recognizing this, it was thought a good idea for the stars to pass on their opinions regarding clothes. The public would be interested and, if you are Constance Binney's type, it will undoubtedly prove helpful to know just what she wears to best advantage and just what she thinks.

We had been shopping and had dropped into one of the numerous tea-rooms nestled in the side street of the shopping section. We were discussing the subject of clothes—the subject ever dearest to every woman's heart. And, of course, it was the subject I wanted her to discuss.

Being a woman, very young and very human, Constance Binney is, naturally, very fond of pretty clothes. But with clothes as with every other conceivable thing, Miss Binney has very decided opinions. Above, in a dance frock of Nile green taffeta with over-flounces of various shades of green and trimming of pale pink rosebuds. Below, in a motor coat of black leather with a beaver collar and a close fitting hat of black duvetyn and a facing of a delicate tan.

"I dont believe in following blindly the dictates of fashion," she said, as she scratched "dance frock and leather coat" from her shopping list. "I think a woman ought to wear the clothes that are becoming—not the kind she sees in the shop windows. She should study her own style. Of course, it's all right to adhere to those points of fashion which become you, but when a woman with scrawny arms wears short sleeves just because they are fashionable—well, then—I have nothing to say."

In the purchase of both the coat and the dance frock she had been most discriminating, deciding that a certain style wouldn't do in

(Continued on page 115)
Across the Silversheet
A Review of Recent Pictures

MUCH sentimental claptrap and expensive advertising have been written and published recently concerning the play being the thing. Authors that know how to write English and concoct novels or plays that have pleased the proletariat have not only been invited to write for the silverscreen, but have received princely sums for the right to have their brain children preserved in celluloid.

This is all very fine in its way, for second-rate actors and actresses have been succeeding when furnished with this splendid basic material, but in the meantime our stars languish in plays of neither rhyme nor reason, simply because their presence can put across a bad photoplay. By a bad photoplay I mean one that does not possess either strong human appeal, or humor, or originality or suspense or unusual action. It takes a big star to shine in a bad play. I have in mind Elsie Ferguson's recent "The Counterfeit," Norma Talmadge's unoriginally plotted photoplay, "The Isle of Conquest," and Dorothy Gish's slapstick jazz movie, "Turning the Tables."

By the sheer force of their personalities have these stars lifted such poorly picked material into a semblance of photographic success. Let me consider in detail, first:

THE COUNTERFEIT—PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

This is a maudlin melodrama with whatever interest it might have had extracted because of the painfully transparent nature of its mystery. Nevertheless, the extraction is painless, for altho we anticipate the curtain clearance in the first reel, it is a pleasure to look at Elsie Ferguson under any circumstances. But Miss Ferguson is capable of a great deal more than optically beautiful close-ups. I do not exaggerate when I say that Miss Ferguson is the most accomplished emotional star the screen can boast of. I except no one from this superlative statement, because while other feminine stars have great emotional power, I have failed to find one who was mistress of such a subtle shading of moods under the Cooper-Hewitts as the fair Elsie. It is a rank waste of Miss Ferguson's talent to squander her in this silly detective tale, which lacks even the relish of suspense. The photographic episodes supposed to take place in Newport, are good to look at, as are Miss Ferguson's costumes and her leading man, David Powell. A Miss Montrose also exhibits great camera possibilities.

THE ISLE OF CONQUEST—FIRST NATIONAL

Norma Talmadge seems wholly lost in this bromidic story of a young girl who
marries a scoundrel so that her mother may luxuriate on his money. While vacationing on her millionaire husband's yacht, she is shipwrecked and cast on a desert island with a stoker for companion. Eventually she falls in love with him, only to be rescued as they are about to celebrate their wilderness-witnessed nuptials. As a sop to the sentimentalists comes the eventual death of the husband, the making good of the stoker and the final marriage of the lovers. Desert island stuff is never any too convincing on the screen, and here it seems less so than ever. Even the romantic aura that Norma Talmadge was wont to weave around the slightest episode seems lacking here. Who is guilty of snuffing out the warmth of her screen presence? Is she tangling herself with too much family, whose loving arms strangle like weeds in a swamp? Let us be dazzled again by the bright jewel of Norma Talmadge with its luster undimmed by clinging Natalies and self-sufficient Constances! We respect and love Norma for her devotion to her mother, sisters and friends, but we are becoming heartily surfeited with pictures and poses of Norma with Natalie, with her mother, with Constance. The bright, passionate flower of genius is Norma's; let us hope it will not be allowed to starve itself to death with a too generous giving of its soil to lesser blossoms.

**TURNING THE TABLES—PARAMOUNT**

This story started with a good comedy idea, which, unfortunately, got lost in the race and ended in a grand scramble for all concerned. Little Dorothy Gish takes the part of the young girl whose aunt has her incarcerated in an insane asylum in order to be free to use her niece's money to capture the unwilling heart of a spiritualist. Young Dorothy turns the tables by changing places with the nurse intrusted with her care. A weakly built love affair with a semi-invalid adds a final dash of romance. But the whole is allowed to become too much like slapstick. Five reels of chasing becomes monotonous even when peppy Dorothy is doing the pursuing.

**MALE AND FEMALE—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY**

James M. Barrie originally wrote "The Admirable Crichton," an assurance of its excellence far more potent than the best known trade mark for merchandise. Cecil B. De Mille translated "The Admirable Crichton" into the shadow drama, an equal assurance of a first-class product. By this time practically every one knows that the story deals with a butler, servant to an English nobleman and his daughter, who, when all are wrecked on a desert island, becomes not only their equal, but a sort of king . . . only to find himself upon their return to civilization again put in his proper place. I venture to say that there is (Continued on page 111)
The "Why" of Motion Picture Make-up

By VICTOR A. STEWART

Editor's Note:—Mr. Stewart has for years been considered one of the greatest authorities on make-up in the country. Also the writer of a number of articles on closely allied subjects, he was, for some time, the make-up man at the Vitagraph studios, having taught some of screenland's most popular players the first rudiments of this gentle—yet mighty—art.

Giving color to the make-up is one of the most important and subtle parts of the movie actor's rôle, and it often makes or mars a character. There are three quite distinct methods of make-up and each one is adapted to a specific purpose and should be applied for that end and that alone. There is a make-up for the street, one for the stage and still another for the motion picture. They are quite different in character and not at all interchangeable. Make-ups that pass on the stage would be held up, literally and figuratively; on the street, and the make-up that appears well on the screen is entirely off-color elsewhere. This is very clearly demonstrated when one sees a lobby display at a theater where flashlights of the actors in stage make-up are in progress. The result is ghastly; and no artistic coloring applied afterwards can cover it or improve it. Red cheeks and lips become dark smudges, and actual likenesses are conspicuous by their absence. It is always much more satisfactory to employ the services of an experienced make-up artist accustomed to the type of work done in motion picture studios.

There are several elements in make-up to be considered. First, it must be sufficiently opaque to cover and conceal certain pigments in the skin and blood; on the other hand, it must be transparent enough to permit of complete mobility of features so that every little play of the emotions will be evident under the paint. Thirdly, it must look so natural that

(Continued on page 102)

Since Mr. Stewart wrote the above article, arrangements have been made with Henry Miner, New York, one of the largest cosmetic firms, for the manufacture of special colors selected by him, which will be issued under his name.
We had almost forgotten dainty Anita as the unsophisticated mountain lass—we had come to think of her as the society bud, luxurious and resplendent in exquisite creations. Her rôle in "The Wood Violet," her first starring venture, was but a memory. But now she has donned the crude dress of the mountain maid once more, and we remember—remember the wistfulness and abandon of her work when she's out among the trees and birds and flowers.

"In Old Kentucky" finds Anita Stewart quite at home in the well-known rôle of "Madge," with Mahlon Hamilton playing "Frank Layson." From the natural wildness of the mountain scenes the story takes you to the quiet charm of the Old South—with Anita in hoopskirts!
Dialog Imaginary

Jack the Giant Killer and Miss E. Lectric Fan

Miss I. McCorker—Good morning, sir! I have called to discuss a very important matter with you. I read your highly amusing dialog with Miss Fan, and, perhaps more out of curiosity than anything else, I just could not resist the temptation to come in and give you the once-over.

Jack the Giant Killer—You do me great honor, I am sure, but how did you know that I had nothing else to do than to spend my time satisfying the curiosity of inquisitive young ladies?

Miss McC.—Oh, I knew you were a busy man, but the very busiest of men always find time to receive me!

Jack—Very well, I am at your mercy, proceed, unload, get it off your chest; what have I got that you want?

Miss McC.—Just information, that's all—or, rather, your opinion. To be perfectly frank with you, you are not at all the kind of person I expected to see.

Jack—You thought I was one of those long-bearded monstrosities like the Answer Man, But, let's get to business. What can I do for you? Time's precious—I have a five-round bout with my sparring partner and a ten-mile run in the country to take before luncheon. What are your symptoms?

Miss McC.—Oh, I'm not sick—just wanted to hear you talk.

Jack—I've done nothing else since you have been here.

Miss McC.—I wanted to find out why you are so opposed to comedies—I just love 'em!

Jack—I'm not opposed to comedies. I just love 'em, too. Tell me where there is one to be shown and I'll be there as soon as the doors are open this afternoon.

Miss McC.—Why, there's a Keystone comedy at the Knickerbocker, and a dandy Sunshine comedy at the Strand.

Jack—Horrors! Do you call them comedies?

Miss McC.—Sure, don't you? No? Then what do you call them?

Jack—I don't call them. They don't deserve to be called. They are simply idiotic absurdities intended for low-brows who haven't the intelligence to appreciate real wit and humor.

Miss McC.—And would you say that of Chaplin?

Jack—No, Chaplin is an artist—sometimes, not always, but sometimes. The last of his I saw was quite smelly. "Shoulder Arms" was a masterpiece.

Miss McC.—Do you ever laugh?

Jack—No, but I wish I could. I envy anybody who can laugh heartily. It, alas, is not among my accomplishments—and laughter is an accomplishment.

Miss McC.—How wonderful! But you must enjoy that which makes others laugh.

Jack—No, not even that. What makes most people laugh usually gives me pain; pain, to think that they are so inferior and ill-developed. I laugh internally and heartily when I read Rabelais, Washington Irving, Holmes, Hood, Lamb, William J. Bryan, and even Mark Twain, but when I see those horrible things that they call screen comedies, I groan.

Miss McC.—Don't they even interest you?

Jack—Yes, they cause me to reflect with sorrow on the low state of man's intelligence and on how close we are to the lower animals.

Miss McC.—But animals never laugh.

Jack—Quite true, because they have not those faculties that make them appreciate the sublime and the ridiculous. And what boundless happiness do they miss! The flea is supremely happy when he has his belly full but what a small happiness as compared with mine who can exult and gloat and beam over the great masterpieces of literature! The cannibal enjoys the jazz of drums and tin pans, but what is his joy as compared with mine who can be

(Continued on page 112)
After the Dance

The woman who dances, or who engages in any form of exercise, knows the value of having a complexion which retains its delicate loveliness throughout the glow of her exertion.

Nature intended that your skin should remain smooth and fresh despite the free flowing of the blood that comes from exhilaration, and Resinol Soap is nature’s agent for preserving the soft natural bloom of your skin.

Resinol Soap is an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap with qualities that soothe and heal irritations of the skin’s texture. It is the soap for you if you are resolved not to permit skin imperfections to interfere with your social and business success.

All druggists and toilet goods dealers sell Resinol products.
NOT long ago ZaSu Pitts left town hurriedly to visit Santa Cruz, her old home. It was funny to hear her tell the studio girls about the intended vacation, the first she has had. Miss Pitts remarked, with one of those "So long, Letty," gestures, "Yes, when I get there, I'm going to do just what I've always dreamed of doing—register at the St. George Hotel, sleep until late next morning, have my breakfast sent up to the room, dress leisurely and saunter down the main street to the shoe store, where everybody can see me and say, 'Well, well, is this really you?'"

It's going to be quite a sensation for Santa Cruz to see the little girl who used to mope around that town and dream of greatness, the while she feared she must become an arm-waitress. The girls at the Studio Club are planning a real surprise for Miss Pitts—they're going to send a wire to the St. George with a message requesting that she be paged! That's going to give ZaSu quite an embarrassing lot of publicity, they think.

Florence Turner was just leaving the studio, where she has been playing opposite Sessue Hayakawa, to do her shopping. She very graciously consented to stay and talk shop for a moment on her own stamping ground. She was wearing a strictly tailored blue suit, long-skirted, close-fitting at the waist, of the less important players in one of her productions

Gloria Swanson acting as commissary department for two long-skirted, close-fitting at the waist, of the less important players in one of her productions.
BEWARE OF THE LITTLE FLAWS THAT MAKE ONE HOMELY

It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

A LITTLE roughness, a little shine, a little cloudiness of skin, and one's looks are gone! It is so easy, too, to let your skin acquire these bad little traits unless you know just how to avoid them.

Wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping. Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this.

Of course, you can't apply a cold cream before going out. It makes your face too oily.

Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream, which is made precisely for this daytime and evening use. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. There is not a bit of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream, so it cannot reappear in a miserable gluten.

When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck, will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance.

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing.

It takes a cold cream with a good oil base to remove this deeply lodged dust.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say, "How could so much dust have gotten into my pores!" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.

A touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream before going to a dance gives your skin new transparency.

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- A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free sample, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I have the required amount:

- A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name
Street
City
State

Even though you are tired, you can make your complexion especially lovely at a moment's notice

Why there are two kinds of cream—one without an oil base and one with it

Every skin needs two creams. Do not forget that the cream which you use for daytime and evening is especially made without oil so that it cannot reappear in a shine. This is Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has no oil and cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient which is prescribed by world famous physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from cold, for a powder foundation, for freshening the skin at a moment's notice.

But for cleaning the skin and for massage it is the cream with an oil base which you need—Pond's Cold Cream. Use it nightly before retiring, and whenever you have been exposed to dust and dirt.

Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

When you go down town, stop at the drug store or at any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. You need never again fear the little flaws that ruin one's appearance.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil
silver top, gray fur band, and a grey veil with bright blue dots made her complexion prettier than ever.

We got to chatting about old times, and Florence told me the best story about her London experience! It seems that the English fans had given her a diamond-studded watch and bracelet, and one morning, after a tour of the shops, she missed the memento. She telephoned police headquarters at once and offered a reward of fifty dollars in the papers.

For a week she was heart-sick over her loss, heard nothing of the watch, and began to give up hope, when one morning a call came to the East End of London.

A police sergeant restored the trinket to its owner and pointed to an elderly man who stood by, twisting his shabby cap and looking

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the exact replica of Chevalier, with whom Miss Turner made such an immense success in the screen version of "My Old Dutch." Florence turned to the old man and thanked him heartily, offered the reward, and was astonished to see him draw back with a refusal. Asking why he would not accept the fifty dollars, Miss Turner was astonished to hear him answer, "No, no, miss; I couldn't touch it. The missus and me used to see you in every picture since you was just a little beginner. We'd count our pennies and say, 'Can we afford it?' Then we'd say 'Yes, cos it's Florence.' We'd sit with her arm tucked thru mine, and we'd larf, God, how we'd larf—and sometimes we'd sniff, miss . . .

but allus we enjoyed ourselves. And do you remember how yer old Dutch was separated from you? And how you cried and went to the workus? My old Dutch was in the 'ospital same's you in the picture, only she never came back, and I know, if she'd look down, as she is a-lookin' down, and saw me take fifty dollars from our Florence, she'd never forgive me. But if you want to do me a favor, miss, gimme a picture of yourself with your name on it."

Florence always carried little pictures in those days, for it was a common thing for people to

(Continued on page 116)
PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

**WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

**Splendid for Children**

THE R. L. WATKINS CO. 
CLEVELAND, OHIO
Martha Mansfield, who is playing opposite John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," announces for once and all that she is not related to Richard Mansfield, who made the dual rôle famous on the stage.

Irene Castle's forthcoming picture, "Miss Antique," boasts a real Indian girl in the person of Mabel Love Cloud, whose grandparents were of the Osage tribe. Miss Cloud started her career in musical comedy.

Humphry Del Ruth, supervising director of William Fox Sunshine Comedies, has contracted for the services of the famous Singer Midgets, who will play an important part in one of these productions.

Lottie Pickford, sister of the famous Mary and Jack Pickford, is appearing at the head of her own producing company and will produce film features.

Harry Houdini, handcuff king, having completed his picture for Paramount-Artcraft, will embark for London and other European ports to fill a year's contract in foreign amusement houses.

Juanita Hansen, Pathe's newest serial star, has arrived in the East and is working on her first picture for Pathé.

Barbara Castleton plays the part of Audrey in Mary Roberts Rinehart's story, "Dangerous Days." Clara Horton is playing with Jack Pickford in his first production for Goldwyn.

Jean Paige, Vitagraph star, will make her next picture in the Western Vitagraph studios.

J. Searle Dawley is in charge of the production of "The Harvest Moon," from the stage success of Augustus Thomas, starring Doris Kenyon.

Elise Fuller, a young Danish actress, who recently came to this country, has been engaged by Vitagraph for the leading rôle in "Thimble, Thimble," another of the O. Henry stories.

Josephine Hill will play opposite Frank Mayo in "The Primrose Path," novel of the same name by Bayard Veiller.

Roy Neill is directing Norma Talmadge in her second First National picture, "The Woman Gives."

Zena Keefe's first venture as a Selznick star will be in Sophie Irene Leob's big drama, "The Woman God Sent."

The latest release of Prisma Natural Color Pictures is "Memories," a picturization of Whitier's immortal poem. This is a new departure of the Prisma Company from the line of scenes so far released.

Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne were entertained by many of their friends in Los Angeles when they appeared there in "The Master Thief." It is said that the pair will do a picture now and then during their three-year contract with Morosco.

Lillian Rambeau, mother of Marjorie, is playing an important rôle in the Edith Story production being made at the Hawthorne studios in Los Angeles.

Crawford Kent, well-known to fans and theater-goers, is appearing opposite Olive Thomas in "Glorious Youth."

Dolores Cassinelli, the Italian "Cameo Girl" and one-time concert singer, is studying for opera at leisure times. Having a decided talent for composition she is working on the score of an Italian opera which she will sing when completed.

Louise Beaudet, who has appeared in Vitagraph productions since Vitagraph was in its infancy, is seen in Alice Joyce's production, "Slaves of Pride." She is also appearing on the stage in Laurette Taylor's new play, "One Night in Rome."

Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

LILLIAN WALKER

Mlle. Halina Bruzova, the celebrated Polish actress, is playing the leading rôle in "The Faded Butterfly," one of the editorials in celluloid which comprise Herbert Kaufman's new book on the Selznick series.

Doug Fairbanks has joined the Santa Monica Elks. A mob of thirty wild ones roped and tied the athletic comedian and took him to lodge, and when he got away he was an Elk and that's all there is to it, he says.

Vivian Martin has signed a contract to make eight pictures for Messmore Kendall, who is one of the owners of the new Capitol Theater in New York.

Anita Stewart has settled herself in the beautiful Italian villa purchased for her by her husband and manager, while she was in New York last season, and is hard at work on her new picture, "The Fighting Shepherdess."

Jack Gilbert has been placed under a two-year contract with Maurice Tourneur.

Flora Revalles, the celebrated pantomimist and dancer, will appear in a leading rôle in "Earthbound," a Basil King-Emmit Authors picture.

Edmond Lowe, playing opposite Lenore Ulric in a Belasco stage production, will appear on the screen as leading man for Norma Talmadge in "The Woman Gives."

Hugh Thompson appears in the leading male rôle of "Cynthia of the Minute," the Louis Joseph Vance story in which Leah Baird is starred.

Max Linder has returned from France as the proud possessor of a letter from the French Minister of Foreign Office, bringing announcement that he was proposed for the Knight of the Legion of Honor Cross, for services rendered France during the war.

Raymond McKee, now appearing in Paul Anthony Kelly's play "The Phantom Legion," has signed with Capellani Productions to appear opposite Marjorie Rambeau.

Bobby Connelly, the one-time Vitagraph boy star, will be seen in "Humoresque," a screen version of the Fannie Hurst story of that name.

Rod La Rocque will be seen opposite Constance Binney in her next Resart picture, which will be made in Chicago, where the young star is appearing in "39 East."

J. Stuart Blackton will produce "Passers-By," by C. Haddon Chambers, early this year. Stanley Obis died will adapt the play assisted by Mr. Blackton himself.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran are in the future to be featured in five-reel comedy-dramas where each will have equal honors.

It is reported from a reliable source that Laurette Taylor has signed a contract with D. W. Griffith and at the conclusion of her present New York theatrical engagement will start making her first Griffith feature.

Marjorie Rambeau's first picture for Capellani Productions will be "The Fortune Teller," a picturization of the stage play in which she appeared last year.

Marie Shotwell, who played an important rôle in "Chains of Evidence," is appearing with Doris Kenyon in "Harvest Moon."

Warner Oland, the smooth, calculating, exquisite villain of the screen, is very busy on a brand-new serial for Pathé, in which he shares honors with Eileen Percy.

Emily Stevens will play the leading rôle in the picture version of Harold MacGrath's novel, "The Place of Honeymoons."

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Brunswick Again Brings a New Idea to Music Lovers

First came The Ultona which introduced an all-record phonograph. Then the Brunswick Tone Amplifier which brought better tone. NOW Brunswick Records, interpreted by great directors.

In all the history of phonographic art there are no chapters more interesting than those allotted to Brunswick.

It rested with this old-time house to introduce the Brunswick Method of Reproduction and the advancements it provides.

For years phonograph music had seemed to reach its heights. But people have found that in The Brunswick old standards must be forgotten.

Rare Tones Ever Present

Experts in acoustics have long agreed that better reproduction could come only with a new type reproducer and a different way of amplifying the sound waves. That was the urge which made the House of Brunswick discover the Ultona and the Brunswick Tone Amplifier.

Of the major phonographs, The Brunswick was the first to play all records correctly. This is accomplished by the Ultona, a simple, multi-record reproducer which presents to each make of record, at the turn of the hand, the proper diaphragm and needle. This was a tremendous step forward.

Then came the Brunswick Tone Amplifier—built entirely of wood, like a violin. We avoid the use of metal which, having no elasticity, prevents the sound waves from expanding properly. Thus, we overcame old-time harshness.

With these two inventions the Brunswick Method of Reproduction brings a phonograph the like of which cannot be equaled in versatility nor tone. All we ask to prove it is that you hear The Brunswick. Compare it with others. Your own ear will decide.

And NOW Brunswick Records

We are introducing, after years of preparation, Brunswick Discs. They, too, are unlike any you have known before. They bring a new principle in phonographic recording. Each is interpreted by a noted director. Thus, we unite the talent of the artist with the genius of the composer. This is a step which you will appreciate once you make comparisons.

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LIEUTENANT James Vincent, of Royal Flying Corps, is now located at Hollywood, California, and playing leading roles in several comedies.

Grace Davison has completed another picture which was made under the working title of "Convert of Revenge." Charles T. Horan directed the picture.

Mrs. Edward M. Kimball, formerly Pauline Mad- dern, well known in stock and repertoire com- panies of earlier days, and mother of Clara Kimball Young, died recently at Los Angeles, Cal.

William Russel is back on the coast and working in a fast moving picture of the West, "Shod with Fire," from the pen of Harold Titus and adapted to the screen by Emmett Flynn, who will direct the picture.

Dorothy Dalton is to be starred exclusively in Paramount-Artcraft pictures. Her first starring vehicle will be Sir James M. Barrie's "Half an Hour."

Virginia Brown, one of the winners of the recent "Fame and Fortune" Contest, arrived at Universal City last week to be- gin on her five-year contract with Uni- versal. She will be known on the screen as Virginia Fair.

Gene Gauntier has arrived in Los An- geles straight from the old lands of Texas, and is renewing her acquaintance with her friends in the studios.

For the second time in his career Edward Connolly will enact in "Shore Acres" the character immortalized by its creator, James K. Hackett.

Vola Vale, who in her high school days went three times in one week to see Bert Lytell in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," will be seen as leading woman for the popular star in the screen production of the "Crock" classic. Vola Vale will play the rôle created by Laurette Taylor in the original New York production.

Joe Ryan and Jean Paige will be co- stars of the next Vitagraph serial.

Ann Little, heroine of many Paramount-Artcraft pictures, is Wallace Reid's leading woman in "The Bear Trap."

Lillian Hall remembered for her char- acterization of Beth in "Little Women," is playing the feminine in Edgar Lewis's production of "Sherry."

Following "Beckoning Roads," Bessie Barriscale will be seen in a picture version of Katherine Norris's story, "The Luck of Geraldine Laird."

Ina Claire, the young stage star, will be starred by Metro in an elaborate screen version of her great stage success, "Polly With a Pass."

Louise Lovely, who appeared opposite William Farnum in five pictures during 1919, will again support him in all features he will make on the coast this year.

Wallace MacDonald will be seen as leading man for Anita Stewart in "The Fighting Shepherdess."

Peggy Pearce, remembered as "Comedy Queen," is seen in a dramatic rôle in "Sex," starring Louise Glamm.

Doris Kenyon's next screen appearance will be in "The Harlot's Moon" from the play of Augustus Thomas. J. Searle Dawley is directing the picture, which is being made at the Leah Baird studios at Fort Lee.

Oscar Apfel, director for World and Fox for many years, has been engaged by the Albert Capellani Productions and will direct Dolores Cassinelli.

Supporting George Beban in "One Man in a Million," written by himself, will be seen Helen Jerome Eddy as leading woman, George Beban, Jr., Lenore Whitlock, George Williams and Jennie Lee.

Thru a contract made by Vitagraph and the Capitol Theater all the Larry Semon comedies for the next year will be shown at Broadway's biggest and newest motion picture theater.

The many friends and admirers of William Stowell are moved by heartfelt sorrow over his untimely death in a railroad wreck in South Africa, where he had gone in search of a new and ideal life for Universal and the Smithsonian Institution.

Beulah Bains, a Southern girl, has signed up to play with Charles Chaplin in coming comedies.

Tom Owen will appear opposite Owen Moore in his second Selznick picture, "The Waiter Hater."

Metro. Pictures has signed Mitchell Lewis and announces that the virile actor will appear in picturizations of four great novels by the late Jack London.

Rosemary Theby plays the lead in Augustusader's "Rip Granger," which is to be filmed on the Mexican border by Edwin Carewe.

Syd Chaplin's first comedy for Para- mount is a five reel feature entitled "One Hundi Million."

Reene Adoree has the principal feminine rôle in "The Strongest," the Fox picture made from Clemenceau's story.

Montaga Love will appear in the leading male rôle of "The Place of Honey- moons," starring Emily Stevens.

Thomas Mott Osborne will appear on the screen in his own story, "The Grey Brother." It is a romantic narrative of the underworld, in which Mr. Osborne has taken a life-long interest. Edward McManus has made a thrilling visualization of the story, revealing some of the cruelties that existed under the "old sys- tem" of prison management. Sidney Ol- connor directed the picture.

Eugene Paquette is playing a prominent rôle in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," Bert Ly- tell's next Screen Classics production.

Ardent admirers of Mahlon Hamilton will be interested to know that he is featured in a new picture titled "The Third Generation."

Pearl White has finished her first Fox picture, a screen version of "The White Moll," Frank L. Packard's famous story of the underworld.

Olive Tell, well known to film fans for her work in "To Hell with the Kaiser" and now starring in the Broadway suc- cess, "Criminal Clothes," will be featured in Jans Pictures. B. A. Rolfe will direct Miss Tell.

H. B. Warner, who stars in "Haunting Shadows," an absorbing mystery drama, has enlisted a notable cast with him, in- cluding Margaret Livingston, Edward Peil and Frank Lanning.

After reading the interview with Antonio Moreno in Motion Picture Magazine, the reader calls our attention to the fol- lowing coincidence in the history of the United States: "In the book called 'A New Mexico David,' by C. F. Lummis, he says: 'On June 4, 1866, fourteen Pueblo Indian towns revolted and met at San Ildefonso (N.M.), and the priest, Fray Antonio Moreno, perished in the fire. '"

Warren Kerrigan is the proud owner of a dog presented to him by Jack London when the famous author died of typhoid fever before his death. Jerry is a bull- dog and is named for the famous dog of London's story.

From director to star is the latest. Ralph Ince is to star in a series of special Selznick pictures.
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If for any reason I wish to return the outfit after examination I may do so and every cent I have paid will be returned promptly without question. Otherwise, I will pay the advertised price, $11.50, on your terms of $1.00 with coupon, balance $1.50 monthly.

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MILDRED LOUISE.—So you have looked our city over, and never stopped in to see me. Yet you say you are still wild about me, and that my only other rival is the Prince of Wales. Now that he has gone, I trust I shall have your undivided affections. You ask, “What relation is that child to his father who is not his father’s own son?” A colt. In other words, a son of a gun. Is that right?

WANDA S.—Write to me personally. LILLIAN GISH ADMIRER.—I should say you are. You want to know if Dorothy Dalton smokes cigarettes. I do not know, neither do I know if she likes cabbage and says her prayers every night. “Does a man love his wife in the same way after he is married?” Well, he may love her, but not in the same way. But he ought to love her more, for several reasons, which you may guess. Mamie Costello opposite Alice Joyce in “Cimbric Mask.” And you also like Wanda Hawley and Enid Bennett. So do I.

MARY N. S.—So you have an affaire du coeur. Let me know how you come out. I understand that the du Pont people are plastering Goldwyn pictures across capitalists or backers. Lois Weber has joined Selznick. Carmel Myers is on the stage. You want an interview with Mr. Rathbone, page a part and pencil and make note of Mary’s wants. Yes, he was splendid in “The Midnight Patrol.”

DICK BARTHELMESS ADMIRER.—There are others. Where! that’s a gym whizzer. Why do the players change from one company to the other? Money, child, money. It’s money that makes the mare go. You want to see Norma Talmadge and Eugene O’Brien, Harrison Ford and Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess play together. You just wish along and enjoy yourself. You might also wish that the man in the moon might come down and play.

READER AND ADMIRER.—Good for you. Do I eat jelly? You bet I do, but I have to be careful not to get it in my whiskers. I usually part them before I indulge. Larry Semon has signed with Vitagraph to play in Semon comedies for the next three years. I think he is funnier and cleverer than Arbuckle and several others.

NANCY P.—Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, 1893. She has been in stock several years. Playing in “Aphrodite” in New York just now, which they say is rather a naughty play. Yes, Robert Warwick will be interviewed soon again.

VIVA MAY ALLISON.—You say that down in Texas you use the word buss instead of the word kiss. Excellent idea. In that case, re-buss means to kiss again; blunderbuss means to kiss the wrong person; and omnibus means to kiss all the girls in it. Matt Moore is to play in “The River’s End.” He is in California now. So you have three letters and eleven photos of May Addison. Pretty nice of May. Ruth Clifford.

A LEMON.—No, I haven’t been doing inquiries for 30 years. Expecting I am. Young. I’ve been an Answer Man only ten years, but that makes me the oldest Answer Man in captivity. Anna Nilsson? Yes, she is at the Bruntón Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. Jack Pickford has an aeroplane of his own. Mrs. L. A. M.—Your letter was very interesting. Don’t know of any Elmer Pedder. Who do?

NEW CRUISE.—Is it my friend, that you get any light from this department. Quite a number tell me that it is enlightening, and several have been struck by the lighting. I don’t exactly claim to brush cobwebs from the brain, because in some instances of my readers will find it more desirable if they use a vacuum cleaner. So you want to be an actress, but your mother wants you to be a nurse. Yes, I know, it’s hard to choose.

WATTLE BLOSSOM.—Thanks for the photograph. Also the drawing of me. No, Dorothy Gish isn’t engaged to Richard Barthelmess. Who started that scandal in Australia? Thelma Salter isn’t playing now. Olive Thomas and Violet Mersereau you want on covers. Yes, William Stowell was killed in a train wreck about Dec. 1st.

A. 181.—Oh my, yes, Conway Tearle is a leading man. He knows how to lead the women. You say I must know very little about life. Quite so; why does? Ask whom you will about life and they will all have to give it up some time or other.

MARY PICKFORD.—Do you see this? I wonder if you remember when you put there. Are you feeling better now? Your letter is coming to me. Greetings.

STICKY BEAK.—You say that the life of a woman can be divided into three epochs; in the first she dreams of love, in the second she experiences it, in the third she regrets it. Maybe you’re right. Violet Heming and Wanda Hawley in “Everywoman.”

ANITA.—Well, I do a bit of housekeeping myself, but if you wish to remove yellow stains from marble, use wood alcohol, or moisten the stains with muriatic acid and quickly pour boiling water over the place. Let me know how you make out. You think Viola Dana is a regular baby tornado. Yes, she do move quick. Thomas Holding is with Paramount. Well, the nearest alcohol comes to going to my head these days is when I use Westphal’s per cent.

MAIDIE MC.—Why, Jack London’s “Sea Wolf” and “John Barleycorn” have been produced. You want to see more of his plays. Why, “Kamchit Ostr” is a stormy island, a watering place near S. Pacific. That is, before the war. Rubenstein wrote some of his compositions here. No trouble at all.

ROMA.—SYDNEY.—You just bet I am glad to hear from Sydney. We always try to do our best for our readers. To cure us, I believe in hiring them to keep us well. My hall room is heated by hot air (no joke). I can tell you whether the prescription you send me is good. Most prescriptions, however, are proscriptions. Shake well before using; that’s it—shake it. House Peters is in “Silk Husbands and Calico Wives.”
Motion picture patrons have so many varied likes and dislikes that it is not always an easy matter for a producer to make pictures that will please everybody.

Every individual has individual likes and dislikes; but all individuals, collectively, have a certain amount of the same preferences.

And it is because of the Selznick Pictures organization's keen knowledge of what everybody wants that Selznick Pictures are so well liked.

In Selznick Pictures you get the stars that you yourself demand; you get the stories that you most desire—and you get the most artistic production that it is possible to give a picture. That's why Selznick Pictures create happy hours.
G. S.—Some companies change the names of their players. Usually does. Of course, we want you to join the GOON. But the BL"ZINE and CLASSIC. What departments you would like, also. Bryant Washburn is playing in "It Pays to Advertise." Nora A. F. is, I like ancient history. You're talking revolution, tho. Charlotte Corday was a French girl of noble birth. Horrified at the excesses of the French Revolution, she stabbed and killed Marat, our friend, on July 13, 1793. She was tried by the revolutionary tribunal and sent to the guillotine. Virginia Martin is not married. Try me again. 

M. M. M.—When the weather is pleasant I walk to the office, but when it is not, I ride in my car. What kind of a car? Why, it is called a trolley car. I prefer the trolley to walking because it gives me more exercise. The passenger cars are usually packed in like sardines. This morning I was picked on with a lot of females in a terrible jam. Heaven preserve me! Corinne Griffith in "The Tower of Jewels." 

STAGE.—Tell us about the French House Peters thru Equity Pictures, Harry Garson, Los Angeles, Cal. —provided your car is going on all fours. Otherwise it is a long way to Tipperary.

MABEL.—Let me see, you mean the pink, small, lacy things? Yes, I’ve seen them, but they are crepe de chine. Do you know it requires 2,300 silkworms to produce one pound of silk? Now, I have no red nose. Prohibition too! I have a friend who reads tax meters, and his nose is usually red. You want more of John Barrymore. Wait until you see him and his brother Lionel in "The Jest" on the stage.

REJECTED GLOCCOS.—Sorry, old chappie, but I don’t know the names and addresses of my readers after the letters are answered. So you still believe in that old theory. I’m afraid it is too late for you to get a new idea in your head till you get the old idea out, so perish the thought.

BROWNE.—Well, I’ll try to be a nice boy and answer you as you request. I don’t mind being called a boy, or even a nice boy, but I draw the line on this woman stuff. Sure thing. Abraham Lincoln married Mary Todd of Kentucky. Dorothy Dalton is going to play in "L’Apache" for Paramount soon.

L. & C. Co.—Is this a corporation? Remember the income tax. Emmy Wehlen and Gene Palette are the leads in "The Amateur Adventurers." No so, No. 2 Florence Billings was the other girl in "Probation Wife." Wheeler Oakman opposite Viola Dana in "False Evidence." Billy Mason opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Boots Brown". Boitano in "Her Great Chance." I haven’t the nut. Don’t mention it.

K. A. M., RICHMOND.—Bully! You say you are an old man who keeps up with the new generation. An old man with a sense of humor, and you feel that I am one of these n. g’s merely because of my insisting on my weight of years if nothing else. Thanks for the good words, and when you come to Brooklyn, stop in and we’ll have a glass of buttermilk together. Oh, I couldn’t live without it. You know after 50 the brain loses an ounce every ten years. Think of it, I’ve lost three ounces! Yet, my answers are just as brilliant! Which proves that it does not require brains to run this department.

VERA M.—Ella Hall is in Los Angeles. Not in this country at all. The leaning Tower of Pisa is in Italy and it leans fourteen feet out of the perpendicular; 180 feet high. I get you, verbum sap. (As the boy said who was trying to cut a maple tree.) You know, a word to the wise. Come in again, Vera.

BOBBY J.—Beautiful sentiment in that verse you wrote. Dorothy Bernard is out West. I believe. Isabel Rice; imm. William Hart, Louise Huff, Mildred Harris, Viola Dana, Anna Little, Dorothy Davenport, Wallace MacDonald, Anita Stewart, Anna Q. Nilsson, Jack Holt, John Moore, Kathleen Clifford, May Allison, Mabel Normand, all can be reached by addressing them, Los Angeles, Cal.

M. G.—Don’t you go shedding crocodile tears. They are supposed to be counterfeit sorrow. A fable says the crocodile weeps as it eats its victim. Roscoe Arbuckle is also a director. He went with Keystone in 1912. He is at Long Beach, Cal.

Rev. T. B. A.—Chicago. I am indebted to you, reverend sir, for your able and entertaining letter. You say you belong to the Army of the Lord. I believe you, but you are headquarters. Ness pa? (This is French as she is spoko.) Mary Thurman is playing with William Desmond in "The Prince and Betty." Mae Murray in "The A B C of Love."

MIDNIGHT.—Welcome! Of course I want you to write to me—once cant have too many friends. Thank you, but it is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves. Otherwise I would be making more than $9 a week. Metro is producing "Polly With a Past" with Ina Claire in the lead. She played in the stage play, you know.

RUTH P., NEW ZEALAND.—Well, Ruth, for a country girl you write a mighty interesting letter. So you milk the cows, feed the sheep and help with the chores. You must have lots of sport and I wish I could exchange places with you, except that you can get to the pictures only three or four times a year, which is a calamity. Yes, write to me whenever you feel like it—and I’ll always be here to get it.

PROMPTLY.—Well, the face hasn’t got all to do with beauty, you know. We discover great beauty in those who are not beautiful, if they possess genuine truthfulness, simplicity and sincerity. You want a picture of the late Harold Lockwood in the magazine.

DARE DEVIL.—I thought I might meet him some time, but didn’t expect it this soon, and a female one at that! So you haveJack Kerrigan, Antonio Moreno, William Desmond and Frank Mayo. I can publish your ad for a man. Consult Beatrice Fairfax. I decline to conduct a matrimonial bureau—unless I get a percentage.

P. B. C.—If you will send 25¢ to the magazine you can obtain her picture.

JOSEPH C.—You want to fill out an application to join the Fox Company. I did not know they issued blank applications. If so, send for one and fill it out. Ruth Stonehouse in "The Hope." Metro.

NORMA TALMADGE FOREVER.—You want to know if Norma Talmadge and Alice Brady are friends? Ye gods! When it comes to making a list of "Who’s a Friend of Who," I’ll have to quit. Conway Tearle is in New York now.

HARRY D., WILMINGTON.—You want to know what salary Eddie Polo gets. He breezed past my desk here not long ago, and if I had thought of it, I surely would have kept up with the generation. He is 5 feet 8½ inches. That’s when he stands. When he sits he is about 3 ft. 8, and when he lies down he is about one foot tall.

INQUISITIVE DICK.—The palace of the former German Emperor in Berlin at one time kept 500 housemaids and 1,800 liveried footmen in employment. No wonder the Kaiser doesn’t like chopping wood. Pearl White is to play in "The White Moll" for Fox.

FRANK H. P.—Glad to hear you’re married. My hearty sympathy. Before marriage a woman expects a man, after marriage she suspects him and after she loves him she respects him. But cheer up, old pal, you may have drawn a prize. Norma Talmadge has her own company, you know. Emily Stevens and Muriel Ostriche in "The Sacred Flame." Stop in again.

BAR.—Thanks for the note. The most one can get nowadays with a quarter is a stick of gum, but I am very thankful for that. You say, "Well, after reading your magazine I hope for last decided to make your acquaintance." Oh, the glorious feeling that comes with it. Why, I hardly feel the same girl. By the twenty-four thumbs of the twelve apostles, I mean that I feel the same way. I’m so excited too. Come often.

JANIE G.—Thanks for the check of good wishes.

(Continued on page 125)
“The Proudest Moment of Our Lives Had Come!”

“We sat before the fire place, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary’s eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

“Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

“Then one night Mary came to me. ‘Jim’, she said, ‘why don’t you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You’ll make good—I know you will.’

“Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. The work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

“And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that ‘Betty can be proud to grow up in.’

“I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within.”

In city, town and country all over America there are men with happy families and prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools come to them in the hours after supper and prepare them for bigger work at better pay. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have advanced themselves through spare time study with the J. C. S. Over one hundred thousand right now are turning their evenings to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. You can have a salary that will give your family the kind of a home, the comforts, the little luxuries that you would like them to have. Yes, you can! No matter what your age, your occupation, or your means—you can do it!

All we ask is the chance to prove it. That’s fair. Isn’t it? Then mark and mail this coupon. There’s no obligation and not a penny of cost. But it may be the most important step you ever took in your life. Cut out and mail the coupon now.

A few days later I had taken up a course in our business became clear to me—too...
The Cross-Eyed Jinx (Continued from page 46)

the rôle wasn't important of itself, and put on one of those piratical black mus-
taches that trimmed your chin, the way in which a weeping-willow adorns a tomb, and I thought I was great.

"Anyway, it gave me a start in life. I did two seasons in stock, then traveled town-
road shows, and landed broke in a West Virginia town. I suppose you know they call it The Death Trail—the route across that State; I'm an old Balti-
demonstrator of the State of West Virginia. Somehow down there it's always a case of playing to bad business.

"Well, I never saw so many cross-
eyed people as there were in the town.
That's my one superstition—I just can't stand sighting a wall-eyed
pink! I kept meeting them all the first
day and I'd spit thru my crossed fingers
every time, but I knew it was no use—I just knew it would be a case of bad luck. We had registered at the only hotel in the
town, but the rooms were not cleaned up, so our baggage was put downstairs and we did not leave until nearly two, until after the first night's show.

"Imagine my horror when I landed in a
room which had a crayon enlargement of the hotel, that drew another time on the wall. And, oh, say, but he was a cross-eyed jinx! I spit thru my fingers three times for when time came but when I
crawled into bed for a little read before
turning out the lights, there were those
awful eyes—one fixed on me and the
other on the washstand, just like a capital
X. I hardly slept a wink all night and
next day, after breakfast, I found that
the manager and angel had fled to the
next town, leaving all the bills unpaid and
taking the first night's box-office receipts.

"I rushed over to the office of the town
clerk, that's the justice of the peace,
who said he could not do anything un-
less I put up twice the amount needed
for a suit to bring back the fugitives. I
had fifteen cents left and the heavy
of our company had $1.40. No money to
pay for our board and we couldn't bring
back the manager! I explained our
trouble to the hotel-keeper and he said
reflectively, that there was a lumber
camp three miles away where a man
promoted shows and would no doubt be
glad to employ us nightly.

"The heavy and I walked all the way
over—it might have been three miles as
the crow flies, but crossing the moun-
tains and going roundabout the way we
went, it surely was every bit of eight
each way. However, the promoter at
the camp engaged us to do a vaude-
ville stunt. We'd never done anything in
vaudeville, but we walked all the way
back, got a bundle of clothes, leaving our
trunks for board bills, and returned to the
camp again before evening.

"Say, do you know what we put on? We
did a dance, a song, and a dramatiza-
you remember those old stories they
used to reprint under the 'That Reminds
me' column? We memorized some of
those, and put on a good one. Of
course, nobody laughed when we did our
turn, but we were working, and that was
the main thing. We made $15 between
us the first night and $10 the second
night, there was a 'hop' at the camp dance-hall
and business was so brisk there that we
only got $1.50. And I was share of the the-
ater's receipts. The third night there was
a Republican rally at the dance-hall
and everybody went to the political meeting,
leaving us high and dry with a ninety-
cent income.

"We spotted it back to town and, by
leaving a pair of chaps, some good leather
boots and one of my suits with the in-
keeper, I was able to depart with my
money. The theatrical company was due, and by great
good luck I saw the manager. While
he couldn't give me a job, he did lend me
five dollars. I felt sure I could land something at Baltimore.
Anyway, I promised to borrow another five there and to return the first five
immediately.

"But there wasn't anything for me in
Baltimore! I borrowed five from an
actor I knew and sent it to the manager
of the road show. My money was all
gone, and so I had to borrow five more
to get me to New York, where I felt
sure a job might be calling for me. I
landed in New York with $1.50 and reg-
istered at a terrible joint where rooms
were fifty cents a night. I ate little that
day and discovered later that I could
not afford to stay at the afore-
said hostelry another night.

"So I trotted over to the Mills House,
where you can spend your five dollars for
two times, plus a shower, a towelling Tark and a face-mop. The next day I didn't
want to go to school, and anyway, on the
third day, with no money left for hitting
the hay even at the Mills, I thought of a
man I'd known for a long time who kept
it, and at the little place, on the
square, and I asked him to see me and, as I said I could do any-
thing for cash, he put me up to selling
matches which did not conform with the 'non-poisonous' law and which he had
stored in his cellar, hoping for better
days.

"I said I didn't know anything about
salesmanship, but he offered to go out
with me and show me the line of gab
best fitted for that sort of fireworks. Af-
fter we got out, he went to work, and
sorted out those which refused to strike,
so that I could get enough boxes for
samples that would make a demonstra-
tion. He sold me his little store, and
I soon got wise to the game and made four or five dollars a day in comissions.

"As I was entering a little shop about
a week later, a friend of mine hailed me
with 'Hello, Alan, where'd you drop
from?' Say, could you take an engage-
ment now? Could I? Why, it sounded
like a voice from heaven!

"I guess those matches took the cross-
eyed jinx away from me, for luck
changed right there. I had good work
for quite a while, but I had to lay off a
month, from February to March, wait-
ing for a new production, so I thought
I'd visit California with my savings.

"I was told about pictures, but turned
the idea down. One day, however, when I was visiting a studio with a friend, it
happened that a leading man was needed.
The director sized me up and asked what
I'd do. I didn't know what pictures
were, but I was familiar with the "show
business," so I took a chance on the
manager. I did a very small thing in a
leading lady's first picture, and I got
paid afterward. I then got my first true
job in pictures—just a very small thing
in the 'Jinx' with Dancing.

"The picture was a lot bigger than I
expected, but I went on with it, and got
into real pictures. I made my camera
and I really enjoyed it.

"But I never knew the jinx would come
telling you, would you? I went to work
on a second picture, and there was this
man who was very influential in pictures,
and he wanted to have me out of it;

"'Why?'

"'Well, you're too good-looking,' he
said. 'You don't belong here.'

"'Then why did you hire me in the first
place?'

"'Well, I saw you and thought you
suitable.'

"'But you couldn't keep me, could you?'

He said no, and I was discharged. It
was just a one-reel.
Western made on the old ranch back of Universal. Do you know, it made me so mad to be called a rotten actor—so far as the screen was concerned—that I made up my mind and there I'd show 'em what acting was! I'd be a screen hero or nothing!

"I stayed right with the 'C.' I did extras at three to five dollars a day and finally I was rewarded by being asked to play opposite Diet Farley; you remember her stunt pictures, don't you? In one of those pictures I was dragged by a horse with one of my feet tied in the stirrup. I was forced to hang upside-down while being dragged thru the underbrush, and my shirt was drawn over my shoulders, so my back was covered with briars and thistles which it took months to remove—they festered, too. I received internal injuries, too, but paid no attention to them, until I registered for the draft and the doctors said I would have to be operated upon in order to enter any camps.

"I had five operations and was on the
flat of my back for three months—and when I got out, the armistice had been signed, so—"

"You were all cut up and no place to
go!"

"Yes, but it made me mad to read in a
screen journal that some one had
knocked the men in pictures for being slackers and refusing to go to war. I wanted to go! My dad wanted me to go. But I had to take all my son's
photographs in a cot instead of knowing the glory of the trenches. That's the way they talk
about us when we're too helpless to
defend ourselves. I may not be a warrior
but believe me, I'm slashed up like a
mince pie," he concluded, wrathfully.

"Is there anything you just hate?" we
prodded.

"Yes, I hate to be idle. I'd rather be
a huckster than lay off work. Lots of
people have a-kid, why I dott free-lance
in Los Angeles instead of playing in
stock in Santa Barbara, but I can't see
this thing of playing a picture, as
'leading men do, and then lying idle for
three or four weeks until some other
woman star beams upon you.

"You've ruined your case! You sure
do love to cash pay-checks, Mr. Forrest. Is there anything else that gets on your
nerves besides idle moments?"

"I'll tell you. I'd hate to have any-
body say that they'd like to kiss me.
I saw a leading man not long ago that I
just wanted to kiss. You know the
type. Oh, he was the sweetest thing. I
hope I'll never be like that. I just hope
I'll have one friend left on earth who
will tell me and put me out of my misery
if I get so that anybody feels like kiss-
ing me. Not for the biggest screen
reputation ever designed do I want to
lose my backbone."

And the ex-neddler of matches ripped
a sulphur stick into flame, lighted an-
other cigarette and shook hands all around
as he said "bye-bye."

COVUTFUS
"What's in a name?"
"Millions—if it is Charlie Chaplin."

DISILLUSIONED
MANAGER—The star has married her
press agent.

PRESIDENT—Then she'll have to hire a
new one. A husband doesn't make an
ideal press agent.
Your Skin—

May Become Several Shades Darker in a Day
—can grow sallow, faded and dingy before you realize it.

Correct this condition in time. Use the cream that has been especially prepared for the sallow skin.

Whitening Cream—one of the “Seven Marinello Creams”—penetrates to the deeper layers of the skin, where the coloring matter is located, and effect-
ively removes sallowness, restoring the rosy glow of youth to the comple-
pion.

How to Use Whitening Cream

After carefully cleansing your face and neck with starch, apply the Cream, rub in Whitening Cream until it has been absorbed. You will find that no washed improve-
ment—the skin will be sev-
eral shades lighter. Exter-
ner, fairer, lovelier. Send $1 for samples.

Marinello Company, Dept. C, Malvern, Pa., 11. 44 W. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

La-May Face Powder

Is Harmless to the Most Delicate Skin

A SPECIALIST has at last per-
fected a pure face powder that is

guaranteed harmless to the most
delicate baby skin. It beautifies won-
derfully, because it helps to clear and
lighten the skin and protect the com-
pexion from blemishes. And it really

stays on better than any other face
powder. Of course, every one knows

the famous La-May Powder

(French, Poudre L’Amé). This is the powder

that does not contain starchy rice

powder or dangerous white lead to make it adhere. While

lead is a deadly poison and rice powder turns into a glue

paste that ruins the comple-
pexion by causing enlarged

pores, blackheads, and rice powder

irritations. Five thousand dollars re-

ward will be given any chemist who

finds that La-may contains any white

lead or rice powder. All dealers carry

the large sixty cent box, and many

dealers also carry the generous thirty
cent size. When you use this harmless

powder and see how beautifully it im-

proves your complexion you will

understand why La-may so quickly became the most

popular beauty powder sold

in New York. We will also
give you five thousand dol-

ars if you can buy a better face

powder anywhere at any

price. Herbert Roystone,

Dept. L, 16 East 18th Street,

New York. Save this notice.

The Illustrated Title

(Continued from page 38)

illustrated and hand-lettered titles which are now a part of almost every finished production.

To the making of these titles is de-
voted much skill, care and thought. Ar-
tists of note, who formerly scoured at

comedy and work, especially those con-

nectsed with the movies, have now been

enlisted and they find the illustrating of
titles a fascinating and interesting ex-
ception. Yet all artists are not
talent
ded and clever they may be, do not

develop into capable title illustrators. Im-

agination, resourcefulness, pattern and

knowledge of photography are essential,

according to Al Semels of the Alynul

Studio, one of the large title studios of

New York.

When asked about his work, this artist

said:

“I may look simple, but it isn’t—not

by any manner of means. This is how we

go about it.

When the picture itself is completed by

the company, one of the artists works

to the studio and sees it run off in the

projection room. In this way we get

some idea of the atmosphere in which

the picture is laid. By that, I mean we

know all about the scenes, locations and

characters of the story and we are able
to make our illustrations accordingly.

“We then get what is called a ‘title sheet’—on this is written every title which is to be inserted into the picture. It is

understood, of course, that previously

this being supplied us, much thought has

been spent by the director and title-writer

in deciding where the titles are necessary and in wording them in just the proper

way.

There are two kinds of titles—the

spoken title and the descriptive title.

Spoken titles generally go unillustrated

and all we find it necessary to do with

them is to copy the text on black car-

dboard in a white ink. But titles of a

narrative and descriptive sort must be il-

lustrated in order to harmoniously blend

the reading matter with the rest of the

picture. This is the art that is very

many people fail to realize. The illus-

trations must be in keeping with the pic-

ture—they must be sympathetic. When

interrupts the scene, leaves a gap, so to

speak, and the drawing is the only thing

which can successfully bridge that gap.

To do this is not always easy, for the

narrative title is without a tangible

value which might easily be pictured.

Rather it deals with a state of mind or

something indefinite and abstract, and this

naturally taxes the imagination and good

judgment of the illustrating artist to a

great degree.

“Take as an example, one of the titles

in the new Talmadge production. ‘The

Way of a Woman’—Then followed a pe-


cific of readjustment for, and

and the first time in years she found herself

taking an interest in life. Do you not

think that hard to illustrate? This is

how we did it. We pictured a valley sur-

rounded by hill, enveloped in the gloom

of night—but, on the eastern horizon, was

a bright light breaking through the

clouds—dispelling them—and promising

the dawn of a new and brighter day. So

that Nancy’s mind break thru the clouds

of despair.

“Illustrations,” Mr. Semels went on,

“enable the continuity writer to delete

demeraneous words which make the title

reading matter longer and tedious.

Situations do not have to be ex-

(Continued on page 96)
Louise Lovely
in "The Lone Star Ranger"

"Just before the battle," with Louise Lovely (we always want to invert the order of those two words) facing destruction like a little soldier. No wonder Farnum is valiant, with such a prize to fight for.

Fox Super Production

May 14, 1917

F. F. INGRAM CO.

It is a very real pleasure for me to publicly endorse Ingram's Rouge. I consider that it is in a class by itself in many ways, not the least of which is the evenness with which it spreads, and the fact that it never runs or streaks.

Ingram's Rouge

Beauty is not even skin deep. The outer cuticle of your skin—the visible surface—spells the difference between daintiness and plainness; between loveliness and homeliness. Ingram's Rouge makes that difference; gives that last touch of elegance.

While its coloring does not penetrate the skin, and is, therefore, not harmful, Ingram's Rouge does not streak or run, even when you perspire freely. Being made in solid cakes, its use is more economical than that of loose powder. Sold in three perfect shades, Light, Medium and Dark, daintily scented. Price 50c.

Ingram's Velvet Souveraine

FACE POWDER
A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unequalled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, and Brunette—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

Established 1885

231 Twelfth Street

DETROIT, U. S. A.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

"There is beauty in every jar." It clears clogged pores, banishes slight imperfections, soothes away redness and roughness and keeps the delicate texture of the skin soft and smooth. Its exclusive therapeutic properties keep the complexion toned up and healthy all the time. Two sizes, 50c and $1.00.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

Established 1885

231 Twelfth Street

DETROIT, U. S. A.

Foreign Distributors

Philippines: F. A. Thompson
Commercial Co., Inc.

Africa, South: C. A. Boles

La Campagna Hotel, Manila

Trinidad, L. C. Wharton

Boyers Bldg., San Fernando

Johannesburg

Australia: C. W. Cotton, Pty. Ltd., Africa, British E. A. Ambrose Smith

Milkweed Cream

China: Mustard & Co.

Ingram's Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

Ingram's Rouge

Superfine Perfumed, Invisible
Makes dainty pink cheeks

50 CENTS

F. F. INGRAM CO.

DETROIT, MICH.

WINDSOR, ONT.

(Coupon)

(For proper address at left)

I enclose 50 two cent stamps, in return for which send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

[Signature]

[Address]

[Date]
That Would Buy 100 Dishes

Of Supreme Food—Quaker Oats

Consider that—the steak for an average family meal would serve 100 dishes of the food of foods.

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. One egg would buy five dishes. One chop would buy twelve dishes, based on prices at this writing.

You can serve ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats for about the cost of serving one with meat or eggs or fish.

**Saves 90% On Your Breakfast**

But the true way to measure foods is by nutrition. The calory—the energy unit—is used for this comparison.

Quaker Oats yield 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890 and eggs 635.

This is the cost per 1000 calories in some necessary foods at this writing:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Calories per 1000</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
<td>1810</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average Meat</td>
<td>890</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average Fish</td>
<td>700</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hen's Eggs</td>
<td>635</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

So Quaker Oats, compared with average meat foods, saves some 90 per cent on a breakfast.

And the oat is the supreme food. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

It is rich in elements which growing children need. As a vi-m-food it has age-old fame.

Make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast. Start the day well-fed. Use this saving to bring your average food cost down.

### Quaker Oats

**Flaked from Queen Grains Only**

Serve Quaker Oats for its delightful flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet it costs no extra price.

**15c and 35c per Package**

*Except in the Far West and South*

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

---

The Illustrated Title

(Continued from page 94)

explains in so many words if only the title is illustrated properly. The illustration, pleasing to the eye, conveys an impression to the spectator—graphically and instantaneously. This fact is now appreciated by the foremost directors and writers.

John Emerson and Anita Loos, that celebrated team of director and scenario writer, have always recognized the importance of the illustrated title, and its effect upon the public. The Alynlu Studio, which carried out the illustrations for many of their early productions and which continues to co-operate with them since their affiliation with the Talmadge Company, always submits the finished title cards for their approval and they often find them full of helpful and constructive criticisms, with decided and helpful ideas of their own.

When both the illustrating and the lettering has been completed satisfactorily, the title cards are sent to the laboratory. There they are put in an apparatus especially designed for them which resembles a huge frame, the two ends being connected with hinges to the center. A motion picture camera then "shoots" them as it would a scene. By that I mean it does not only take one flash of the title, for it would then be hardly discernible on the screen and certainly impossible to read. Experience has shown that approximately one foot of film is necessary for every word of the title in order that the audience have ample time to read and grasp its full significance.

Slowly and surely the sub-title is advancing—thought and consideration in abundance is being given this phase of the cinema art, and when we look back upon the rapid "ides" made in the last few years, we may be able to perfect the title in the near future.

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Harrison Ford—Romantic Lover

(Continued from page 68)

half alive since she went back to New York. I don't suppose I shall ever have such fun making pictures again. We were like a couple of kids, having a regular vaudeville all the time."

"And your next star?" I asked.

"I don't know yet, but all stars are charming," he said gallantly. "Actors are like soldiers, they do as they are told. I am fortunate to be with this company, a fine lot from first to last, striving to preserve the best of the stage traditions while steadily developing the art of the motion picture."

"I'm quite mad about flying," he told me a moment later. "The first time I ever went up in a flying machine was during a picture with Vivian Martin and it was the greatest experience of my life. I could hardly wait to go again and now I am wild to make a long trip. Guess I am the only one in pictures who hasn't a car—too bad I can't claim relationship with Henry! The truth is, I spend my money and all my spare time on First Editions and etchings, and they have a limited number of each, I view them with a certain amount of joy and pride. I spend hours poring over catalogues. Some day, I shall have a large and interesting collection."

That this good-looking chap, creator of a dozen romantic lovers, has for his Big Pleasure—First Editions and etch-
Watch the Luster
Come Back to Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

The Cloud is Due to Film

When pearly teeth grow dingy they are coated with a film.

There is on all teeth a slimy film, ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Brushing in the usual way does not end this film. That is why so many teeth discolor and decay. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

That film is what discolors— not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now We Combat It

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have proved this by many careful tests. Leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

For home use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And all who ask are sent a ten-day test to show them what it does.

Based on Pepsin

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is a digested matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

A recent discovery makes this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now found a harmless activating method. Now active pep- sin can be constantly applied.

Pepsodent is now doing for millions of teeth what nothing else has done. We urge you to see what it does for your teeth. Compare it with the old-time methods and judge the results for yourself.

The test is free. Make it for your sake and your children’s sake. Cut out the coupon now.
The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our list, we will print a similar time-table to be compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a postcard, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

| Soldiers of Fortune—MD, SP-8. | |
| All-Star—Allen Dwan Production. | |
| In Old Kentucky—MD-7. | Anita Stewart—First National. |
| The Male and Female—D-10. | Swanson and Meighan—De Mille Production. |
| His Kingdom of Dreams—D-6. | Anita Stewart—First National. |
| His Majesty the American—CD-7. | Griffith Production. |
| Ethel Clayton—Famous Players-Lasky. | Griffith Production. |
| All-Star—Famous Players-Lasky. | Griffith Production. |
| Nazimova—Metro. | Griffith Production. |

(Continued on page 134)
The Right of Way

(Continued from page 72)

"I have no right to speak to you of love."

"And why?" she whispered, moving closer. "Why?"

"A man without a name? A man without a past?" he groaned. "No, I may have been a scoundrel, but not such a one as to steal your youth and faith. Until I can come to you and say—"Marry me, Rosalie"—until then I must say nothing." He wrung his long, lean hands together. "I think, Rosalie, that day will never come.

But the girl touched the clenched hands with soft finger tips. "Then I can say it. Jacques! I love you—whatever you have been, whatever you have done, whether you do, I love you, and I am proud of it. It is enough for me to have this!" and she brought her hands to her breasts as she held something close, close.

He looked at her wistfully with the deeper knowledge which is a man's. "No, Rosalie, my poor girl—it is not enough. It is nothing, and I could give you so much—if I had the right. If I had the right to give my love to any woman . . ."

Together they passed out of the food, so blind to aught but their own affairs that they did not see the shaggy figure who stood aside the path to let them pass. Joe Portugal, starting after them, shook his great mane, and growled in his throat. Afterward he turned his face to the north where, beyond leagues of wood and river lay Montreal. "This will be a woman," he muttered. "I saw a woman—"

As Jacques, the shoemaker, bent over his painful stitching a few days later he noticed that the light that lay across the leather in his hands was the color of blood, and seemed to flicker. He had been so engrossed in his dreamy musings, in the eternal grooping, groping in his brain for clues to the past that he had. heard nothing for the last hour, but now, rousing, he became aware of confused shouting in the streets outside, and hurried to the door. The red light was explained. Before him, in the tiny square the log chapel of Father Dubois' pride was aflame.

Weeping women stood in groups watching the destruction of their sanctuary, the place in which many of them had been married, where their children had been baptised. A little apart the white-haired Cure stood with bowed head, his withered lips moving. Jacques touched his arm. There was a stricken look in the old man's eyes as he lifted them waggishly. "The cross," he muttered, "and the parish record—they are burning up inside there. It is a cruel blow, my brother, a cruel blow."

Rosalie, looking always toward her lover, saw the sudden shining of the bearded face, saw him seize the trembling old hands strongly, bend his head to whisper something, and then plunge straight thru the doorway of the flaming edifice. She stifled the cry that beat at her lips and fell upon her knees. "Now, Jean Dieu!" prayed Rosalie, "if I have ever done anything of good in all my life let it count for him! Bring him out of the chapel, bring him back safe, Jean Dieu!"

The flames were roaring up, blustering out the sky, the flimsy frame structure quivered, tottered. Men's hands held back the Cure, as he would have entered the doomed building. "He is lost, Father," they cried, "surely he is lost."

No man could live a moment in that inferno.

Then, in the very moment of collapse a Hackened figure stood, swaying in the doorway, clutching something to his

(Continued on page 132)
Fifth Avenue Styles—Direct from the Maker—Saves $5 to $10

Send Today for Your Free Copy of

THE HAMILTON CATALOG FOR SPRING 1920

The Newest Fifth Avenue Styles!
These are not the usual “mail-order styles.” They are the very same garments we are showing in our five-story Fifth Avenue building—the same frocks the best dressed women in New York are buying by hundreds. Every one is new, smart, and distinctive—just the sort of garment you’ve longed for.

Actual Photographs From Life!
And every coat, every dress, every blouse is shown as it actually looks when worn—not as an artist hopes it will look. It is photographed from a living model, and the camera never lies! Over 300 of these photographs are reproduced by Rotogravure in the Spring catalog. Be sure to see them!

Little More Than Wholesale Prices!
With prices still going up, a saving of $5 to $10 on every garment is certainly worth while. By buying from us—the manufacturers—you save the middleman's profit. 200,000 pleased customers are now making this great saving. Couldn’t you use the extra money too?

Our More Than Liberal Guarantee!
You cannot lose by buying from us. If a garment is unsatisfactory in any way, return it at our expense. We guarantee everything—even the fit. You can exchange it for another garment or have your money refunded without question. A trial costs nothing—postage is prepaid!

DRESSES, $9.95 up
SUITs, $16.95 up
COATS, $9.95 up
MILLINERY, SWEATERS, FURS, WAISTS, SKIRTS AND SHOES

THE OBJECT of this advertisement is to have YOU send for our catalog. No need to write a letter. A postcard will do. Send it TODAY!

BE CURIOUS! Even if there is nothing you need just now—yet this beautiful book anyway and enjoy the latest Fifth Avenue styles. Remember, it’s FREE!

HAMILTON GARMENT CO.
Mail Order Department R2 307 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK CITY
MAVIS is preferred!
Mavis Face Powder is more delicate and it stays on better.

Mavis Rouge blends perfectly with your complexion.

Mavis Talc is the largest selling talc in the world!

Mavis Perfume, Toilet Water, Sachet, Soap—all the Mavis preparations—with their wonderfully delightful fragrance—combine to make you, truly

IRRESISTIBLE!

Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building, New York, for a generous sample of Mavis perfume; or better still, ask for any one of the delightful Mavis preparations at any toilet goods counter.
The Six Brown Brothers, the highest paid musical act of today.

Nearly every member of the Six Brown Brothers, Tommie Brown’s Clown Band, Tommie Brown’s Musical Review and Tommie Brown’s Highlanders use BUESCHER INSTRUMENTS. ASK THEM.

Buescher True-Tone Saxophones

Easy to Play
Easy to Pay

A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to double your income, double your opportunities and double your popularity and pleasure. It is easy for the beginner—you can learn to play the scale in one hour’s practice and take your place in the band within 90 days. Practice is a pleasure rather than an effort. A clarinet player can make the change almost at once.

Buescher is the oldest maker of Saxophones and makes more of these instruments than the combined products of all the other manufacturers.

Get This Free Saxophone Book

It tells you what each Saxophone is best adapted for when to use them, their limitations and possibilities. It tells how to purchase, save money, etc., or in regular band or full Saxophone bands. It tells you what is quality, what is quantity—how to tell the good from the bad. It is written in language which no one can misunderstand. It is available for you in the form of a book, a pocket book, or a booklet. This Buescher True-Tone Book is an excellent and complete study guide.

Buescher Grand Cornets and Trombones

With all its wonderful volume, the Buescher Grand Cornet is exceptionally easy to blow, requiring no long effort or strain on the fingers, and making it possible to produce clear, pure tones without strain. For this reason it is especially adapted for all children’s bands. It produces a tone which is clear, pure, and beautiful.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You can order any Buescher Instrument without paying one cent in advance, and it will be sent you for trial. You can therefore order any size of cornet or trombone, and pay for it after you have tried it. A Buescher True-Tone Cornet can be purchased for $300 and a Buescher True-Tone Cornet can be purchased for $500. Ask for your copy.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
267 Jackson Street
Elkhart, Indiana

Save Your Body

Conserv Your Health and Efficiency First

“WALL NOT Part With It For $10,000”

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. “Worth more than a farm!” says another. In like manner testily over 10,000 people have worn it.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes WEAKNESЫ AND ORGANIC AILMENTS OF MEN AND WOMEN

Develops good posture; strengthens and tones up every part of the body; increases vitality and gives more energy; destroys all unhealthy sensations; strengthens the back; corrects spina bifida; corrects curvature of spine; prevents and cures wastes; strengthens and tones up the muscles of the neck, shoulders, arms, hands, and legs; strengthens the back; corrects curvature of spine; prevents and cures wastes; strengthens and tones up the muscles of the neck, shoulders, arms, hands, and legs.

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense

Does away with the standing and walking; replaces and supports weakened joints and parts of the body; corrects curvature of spine; strengthens and tones up the muscles of the neck, shoulders, arms, hands, and legs; strengthens the back; corrects curvature of spine; prevents and cures wastes; strengthens and tones up the muscles of the neck, shoulders, arms, hands, and legs.

What Did You Dream? Read “THE WONDERFUL DREAM BOOK” and you will know the meaning.

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The “Why” of Motion Picture Make-Up

(Continued from page 76)

when the face is enlarged, as in a close-up, a picture of ten or more feet in height, the original source of the pictorial effect may not be outstanding. Unfortunately, many of our lesser lights and even some stars have become so imbued with the demands of make-up for the speaking stage that they find it as difficult to change their ways for the silent drama as it is for the leopard to change his spots. I would call particular attention to the stage tradition of bending the eyelids, robbing the eyes of all their life and the employment of light principles. Nothing can be worse than to see the results of their misuse. Eyes are made to appear star-like, strafed with blackened tear-positions—radiations which cause light-colored eyes to appear lighter still. Rouged lips lose their skin texture and are transformed into black patches of court platter. The light powder causes an halation which could be adopted for holographic purposes by our Army and Naves. It must be recalled that the camera most generally used is blind to color and can only reproduce in black and white—and the varying shades that lie between these two extremes. There are about seventy discernible hues, tints or shades between black and white, and inventors are doing their best to create lenses to catch as many of these intermediate shades as possible. Ray filters and other means are employed to give the best impression of the differences in color values. But in spite of all our efforts we are only able to procure different shades of gray. The question arises, then, as to whether it would not be very nice to have all make-ups worked out in grey. It would doubtless be most effective—but the over-emphatic use of grey is more prevalent within a grey and it may be very difficult to persuade him to assume this cadaverous hue, even for the sake of art.

The elusiveness which we call color is really that which is reflected from some source of light—the source greatly influencing the reflection. The feminine reader will readily appreciate this fact. For every woman knows how necessary it is in matching materials in the shops to see them in daylight as well as under the electric light of the store. The white light of day is composed of every known color, visible and invisible to the eye. Of all the artificial colors acetylene gas is the one that most nearly approaches daylight and the electric carbon filament lamp is the one that is least universal. Moving picture studios are usually equipped with three forms of light, daylight, electric, and lamps and the Cooper-Hewitt mercury vapor light is just that our purpose to determine here which light is to be preferred. Each manufacturer claims superiority for his own, but as most studios use a combination of the two it becomes a matter of individual requirements.

The Cooper-Hewitt offers a light of low intensity spread over a large source of supply, giving a well-diffused light similar to that reflected from a northern sky on a bright day. It changes all colors and casts a violet tinge over everything it touches. The arc light, on the other hand, produces a very high form of light, which, like the sun-ray, and more strongly reproduces the direct rays of the sun in a southern sky. It presents color in its well-known form, but accentuates the high lights and deepens the shadows.

It can be readily understood therefore that the questions of light when make-up present difficult problems to the camera-
man. Some studios insist on a yellow and others on a pink make-up. It is a peculiar fact that with the same yellow make-up one actor will be photographed in a delicate shade of grey and another comes out like a mulatto. It is evident that yellow is a variable quantity and cannot be relied on to give uniform results.

If the pinks and blues are too light, and the yellows and reds too dark, why not blend them so as to bring about a standard color? When about 60 per cent. of pale juvenile grease is mixed with 40 per cent. of orange yellow, a splendid blend results for the use of women. The same proportion of medium juvenile and orange yellow is suited to the use of men. Both mixtures will do equally well as a groundwork for all forms of illumination and will present a human appearance on and off the screen.

A blending powder known as Brunette is used with these; a small percentage of light blue is added to this for women, and a little rouge for men. This make-up is ideal for straight work where no special character is portrayed. Each character, of course, is a law unto itself and requires special study, but with the foregoing as a basis from which to start, the rest should come easily. The most important thing of all is to get a perfectly smooth foundation to work on, and this cannot be hurriedly attained. One should always remember that it is better to err on the side of too little make-up than too much.

The face should be prepared for grease paint, both as a protection to the skin and as a working foundation. A small quantity of a good theatrical cold cream is spread over the face, ears, neck and chin. It must be thoro{}y{}ly worked into the pores, and then every trace of the cream is washed away with a piece of cheese cloth or a towel. Many people believe that cold cream is a part of the make-up itself. This is quite erroneous as the cream serves only to cleanse the skin and prepare it for the grease paint. If any cream remains on the face, the heat of the studio lights or other metallic conditions will make it so that it will work thru the paint and darken the powder. It also causes the make-up to become shiny, and that is as far as good picture as to a woman's mental equilibrium.

After the face is cleansed the grease paint is applied by rubbing the stick roughly over the face avoiding the eyes and lips. Both hands are then used to spread the paint. If it does not spread well because of some temperature condition, let the powder sit for a moment on a piece of ice or dip them into very cold water, and then go over the face again with the finger tips. In this way the desired smoothness is soon obtained.

After these successive steps the powder process comes next in order. This blending powder is applied with a lamb's wool puff. It is always a good thing to start with the neck and chin, as these parts are liable to be forgotten and leave a mortifying discrepancy between face and costume when unpowdered. Then work up towards the face. A powdered smoothness must be gained but not by means of the puff which is used merely as a vehicle to apply the powder. The surplus powder is removed by a baby's hair brush, and what remains on the face is evenly distributed by it. A considerable portion of the first application is absorbed by the grease, so that a second and even a third coating of powder is often necessary to secure the desired finish.

An eyebrow brush is then taken in hand to remove all powder from eyebrows and lashes, and the addition of a little cold cream wipes out all traces of grease and

---

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tan Opera House, New York;
Olive Tell, star of "Civilian
Clothes," Moroso Theatre,
New York; Helen MacKel-
er, starring In "The Storm,"
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In Russia...—and one not to be treated lightly if a player wishes to appear natural upon the silversheet, not, as it were, like a subject of some queer and hitherto unknown species.

AGED

"Did you see a drama this afternoon?"

"No, a mellow drama; it had been re-

issued."

IN THE LOVE SCENES

FLORA—I wonder why they call every-

picture a release?

FAUNA—I really don't know. In all I've ever seen the clutch was the main feature.

THE NUANCE

VISITOR—Who is that man everybody is

jostling and pushing around?

STUDIO EMPLOYEE—Oh, he's only the author of the photoplay.

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contract with another company, but I think I'll Mayflower as well. I work best with Mr. Walsh and he says he works best with me, so it's the same thing to do—work together, I mean, isn't it? I agreed that it was. There is something very vivider about her smile when she smiles and the black eyes dance—ills then the ancestry of her Irish forefronts appears itself.

"Did you have any theatrical experience when you went with Mr. Griffith?"

"None at all," she answered, as she rose from the depths of the chair to close the windows thru which a chill breeze was blowing. "He was thinking of produc- ing 'The Birth of a Nation' when I first met him, and he said I was the type he wanted for the Southern girl. Then he didn't do it right away and I had forgotten all about it. However, I was glad to accept it, when he came to me with an offer, and it was thru working in this picture that I came to know Mae Marsh. We used to have glorious times between scenes and I had often used ces that had become provoked with us, I'm sure. Mae was very clever and didn't need to concentrate as I did. Then, too, I was a novice, while she had former experience. And I'm afraid I've disappointed Mr. Griffith since, by not devoting my entire time to it. I'll time to make up for, I'll realize his hopes, I am going to work steadily.

She spoke of this artist director in glowing terms and the sincerity in her voice was in itself a tribute.

And the talk, taking a theatrical trend, drifted to the Talmadges and her other play-friends. I learned of 'herries,' which these girls of filmland have every week or so, when they get together and talk of the little, inconsequential things—things dear to every feminine heart.

We have the best times. We even leave our husbands for a while, if we have husbands," laughed Miriam Cooper Walsh. "The next party will be odd of fun, for it's the first time in ages we've all been East at the same time.

Her anticipation was that which the schoolgirl feels over a secret spread—she is, despite the manifest habit upon a proper finger, still a girl, eager, believing and hopeful. And one might borrow again from the New England poet and paint a true word picture of her—"Ah, fair, in sooth, is the maiden.

A Man of Parts

(Continued from page 66)

child. I'm crazy about trapping, hunting and fishing."

"Did you ever work at anything before you went into pictures?"

"Good heavens, yes. My father decided to let me have my own way about a education. I went thru High School doing the worst tricks and getting expelled every little while. I was one of those snuff in the stove or knocking in toads and spiders to frighten the girls—always up to some devilry.

"After school I sold newspapers on the electric cars running from Santa Monica to Venice, and got a dollar a day. I was always independent. That didn't seem like money enough for the amount of brains I was leading around, so I went into a grocery store. I nibbled up so many cakes and amny olives, that they decided I was too expensive for the outfit, and I was canned."

"One day, while I was riding about on a new broom that I had bought, I took out in my western things, I passed the studio where Ruth Roland and Micky %elor were wonderful. They must have thought me in make-up and as they were short a man, asked if I would come in and do a western. At the end of the day I was closing my fingers over two-fifty. That was the easiest money I ever earned, and as the horse turned out to be a backer, pushing down fences and ob- stacles, they featured me later in a one- reel with the bronc."

"Just about that time, I began to feel leads coming on. I traded over to the old 101 outfit at Santa Monica and hustled myself to Mr. Ince. I persuaded him I was right there with the goods and could play anything from Romeo to cave-men. I was engaged, and got on all right at first, but he gave me a real part with real acting. I rehearsed it, and Mr. Ince said, 'covered! You'll never see me there! If you want to hang around here and do what you're told, you may learn to. Well, start you at ten bucks per week."

"Well, I decided that this meant lots of work in the open, that there was nothing I preferred to it this far, so I signed up. I've been right thru the hottest fire. I've slid off a horse going down a cliff just ten feet before he landed, finding myself hanging on crazily to a wobbly bush while the horse had every semblance of self-control. And I'm afraid I've disappointed Mr. Griffith since, by not devoting my entire time to it. I'll time to make up for, I'll realize his hopes, I am going to work steadily.

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SILENCE IS GOLDEN

For a good many actors, the silversheet is a golden opportunity.
Earle's Elegy in a Churchyard

(Continued from page 49)
of the typical society man,” she said, “but really he is essentially simple in his tastes and likenings. In California, he would be up with the sun, raking and hoeing and
digging away. Here in New York, too, a
hotel wouldn't do. He had to have a home of
some sort and we found it with all sorts of
skirmishing and effort. He liked quiet things,
too, books and good taste in surround-
ings, and theaters, and all that sort of
thing.”

I asked her what it felt like to be the
wife of the long indisputable “movie”
hero.

“I imagine,” she said, with a humorous
pretty laugh, “pretty much the same as it
feels to be the wife of any man.”

Earle Williams is, somehow, different
than you imagine he is going to be before
you meet him. You imagine, I take it, that
he is going to be very fascinating.
So he is, but not as you imagine it. He
looks, thoroly, the man of the world, su-
perlatively groomed, rather tired-looking,
easy, graceful, but why, with it all, there is
an accompanying simplicity of manner, indi-
cating quite thoroly an equal, if not
greater, simplicity of heart. There is
an almost heart-throbbing suggestion of
the eternal boy in man. Something un-
pretentiously likable. You assume that he
would fit, pre-emminently, in a
ballroom or find him simply fascinating.

As part of the
melancholy of a late October day in a
quaint churchyard. You think he should
discourse upon Broadway, and you find
him talking quite absorbedly about Pek-
ingese dogs, lettuce beds, kitchenettes
and jewelry insurance. You look for
some heart-throbbing “cops,” and you elicit
the information, that the best life affords
is work and love and congenial home sur-
rroundings. You think of the iod of
countless feminine hearts for countless
pictures back and you stealthily observe
Mr. Williams squeezing his wife’s hand.
And there you have it! Your deductions
are that he is really quite a temperate
sort of a person, quite a moderate sort
of a person. If he is consumed by flan-
ming ambitions, he is moderate enough to
not flaunt them to the four winds. If he
has gypsy calls at any time, he has
directed the calls. Almost unconsciously,
perhaps, he has come upon the philosophy
of life which he has adopted and which
makes each day worth the living for that
day’s sake. You’d just plain like him first,
and then be fascinated afterward, accord-
ing to your temperament. At the least
and the most, he wouldn’t make the effort
of sophistication one might expect of him.

A disheveled, tired-out looking group
drove into the Viutraph lot at seven
forty-five one morning of the past week.
It was at the moment when Studio Man-
ger W. S. Smith arrived at his office.
Looking from his window he saw the two
barbers of people alike and the thought
passed thru his mind:

“Whoever they are, they look rather
tired to be starting out on a day’s work.”

Sauntering out into the yard, he met Bill
Duncan.

“Just starting out, ‘Dune?’” asked Mr.
Smith.

“Starting out? We’re just getting in!”
replied Mr. Duncan.
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The Independent Priscilla

(Continued from page 63)

of pleasant work, and new adventures, and any number of men ready to see her a good time, she will not marry and spoil it all. And it is a well-known fact, that as soon as a girl begins reasoning that way, and states emphatically that she would not marry the best man in the world, she is about due to meet her Waterloo.

"I went on the stage when I was about four years old," said this decidedly unprecise Priscilla, "with Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle. I guess almost everyone in the world started in that! Since then, I've appeared in just about everything: melodrama and Shakespearean tragedy on the stage and comedy and melodrama on the screen."

Priscilla Dean's first screen work was with the American Biograph Company in 1911. From there, she went to Pathé, then World, and then Universal, where she has been ever since. Her first starring vehicle was "The Two-Souled Woman" and "The Wildcat of Paris" was her favorite.

"When I was about seven years old," she went on, "I was in a stock company on Fifth Avenue, with Amelia Bingham, James Young (now a prominent director), and Florence Reed. We played the whole sort of melodrama, comedy, and one play particularly, in which I was a cripple. I would continually forget under which arm I carried my crutch, with the result that I was never in the same leg for two consecutive scenes."

But the real thrill of her career came when, at fourteen—(just the right age)—she met Juliet.

"I was with the Ben Greet players at the time," she said. "We traveled around, appearing at the different colleges and playing anything of Shakespeare's that the students asked for, at any notice or no notice at all. We carried no scenery and we had no stars. I used to play a leading part at one performance and a page at the next. It was, of course, wonderful training."

She was just at the age when beaux make more impression on a girl than at any other time, and she had any number of them. College boys who used to surround her, cut classes for her and bring her candy and flowers. Recently, she met one of these boys again. He is now the Rev. Henry Clark Smith and is the pastor of a large church in Jersey. Art House.

He had been a student of the University of North Carolina and had cut more than one class to be near the little girl actress. Now they are both grown, and in talking over those "lid" days, the minister confessed laughingly that at that time he could have given anything on earth to have been an actor.

And now, what do you think Priscilla Dean's recipe for success could possibly be? Perhaps, if you asked her, she would say "Work! Work! Work!". Get as varied a training as you can. Know the technique of your profession. Perhaps she would answer this, but I do not think so. I believe that she would say something a little less conventional, but none the less true such as:

"Enjoy yourself, be perfectly healthy, get all the fun out of your work you can, and be sure you really want the kind of success you are going after."

But suppose she advised you to work or play, you could feel sure that she was at the time following her own advice. She is that sort of girl.

During the course of our conversation,
Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don’t let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful “Danderine” at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying “Danderine” to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

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YOU can now learn to write Short Stories, Photoplays, Magazine and Newspaper articles in your own home. Those day dreams of yours may mean a future to you because you can now learn how to put them in marketable form through a new efficient training. Writing is not a “gift from Heaven.” The ability to write is acquired — just like any other ability. And YOU can acquire the ability through Hoosier Institute training, right in your own home during your spare time. You receive personal instruction. You will find the work fascinating and it will be surprising how your writing improves. Send the coupon today for special offer.

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Address

(Continued from page 45)

An Intimate Chat With Bessie

girl, fitted to take my place among those born to that strata of society. Clothes formed an important part in this evolution, and I gave much serious thought to the selection of everything I wore, suggesting in this manner many vital points which helped develop the rôle.

“I often think,” went on Miss Barricall, “what fun the future generations will have in studying the dresses of the present day thru the medium of motion pictures, for the producing companies are very particular in their players’ dresses and to present the last word in fashion and with all the little novelties, too. It is indeed a reflection of the life of the minute which will prove interesting in the years to come. Imagine how we would enjoy seeing a group of actors on the screen, taken during Queen Elizabeth’s reign, or Cleopatra’s.”

“We know what Miss Barricall means,” said I, in answer to my companion. “With your diversity of rôles have you a favorite one?” I queried.

“Thank you so much,” she said, smiling. “I love each one as it comes along. Sometime I think it is a mistake not to establish a definite screen personality and then stick to it.”

I did not agree with her, for we who see her in a wide range of characters find a stimulating interest awakened at the mere announcement of a new Barricall picture, speculating as to what sort of a role this ver-satile actress will give us this time. She had usually a scene that was the most realistic scene I ever made,” and she laughed as she told it, “was in ‘A Corner in Colleen,’ where a little Irish girl I had to ride a donkey, bareback, in a circus. They had searched for donkey with a broad back, and as I am not very big, you can imagine the imposi-
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Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Also larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monochloroacetic Acid of Salicylic Acid.

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—Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

A small bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at drug stores anywhere.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 75)

no one dabbling in screen art today who can be relied on for such gorgeous productions as De Mille. He paints with a lavish brush. The sensitive loveliness of his pictures is remembered long after either pallid photoplays have been forgotten. Here Gloria Swanson, indeed a beautifully modeled subject, is the chief mistress for his brush. Such glittering costumes of gold, soft furs, rare pearls and shimmering silks! Bebe Daniels and Mildred Reardon also contribute veritable dreams of feminine beauty to the tale, but as one healthy-minded American behind me remarked, sarcastically: “Good heavens, they’d be a help to the house!” So it happens that in spite of all their graces, like Cinderella, Lila Lee, portraying the part of the maid, Tweneo, only catches the heart-strings of our American audiences. Lila Lee it is who romps away with our sympathy. This is by far the best performance she has ever given and demonstrated not only that she

(Continued on page 120)
Dialog Imaginary

(Continued from page 78)

Jack—On the contrary, the nude in art
has no stauncher supporter than I, nor
has the human figure any other ardent
admirer; but, as you say, there is a place
for everything. I would not display the
human form divine on a church steeple,
in a harrowed ballroom, in a theater,
or in a ballroom. That which is so
beautiful that it is sacred should not be
subjected to ridicule, that would you
say if some actor should attempt to bur-
lesque Jesus the Christ? Besides, it is not
for art’s sake that pretty girls appear in
comedies, in the opera, and nobody
claims so. Many of these scenes are
indecent because they are suggestive and
vulgar. They are intended to be so.
That is what they are there for.

Miss McC.—Then you object to abbre-
viated bathing-suits?
Jack—Not at all. I object to the man-
ner of their use in pictures. When bath-
ing-suits become an excuse for showing
a practically nude figure in some absurd,
ridiculous scene, then it becomes vulgar.
Also disgraceful. Also harmful to the
morals of the young. Also harmful,
vastly harmful, to the motion picture in-
dustry. You call it gaiety, but it is a
departure, a stepping down, and there is
nothing suggestive in it. In his con-
ception, the human form divine
would never be shown in a farce.
That is not the right place for it.

Miss McC.—You seem to lose sight of
the fact that humor is usually founded
on an absurdity.

Jack—Not at all. I well know that fact,
and I trust that I am keen enough to
detect the finest shades of humor in
the absurd, when there is any humor to
detect. You call the farce funny—of course;
it is absurd. For instance, your attitude
on these subjects is absurd, but it is not
funny. It is painful.

Miss McC.—If I give you pain, I will go.

Jack—No, sit down, pray. I did not
say that you gave me a pain, but that it
was part of the business, more or less,
and that it is not so much the gaiety
that is absurd, as your attitude toward
it. The attitude is absurd.

Miss McC.—My depravity is only ex-
ceeded by your insinuations, sir.

Jack—Quite so; well, if you must be
offensive.

Miss McC.—Yes, I must or I shall be
continually contaminated with your old-
fogy notions.

Jack—I thank you. Come again. Con-
tamination will do you good!

ADAM, ALWAYS ADAM

Every man has in his heart a lumber-
ing hog.—Preault.

How much I love with himself, and
that without a rival!—Cicero.

The man who can govern a woman
can govern a nation.—Balzac.

Many men know how to flatter; few
men know how to praise.—Wendell
Phillips.

Art may produce a snit of clothes, but
art must produce a man.—Hume.

A husband is always a sensible man; he
never thinks of marrying.—Dumas.

Great men are not isolated peaks; they
are the summits and ranges.—Higginson.

Limited in his nature, infinite in his
desires, man is a fallen god who remem-
bers heaven.—Lamarquiste.

Great men too often have greater faults
than little men can find room for.—Lamarquiste.
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The Golden Girl
(Continued from page 3)
vanity. She is not the type of girl who goes around with a powder puff in her hand. She is not a perfection of grace, but a delicate dainty personality, graced with a yeoman gesture that accompanied her burning words. Her soft, simply made dress of silk didn’t quite meet where it should, but she carried herself under the star and chatted on, sublimely unconscious of her looks. She is small, tiny-honed but beautifully rounded. She thinks she would like to be taller and openly enthused because I was shorter than she.

In spite of her care-free girlishness, this Juliet-Mary possesses a very sweet dignity which holds forth the promise of splendid womanhood. During my stay she brought in her grandmother and her sister that I might meet them and introduced them with quaint pride. I have never heard anything sweeter or more womanly than the way she spoke with breath that she thought the greatest thing in life must be to be married to the man you loved and have babies.

"Of course," she said, "I am too young to think of such things and mother wouldn’t like me to talk about it, but oh, I do think it would be wonderful, more wonderful than all the fame and money in the world, to have babies of one’s very own. That’s what God put us on this earth for, after all, didn’t He?"

I nodded. Such a moment in a cynical world was too holy for speech.

Then I watched Mary as she was called to manage several matters which were in the telephonic. She took care of them with a poise lacking in many an accomplished woman. She met one of the reporters of the great daily and recounted her life’s history dutifully.

And when all had been attended to and we were at last alone again, she brimmed over with joy and enthusiasm because it was time to get dressed for dinner and the theater and the rare treat which mamma had promised her — a real cabaret!

I hope Realart will give my Golden Girl the opportunity she deserves, for it is in the short selection of one meets an ingénue with the brains of Mary Miles Minter, the beauty, and the genius. She is truly, in spite of her early triumphs, an uncrowned mine of gold.

TOM MOORE AS TYPIST

Tom Moore, who is in New York for a short visit between pictures, announces that he has a new accomplishment. He can typewrite! It isn’t that the Goldwyn star has any intention of giving up the "movies" to become a stenographer, but that the last picture on which he worked required him to run a typewriter. He satisfied Director Harry Beaumont as he sat at the machine, pounding away with the forefinger of each hand, just as newspaper men even after they graduate into being authors (he is a young author in the pictures), he locks it all right, BUT — when at the end of the scene, Moore proudly handed the result of his typing to Beaumont, this is what the astounded one replied:

"I won’t rath,’ b’own at The beehl Thansittin’ UN’d-er this D— hot Lamp."

3Tom?
some cases without having even tried it on—she knew that which was suited to her, instinctively, it seemed. I wondered just what would suit her keenly the charming Miss Binney. As if in answer to my unspoken question she went on. "For instance, I am sure that I am anything but a one-piece gown and a big, soft coat than I am tailored suits and shirt waists, tho they certainly suit some:"

"It is terrible," she continued with a woeeful expression, "when a perfectly nice looking woman will do all sorts of sinful things for herself just because she feels she must obey Fashion's latest decree. Haven't you seen numbers of those very corpulent women on the Avenue with ridiculous short skirts showing unbecoming limbs and with just loads of drapery over their enormous hips? Oh, I think it's terrible," with a helpless little smile. "Correctly dressed, even a large woman can be smart, you know."

It seemed quite fitting that Constance should talk about fashions, for in her Realart productions and in all her work on the stage she has been known as a smartly dressed girl. Everyone wants her to pull out his fashions—all the big shops seek her out—but never will she allow Dame Fashion's decree to make her ridiculous.

Suddenly gripping my arm she said in a low tense voice, looking straight at a woman sitting opposite us: "Now, look at that woman. She's dressed in perfect twice—all except the egg-shaped neck of her dress. Her shoulder-bones stand out and glare at you. If she only had a square neck, she would look a thousand times better. That's just it! We think that some people are just naturally well dressed, that every thing they put on looks well and is becoming. But I don't believe that is ever the case. To be well dressed you must give every minute detail of your wardrobe thought and care. One little slip may spoil the general appearance of otherwise well chosen clothes. It really is a study, you know," she went on, growing enthusiastic, "as girls will when they want something. Just come in for their share of the talk, "and with all the beautiful things the shops are offering it is a fine idea for girls. With us of the stage and screen it is, of course, a vitally necessary study, but I think it is the duty of every woman, no matter what her walk in life—to look her honest-to-goodness best, I mean. One of the very best ways is to study a really well-dressed woman of her own type on or off the stage or screen. But let her be sure of the type. Let a blonde choose a blonde, a brunette a brunette. Just suppose a dark girl followed my choice of colors. Suppose a blonde woman tried to imitate Mary Pickford or a tiny one followed in the footsteps of Dorothy Dalton?"

In the moments of silence which followed I thought of how very lovely she was and with what perfect taste she was dressed. Her great big grey-blue eyes were made bluer by the reflection of some exquisite blue chiffon embroidery around the neck of her simple blue tricotine frock. Her hat of soft blue velvet was in perfect accord and while I could not see her feet I felt sure they were well shod. There was no doubt that Constance Binney was as well dressed away from the screen—off the stage—as any one could wish.

"Look, isn't that a perfectly charming hat!" she suddenly said, nodding to—

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Faces Made Young
This month's article presents a picture of a woman who had just come in. "Um-m-m," she said, not wishing to waste any time in which this practical young person before me might discuss clothes.

"Hats," echoed diminutive Constance.
"I just love them. I have oodles of them—tried and true old ones of the hack and sport variety, good for rainy days and country wear; and then I have a lot of lovely new ones to go with every frock and wrap I own and a few especially lovely ones beside 'to chasse them blues.' Some of them are blue hats too." Of course, I thought. Lovely woman is never so lovely as when a hat matches her eyes.

"Does shopping always chase away your blues?" I asked.
"Not always," she answered, toy ing with her club sandwich. "Of course it is just getting away from myself that cures them actually I suppose—blues generally come from too much introspection and thoughts too self-centered, don't they?"
and the depths of her blue eyes and her serious mien told me rather eloquently that Miss Binney has other thoughts besides clothes. I have thought out problems one feels sure—thought them out wisely and well.

"Altogether, however," she went on, shaking off the serious mood. "I know of nothing more effective for cheering up any woman's drooping spirits than a bit of new clothes. It may be a new hat, one of the adorable new collars or just a bit of bright ribbon—anything that's pretty and cheery, but it will make you feel a great deal smarter and better dressed, know that whenever my spirits are low, I go out and buy something to wear. You forget all about having been depressed in the search for your new finery and in the pleasure of wearing it!"

And so—this is the curse of Constance Binney for the blues which have been the cruelest of the past musical season; there have been songs about them and one million and one cures prescribed for them.

"Chase them blues!"

Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(Continued from page 82)

stop her on the street with a request for photographs, so she inscribed a small likeness, promised to send a large picture, framed, and then happened to kiss the most loyal fan any one ever had.

Joe de Grasse is directing Sesque Haya-kawa, and his young son has recently pulled off a bit of publicity for Joe which was most embarrassing. The De Grasse family hibernates in Glendale, a very independent and exclusive little village about thirty minutes' commute from Los Angeles—that is, when the cars run on schedule, which same they don't.

The property trunks of Mr. De Grasse had never been unpacked, and while he was busy at the studio, the heir, just to show he wasn't green Grasse, got busy with the trunks, fitted every kid in the neighborhood with swords, buskins, tights, beards and wigs, helmets and deer knows what—and had a parade. That wouldn't have been so bad, but Mr. De Grasse had packages of handbills for one-night stands, not bearing any particular city, but filled in and distributed when they played small towns.

The youngsters had a beautiful time scattering hundreds of these yellow handbills, broadcasting them on (Continued on page 118)
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Talk of the Town
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Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views
(Continued from page 116)

porches, into stores, along Brand Boulevard, and at the electric railway stations, with the result that the telephone rang frantically all afternoon, inquiring of Mrs. De Grasse when the show would come up. She could not understand the mystery for a long time, and they do say that Poppa Joe intends to build an old-fashioned woodshed on the back lot, because that's the way he was brought up.

Mac Marsh is expected back almost any day, for she is signed up for five years with Robertson-Cole, to appear in an entirely different line of stories, which will give her opportunity for her eccentric characterizations and yet be humorous attractive. Her brother-in-law is an assistant director for Harmon.

Some picture folk who sat behind me—daren't divulge the names, but you know them well—were discussing the delightful subtleties in “The Virtuous Vamp.” Said one, “They're by Anita Loos. I know her brand—she's a wonder!” The other laughed and remarked, “She's the best subtitle writer in the business; nobody ever gets across so many original inspirations as she does. She just bubbles over night and day with funny ideas.” Nice, wasn't it? Did any one notice the faux pas in that Constance Talmadge tribute? She's on her honeymoon, and sprawls the left hand very noticeably on Conway Tearle's shoulder, and there's nary a wedding or engagement ring to be seen.

Alice Lake is at last coming into her own. She is featured in “Should a Woman Tell?” and in “Shore Acres,” which made a great stage success. Miss Lake was one of the most intimate friends of Natalie Talmadge when the two girls worked at Balboa studio with “Fatty” Arbuckle.

I saw Alice's self-designed frock of brown and gold taffeta, which has a full skirt covered by a bronze net drape. There are only little shoulder puffs on the bodice, outside of the bronze net shirring along the decollete. There's a sash with a brown velvet poppy at front, and I'm wondering how this Brown Betty will look on the screen, for most of the girls stick to shades of blue, pink, red or grey for the softness of coloring.

Hayakawa paid hundreds of dollars per day for the use of the very exclusive Marsh Gardens, Coronado, for the owner is not at all anxious to have them “featured,” and it was difficult to persuade him to relinquish them for a few days' location in order that the tea-garden scenes might be shot there. Society folk love to visit these entrancing gardens of the landscape artist, and when a pretty little San Diego blonde fluffed into view, Sessue wasn't long making friends.

I ran into Gertrude Norman recently. She is the famous old Englishwoman who has done old-world parts for years with Marguerite Clarke and Mary Pickford, covering a period of five years with Famous Players alone. She began in the old Biograph days, playing a tag in “Panchon the Cricketer” with Little Mary. Recently she was one of the aunts in “Widow by Proxy,” with Miss Clarke, and also appeared with that star in “The Pretty Sister of
José," in which she did a Spanish character part. She's playing that sort of role now, and her make-up is wonderful, with its Etruscan earrings, little neckerchief and lace headdress. The most marvelous part of Mrs. Norman's performance is her ability to sink into lameness, misshapen body, or draw in her facial muscles until she assumes the senility of old age without any make-up. Mr. Griffith used to have her do "lame" parts always, but as the Spanish grandmother Mrs. Norman must be straight and stately.

I attended the December 4th opening of the Grauman-Rialto Theater and premiere of "Male and Female." For hours people stood in a pouring rain, awaiting the opening of the doors, which is a pretty good advertisement for the De Mille forces. Lila Lee jumped lithely out of her machine, a big fuzzy coat over her evening gown of débuteante net and lace, with silver-grey hosiery and silver slippers. Her hair is done in the same plain little fashion, the most becoming to her. In a rear loge, the C. B. De Mille received their friends and entertained Gloria Swanson and other celebrities.

The tover was gay with rare blossoms, and a half-dozen beautiful models displayed the gowns worn by Bebe Daniels and Miss Swanson—just before the picture was run. Every one gasped at the pearl-meshed gown worn by Gloria as the Christian slave who prefers death to dishonor. It's as full of airholes as an old roof! Too bad Miss Swanson was not in the costume, which hasn't much before and "little less thanarf behind." The negligée worn during the exquisite bath scene was another stunning output of the Famous Players modiste, consisting of American Beauty chenille fringe in two lengths, draped in great diagonal curves about the entire figure in a very, vampish effect. A Tara type of model displayed this love of a "bathrobe" and got tremendous applause from the mere males present.

Leatrice Joy, the little New Orleans lass who went thru such hard times during the long illness and subsequent death of her father, and who played stock in San Diego as well as a good many pictures in Los Angeles, is having the rise of her life, for George Loane Tucker, who put Betty Compson into the front line, is now giving Leatrice (they've called her Beatrice lately) the lead in "Ladies Must Live." Miss Joy has an adorable Southern accent, but lacks the dolce far niente spirit of the South, for she is an indefatigable worker, with a huge ambition—to make life easy for her mother.

Jack Dempsey is here and very chummy with Al St. John, who is quite a little scrapper himself. Mr. Dempsey has taken Fannie Ward's former home on Wilshire Boulevard, and Jack Dean's scented (scented, one might say, since Jack has departed!) boudoir is now being turned into training quarters.

Edith Storey is still surrounded by "smoker," her unclassified "purp," which snaps at the heels of nearly everybody on the old Griffith lot and which has cost him his mistress. Now of all the trials in railroad transportation and medical attention since he first yelped at an unf-}

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The Quaker Oats Company
Solo Makers
Across the Silversheet (Continued from page 111)

has the courage to go on in small parts and prove her right to stardom, but the ability as well. Thomas Meighan is entirely satisfactory as the butler, Crichton, but I, for one, see nothing in his performance to merit stardom.

BLIND HUSBANDS—UNIVERSAL-JEWEL

Here is a photoplay which excels because it is built on the solid foundation of a real idea, namely, the universal carelessness and inattention of mankind. And when their wives after, in common parlance, they have them securely bound by the gold or platinum band of domestic slavery. Just so long as husbands allow themselves to take their wives for granted, to forget the little attentions and kindnesses after the honeymoon is ended, just so long will pretty young wives be the prey of Don Juans who appease them with pretty sayings and stave signs of devotion. This in the main is the theme of "Blind Husbands," this particular case being set in the Alps and brought to a happy finale by the timely awakening of the husband. As the wife, Francee, of Farnum, resembles Dorothy Phillips. Miss Billington's performance is excellent at all moments, Eric Von Stroheim is nothing less than delightful as the father, while Sam de Grasse portrays a husband to the life!

HIS OFFICIAL FIANCEE—FAMOUS PLAYERS—LAST

It seems to me that one of the greatest mistakes Paramount ever made was in allowing Vivian Martin to leave their fold. At the present moment she is not only as pretty and popular as any ingenue in the movies, but she is doing better and more subtle work than ever before. Any one who carelessly classes her as a pink bonbon of the celluloid world is unseeing and shows a keen lack of judgment. In "His Official Fiancée" she has less opportunity to demonstrate her ability than in her former picture, "The Third Kiss," nevertheless, her dainty charm and the tasteful-ness of her costumes makes the story of the little office girl who becomes engaged as a business proposition, decidedly worth while. With Mary Pickford almost ready to step into more mature roles when Margaret will be at a point where she should do so, and Mary Miles Minter suffering popular forgetfulness because of the recent lapse in her screen releases, Vivian Martin is the best serenest bet in stellar ingenues. Wise will be the company whom she next serves.

JOHN PETICOATS—INCE-PARAMOUNT

Bill Hart is the hero of this tale, which concerns itself with the adventures of a Northwesterner who finds himself heir to a Southern peticoat shop. He travels to New Orleans, and finds many of his best intentioned actions misconstrued, but in the end wins the girl whose father he has tried to befriend and win. Unfortu-nately for my complete approval of the picture, I had but recently visited the wilds of the Northwest and—did I think the most uncouth or untraveled of the rough element, I am positive he would not be terrified by the antics of an elevator, as was John Petticoats, nor would he be totally unacquainted with the styles of modern dancing. The Northwesterner would and does dress oddly and has his own particular code of manners; but he is acquainted with world progress in a general way. So it was that I found Bill Hart's continued pictured tidiness in New Orleans a trifle odd, and his truly in character, his fists should have
What Would It Mean to You to Have Muscles Like These?

It would mean tremendous strength, putting you in a class above even your equals. It would mean that you could cut out in feats of strength and be a leader of men. It would mean a strong personality, because of your commanding appearance, thereby assuring you of success in both the business and social world. It would mean added lung power, unlimited vitality and perfect health; removing all fears of constipation, indigestion, etc., which undermine the average man and make him old long before his time.

EARLE LIEBERMAN
The Acme of Physical Perfection

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I absolutely guarantee to do all this and more for you. I have found the short cut to physical perfection and applied it on my own body, proving its results. I have personally trained many of the world's most proficient men by this same method. Why waste your time and money with old-time worthless methods? If you are desirous of being a real robust man, follow the path of those who have already made a success. Come now, get busy, for every day counts.

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It tells the secret. Handsomely illustrated with 25 full-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained. Also contains full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and special offer will be sent on receipt of only $10, stamps or money order cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

Don't miss this opportunity. Sit right down now and fill in the coupon. The sooner you get started on the road to health the easier it will be to reach perfect health. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon to-day.

EARLE E. LIEBERMAN
Dept. 309, 203 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEBERMAN
Dept. 309, 203 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Dear Sir—I enclose herewith 10c for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development" (Please write or print plainly.)

Name

Address

City State
Baird-North Book of Advance Styles Now Ready

Mail the coupon below for your free copy. How at what a great saving you can dress in the modest set by Pario and New York as this season's leading styles.

Supreme quality at what you truly expect in garments offered by this old estab-lished firm of Baird-North. So, as well as in respect of low prices, you will be more than agreeably surprised at the perfection and the great variety of colors and styles displayed in our schoolbook.

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12A393—Buy Blue Today

This beautiful design, based on the principles of the splendid fashions of today’s modern Bldg.-North Style Book for The Mail Order, is a perfect con-ception of the beautiful lines and colors that will appeal to all mail order women. It is made of the finest materials and, as its name implies, it is a true “know-how” mail order.
Corinne Herself
(Continued from page 65)

by vivid chiffons and satins thrown over their swarthy backs.

It lacked but a few days to Christmas when I saw her, and in the course of our conversation, I asked her what she was planning for the holiday. She was bound to talk about homey things with Corinne—holiday preparations, interior decorating, etc., etc.—she is such a normal sort of girl, and so comfortably at home in her living.

Her eyes lost a bit of their brightness—

they seemed more blue than anything else just then.

"I'm blue this holiday season," she said, taking off the maroon feather turban she had worn in the scene and draped her head with its bobbed shock of hair into her cupped white hands. "One by one my relatives have found it impossible to get on and have notified me with a letter or a wire. I'd planned a jolly Christmas, too, just like we used to have down home with a tree and everything. And I just can't go through that—because—"

—would—hold up the picture—her voice trailing off into a more pronounced musical cadence of the Southland.

She has a wonderful sense of humor—so keen, in fact, that she laughed when someone told her they were showing her film in the projection-room and she went down to the show-up of a cat.

"The film belonged to Griffith, the director," she told me, "but the boy didn't know and when they said the Griffith film he thought it was mine."

— and a sense of humor so all-enveloping that it doesn't desert one when one is personally involved in it.

But that sense goes hand in hand, so to speak, with the same sense of balance she has retained, even thru all her success. Nothing has blurred her perspective—not even stardom almost immediately after she was discovered at that New Orleans Mardi Gras where she won the beauty prize and Rollin S. Sturgeon, the Vitagraph director, prevailed upon her to go into the movies.

The longer you talk with her—the more you watch her going about in her quiet little way with a sweet deliberateness—the longer you listen to her talk about people with a great tenderness—just that much more do you realize the great-ness of her—the spiritual greatness almost.

There is a depth to her so placid on the surface, as there is a depth to a clear blue pool. . .

She has found the world too interesting to sit back and watch it pass by when she has derived too keen a pleasure in being a friend to man . . .

Thus far Life has been good to Corinne, but she still has many miles towards the rugged road instead of the sheltered path she now treads; she would undeniably answer the call. In her vein's flow runs the warm blood known to those other women of another generation—those women of the Old South.

And that's what Corinne Griffith suggests—whether she's going thru a scene in the studio or talking with you in her dressing-room—she is the essence of the Old South with its ideals, its pretty sentiments and its romance—ever and always the gentlewoman.

THE FILM FAN

Visitors—Look at the pretty pictures book I've brought you.

Billy—Aw, that's no good. The pictures don't move.

^difficulties

^difficulties

I Teach Piano
A Funny Way

So people said when I first started in 1891. But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students that there ever before taught by one man. I make them skilled players of the piano or organ in quarter the usual time at quarter the usual cost.

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. Where isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who are able to earn a living in a tutoring train-

ing from me by mail.

Investigating by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano and organ is entirely different from all others. Rather than study four hours of every day, I concentrate during the morning, and then spend an entire hour from three to four in the afternoon, learning something about Harmony and Analysis of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still believe that learning piano and organ is solely a problem of time and practice.

When you go to the keyboard, you accomplish nothing much, because you don't understand what you are doing. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible understandable help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My method—Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes by day and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and progressive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of your hand at the keys of the board. You actually see the notes move. Instead of

Marcus Lucius Quinn Conservatory of Music
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QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio MC at any Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please send me without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," and full details of your Course and special reduced tuition offer. Free book ready.

Address.

You Have a Beautiful Face—but Your Nose

In this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you now be as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find it greatly to your advantage to bear in mind that the most effective way to make success, the most important way to make others see the failure or success of your life—which is to be his ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "Tranxor" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, by simple application, safely and permanently. It is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-Shaped Noses without cost of not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
breast, fell forward—and the burning timbers covered him from sight. When, working frantically, they dragged the unrecognizable figure of the shoemaker into safety at last and bent above him a murmur of awe rose from many lips. Held close against his breast was the parish register and beneath it a small iron cross, still glowing red. And upon the naked flesh of Charley Steele, the agonistic, was burned indelibly the imprint of the Cross...

It was late that evening when the scorched eyelids lifted and the eyes looked up into the anguish face of Rosalie Eventrail, with a puzzled look that gradually darkened with memory. "Kathleen!" murmured Charley Steele's swollen lips. "So—it was you all the time, Kathleen—"

Rosalie Eventrail caught her breath, and then smiled across her wound. "It is,—is Rosalie, Jacques," she soothed him, "don't try to talk, dear—"

But he shook his head. "God in Heaven!" Charley Steele cried, "d'you suppose I know it is you, Rosalie—but the past has all come back—I remember every-thing."

A great shaggy figure rose up from the chair by his bed and came to the bedside. Joe Portuguese touched the bandaged hands with great, incredibly gentle fingers. "She is dead, m'sieu," he said simply; "your wife is dead. I went back to Montreal to find out, and they told me. So cet is all right, non? And you can be happy at last, M'sieu?"

Oddly enough it was not the name of the woman he loved that Charley Steele spoke first in this moment when the gates of joy at last swung wide to his hungry eyes, but a question. "How, how—her last words?" he asked, "I'm a wreck, Patricia," he said; "no time now for me to come to you . . . like this . . . too late . . ."

"You're a man now, dear," she told him, "at last. This is the way you should always have come to me . . . a man . . . a woman . . ."

"I am poor," he said, "I am disgraced, humiliated. A laughing-stock."

"But I love you."

They bound me out of town, out of the country, by ridicule, by pity which I shall not bear, by contempt."

"Still I love you."

Brewster Howard gave a deep, slow sigh. It came from a profound depth within him, never before perturbed. "It is enough," he said, "it is all there is.

With pride gone, and wealth gone, happiness came, and serenity and a content as warm as sunlight, as pervasive as dawn.

HIS ONLY WORRY.

Office Boy: Say, boss, are the printers all on a strike?

Scenario Ed.: Yes. Why do you ask?

Office Boy: What are we going to do when we run out of rejection slips?

The Right of Way

(Continued from page 59)

Write the Words for a Song!

Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, compose music for them, and guarantee to secure publication on a royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Mail your song-poem on love, peace, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems submitted are examined free.

BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS
105E Fitzgerald Building
Broadway at Times Sq.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 90)

F. K.—You're like the fellow I took in to have a soda, and he said he would rather have the money. I'll do my best.

You can get photographs of the players from the companies they are with. Maude Fuly is not in pictures now. Why, it was Benjamin Franklin who said, "Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead." Mrs. M. J. H.—You want to know why the Prince of Wales always shakes hands with the soldiers, boys with his left hand.

Never noticed it, and I dont know why.

Referred to the British Ministry.

B. F. W.—Derwent Hall Caine was the leading man in the world. Yes, it takes two to make a bargain, but usually only one gets it. Pauline Frederick in "The Loves of Letty." She also played in "The Paliser Case."

I. M. A.—You certainly write a very shifty letter. Let her go! Be like Sir George Reid, the noted Englishman, who said, "I have aimed at health and happiness, and when confronted by a formidable obstacle, I have first tried to knock it over; if that failed, I around it; if not to get under it; and if all these maneuvers failed, I have been content to lie down in its grateful shade, landing it as a beautiful pattern in disguise." Come in and see me again.

Mrs. B. F. B.—Beau retour. So you cant get a picture out of Eugene O'Brien. Eugene, yes, lots of friends in that way. You thought you could stick me when you asked me. What was Queen Elizabeth's favorite dish on festal occasions? It was peacock pie.

M. C.—So you really like my department. It makes me very happy when you say that, because in my meager way of entertaining you, I often feel that I am losing my way and I wish I could say more interesting things. You refer to Jack Pickford in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

C. Carrots.—Why, June Caprice is on the stage now.

I. M. G.—Horrors no, William Hart is not an Indian. What made you think so? I dont agree with anybody who says, "If God had never made women, there wouldnt be any fools in the world." May I ask you, if you have not lost your memory, what I am doing to counterbalance the men fools. Mary Thurman is playing with William Desmond in "The Prince and Betty."

S. B. P.—You think we ought to have Viola Dana on the cover soon. Yes, I think we should. New ideas, new plans, new stimuli are the seeds from which new business grows. Our Editor-in-Chief is full of them. Some big ones under way.

Pardon me, if I offend.

B. C.—By the way, the only foreign destinations to which the two-cent rate applies are Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Bahamas, British India, British Honduras, the West Indies, Lloyd's Islands, Newfoundland, Dominican Republic, Trinidad (including Tobago), England, Ireland, New Zealand, the city of Shanghai (China), and Windward Islands, including Granada, St. Vincent, the Grenadines and St. Lucia. Put this in your newspaper too.

Clara K. Young is not married. Her former husband's wife is Clara Whipple now.

J. B. B.—You address me "Dear Es- sence of Knowledge." Yes, to be taken in small doses only. You say you want pages and papers. I am not Mr. Kalphy Graves. For God's sake, I am not Mr. Kalphy Graves. For God's sake, I am not Mr. Kalphy Graves. For God's sake, I am not Mr. Kalphy Graves.

So you think I am wealthy, and about to retire.
A Modern Hercules
A New Star Has Dawned in the Athletic World

A New Strong Man With New Ideas, New Methods—Different From All the Rest

The Last Word in Physical Development

The Arthur Hyson Progressive Contraction Method

If you have tried other methods and failed to obtain the results you wanted, it will pay you to investigate the Hyson System.

Arthur L. Hyson, an exceptionally developed athlete, who has studied thoroughly the physiological and anatomical needs of the body, and who has produced wonderful results, on the hundreds of athletes he has trained, and on his own person as well, is now prepared again to accept individual pupils and teach them and benefit them as he has done in the past.

He has just published a new book called "Physical Perfection" which will fully explain his methods, terms, etc. and if you are interested in improving yourself to your limit, it will be to your advantage to read what he has to say regarding the body in relation to exercise.

A copy will be sent to you upon receipt of 10 cents. Either copy or stamps to cover cost of packing, mailing, etc.

Just tear off the coupon below and get your copy without delay. If you put off, you may forget, so DO IT NOW.

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[City]   [State]
VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

Deafness is Miserable

A soldier came to me one day looking very sick and worn out. He said: "Doctor, I have been in the Army for years, and I have been deaf for the past year. What can I do?"

I said: "You can do nothing. Deafness is a permanent condition."

He said: "But I am a soldier, and I cannot be deaf."

I said: "Yes, you can be deaf. Deafness is a temporary condition."

He said: "But I am a soldier, and I cannot be temporary."

I said: "Yes, you can be temporary. Deafness is a permanent condition."
PLAY
BE A
REALPISTANT

20
LESSONS
BY MAIL

Niagara School of Music, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

MAIL THIS TO-DAY——

Decd. 28.

Without obligation to you, please mail to address below, your name and address.

Name

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State.

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This book teaches the three most important health lessons of the century. It tells how to build up the body's magnetic vitality, how to develop strength of character, and how to prevent diseases. At only 25 cents this book is a complete guide to perfect health. And it gives you the assurance of future health. Your friends will envy you! A very interesting book.

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They Erase

"As your stationery." 

PURITY CROSS

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Made by Master Chef in a famed kitchen. Very

Hot-Pot---All Quality Stores

must write often. Why, the members of the correspondence clubs write to one another about the pictures they have seen, criticise, praise, etc., etc.

LOYAL PEARL.—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the kind things you said about my department. I tried to make both ends meet.

REGINA H.—Yes, I know there is a certain kind of pleasure in weeping; grief is soothing and alleviates the sting by tears. But it's been a long time since I've been up to Bedford Park. Yes, it is true that Ralph Ince is now playing in pictures. He'll rather show us what he can do than to tell other people what to do. 'Member when he used to play for Vitagraph?

M. Z. L.—Yes, Ince's beard is as long as in the picture. That's a very good likeness of me. Of course I go to church. Well, I think there should be a Bible in every home. Do you know that the largest Bible in existence is in the royal library at Stockholm? The covers are made of solid planks, four inches thick, and the pages measure a yard in length. It is estimated that 100 asses' skins must have been used to furnish the 200 parchment leaves of the book. It is considered priceless. It would be a little too large for my room. Run in again.

GREEN EYED EVELYN.—Surprised to read the cynical closing lines of your letter that you "wouldn't marry the best man living." I'm sorry you feel that way about me, but I approve your compliment. Pauline Frederick in "Roads of Destiny" from the stage play. Grace Darmond is also playing with her.

MARY BELL MC.—Yes, Dorothy Gibson has been wearing a wig.

MARY.—That's right, but everyone is an architect of his own fortune. I'm forever building castles. Better give up the idea, Mary, of scenario writing.

RAC.—You're right about Louise Huff. Yes, our early geographies showed what was called the Great American Desert. The dry arenava coincides with the whole map—more map revision necessary and it's dry work. Pass the buttermilk. Send for a list of the clubs, Rae.

DOUG, JU.—Thanks for the invitation, Doug, but I won't be able to spend a Sunday with you. That's the day I have to do my mending. And then I do some knitting too. Silver Spurrs is a Southwestern.

YE SHIMMY.—I'm afraid you're wearing a slow death. Thanks, but great minds have a right to change their opinion. I always try to accommodate you for constant use. Didn't you recognize Charles Arlens as ye villain in "Old Kentucky Days?" He of the Pathé Western fame. No, I prefer mine frapped.

THE MOTH.—He sure was double jointed. Lon Chaney was The Frog in 'The Miracle Man.' Yes, "Soldiers of Fortune" was some picture. No, it's not well to be too stingy in our praise, for men will do more to support a character than to raise one.

MRS. REJECTED GLODGOS.—You sure do write a clever letter. Come on in again.

FLUPP.—Yes, Margaret Courtot was the Belgian girl. "The Passion Flower" was produced in 1912. Yes, Gladys Leslie. Not so long ago a wise Westerner dropped lines of mine and had this glittering apparition: "Figures won't lie, but fences will figure." And he reminded me of what you said.

CATHERINE G. —Yes. I can see Norma Talmadge is your favorite. She used to run in to see us very often. In fact she was present the day a good many of my dear readers presented me with a wonderful loving cup, which I possess with much joy.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

MARCH NUMBER

The character of a book or magazine is determined largely by its author or editor and staff of writers.

And certainly the Motion Picture Classic's tremendous growth—its continued leadership among the Motion Picture Public—may be attributed, largely, to its staff of writers.

The March issue is an example of the Classic's strong character. Its Writers and Artists have very cleverly put the glare of the spotlight right on the most interesting things in screenland.

MAE MARSH has returned to the screen. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH has written a human, vital story of the little tragedienne illustrated by new photographs of herself and small daughter, Mary Mars Arms.

The beautiful OLIVE THOMAS is always interesting. In a chat, illustrated by new photographic studies, FAITH SERVICE presents the real girl.

There are also intimate chats with S H I R L E Y MASON, the diminutive Fox star, Zena Keefe, Francelia Billington and others, besides three big film dramas in story form.

And there's a beautiful cover of Clarine Seymour, the "Cutie Beautiful" of the screen.

The Motion Picture Classic 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
And now—Beautiful Hands!

Satin smooth and white as pearls with the tissues subtly rounded and strengthened!

Even though confronted with the task of performing your own household duties, you can still enjoy the assurance that your hands—when pouring tea, playing bridge or extended to a new acquaintance—show the watchful care that typifies refinement.

Lovely white hands—soft and fragrant—the gift of TANFORAN!

Lost in the court of Marie Antoinette—rediscovered in the laboratory of a famous French chemist, it comes to us as a gift of the gods!

The “grandes dames” of the old world called it “The Magic” because it gave one’s skin such a soft velvety whiteness. You, too, will appreciate and marvel at the magic of TANFORAN.

And there is still another reason why you will love TANFORAN—its perfume! A tantalizing essence of blossoms—music—moonlight—and tender memories! The first breath will grip your heart.

Tanforan is not to be confused with hand lotions, vanishing creams, etc. Tanforan may be had at most of the better toilet goods counters. Ask for it today, and learn how easy it is to have beautiful hands.

For the Hands
After bathing with warm water and a mild soap, dry carefully. Gently, working toward the finger tips.

For Face, Neck and Arms
After bathing with a mild soap and warm water, dry carefully and apply TANFORAN, massaging with these tips, with a slow, even motion.

After Shaving
Dry the face thoroughly and massage with TANFORAN until dry.

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330 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Can.

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WE HAVE SOUNDED THE BUGLE CALL TO
Ambitious American Beauties
TO WAKE UP AND GREET OPPORTUNITY, WHO STANDS ON THEIR THRESHOLD BIDDING THEM PARTAKE IN THE
BIGGER AND BETTER FAME and FORTUNE CONTEST for 1920

The prize we offer is a place on the motion picture screen. Two years' publicity in THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC AND SHADOWLAND. This includes cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles and any other opportunity that will be essential to gain popularity. At the end of two years such publicity will mean to the winner that she will be known throughout the motion picture land and by all its lovers. We offer you something that money cannot buy. You pay us nothing, only send in your photo. Each contestant is requested to read the rules carefully, as it will be impossible for us to answer letters that come pouring in by the hundred daily.

RULES FOR CONTESTANT

Contest open NOW.
Contestants shall submit one or more portraits.
On the back of each portrait an entrance coupon must be pasted. This coupon must be cut from the magazine, or one of similar making used.
All pictures must be mailed to the CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Postal cards and snap-shots cannot be used.
Portraits will NOT be returned to owner.

Motion Picture Magazine Entrance Coupon

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Popularity Contest
Awards

The new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Don’t lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE
Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathé, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record. A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

SECOND PRIZE
Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip—your canoe trip—in pictures—pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE
Corona Typewriter with case (value $50): an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one’s study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE
Sheaffer “Giftie” Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE
Bristol steel Casting Rod, agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE
Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no leaks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE
Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE
Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.
Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a “crush” on THEEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMova or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest will open on December 1, 1919, and close on June 30, 1920.

2. There will be seven ballots as follows:
   - December 1920 ballot
   - January 1920 ballot
   - February 1920 ballot
   - March 1920 ballot
   - April 1920 ballot
   - May 1920 ballot
   - June 1920 ballot

3. The result of each month’s ballot will be published in each
   one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.

4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.

5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider..............................
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name..................................

Street..................................

City...................................

State..................................

Country...............................  

(Dated).............................

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

Class Number 2
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that........................
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with
...... votes.

Name.................................

Street.................................

City...................................

State..................................

Country...............................  

(Dated).............................
Stronger, Clearer Voice for You!

Weakness, huskiness and harshness banished. Your voice given a wonderful strength and a wider range of amazing clearness. Done by the Feuchtinger Method, endorsed by leading European musicians, actors and speakers. Use it to your own house. Simple, silent exercises taken a few minutes daily impart vigor to the vocal organs and give a surprising quality to the tones. Best for the facts and proofs.

Do YOU Stammer?

The famous Perfect Voice Institute Method is invaluable to those who stammer or lip. A special course of training for those with an impediment in their speech has been prepared by a famous European directory. It will give you command of muscles and cords which reproduce vocal sounds. You should not hesitate for one minute to secure this valuable training. It will give you the self-confidence so necessary to your business and social success. Write at once for special offer.

Write for Valuable Book on Voice Culture

Send the coupon for interesting, illustrated book entitled “Voice Culture.” We will tell you just what this method is, how it is used and what it will do for you. No matter how hopeless your case may seem, the Feuchtinger Method will improve your voice 300%. No obligation to you in asking for this information. Just mail coupon.

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Studebaker 1543-1772 Wilson Ave., CHICAGO

Send me the book and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. I have put a check opposite subject that interests me most.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Leping

Name: ______________________________________
Address: __________________________________

EVERYBODY ADMires A SLIM FIGURE
Reduce your superfluous flesh by using FLO-RA-ZO-NA BATH CARTONS in the daily bath. Positively harmless and effective—no dieting—no exercising. Perfed properties add pleasure to the bath.


FAME AND FORTUNE WINNER NOW AT UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA.

PRETTY VIRGINIA BROWN BECOMES UNIVERSAL STAR AND VIRGINIA FAIRE SIMULTANEOUSLY.

About a month ago the Universal Film Company offered little Virginia Brown, one of the Fame and Fortune winners of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, a five-year contract. A few days later she signed said contract, becoming a Universal star and Virginia Faire left the film for Universal City, where she is now making pictures for Universal.

A woman of the future, her next appearance will be under the name of Virginia Faire, a name she selected for herself. The company, which is developing her in pictures, has given her a new contract, with a salary of $1000 a week.

She is a native of California, and was educated in the public schools of that state. She is a natural beauty, and has been in the motion picture business for several years.

Do you have huskiness or harshness in your voice? The Feuchtinger Method can help. Write for information.

---The Screen Time-Table (Continued from page 98)---
Dresser—Gordon—Blackton Production.
Please Get Married—F-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.
The Broken Butterfly—D-6.
Tournierten Production.
The Bandbox—D-6.
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.
The Miracle Man—D-11.
Meighan, Compton—Tucker Production.
Bill Henry—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
Heart of the Matter—D-10.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
The Virtuous Vamp—C-9.
Constance Talmadge—Select.
May Allison—Metro.
Elsie Hammerstein—Selnick.

Fame and Fortune Winner Now at Universal City, California.

Pretty Virginia Brown becomes Universal Star and Virginia Faire Simultaneously.

About a month ago the Universal Film Company offered little Virginia Brown, one of the Fame and Fortune winners of The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, a five-year contract. A few days later she signed said contract, becoming a Universal star and Virginia Faire left the film for Universal City, where she is now working on her first picture, "Running Straight," in which she plays opposite "Hoot" Gibson.

Her contract, every one agrees, is a very excellent one, and assures her of no little success. The salary itself which graduates, becoming a few hundred dollars more weekly every six months or every year, is a most generous one.

And today, Virginia, the star, is the same little Virginia, the girl who entered the Fame and Fortune Contest shortly after its inception. Letters and postcards came from her to Mr. Brewster and the members of the staff from various points all along her way, as she traveled over her journey with an enthusiasm both wholesome and girlish.

Here is one of the letters which came and which will be interesting to read over a few months from now, when Virginia has proved her right to stardom. It was written en route to the California Limited in a wobbly and shaky hand, caused by the joint crowning of the train which was swiftly hearing her to sunny California and—stardom!

"Dear People—Your wonderful basket of fruit and candy was a most pleasant surprise to me, and assures my true appreciation of it. I wish I had you all here to hug—not only because of the basket but because you have been so wonderfully good to me.

"And please don't mind this writing. The enginer believes in 'Treat 'Em Rough.' The boxcars are about worn out trying to make this scribbling, so I'll say goodbye."

"Lovingly,

"Virginia (Brown) Faire."

To Exhibitors:

For rights to

"A Dream of Fair Women"

communicate at once with

Motion Picture Magazine or write to

Murray W. Garson, Mgr.
Foundation Film, Inc.
1600 Broadway, New York

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to everlast—Royal and free from stimulant or artificial flavor—there is nothing quite so good as Saxon.

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Effectively retards wrinkles, evener, endure, firm up, etc., because it softens, pinches and firms the skin and adds a touch of depth. Get an ample package, follow the simple directions, and our application will do. Sold at drug stores.

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SHARPE MFG. CO., Paterson, N. J.

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW

This book is written by Margaret Sanger, and although it was suppressed by the Postal Authorities, we are now permitted to send it to you for only $1.00. It contains information never before published. During rush hours this book cannot help but be in demand. Send us your order at once. Demand.

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Wonderful new system of teaching made easy by mail. To first class in each subject we offer a $50 set of Wood, Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Corner, Tenor Receiver Alto reed in box free. Very small tuition. You receive music in each box free. Enrige music box or charge. Complete music box. Write now. No obligation.

KENTUCKY SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc., Dept. 62, CHICAGO, III.

This Book FREE

How Luxuriant Lashes Aid the Expression

LASHLUX means long, luxuriant, silken eyelashes that enhance good looks and charm.

"Real Beauty is in the Eyes"

WHATEVER your expression may be, beautiful eyes make it doubly captivating.

Who knows indeed, of any famous beauty, in social life, in history, on the stage or on the "screen," whose eyes have not been her paramount attraction? What man, in his quest for beauty, fails to search for it in woman's eyes? None; for there is where real beauty lies.

When your eyes "register" emotions, they speak "straight from the soul" if you have long, luxuriant lashes.

You can have beautiful eyelashes and brows to enhance your charm, by massaging a tiny bit of LASHLUX into them at night before retiring.

LASHLUX is like no other preparation. It may be used during the day after the face has been powdered, supplying the natural nourishment which the powder has absorbed. It is a harmless cream which darkens eyelashes instantly and is made in two shades, BROWN and DARK. It is thus adaptable to any complexion. It is also uncolored, should you prefer to use it at night only.

It is ever so delicately scented and contains properties that actually cause lashes to grow long, silken, luxuriant.

The attractive brown box is only 50c. Accept no substitutes.

Remember—"Real Beauty is in the Eyes."

Sold by most Drug and Department Stores or Direct from the makers.

ROSS CHEMICAL CO., 22 East 23d Street
New York

LASHLUX means luxuriant lashes
Popular Players Puzzle

Perhaps the book has proved dull; and the game, whatever it is, which has entertained the family for the last few nights, has exhausted itself. Here, then, is the very thing for the evening. It will entertain every member of the family circle.

Take it under the living-room lamp and work over it together—many heads are always better than one, and besides the keen interest and fascination which it contains, there are worth-while prizes offered as an incentive.

Every one is a movie fan, from grandmother to little sister, and it may surprise you to see just how familiar you all are with the stellar folk of filmdom.

Here’s the way to do it:—

By inserting names of popular players with as many letters as there are dashes where you see a word has been omitted you will complete a little story.

For instance in a sentence:—

The poor girl’s face turned as ——— ——— as chalk, you would say:

The poor girl’s face turned as White (Pearl) as chalk.

In each case it will be well to insert the other name of the player in parentheses, as the competitor giving the most information will receive first consideration. Cleanliness and attractiveness, decorativeness of any design and originality in submitting will also be taken into consideration where more than one person proves equally competent in solving the missing names.

No puzzle solutions will be opened which are postmarked later than March 15th, and the winners will be published in the July MAGAZINE, which will be on all stands June 1st.

That means you must get busy right away so that you will be able to take advantage of every minute from now until the close of the contest.

Write on one side of the paper only and address all puzzles to The Popular Players Puzzle Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Here, then, are the prizes:—

First Prize——-$10.00 in cash
Second Prize———Year’s subscription to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND.
Third Prize———Year’s subscription to any two of the publications of THE BIG THREE.
Fourth Prize———Year’s subscription to any one of the publications of THE BIG THREE.
Fifth Prize———Six months’ subscription to any one of THE BIG THREE PUBLICATIONS.

Long ago, on a ——— day, when the world was ————, there lived a ———— ———— girl of ———— disposition and ———— to look upon. Her thoughts were as pure as ————. One day, she left her home and wandered into the ———— of ———— beyond, in search of the enchanted ————. As she walked she turned the ———— in her ———— book and read about ————. Dressed in her simple frock of ———— and looking very ————, she thought she would search for the fairies. She met a ———— whom she later learned was a ———— of some ———— men working on the building of a house near her-own. He was one of those ———— ———— whom every one likes, of ———— will of ———— like form, and the fading sun cast a ———— of light about him as she saw him ———— against one of the trees with its ———— leaves, as he whistled a ———— from one of the branches. Before she had come upon him he had been hunting, and two animals lay in the grass at his feet. One was a ———— and the other a ————. He seemed to have killed ———— than he could ———— ———— and was evidently in a ———— about his lack of strength. He seemed ————, and when he laughed at her and offered her a drink, he brightened up again as tho of a ———— turn of mind. Now the child realized she was lost, so she asked the man to take her back home. Because of his great ———— of children he said he would and they started to ———— the distance. They wandered their way toward the ————, and finally over the ————. The little tot was a good ———— and they both were happy. Soon the big ———— the child’s home loomed up before them. And when the little girl’s mother met them in the ————, and clasped her child in her arms, there was a great re———-—-ing.
A Room Full of Furniture

Send only $2.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $2.00 down, then $8.90 a month, or only $32.90 in all. A positively staggering value and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at the massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 8 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is to send the coupon with $2.00. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today—sure. Either have set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail catalog.

This splendid 6-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout. Finished in rich dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19 x 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 30 inches high, seats 17 x 17 inches. All four pieces are padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24 x 24 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip this coupon below, and send it in with $2.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. No extra freight or handling charges so as to save you as much as possible of the purchase price. Don't wait. Act now.

Act Now—While This Special Offer Lasts

Don't wait a day longer. Sit down today and send in the coupon for this 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. For a limited time only we are able to offer you this stupendous bargain. Prices, as you know, on everything are going up, up, up. It is impossible to tell just what day it will be necessary for us to increase the price of this wonderful fumed Solid Oak Library Set. So act, but act quick. Fill out this coupon and send it to us with the first small payment and we will ship you this wonderful 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. Pieces not sold separately.

Easy Payments!

Our guarantee protects you. It is 30 days trial, free from shipment, at your option, at zero cost to you. If you are not satisfied, we will ship the entire order back to us at our expense and return your money exactly as you paid us. Just act today.

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The History of a Word

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It was short and euphonious and likely to stick in the public mind, and therefore seemed to us to be admirably adapted to use in exploiting our new product.

It was, of course, immediately registered, and so is ours, both by such registration and by common law. Its first application was to the Kodak Camera. Since then we have applied it to other goods of our manufacture, as, for instance, Kodak Tripods, Kodak Portrait Attachments, Kodak Film, Kodak Film Tanks and Kodak Amateur Printers.

The name "Kodak" does not mean that these goods must be used in connection with a Kodak camera for as a matter of fact any of them may be used with other apparatus or goods. It simply means that they originated with, and are manufactured by, the Eastman Kodak Company.

"Kodak" being our registered and common law trade-mark can not be rightly applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If you ask at the store for a Kodak Camera, or Kodak Film, or other Kodak goods and are handed something not of our manufacture, you are not getting what you specified, which is obviously unfair both to you and to us.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
Rochester, New York.
Awarded first place—even above imported perfumes—by an impartial jury of discriminating women

One can almost hear the conversation swing from husbands to hats—then from hats to complexions—and then from complexions to perfumes.

“Yes, my dear,” remarks the girl in blue, “I thought the same until I made ‘The Perfume Test’. Then I found that it isn’t the foreign label or the elaborate, fancy bottle that makes a perfume what it should be.”

“How did you?” asks the hostess. “What is it then?”

“The character of it,” comes the answer. “‘The Perfume Test’ showed me that my own taste—which I think is good—guided me straight to Florient.”

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Flowers of the Orient

The Test was made by an impartial jury of women who compared three of the most popular foreign perfumes with three Colgate Perfumes. There was no glamour of foreign names or labels—the perfumes were known by numbers only, and were judged by their quality alone. More than half of this jury, nearly all of whom had first stated that they preferred the foreign perfumes, chose Colgate’s—Florient being the favorite.

Full details of the Test and materials for making it yourself will be sent on receipt of 5c in stamps. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. 11, 125 Fulton St., New York.
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Many people judge you as severely by the appearance of your nails as by the cut of your gown or the brilliance of your conversation.

It is very easy to keep your nails lovely. The most important part of a manicure is the treatment of the cuticle. The hideous practice of cutting the cuticle is wholly unnecessary. Manicure your nails regularly with Cutex and keep the cuticle smooth, unbroken, in a lovely curve at the base of the nail.

At any drug or department store you can get Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Cold Cream, or Nail Polish in any form. They are 35 cents each. Cutex Cuticle Remover comes also in a large 65 cent bottle.

Mail the coupon below and 20 cents and we will send you the Midget Manicure Set which contains enough of the different Cutex preparations for at least six manicures. Northam Warren, Dept. 803, 114 W. 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 803, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Cutex

Mail this coupon with two dimes today

Northam Warren
Dept. 803, 114 West 17th St., New York City

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Cutting ruins the cuticle. The booklet in the Midget Manicure Set tells you how to avoid cutting and keep your nails looking freshly manicured always.
SAVE THE WASTE AND REDUCE THE COST—The Aladdin System scientifically prepares the materials and conserves the labor. You can save 18% on the cost of the lumber and 30% on the cost of the labor.

CERTIFIED records of thousands of Aladdin Homebuilders in every state prove these statements. You can prove these statements for yourself, for there is an Aladdin Home near you wherever you live. The pictures at the left tell the story of scientific preparation and handling of materials, and the efficient conservation and direction of the labor. Fourteen years success of the Aladdin System of construction have firmly established its many advantages.

The Lumber that's Wasted Costs Just as Much as the Lumber that's Used.—The only possible way to reduce present high prices of lumber and labor is to save the usual waste. The Aladdin System prepares all the lumber in our mills ready to be nailed in place. Waste of lumber is reduced to less than 5%. Cost of labor is reduced 30%. One man will do in six days, with Aladdin Materials, what it requires ten days to accomplish without Aladdin’s System. The book, "Aladdin Homes" sent free to prospective builders, explains this completely and thoroughly.

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On sale at all newsstands on and after the first of each month

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Published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York Corporation.

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(Also Publishers of the Motion Picture Classic, out on the fifteenth of each month, and Shadowland, out on the twenty-third)

Address all communications to

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 DUFFIELD STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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But the story is too thrilling—too fascinating, as he tells it, for us to spoil it for you here—for it is told by the man who knows how to make a story the most breathless thing in the world—

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Will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The exclusive (-electrical) reduces unhealthy fat, promotes, is pure and non-irritating only where you wish to use it. The Lawton Medical School of medical science has overcome the difficulties and eliminates resistance, fast results can be obtained. New directions do not require medicines, elixirs, fluids, or cures, and few do not return to you of fat but improves appearance, toning up, firming, natural beauty, personal- and mental vigor, and enables you to retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in pic- ture) has reduced from 211 to 135 pounds. This is not a fad and has been known to be the means whereby a large number of men and women throughout the United States and elsewhere have safely and effortlessly rid of un- healthy fat, obtaining sturdy frame without discomfort. Any man or woman can obtain these results whether 16 or 66 years of age. Find out how we prepare you at home, during spare time, to eliminate that ungentlemanly fat of the "fat man industry" also sent free if you answer at once.

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Send in your name and address for full information regarding the Aviation Education FREE. The School offers a unique opportunity to learn to fly. The School is the only one in the world where you can fly and learn at the same time. Aviation is the future of transportation and there is no better time to learn. The complete cost is $5.95. Send for your reply today.

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CHICAGO
Why do women weep?
Why do men chuckle?

Why does the whole audience clutch their hands and strain their eyes?

Remember how the fat man ha'ed right out and got the audience giggling and the old lady laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. What a wonderful picture that was!

And last week even the gruff old bachelor had red eyes when the lights went on. You felt as though you had lost your own sister when Melissy died.

All the way home you discussed the story.

Why do you enjoy this picture or that one so much? Have you ever stopped to think why?

First it was such a human story.

And the star was so sweet in the part. You always did like her. All the characters seemed just like the real people.

And the scenes—real rooms in real houses. The outdoor pictures were like a vacation for you—out in the open—daisy fields, sunshine, mountains, deserts.

Perhaps you didn’t notice the photography, you were so interested in the story, but you will remember how clear it was—how beautiful the lighting.

These are the things you will always find in a Goldwyn picture. Interesting stories—your favorite star—beautiful settings—perfect photography. Goldwyn combines them all. When you see a Goldwyn picture you forget your troubles—you forget the baby’s croup and the cook’s leaving.

You come home feeling as fine as though you’d had an outing.

Never miss a Goldwyn picture. They are the ones you know you will enjoy.
Forty-fourth Street Theater.—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue, "The Frivolities of 1920." Lively, sexy comedy show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls. The cast includes the Kouns Sisters, Henry Lewis and the beautiful Doris Lloyd.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and ruralized statements of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the usual vaudeville stage. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Walda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Sheldon lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disposing in the huge "Hipp" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a rotund man adjusted a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a great success.

Knickerbocker.—"Shaving." A pleasant, bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. fridge and directions, is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Cat Bird," with John Darrow. An amusing little play by Rupert Hughes, dealing with an elderly ecologist who straightens out the romances of several people according to the principles derived from his studies among flowers and insects. Mr. Drew returns to the New York stage after an absence of two years as the ecologist. A suave evening's amusement.

Morocco.—"Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. An absorbing—if loosely conceived—drama by Arnold Bennett, which marks the return of Miss Ferguson to the speaking stage. It is the story of a remarkable love, a keenly mental—authoritative—woman genius who slips into the slough of drugs. Miss Ferguson has many admirable moments, and Joseph Ruben contributes some brilliant playing in the part of Sadi, the Arab.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal," Cosimo Hamilton's daring drama with Janet Blair playing on the Oriental screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading roles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Wimmer playing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

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The "Bayer Cross" means you are getting genuine Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Also larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetecicidester of Salicylic acid.

Wanted: Screen-Faces for the Movies

Thousands of All Types Needed—Beauty or Experience Not Necessary

For the first time in the history of moving pictures is it now possible for screen aspirants everywhere to see their pictures made and actually dressed by famous film directors. No matter where you live or whether you are considered good looking, we will photograph you and send them to the directors, many of whom are in urgent need of new "screen-faces."

We do not teach "movie" acting. Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors." P. A. Powers, of Universal, says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars, a new and comprehensive new guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," just off the press, which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

Remember that salaries in this profession are big—that beauty plays a small part—that experience is not necessary—and that hundreds of all types will be needed to meet the tremendously growing demand. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune.

Address: Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. H-I, Wilmington, Delaware.

If you are not sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.
Letters to the Editor

A plea for true English types—not caricatures:

My Dear Editor—Ever since the first issue of your Magazine I have been a subscriber, also to your Classic—and to Stillman's. And as I am an ardent picture fan and believe your publications the best of the kind issued, I am wondering why the picture magazines are so a loss to get good English types. Their idea of an Englishman seems to be some man with an idiotic expression, overdressed (but one who usually wears clothes poorly) and some one that usually overacts until he reaches the point of ridiculousness. This is anything but the portrayal of a real English gentleman of means and social position. Can the moving picture directors recognize a gentleman—are English types so scarce that they are not available? The intelligent public doesn't want some one looking like a butler or waiter!

Thank you for this much of your valuable time and hope your magazines continue their success—they surely merit it. Very truly yours,

EDITH L.

New York City.

Wont some one correspond with our little Arizona reader?

Dear Editor—I thought I would write a letter that you might publish in your Magazine. I like to read your Magazine very much, and thought maybe some of the readers would write letters to me. I am a little girl of fourteen years and the only fun I have is going to the movies. Of all the stars, I love best—Mary Pickford, Alice Brady and Marie Walecamp. Hoping some one will write to me soon, I am

Sincerely yours,

MARIE CASCHEL.

Box 2457, Globe, Arizona.

Isn't Doug as clever as he used to be? This reader says no.

Dear Editor—What has happened to Douglas Fairbanks? There was a time when his pictures were enjoyable, but this cannot be said of the last I have seen. In "Say, Young Fellow" and "Mr. Fix It" it was wearying to keep track of him and he reminded me very much of a grasshopper, jumping always—never quiet.

In his Triangle days, Doug could certain go some when the story called for it, but there were breathing spells when he would now and then behave like a rational human being. It is so very easy for fans to become slapstick—and for a good actor to become a clown.

Please Doug, give us some more like "The Half Breed" and "The Good Bad Man," and forget some of the acrobatics now and then. With best wishes,

MADIE D. FOUNTAIN.

81 Grafton Road, Auckland, N. Z.

The movies find a champion—they do not need one particularly, perhaps, but it is always pleasant to hear praise as well as adverse criticism.

Dear Editor—Here I am again! Not to stir a gripe this time, but just a little reply to two of your correspondents—one of them in the September number of the Magazine states that he thinks the pictures are in their second childhood—it is true we haven't seen the particular pictures to which he refers, but we do not share his opinion in Australia.

The pictures have never been better

Sidney Smith, Clare Briggs, Fontaine Fox and other cartoon stars make big money

Sidney Smith, Clare Briggs, Fontaine Fox and other cartoon stars make from $10,000 to $50,000 a year. Bud Fisher makes over $50,000 a year from Mutt and Jeff. R. L. Goldberg's yearly income is more than $125,000. Yet both Fisher and Goldberg started as $15 a week illustrators. Ministers, bookkeepers, and mechanics have become successful illustrators and cartoonists through the Federal School of Applied Cartooning. Don't let your present job hold you back. Capitalize your cartoon ideas. The way is now open to you.

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This book shows studio pictures of the 32 greatest American cartoonists who are on the staff of the Federal School. It tells how in one course you can learn cartooning, animated cartooning, chalk talking, and window card writing. One of these is your big kick. It shows how, by home study, you can learn the skill, stunt, shortcuts, and the professional touch of these famous cartoon stars on the Federal Staff.

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Because Piso's protects the children by soothing irritated and tickly throat—allaying troublesome coughs and hoarseness.

Keep Piso's in the medicine cabinet ready for instant use. It saves weary trips at night and brings quick relief.

30c a tablet. Druggist contains no opiate. Good for young and old.

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Can You Play? Are You Popular?

Let this famous player be your instructor. Let him teach you to produce wonderful, sympathetic melodies on the Hawaiian Ukulele. No more exquisite music was ever given to mankind.

Dear sir, at once for information how you can obtain ABSOLUTELY FREE a genuine Ukulele, which is the stringed wonder that is so affectionately sung of by all the world. You will receive a thorough but thoroughly easy system of instruction by mail. No small cost—great results.

Write Mr. Clarke personally today.

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"And my hair was quite gray a short time ago!

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kohler-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair anywhere!"

Kohler-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

Send for our special trial offer; also Free Book on Hair which explains how Kohler-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

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Banks are exploiting flappers of women in seamy duties. Offering higher salary and flapper attitude—hardly seems necessary.

The unique VELEVT GRIP feature of the "Sew-On"—an all-rubber, oblong button—is proof of our special trial offer; also Free Book on Hair which explains how Kohler-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

"Sew-Ons" can be quickly and easily attached to any type of corset.

The unique VELEVT GRIP feature of the "Sew-On" is all you would expect of a high authority in such unusual attainments—the very best.

Look for the oblong rubber button—"The Button that Talks to itself."

On Sale at all Shops of Quality

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston

than they are now. Of course, there are some very "flat pictures"—most uninteresting and boring, but that is the exception to the rule.

For instance, what could be better than "Daddy Long Legs," "Raffles," The Temple of Dusk," "The Squaw Man," and the many other productions shown these days—to mention only the pictures directed by Griffith, De Mille, Tourneur, Inc., and the many others? And the other pictures with artists like "Little Louis," etc., we love to call Mary Pickford, Chaplin, Hart and Fairbanks.

Up to the present I think I am safe in saying that pictures are very fine and it is not likely that they will "retreat" unless thru the fault of the audience in not giving the good and the better photoplas their support.

As for the acting—that also is greatly improved. One sometimes wonders, in fact, if it can be improved more. Take Ann Little in "The Squaw Man," and Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris."—they were rare bits of realistic acting.

On the whole, the cinema art is becoming greater and greater. And for this we must thank the great directors, the stars, and every one else connected with the industry, for having raised the moving picture from a mere show to the greatest entertainment known today.

And now in answer to a correspondent—a Sydney girl—in the October issue of the Motion Picture Magazine that Alice Brady is the greatest favorite in Australia. Miss Brady is certainly a great favorite here and we all love her, but it would hardly be fair to the other stars to say that Miss Brady is the only favorite. In fact we have all the screen players and, of course, our own Australian too. In this respect we have but one regret and that is that we do not see enough of Louisa Lowe.

I must also add that we are glad to read, now that the war is over, that most of our old favorites who left the screen to bear arms have returned.

And now, dear Editor, having given you "another side to the question," I will close with every wish to you, and for a still wider popularity of the Motion Picture Magazine and Classic and the success of Shadowland.

Your sincerest reader,

Alma P. Thompson
197 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, Australia.

Sisters of stars are not always able to act, so says this correspondent, and the thought is worth while:

Dear Editor,—It is because I think that only by public criticism will the screen art move forward that I write this letter.

Are we to believe that because a famous actress has a sister that the sister must be able to act too? I don't think so. Take for instance, Marguerite Marsh. I, for one, do not think she can act. I don't for one minute say she will never be able to do so, but the public should not suffer until a girl becomes capable. There must be a training school which will teach people how to use their talent—if they have one—to overcome little crudities and which will do away with some subtlety.

Of course, there are exceptions to the sister rule—such as the admirable Tal- madges. Constance would be a star even were it not for Norma. The Gish sisters too. They are both artists.

Wishing The Magazine the best of luck and hoping it will be so large that by the time I have finished one number the next will be out. I am, Yours truly,

Evelyn Theodore Dare
Armadale, Melbourne, Victoria, Austral.
Are You Satisfied With Your Appearance?

Are you as strong and as healthy as you wish to be?

Do you feel energetic at all times?

Would you like to be well developed and have a pleasing appearance and a strong personality?

Do you tire out before the end of the day?

Are you bothered with Constipation, indigestion, kidney trouble, catarrh, rheumatism, worry or any other like ailment? Are the errors of your past life telling on you?

Ask yourself frankly, "AM I A REAL MAN?"

No matter what condition you are in at present, I can build you up, make you healthy and strong and change your whole appearance any way you want me to. I go to the cause of things, and I begin where others leave off. If you long for broad shoulders, I can help you get them. If you want a big, full chest, you can get it. If you desire thick, strong muscular arms, you can get them also. If you will give me the chance, I can make a powerful athlete of you in a very short time. I have done it for thousands of others so why not let me do the same for you?

I specialize in muscular development and strength. First of all I am for appearance and secondly for strength. I first develop a pupil and then make him strong, and all this I do in a very short time. My system never fails.

I have trained some of the world's strongest and best developed men. Many of my pupils become famous. Many of them are teaching others also, and you can do the same thing if you really want to.

Send for My Book

"Muscular Development"

and you will learn of my methods. If you have not as yet read this interesting little book, by all means get a copy. It explains all about my system and it will arouse your enthusiasm and make you see things differently than ever before. It contains 25 full page photographs of myself and some of my splendidly developed pupils. This book may mean the turning point of your whole life, so be sure to send for it. SIMPLY TEAR OFF COUPON BELOW AND MAIL TO ME WITH 10c, (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing, wrapping, etc., and you will receive your copy promptly.

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We want you to experience the wonderfully quick, soothing relief which a single application of Fairyfoot brings, no matter how painful and swollen your bunion may be.

You may doubt this. Perhaps you have tried all the so-called bunion cures, pads, shields, appliances, etc., that you've ever heard of and are so utterly disgusted and discouraged that you think nothing on earth can bring such amazingly quick relief. Nevertheless we have absolutely proved to more than 12,000 bunion sufferers within the last six months that Fairyfoot does everything we claim for it. And surely you will at least try it and put our claims to the test, since it doesn't cost you a single penny to do so.

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This simple home remedy not only removes the pain instantly but from the minute it is applied it draws out the inflammation. It acts deep down and literally melts away the accumulated layers of cartilage which form the bunion. Soon the enlargement disappears and the deformed foot is restored to its normal shape—and all the while you are wearing your tight shoes as ever without the least discomfort.

Don't suffer bunion pain another day. Send at once for the FREE Fairyfoot treatment. Don't send a penny. Just your name and address on a postal card brings it to you. No promises or obligation on your part except to use it as directed. Write today.

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Shadowland

The Magazine of Magazines

What is the key-note of this age? Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand will answer simultaneously "Progress." And yet did you ever stop to think that Progress means New Ideas?

SHADOWLAND is a New Idea! We were not fearful of failure—we were not afraid to put before an indifferent public, something that was new—that was different. As yet we are not perfect, but we are doing our best—and the very angels can do no more.

Shadowland is a magazine that is not copying or imitating, in any way, any other magazine—but it is a magazine that will be copied.

Our aim is primarily to make a magazine unique in every way. Secondarily, to produce an artistic achievement in the world of literature. We are putting our best foot forward in an endeavor to accomplish this end.

Watch it grow—Help it grow—We need your co-operation and good-will. A pat on the back is oftentimes a stepping-stone to the goal of Success!

The MAY SHADOWLAND will be exceptionally fine from its artistic cover to the wisdom of the Court of the Sage.

 interspersed between these two are the latest and most attractive pictures—pictures colored richly as a Titian or Rembrandt might have colored them, interesting articles, clever interviews and charming novelizations of the latest feature-plays. In this issue there is an unusual interview with

JOHN DRINKWATER

author of the greatest American play, "Abraham Lincoln."

Another interview in which MAURICE TOURREUR speaks entertainingly of the faults of the photoplay.

The two brilliant writers, Hadi Barron and Saxon Cone, have collaborated again and have given us a play with a novel theme, entitled "Forever." There will be the latest news of Paris and American fashion, the development of the drama and the screen will be brilliantly presented and illustrated in the May

SHADOWLAND

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You can be one of the 37 prize winners
Your theatre will show

“A Modern Salome”

a colorful Twentieth Century version of the romantic tale of King Herod, Salome and St. John the Baptist conceived and directed by Leonce Perret from the famous play “Salome,” by Oscar Wilde, distributed by Metro Pictures Corporation.

When you see the picture or read the story, write your essay about it and hand it in to your local exhibitor; he will forward it to the judges. Here is your chance to get in on the screen debut of a new star—and to enrich your bank account at the same time!

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37 Prizes Totaling $3,000.00 in cash

All essays must be submitted by August 15, 1920.

Essays must be less than 500 words long and must be submitted thru your local exhibitor.

Answer the Following Questions:

1—Who was Salome in Biblical history and what did she do?

2—What is the strongest dramatic situation in the plot of “A Modern Salome”?;

3—How would you describe Hope Hampton’s type of beauty?

4—What is your ideal of what a motion picture star should be?

5—What is the lesson taught by the story of “A Modern Salome”?

The judges of the Hope Hampton Prize Contest are:

Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, editor and publisher of the “Motion Picture Magazine,” “Motion Picture Classic,” and “Shadowland.”

Mr. Earnest Mantle, dramatic critic of the New York “Evening Mail” and contributor to “Photoplay Magazine.”

Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, one of the foremost artists of America.

Anyone who sees or reads the story of this great picture may participate in this contest; you can get the story from the exhibitors in your city who show “A Modern Salome”
for you—a Voice that Wins Admiration
and Success—Easily Obtained

Every voice CAN be beautiful—every voice WILL be beautiful if properly
developed and trained. The Feuchtinger Method means perfect voice for ALL

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This method will improve YOUR voice as it has for countless students
call over the world. Mr. Feuchtinger has received letters from men and
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Simple—silent exercises—just a few
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This course teaches the exact scien-
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does away with speech impediments. It
gives command of muscles and cords
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In all the countries of the world there is none so known and so beloved as PEARL WHITE

Now presented in a screen play worthy of her great talents

The WHITE MOLL

by Frank L. Packard, author of "The Miracle Man," and other successes.

To be followed by wonder stories as

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Paramount Pictures

Latest Paramount Aircraft Features—Released to April 1st

D. W. Griffith's Production

Scarlet Day

D. W. Griffith & His Company

Mary Ellen Comes to Town

B. W. Griffith's Production

The Teeth of the Tiger

With David Powell

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Armbkle Comedies

Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies

Paramount-De Haven Comedies

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine

Issued Weekly

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures

Issued Weekly

*Supervised by Thomas H. Ince

Enid Bennett in "The Woman in the Window"
Billie Burke in "Wanted—A Reward"
Irene Castle in "The Amazons Wives"
Margaret Clark in "Gone to Get"
Etta Clayton in "Young Mr. Winthrop"
The Copperhead
Cosmopolitan Production

"The Cinema Murder"—Coiporation

"April Polly"

"The Woman in the Suitcase"
Billie Burke

"Wanted—A Husband"
Irene Castle

"The Amateur Wife"
Irene Castle

"Easy to Get"
Margaret Clark

"Young Mr. Winthrop"
Etta Clayton

"The Grim Game"
With All Star Cast

Paramount Pictures

"Behind the Door"

Paramount Pictures

"Dangerous Hours"

Paramount Pictures

"Everywoman"

Paramount Pictures

"The Six Best Cellars"

Paramount Pictures

"The Copperhead"

Paramount Pictures

"John Petticoats"

Wm. S. Hart

"The Grim Game"

"The Grim Game"

"The Teeth of the Tiger"

With David Powell

Paramount Comedies

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Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies

Paramount-De Haven Comedies

Paramount Short Subjects

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Issued Weekly

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures

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ETHEREAL—with an essence of the spiritual almost—a little lyric lady is Lillian Gish with wonderment in her blue eyes and soft gold lights in her hair. One of the first players to win stardom on the screen, then, as now, under the guidance of D. W. Griffith, Lillian has given many artistic portrayals. But her Little Lucy in "Broken Blossoms" stands forth with a gem-like rareness. Lillian—a personification of innocent childhood—Lillian—with a beauty like that of the Easter lilies!

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WATCH FOR
The leaders in the Greatest of Popularity Contests—published every month.
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There's nothing like Lux for fine hangings

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Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water, then add cold water till lukewarm. Colors should be washed quickly to prevent running. Dip the fabric up and down in the foamy suds. Squeeze the suds through the soiled spots—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. When possible, roll silks in a towel to dry. If colored fabrics are hung up to dry, they should be hung in the shade. Press with a warm iron.
PELL TRENTON

Pell played the rôle of Youth in "Everywoman" in his legitimate stage days and it was altogether fitting and proper that he should do this. "Fair and Warmer" and "The Willow Tree" are the two latest offerings with him as leading man and tho his rôles in these are widely varied we find him giving excellent characterisations in both.
BETTY BLYTHE

Betty has come to feel a sense of responsibility, knowing as she does, the predictions which folks have made concerning her. However, those who have witnessed her performance with Mahlon Hamilton in "The Third Generation" declare that she will have no difficulty in living up to what is expected of her.
VINCENT COLEMAN

Vincent’s latest endeavors are reflected in the Goldwyn Eminent Authors’ production, “Prisoners of the Night,” in which he is well cast. Vincent has an advantage over most leading men in the fact that he is quite able to take care of any fight scenes, being a wrestler of no mean ability.
Photo by Jack Freulich

VIRGINIA FAIRE

Virginia with her dark curls and brown eyes has realized just what a busy existence a movie star must lead since she won the Fame and Fortune Contest and signed with Universal. She has completed her first picture, "Running Straight," in which she plays with Hoot Gibson, and the Universal Powers-That-Be are most enthusiastic over her—our pretty little protégée.
GLORIA SWANSON

Gloria, vivid and exotic in her beauty, is now busily at work in the De Mille production, "Dont Change Your Wife." There is no one who wears just the gowns that Gloria wears—and one might go so far as to say that it is doubtful if there is any one who could wear them—at least in just the way that Gloria does.
Lucille has added the touch of feminine beauty to Eugene O'Brien and William Russell productions recently, flitting from Select to Fox as was necessary. Now, however, she is back under the Select banner.
The silver sheet would be dimmer by far without the Madgeaque sparkle which it has known for the last few years. Her comedy, every one agrees, is unlike any we have previously known, but one and all we find her irresistible. Having completed "The Blooming Angel," she is now at work on "Trimmed in Red."
A powder, so soft and silken, so charming in its delicate, lasting fragrance, and yet, with all its wonderful charm, possessing those necessary qualities which make it such a favorite with the discriminating woman—practical invisibility and an ability to actually stay on—that is Day Dream Face Powder.

The Wonderful Day Dream Fragrance is presented also in Poudre Creme, Toilet Water, Perfume, and in other Day Dream Boudoir Creations.

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STEARNS, Perfumer DETROIT
PEOPLE in real life are very like mummers of the stage or screen.

If an actor once makes a success as a certain type of hero, villain, or madman, he is doomed to play madmen or heroes, as the case may be, to the end of his career.

In a like manner people allow themselves to become catalogued in life's drama. One is always a stern man, another a weepy woman, a third a perennial ingénue. There are the perpetually abused wife, the good-fellow, the crank, the clinging vine, the individualist, the tiresome optimist, the whining pessimist, and countless others.

For years they have played the same character in life. Erroneously, they think that the world expects nothing else of them, that the world would stop its twirling to gasp at them should they reveal any other than their accustomed phase.

The crank probably has a heart of gold, but he is afraid to show it. He fears to bare the best there is in him . . . some one might laugh. The ingénue is weary of her curls; she has a brain beneath them and would like to talk out and up to men, but they expect nothing more than round eyes and baby-stares from her, and so she keeps on playing her rôle in life . . . for fear she might lose what popularity she has.

Thus it goes all down the line.

Few of us realize that the big surprise is what makes humanity sit up and take notice, that it is the unusual that piques our interest, the unexpected that thrills us.

Let the pugilist preach if he wants to, let the atheist practice altruism as he has longed to all along, let the writer try painting, the actor writing.

Try following the dictates of your own heart and mind and will and desire. At least you will advance, for to stand still is death.

Let that impulse—if it is a good impulse—have full sway. If it is a bad one, you will conquer it much more quickly by letting it come out in broad daylight than by stifling it. Daylight exposure will show you its true defects, which the moonlight of your thought veils with glamour.

Don't force yourself into a groove!

Cast aside fear!

Come out of your shell!

Step out of your character!
Because Lillian had always been so sweet, and so kind, and so willing to do each and every one of the men a favor, she was reaping the rewards of years. They were retreating on this job. Above, a new portrait; center, directing a scene, and below, helping Dorothy prepare her black wig for the next scene.

I confess that, before I made my entry into the old Thanhouser studio in New Rochelle, I couldn't decide what to think. Wisely, I decided not to think at all—just to wait and see. See Lillian Gish as a director. See her, in fact, directing, which was my intriguing mission in New Rochelle. See her directing her sister Dorothy. I couldn't seem to get a pre-scient impression. I would hardly go so far as to say that it didn't seem possible, because to those few among us who possess the quality of greatness.

"Lights!" Says Lillian!

either in its evanescent manifestation or a harder one, all things are possible. Still, one thinks, I believe, of a director as a more or less lusty gentleman—with a megaphone, more likely than not. One thinks of shouted orders and a general state of virile activity. Now and then, or this may be the old order and so passing away, a state of equally virile profanity. And so in no possible way did Lillian Gish fit into these mental landscapes. How, I wondered, was she going to achieve the directorial state? How transform herself so as to make it possible?

In direct contradiction to what I might have thought, if I had thought, which I observed above that I hadn't, Lillian directed by the simple—not so simple as it might seem, perhaps—expedient of being herself, of not changing at all, either her policies or her personality. The little, timid air, the wifeliness we have all come to know, the tentativeness, the quietude imbued with that touch of poesy which gives to her work on the screen the lyrical atmosphere it has . . . all these qualities were
By GLADYS HALL

still there—and were getting the results.
It seemed, almost, as tho some soft, beguiling spirit of whimsy was dealing, and successfully dealing, with cumbrous things such as sets and lights (the lights are Lillian's despair). Dealing, too, the hardly seeming to, with the force of men operating the lights, the camera and the multifarious general details. Not to mention, all this while, the cast.

Said Mr. Griffith's general manager, "Lillian is reaping now the rewards of years. Because she has always been, to every one of the men, to everybody, so sweet and so kind and so willing to do each and every one of them a favor, they are retaliating, on this job, in kind. There isn't one of them who wont want to clothe with her when this picture is finished. She is just the same now, never loses patience, never seems to be tired, will go over and over the same thing with the most limitless good humor and quietude."

And then he elaborated the difficulties she has had! With Mr. Griffith and a company away, the new Mamaroneck studio in its raw state, Lillian has had practically to lay the groundwork for the new studio, aside from directing her first picture, part of which she does in the Mamaroneck place and part in the rented studio at New Rochelle, where I talked with her. "All the little things, the annoying things attendant upon a new place," said he, "will have been done when Mr. Griffith and the others return. Doubtless some individual among them will remark that he cant see why we had any trouble here! We have sworn a solemn oath to kill that man!"

She remains the most un-movie-like person ever interviewed; eager and ready to learn from everybody, almost humble in her gentleness, devoted to her family and undaunted of fame. Above, another new portrait; center, talking over the script with Dorothy at their studio luncheon, and below, rehearsing Dorothy in a scene.

Upon the subject of her directing, Lillian herself was all but mute. Her hands raised toward heaven and her eyes in the same direction told all that words did not. Gathering that there seemed to be nothing amiss directing that she particularly liked, I asked her what, specifically or in general, she didn't like. Again that heaven-turned face, and then, with difficulty, I caught the one expressive anathema, "Lights!"

I could not persuade her to enlarge upon the subject and, with consummate delicacy, as (Continued on page 102)
The Caveman Cavalier

apartment, explaining, in a not at all obvious way, that there was a very charming woman in said apartment, his wife—and—a maid. So I went there to find it in the most exclusive section of New York, the very substantial and quiet air of the street itself breathing the aristocracy of the residents. On every side were homes—nay, palaces—housing those whose names mean much in the social annals of Manhattan.

Rockcliffe Fellowes likes the good things of life. I found him before a burning wood fire with his smokes and an old blue leather volume of "Lord Chesterfield's Letters." He quite emanated an air of well-being and contentment. It was a pleasant air, and not irritating or disquieting, as it would have been displayed by some when you had come in from the cold night and the first snow-fall of the season. He seems a part of good things, somehow—as tho they were his birthright, his heritage.

He is a genial host, so genial that I over-stayed the time I had mentally allotted myself and lingered on, quite unheedful of the passing minutes, listening to him talk of democracy

"I have been in Siberia most of the time," said Rockcliffe Fellowes. "I joined the Canadian forces and went over with them, staying in Siberia about seven months. I don't know whether I was fortunate—or unfortunate."

Below with Constance Talmadge in "In Search of a Sinner"

It is not impossible—a senseless alliteration, that title. Such a person exists—I met him and talked with him and, being feminine, liked him. Rockcliffe Fellowes is a caveman cavalier—a caveman cavalier exactly.

When I asked him for an interview and told him I didn't care to see him at the studios, he suggested his...
and Lord Chesterfield—really Lord Chesterfield more than anything else, for he is a Chesterfield enthusiast, as it were, and quite a captive to the beauty and smooth-flowing style of that old English gentleman.

He had told me that he had just finished "In Search of a Sinner," with Constance Talmadge, and that he found her delightful and clever—very clever—and I had asked him where he had been. It seemed some time since I had seen him in World productions with June Elvidge and Ethel Clayton.

"I have been in Siberia most of that time you speak of," he said, rising to flick the ash of his cigarette onto the crackling pine logs.

"I joined the Canadian forces and went over with them. I was in Siberia about seven months. I don't know whether I was fortunate—" he hesitated for an almost imperceptible second—"or unfortunate."

I felt he considered himself unfortunate and thought that it was because Siberia had been quite awful, so I asked him about it, mentioning Siberia, no doubt, in awed tones. "We've come to feel that necessary."

"Siberia isn't just what stereopticon views picture it," he said and he smiled. "I meant I was unfortunate in not getting right at the fighting. Siberia is quite like any other place under the sun—not quite as nice as New York or the world's other representative cities, perhaps, in fact, not particularly nice, but not at all as one feels it is going to be. The people are genial and perhaps better behaved than they always are in other parts of the world."

Of course, he could have played the hero beautifully. I was quite ready to picture him in snow-bound Siberia, freezing even while he bundled up in furs.

"Courteous, genial and gallant to a degree, he is too independent to take any stand or say anything he doesn't feel for the sake of appearances. He has the courage of his convictions, yet he doesn't foist them upon people. He does not expect you to think as he does—and he is open to conviction."

"Too, he is well-dressed, not with any foppish result, rather, he suggests the professional man, the banker and financier—he brings to mind Pall Mall, one might say. When he was in California, while at work on "The Cup of Fury," the Rupert Hughes story of Goldwyn and the first work he did after his months in service, he did not live in the city, but quite away from everything, on the banks of the Pacific, where he would go down on the sands with his dog and pipe and watch the gulls. He had a horse, too—a horse he rented at first but finally purchased, as he grew attached to it and it to him. He spoke of the rides over the California hills with no small amount of pleasure.

(Continued on page 96)
Tony plays tennis as he does everything else—with a vim and a dash of a typical Moreno flavor. Away from the Vitagraph studios and his new serial, he makes a bee-line for the courts where he devotes his energy to batting about the white ball. And, incidentally, Tony fears few opponents.
WHEN the maid answered my ring, she assured me that Miss Saunders would be out in just a moment, and would I please make myself at home? I agreed with pleasure, for the big, high-ceiled room was a most interesting one, and I welcomed an opportunity to take in its many interesting details before my hostess appeared. There was a gorgeous teakwood table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; over it was flung a wonderful piece of orange-colored satin, heavily embroidered and bound with gold. The wide, open fireplace was flanked on each side by shallow white bookcases low enough to be reached comfortably from either of the two big, comfy-looking chairs which stood on either side of the fireplace and seemed to beg one to rest and read.

And just as I reached this point of my investigation, I literally stumbled over a small, rumpled bundle of blue linen, white-cuffed and collared. A pair of very blue eyes looked into mine, steadily and curiously; a pair of fat, pink legs straightened themselves, and the two tiny hands which were so busily absorbed in an earnest and very systematic search of a handsome, black patent-leather hand-bag were stilled for a moment.

Somewhat disconcerted by the steady, unwavering scrutiny of the blue eyes, I said, a little uncertainly, “Oh—er—how do you do?”

“How do?” bobbed the small blonde head, and then waited for further remarks from me. Heaven only knows what I would have done or said if, just at this moment, Jackie Saunders had not stood in the doorway—the same trim, exquisitely well-groomed Jackie Saunders I had last seen nearly three years ago—the same straight, slim little figure, the same wide, warmly

(Continued on page 92)
It seems to be simply a matter of logic, of undistributed middle and a well-grounded major premise. Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos state it very simply in the form of the irrefutable classic theorem.

Major premise: There are about one-twentieth as many photoplay writers as there are calls for the same by the studios throughout the country.

Minor premise: Amateurs will have a chance for success equal to that of the veterans during the coming season when the one-man movie system of photoplay making comes into general use.

Conclusion: Be a motion picture play writer—author, studio manager, director, all in one. And get the combined salaries of them all.

Miss Loos curled comfortably in a corner of the big lounge where countless Emerson-Loos plays for Douglas Fairbanks, Mae Marsh, Elsie Ferguson and the Talmadges have first taken form, looked very pretty and a bit sleepy and was very firm in her contention that nothing today offers a wider field for the ambitious young person than motion picture writing.

A tiny brunette person of decidedly subdebish appearance is Anita Loos. The interviewer found it hard to realize that she is no amateur, but that she has written successful screen plays since she was sixteen, when John Barrymore played in her first story, “The New York Hat.” Now as Mrs. Emerson she is combining dramatics with housekeeping in her charming, livable apartment just off Park Avenue in the upper seventies. As she talked she watched the wily, six-foot John, whose steady pace up and down the room suggested the days when he played the neurotic detective of his own Broadway play, “The Conspiracy.” Suddenly he picked up a private projection machine from the big mahogany table, took it apart and began to put it together again.
By ISADOR M. STERN

Miss Loos smiled dreamily. "I'm always so glad when he does that to something he can put together again," she said; "he's so fond of that iconoclastic stuff."

The interviewer felt that the one-man movie was escaping. "You were going to tell me," he began.

"There's a good idea there." Miss Loos smiled at her husband; "a man who tears things down for the sheer joy of putting them together again."

Mr. Emerson looked at her with pride. "We'll put it into the 'Search of a Sinner.'" he said, enthusiastically. "Can we make that Western hero a sort of iconoclast?—good foil for Constance," meaning Constance Talmadge.

"But," insisted the one-ideaed interviewer, "the one-man movie—the chance for amateurs, and all that?"

Then they explained, and as they both talked, any possible doubt as to their ability to cooperate was dispelled.

"In the last few months," the little lady began,

"It was like the Ford factory," Mr. Emerson explained, "each man to his special job. It was even known as the factory method."

"They've changed all that," Miss Loos curled up more comfortably against the soft pillows. "Producers are beginning to see that only one brain can successfully produce one work of art. A Ford may be useful, but hardly—art."

"Every big screen play of the past year has been the result of an experiment along this line."

"Art can't be created thru quantity production (Continued on page 103)"

"studios throughout the country have changed their production methods."

"Photoplays have so far been the work of many men," the masculine half of the partnership inserted. "There were the original author, the continuity writer, the studio staff of directors and camera-men, and the actors."

"Each," Anita added, "with his finger in the pie."
Lloyd: Laughsmith

The incongruity of interviewing Harold Lloyd at the Claridge—the Times Squariest of all Times Square hostleries—may not quite impress film fans who have watched him cavorting amid a chorus of celluloid beauties. Sophistication might well be expected of him.

But he isn't. Lloyd is very boyish. That shines out of everything, from his ambitious plans to his glee at seeing his name in electric lights outside the big New York theaters. Most of all, it is apparent in his sheer joy of living.

Our interview occurred just after Lloyd had emerged from a Los Angeles hospital, coming East to rest and consult specialists. His odd—but almost fatal—accident is now well known. Lloyd posed with a bomb for a comic photograph, lighting a cigarette with the fuse. The bomb proved to be the real thing and the young comedian came very near being lost eternally to the screen.

"I shall never forget that bolt from the blue," he told us. "It was so unexpected. I put my hand to my face and it seemed blown away... it was a mass of blood... I was blinded... then I almost lost my nerve. 'I'm disfigured,' I thought. 'My career is over, no one will ever care for me now!' I cant express the blackness of that moment."

But Lloyd escaped. Surgeons rescued his eyesight, restored his face without a scar and, save for injuries to his right hand, the comedian came thru unscathed.

"Fate for once did the right thing. As we talked with Lloyd, accidents and pain seemed far away. There was just that sheer boyishness, undaunted, unconquered."

"I want to turn from acting to directing some day," says Lloyd, "but not yet. I want to go on as I am, furnishing folks with laughter. It is odd," he continued, "how every one seems to have the impression that I have suddenly flashed upon the film horizon. In reality, I have struggled for years."

"Let's go back to the beginning," we prompted.

"Denver was my home, but I started my so-called public career as a mere boy with the old Burwood Stock Company in Omaha. Frank Bacon, the now famous star of 'Lightnin', was the comedian. Only the other night I reminded Mr. Bacon of it back-stage at 'Lightnin', and we had a good laugh.

"I stayed there twelve months, playing child parts in 'Neil Gwynn,' 'The Private Secretary,' 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' and other plays. Mr. Bacon wanted to take me in vaudeville, but my folks objected and put me back in school."

"Coming thru my gawky age, I still clung to the
that time and I decided that I was underpaid. So I went over to Mack Sennett as a juvenile. Sennett seemed to like me, but Roach came back with an offer of fifty dollars a week.

"Fifty looked mighty big to me and I told Sennett I was leaving. 'All right, young fellow,' said Sennett, 'come back when you get to it—I can use you.'

"But I have been with Roach ever since. We created the 'Lonesome Luke' series for Pathé. They proved popular, but I was always dissatisfied. I felt that every one believed I was a mere imitator and I wanted to do something absolutely original.

"I hit upon the idea of my present bespectacled character, but it was no easy matter to persuade any one to let me drop the more or less popular Luke for an untried idea. But I finally got it over."

Lloyd believes that two things are essential to film farce: a basic idea for each comedy and plenty of new "business," as film by-play is called. "Plain slapstick—rush, rough-and-tumble stuff—is going to pass," declares Lloyd. "I believe Sennett will survive, because his comedies have a great deal of original by-play. But the others are doomed."

Lloyd might have added another essential: a central character in which the audience has a sympathetic interest. Hence the success of Chaplin—and now of Harold Lloyd.

For Lloyd is human, above all else.
THE old adage, "Opportunity knocks but once," is not true in so far as motion picture aspirants are concerned, for the M. P. Publishing Co. has instituted the Fame and Fortune Contest as a yearly feature.

In connection with this present contest we are supervising a series of contests which will present unusual opportunities to local beauty and talent. Announcements in the current issues of the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland give the details, which we shall here review.

Our production of the 1919 contest, "A Dream of Fair Women," has been assembled by experts, and it is a two-reel feature which incorporates the test scenes of the honor roll beauties taken at Roslyn, N. Y. It is a good story, artistically handled. From this picture you will gain a definite and concise idea of the preparations and selections of judges which were made in order that latent talent might be recognized and appreciated.

At the time of showing this picture, local theaters will run contests for the purpose of discovering screen possibilities among their patrons. The winners of these campaigns will be placed on our honor roll, thereby giving them a splendid chance to gain a place among our prize beauties. Herein lies your individual responsibility. See the manager of your moving picture theater personally; ask him about his contest; assure him of your heartiest support and he will give you what you want. If the manager of your local theater has not secured information concerning the film of last year's contest, "A Dream of Fair Women," and the contests, it would be well to show him our announcements or tell him to write to Mr. Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corporation, 1600 Broadway, New York City. Mr. Garsson is our distributor and will give any information desired as to the picture and the local contests.

We are, in the present contest, producing a larger and more pretentious picture than that produced last year. It is to be a five-reel feature, founded upon a story which has recently
been selected, and we feel safe in promising you something worth while and quite away from the beaten path of the usual photoplay. Even were it produced by an unknown organization, this picture would command marked attention. However, to those who are acquainted with our publications and the last contest and its film, "A Dream of Fair Women," it is unnecessary to say that this new picture—sponsored by us and allied with our contest—will be the product of an organization that is far from unknown. A fact of further interest is that the cast will be drawn almost entirely from the contestants of our new 1920 contest. And in addition to the roles calling for youth and beauty there are several strong character parts for both sexes. Any one wishing to apply for one of these parts will kindly state so on the entrance coupon as well as by a letter accompanying their photograph. We are now starting production on this play, but it will not be released until late fall, since as a special feature it will contain the test scenes of the honor roll beauties of the present contest, again taken at Roslyn, that beauty spot of Long Island.

In the last contest there were few and unpromising entries among the men of the country, possibly due to some misunderstanding on their part as to entry. Now we wish to have it understood that the contest is open to everyone, except those who have already played prominent parts on the stage or screen. A little experience in these lines is permissible, however, and will help if you are fortunate enough to be a winner or to secure a place in the cast of our production. Both men and women are eligible, and so are all nationalities. There is no age limit either way. In short, the only excluding qualification is professional stage or screen work in leading parts.

In choosing your photograph, bear in mind that no pictures will be returned. Be sure to do yourself justice by

(Continued on page 94)
it would seem, of their ability to make or mar, of their undisputed value."

She readjusted one of the pins in her hair thoughtfully, then:

"Always I am very sorry for the father, brother or husband who leaves in the morning with memories of the woman of his home in a state of dishabille. Perhaps the man is not always to blame when he ceases, after marriage, to tell his wife she is beautiful." She smiled whimsically. "Perhaps very often she has ceased, simply thru her own carelessness, to be beautiful. It is a pity, isn't it?"

I thought of the soft negligees which would solve a hasty toilette, negligees and robes of soft fabrics, quite attractive, too, with the essential feminine note.

"Yes, I think such things quite all right," stopping to put on the silver slipper she had removed from its tree. "Every woman cannot wear the same sort of thing, tho, as we all know. Some may wear the frills and furbelows with assurance; others look infinitely better in more severe things, illuminated (Continued on page 110)"
The Walk-Offs

By GRACE LAMB

"It is such muck as the Rutherford divorce case," said the Kentuckian, "that makes it sloppy walking for persons who endeavor to have clean feet."

Kathleen raised her brows. Of course, the man did not know to whom he was talking. He was crude, but it was hardly possible that he would refer to the Rutherford "muck" directly to Schuyler Rutherford's sister. Still . . . Patently, the ingenuous person had not heard her name. Curiosity and a lurking sense of humor impelled her to keep up the deception until he should have emptied the vials of his righteous scorn upon her. It might prove to be stingly amusing in a world where few things were. She said:

"Really . . . I seldom read the papers, you know. What was it all about? A nice juicy little scandal, I take it?"

"Several of them," said the Kentuckian. "It seems Rutherford had married his wife, in the first place, out of love for her, despite the fact that she had a million in her own name. After he had got her—and the money—he began to make ducks and drakes of both. He didn't appreciate either one. He didn't do anything big—he wasn't man enough for that. He just played about, with one woman after another. Treated his wife to an endless chain of petty humiliations, all financed, it would appear, by her money. He was a play-boy. He didn't, I understand, even have the courage to tell her the truth about anything. He just muttered away time—the truth—and, finally, her love. Love, even a woman's love, isn't inexhaustible. He got mixed up, the last time, with some little dancer or other, and his wife justifiably exposed him and divorced him. Now he is reduced to the penniless state of a walk-off, and will have to conduct his affairs, I take it, on a somewhat lower level than when he had his wife's money to adorn his little pecadillos. Somehow or other, tho, it is his sister who struck me, thru the whole thing, as being the most despicable one of the rather despicable lot."

Kathleen asked why. She asked why with some asperity. The man had been riding his hobby with a very evident disregard of the fact that her eyes were bluer than his own Kentucky blue-grass and that her lips were redder than the midstread of his Southern Junes. The asperity may have had to do, too, with the fact that his impending answer carried with it more than a modicum of fear. There are pleasanter things than to have one's delectable self raked over coals undeniably burning. If she had been seeking a sensation, then, for once, she had found—

"Because," he said, "she had nothing to get out of the whole thing but a parasitic comfort. Her brother married a woman of wealth, didn't play cricket, and the sister lived on sucking what she could from the whole affair. She was less of a woman than her brother was a man. I cant abide a parasite. I hate a thing that crawls. I hate a leech, and most of all in the guise of a woman. I hear that she was beautiful. That makes it all the worse."

"Why?"

"It makes her more of a pander. She was a cheap pound of flesh. She didn't even have the red blood in her to stand by her own sex. She didn't have self-respect."
"Because," he said, "she had nothing to get out of the whole thing but a par
anic comfort. Her brother married a woman of wealth, didn't play cricket, and the sister lived on
sucking what she could from the whole affair..."

Robert Winston laughed out loud, an out
of-place laugh in the shrouded drappings and
dim lightings of the stu
dio. "I expect I might beat her first," he pro
claimed; "she'd need it before the most elemen
tary lessons could be
drilled into her vacuous skull. After that, I'd set
her to work—at the near
back home. I'd advocate the simplest sort of things—
thing so simple I shouldn't have to enumerate them. I'd
have them work by day for the sake of the work, and rest
by night, because the night was made for rest. I'd have
them stick together, man and woman, as God meant them to.
I'd have them value most the things which seem to
them least. There's nothing to all this... not a thing..."

"What would you do, specifically," asked Kath
leen, "to—-to Rutherford's sister?"

Kathleen caught his eye. "What would you have such
people as these do?" she asked.
The Kentuckian smiled. It
went thru Kathleen like a
pang. She didn't know why.
"I'd have them strip off the
gewgaws," he said, "and go
farmer and have her bring into the world and rear a
family of ruddy children. Then I'd feel that I'd made
a woman of a painted, jointed doll."

Winston wondered, afterward, why the fair-haired
girl to whom he had been exploiting the disgust that had
filled him since his arrival in New York left him so
abruptly. She looked, he thought, like a nice little thing.
Probably she was not used to this atmosphere... in
sence and manifold cigarettes and rank perfumes, and all
that... there were only a few seasoned fools who
could stand it..."

He did not see her again until, later in the afternoon,
she was formally presented to him as Miss Ford, a ste
nographer, and, in an undertone, "rather in need of em
ployment just at present."

They were then left alone. It did not occur to
Winston as odd. Things
didn't. It did occur to
him, tho, that he had
talked the better part of
an hour to this girl on
what he thought of di
orce, light living, lighter
loving, and that she had
seemed to be in sympa
thetic, if silent, accord
with him. It occurred to
him, too, that he needed
great deal of secretarial
work done during his
stay in the city... and
she needed the work to
do... and, quite a
great while after she had

THE WALK-OFFS
Adapted in short story form by permission of Metro
Pictures Corporation, from the scenario of June Mathis
and A. P. Younger, based on the Oliver Morocco
stage success by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Di
rected by Herbert Blaché, under the personal sup
vision of Maxwell Karger, and starring May Allison.
The cast:
Kathleen Rutherford..............May Allison
Robert Shirley Winston...........Emory Johnson
Caroline Rutherford...............Effe Conley
Schuyler Rutherford..............Darrell Foss
Murray Van Allen.................Joseph Kilgour
Judge Brent.......................Richard Morris
Mrs. Elliott.......................Claire Du Brey
Mrs. Asterbilt....................Estelle Evans
Mary Carter, a sculptress.........Kathleen Kerrigan
Sonia, a model....................Yvonne Pavis

P.44
consent to take the position, it occurred to him that
she was singularly beautiful . . .

It wasn't very hard for Kathleen Rutherford—the
work she had set herself to do, secretarial and otherwise.
She had always had a rather grim determination hidden
away, hiding its time, under her silken covering. She
had even used it, variously, and, generally, wrongly.
From her smallest infancy she had been taught to do as
little as possible for as much as possible. She had been
taught to parasite, gracefully, indifferently, and always.
When her brother Schuyler had married the young heir-
ess, Caroline Van Alstyne, she had accepted it as a wind-
fall for both of them. It had never presented itself to
her as other than a very golden opportunity. Any reason
for her not having installed herself, along with her
brother, in his wife's home, would have struck her as
lunacy. She would have said that she hoped she was not
a lunatic. When Schuyler began to tire of the jewelled
leading strings, held, admittedly, ever so lightly by Caro-
line, and his foibles began to be public, Kathleen accepted
that, too, as part of the game and not, in any sense, part
or parcel of her concern. Things were pleasant as they
were . . . what was it all about?

Then this meeting with Robert Winston. It had struck
him, simple in blue serge and white linen, neatly coiffed,
demure, Winston had known her for his woman. She
wouldn't have had to try. When it came it came suddenly,
one night, just as the sun, like a pool of blood, was cooling
its fiery pain in the grey waters of the bay. She had fin-
ished and was standing, too, by the window. The glow
lit her hair and touched her eyes with strange lights. All
at once an awareness ran thru her and she heard Winston
say, "When we have done this work, my dear, I have
other work for you. I . . . Kate, do you remember
what I said about the simple things? About home and
children? A man and a woman? About the type I de-
test and the type—I worship? I love you, dear. I want
you. Perhaps you would like to know that I have never
before wanted any woman in all my life."

Kathleen turned and faced him, with a smile. It was
unlike her usual smile. Perhaps the sun's baneful death
gave it its cruelty.

"No doubt," she said, "your
novitiate makes you so igno-
rant of what you do want—
and so mistaken." She stared
into his widening eyes. "I am
Kathleen Rutherford," she said. "The joke's on you."

He did not see her again
until, later in the after-
noon, she was formally pre-
sented to him as Miss Ford,
a stenographer, and, in an
underline, "rather in need
of employment just at
present"
Almost always Kathleen liked tense pauses. They were, as a rule, the precursors of amusingly emotional moments, the flavors of which she had a habit of sampling, delicately and deliberately. There was something about this silence peculiarly like the silence before the tolling of a bell. In it a heart seemed to beat, disturbingly, brokenly. Then his voice came, amazingly, gently:

"I wouldn't call it a joke, Miss Rutherford. I would call it, rather, a serious mistake—made by me. I apologize. It was crude of me, unnecessary and, at least, impolite, to speak as I did of a young woman who I might have known was likely to be among those present. This is the sort of thing that happens to man, I suppose, when he is out of his element. If there is anything between us to forgive, my dear, I feel that it is you who should forgive me. Do you?"

Kathleen tried to pass it off with another light laugh. She couldn't, somehow, manage the laugh. In the face of such utter simplicity of standards, such unflinching self-appraisal—what could she do? She had the distinctly uncomfortable sensation that this is the stuff men are made of. It was not, she knew, her stuff.

Winston was speaking again, again gently: "You see," he said, "I am not in the least bit discouraged. I don't retract for one instant the probably unwelcome statement I just made. I don't believe, you see, that you are any more Kathleen Rutherford than you are Kate Ford, the girl who has so sweetly, so conscientiously, so earnestly helped me these past weeks. I think I can see you as a small child . . . and the guidance you didn't have, and the poor little, brave little mask you have covered yourself with that the world you live and have your being in, the world that laughs at the things of my world, would not laugh at you. I can understand that. We, none of us, like to be laughed at by our worlds. The ultimate courage is to be able to accept that laughter. It hasn't been your fault. It will be your fault if you go on, now. I think, then you do not tell me so, that you know me to be right. Kate . . . down in Kentucky there is a wide-verandaed old homestead, covered in summer with honeysuckles and shaded by giant trees that have watched families growing up beneath them for centuries and centuries. There are wide, hospitable rooms, book-filled and flower-filled. There is an old piano, and, in the evening, when the candles are lit in their sconces on the wall, and the old pictures catch and give back little smiles, little imaginary nods, I have pictured a fair-haired woman with a gracious touch, making the ivoryed keys sing—for me, I have pictured a great deal more, my dear. And when I met you I knew that you fitted the picture as those old canvases fit into their frames. You are as much a part of those rooms as the flowers that fill them, as the candlelight that illumines them, as the lonely man who has waited in them—for you."

Kathleen pulled out her wavy hair, flauted her slender hands and shook her head.

"You are in your novitiate," she persisted. "You draw pretty pictures—when you want to—and exceedingly ugly ones—when you want to. Probably you just do a little reverse trick with the picture frame, and there you have it! You see, I have no desire to be 'beaten first,' then set to work at the 'nearest thing at hand,' 'eat substantial food,' go to bed at ten bells, read Bunyan and Aesop. No, my dear! You have proved the wrong little lady for your experimentation. You might, I admit, get a less seasoned

These thoughts led to his promising Sonia a fur coat which should envelop her from the top of her locking curls to the winged arch of her pink foot if she would cajole Robert Winston into kissing her on some occasion when Kathleen Rutherford was about to enter the room.
Kathleen was not engaged to Van Allen when she told Winston she was, but she knew that that could be speedily contrived. It was, that evening, and it fell, for Kathleen, rather flat. Van Allen did it up well, and no doubt about that. But... Kathleen could not get beyond the but. Annoyingly enough, she kept hearing Winston's voice, saying, "the guidance you didn't have," and she thought of her pallid, mom-mad mother, and her club-going, debt-ridden father, and right in the midst of the crescendo of Van Allen's passion she burst into laughter, which she managed to turn into tears just in time to prevent this catch from slipping away from her into the shallow waters from which she had bailed him.

The announcement of Kathleen's engagement interested everybody excepting Robert Winston. He, maddeningly enough, treated it with the mild, slightly hurt tolerance one treats the rather persistent foible of a dearly loved child. He would correct it if he could, and, it seemed, he believed that he could, given time.

He took all the time he could contrive. And he contrived, in one way or another, to take more time than Van Allen did. When Mary Carter, the young sculptress at whose studio he had first met Kathleen, gave teas, Winston attended, breathing in incense and gulping down Russian tea with nothing more palpable of regret than a fixed and stoic smile. When Kathleen went shopping there were always various Kentuckians in the vague shapes of women relatives who needed like wearables, and could Kathleen refuse him her valuable advice? At the small apartment to which Kathleen and Schuyler, the latter now quite chastened, had come, Winston was a frequent caller. If Kathleen was not at home, Schuyler generally was, and very desirous of having some one into whose at least presumably attentive ear he could pour forth his wrongs and the bias that had been put upon him, and the purity of his original intent, in general.

This was not what Van Allen had got himself engaged for. The way out of it was Winston out of it, and that way was to prove to Kathleen, who, tho not admitting it, looked upon the Kentuckian as a sort of Galahad, trailing, spotlessly, his way among lesser mortals with feet of clay.

Van Allen thought it over, and happened to be thinking it over in the presence of Sonia Orloff, a bit of Russian femininity calculated to turn a heart of brass. It occurred to him that it wouldn't be the least bit difficult for Sonia to make Winston forget his chivalric principles, his old home and the family pew... it was never, Van Allen decided, eyeing the small model again, difficult for Sonia to induce forgetfulness in any man... on his oath, he'd swear to that... By gad... These thoughts led to his promising Sonia a fur coat which should envelop her from the tip of her topping curls to the winged arch of her pink foot if she would cajole Robert Winston into kissing her on some occasion when Kathleen Rutherford was about to enter the room. Sonia was shy about it. In her heart she rather liked the Kentuckian herself. Being shy was becoming to Sonia. It gave her a sort of super-witchery not to be resisted. Van Allen gave a little short laugh, seized her and kissed her fully and rather violently upon her pursed and meditative lips. With a sort of boomerangish effect, Kathleen stepped in at that instant...

Kathleen, on the way home that evening, thru the (Continued on page 116)
It was with wonderings, vague and incoherent, that I set out to see Jean Paige—wonderings over the contagion of tonsillitis germs. But I realized, too, that Jean Paige had her point of view—it's not very pleasant to be interviewed the very first day the doctor has permitted you to sit up. But it just had to be—there was no alternative, for the Vitagraph powers-that-be had requested her to pack up for a trip to California. And seeing that they made her a star in the same breath, she couldn't very well refuse, even if a week is a very short time to prepare for such a change in one's life. However, the tonsillitis postponed the trip, of course, but only for a day or two, as she was leaving the very first day she had strength enough to get to the train.

Even while we talked—Jean propped up in a low wicker chair before the long window, diamond-paned, scrim-hung and cretonne-framed, which ran the entire length of her room—her "Aunt Emmy," who lives with her and watches over her, would wrap up some toilet article and stick it into the recesses of one of the huge wardrobe trunks, all the while murmuring:

"You just cant go for a few days at the least, Jean dear; you wont be equal to it."

Then Jean would settle her head more comfortably against the melon-shaped cushion of rose-silk and say:

"Oh, I feel much better, Aunt Emmy, much better, and if we leave this week..."
we'll be able to stop off and visit with mother and father for a few days. And I just know that a rest there, with all the good home cooking, will put me back on my feet."

And there would be a wistful note in her voice.

I have seen screen stars galore, but never have I seen a screen personage who proved to be so entirely as he or she was on the screen. When I went into the room and saw her sitting at the window, I felt that I was stepping into the scene of one of her pictures. She has the same naturalness and simplicity of manner which mark her work—the same girlish expression and the same utter lack of sophistication. Not that she isn't cognizant of the world going on about her—she is, with decided ideas upon everything—but she is understanding, tolerant and remotely removed from anything pertinent to the cynic.

"I don't like 'sticky candy' parts," she said, twisting the silken cord of her soft, dull lounging gown of an almost indeterminate purple, "and I don't like tragedies or melodrama. I like real parts—pages from Life itself, with all the wonder and beauty which Life owns."

One expected Jean Paige to think

Life quite wonderful, to take it for granted, as it were, and not to delve deep or tear Life's fine fabric apart, examining the weave of the threads—Youth doesn't do that, and she is Youth incarnate. And, because it doesn't do those things, Youth is pleasingly refreshing and splendid, encouraging and wonderfully inspiring.

"Aunt Emmy here is really responsible for my being in the movies," Jean told me, with a merry little laugh. "I had no idea of such a thing and was studying elocution with every intention in the world of becoming a reader when I saw my first real artistic motion picture. I wrote to Aunt Emmy, who was here in New York, and asked her if she remembered having suggested the movies and telling her that I thought favorably of them. She promised to care for me, so I came."

(Continued on page 108)
The DeHavens bring to mind the Sidney Drews with their domestic comedies, and "A Hoodoo," their new Paramount production, is quite the best thing they have done in some time. Mr. and Mrs. Carter DeHaven left the musical comedy stage to bring the humor of Everyday to the screen. They are quite as domestic in private life as they appear in their comedies with two children, both of whom are often seen with them upon the silversheet.
Eastertide
Posed by
CORINNE GRIFFITH

She is a resurrection and a life
Of youth that springs, supernal,
From a grave, where lilies grow,
White flames to deathlessness.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Some Claytonesque Conceptions

am getting just one piece at a time, and meantime the decorators are lending me odd pieces, tho mine have been ordered for months. It seems discouraging to be without them for Christmas. Why, my bedroom set is upholstered in some makeshift material while we wait for the red damask to be turned out by an Eastern mill.

"Delightfully confidential," I mused. Had any one really said Miss Clayton made poor copy because she refused to chat of the things intimately connected with her? She broke my momentary silence with the sound of tongs shifting bright loglets. As the sparks

SOMEWHERE I remember reading that it was difficult to get at the heart of Ethel Clayton. Interviewers had come and gone, unsatisfied, unable to "draw out" the elusively beautiful young woman.

I was just thirty minutes late when I slowed up at 6028 Hawthorne Avenue. Pretty name, isn’t it? Sorta reminds one of blush roses and English hedges; of modest, fair-haired maids hanging over garden gates and—

But my reveries were interrupted by the shrill bark of a brown Pekingese. Ethel herself opened the door of the English-looking mansion and invited me inside to a seat before the blazing logs. Outside the day was spring-like, but California houses are like Juliet’s tomb—dampish and chilly.

"I’ve lived here ever since I bought the house in August," smiled my hostess. "Don’t look at the furniture, for I

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danced up the broad chimney, I took hurried survey of
Miss Clayton's downstairs, for you see, the rooms open
into each other, and that's another reason for chilliness.
The dining-room was furnished in bird of paradise-
colored chintzes—chairs and hangings—wicker work,
lots of ferns and silver, glass and sunshine. Just an im-
pression. There was no time for detailed inventory.

Everywhere the Oriental influence is noticed, for
Ethel took a trip to China and Japan last summer in
company with her mother and brother. Donald wasn't
sure he was going to be able to go, as he was waiting for
discharge from Camp Kearny, near San Diego. At the
last minute he was released, and thru the skill of a Los
Angeles attorney and frantic use of a long-distance tele-
phone, he managed to obtain passports in San Francisco
in time to join the others at Seattle.

So much I learnt without effort, while I admired a
handsome Chinese drape over the piano and quaint carved
figures on tables, writing desk and mantel.

"We arrived in Japan just in time for the Cherry
Blossom festival," continued Miss Clayton. "I often
think, when I see photoplays based on the marriage of
an Oriental with an American or a European, how
utterly unreal it is. 'Never the twain shall meet' came
home to me for the first time when I saw those little
people.

"There, for the first time, too, I saw what real art and
beauty may mean. People on this side often confuse the
Geisha girls with the demi-mondaine. In
reality, they are government institutions, care-
fully educated, coached and taught the most
wonderfully graceful dances. I raved over
their kimonos!" (Miss Clayton puts the

"Tolstoy," smiled
Ethel Clayton, "has
said it is a greater
work to raise children
whom one has not
borne and to do it well
than to love and rear
one's own. That's a
theory upon which I
shall work." Above
and below two pic-
tures of her in her
home

"You should be inspired to do a
Japanese play yourself, Miss Clay-
ton."

"I shall some day. A strongly
emotional story of real life. All
Japanese—not a white girl and a
yellow man—I saw it happen, read
about it, heard the details minutely.
(Continued on page 100)
"The man had me lugging in the biggest trunk in the world," I said the man with the blue cap, labeled "Janitor."

"They're planning to throw me downstairs this afternoon," the other responded, moodily.

I was sitting at the side of a stage at the former Ince studios on George Street, not far from busy downtown Los Angeles. Around me lights were switched on and off, voices called thru megaphones. Out there I knew must be Nigel Barrie, once of the Royal Flying Corps.

I had lost interest in the rough-looking workmen about me when a 'character' in a slouch hat and with a three days' growth of beard dashed by. I paid no attention to him until, dashing back, he spoke, breathlessly:

"I say, I beg your pardon! Didn't you see. I knew you were waiting somewhere. I'm Nigel Barrie. Excuse my dirty hands."

That the handsome Nigel Barrie! The man I've matinée idoled in "Bab's Diary" scenes with Marguerite Clark! Nigel Barrie, who had tramped over my heart in Clara Kimball Young's "The Marionettes!"

"My word!" I cried, because Nigel's English, you know, and because I couldn't think fast enough to be American and intelligent.

"Let's sit down." He has the most entrancingly musical baritone voice, dear fans. He smiled so brilliantly that even the Hooligan outfit lit up.

"Is the well-groomed leading man going to try rough comedy?" I asked.

N. B.

That Means "Take Notice" of Nigel Barrie

"Ssh! I'm proud of this outfit—embroidered the holes in these trouser knees myself. I don't want to tell you the story and spoil Miss MacDonald's picture. I'm the son of wealthy parents, caught in Europe by the war. Before I am ready to go home I am penniless. In New York I've a collection of art treasures—pictures I'm not allowed to sell and a house in which I am to live. So I cross as a stowaway. I don't want my friends to see me until I am settled, so I keep up the disguise. Yesterday, when we were at the San Pedro harbor with a lot of pretty rough-looking sailors—Chinese, Japanese and Mexican mostly—a job agent asked me if I wanted a job.

"'Not me. I hate work.' You should have seen the surprised look on his face!"

"Did you prefer musical comedy to the screen, Mr. Barrie?"
"I don't prefer anything to the screen. I'm California mad and I am screen mad. When I was in Canada, 32 below zero, or up in the air, 62 below, I'd say to myself, 'If I live thru this I'm going to California to thaw out, and I'll never leave.' It kept up my courage.

"About a year ago a motion picture magazine published a pic-
ture of Mrs. Barrie and me, with the caption that we had just been married. It was a shame to disappoint romance-loving fans who longed to see me on a honeymoon, but we had been married four years."

The Irish of Mr. Barrie loves a joke, for altho he calls himself English, his mother was Irish, and from her he inherits wit, black hair and a love of mimicry.

"Did you act in England?"

"I began in Julia Neilson's company, playing juveniles. I was in the chorus of a musical comedy, 'The Count of Luxemburg,' and I understudied the lead and finally had a chance to play his part. Since then I've had no difficulty."

"With whom did you first play in America?"

"With Grace George in 'Half and Half,' and then a lead in 'The Laughing Husband.' Finally I went into that queer screen serial, 'Beatrice Fairfax.'"

Then we drifted to modern ventures and I asked about Mr. Barrie's experience as instructor in aviation.

"Were you of a mechanical turn of mind before you began to fly?"

"No. I learnt it all in the government school. Of course, I understood gasoline engines. No; there's no special danger in flying if a man keeps his head and obeys rules. In Canada the landings are a bit hard, for it's all cut up into small fields and there are hedges and windbreaks into which an unskilled aviator might descend, but here in California, where it is all so open, there should be practically no accidents."

"Is it true that you flew alone after six hours' instruction?"

"No. I tell her it's safer than guiding a car thru the downtown streets of Los Angeles. I've just (Continued on page 104)
The Fan Fad of Frederick

Fans of gay colors, of beautiful leathers; fans of painted satin with hand-carved ivory sticks; fans from Paree and far-away Japan... All these and more has Polly Frederick in her collection. Fans were a fad with her long ago—even before Dame Fashion decreed them the vogue, and today, with this feminine artifice the finishing touch to the evening toilette, she finds she owns a fan for every gown.
"Why did you do this thing?" the man groped for his cigarettes and shot his question forth, almost with venom.

Inga, from her low chair by the window, smiled gently.

"Out of gratitude," she said.

"You take a strange way of showing it... unnecessary, I might add."

Inga's serene face did not change. "I am sorry that you think so," she said. "My way was probably not quite what it should have been, but I did what I thought best at the time. I had to decide hastily, you see. As for the unnecessary part, I am afraid that I cannot agree with you as to that."

"Indeed! Your reasons?"

"You know them, Mr. Garford."

"I want to know them again..." There was a sneer in his voice, as tho in contemptuous depreciation of any reasons she might be able to give.

Inga's wise eyes smiled with her lips. Garford was, to her, a child who was hurt and ill and, as such, was to be honored in any whom he might exhibit. She was caring for him here in her home and she owed him the graciousness of hospitality which is to accede to a wish.

"You never used to care for repetition," she reminded him, "of anything... but I never tire of the repetition of this... this... all this you have done for me. It... it gave me the sympathy I feel for all men... it gave me faith when faith was very low... it gave me the sweet strength to... to love..."

Garford broke in upon her, abruptly, "As you love Terry Costello," he said.

Inga's eyes flamed. "As I love Terry," she assented, "of course... but I am off my story. You see, I came to you, three years ago, a model, not a very successful one, without confidence, without much of any belief in myself or any one else. I... why, I was even hungry and pretty badly frightened. You were wealthy and successful and busy, very, very busy, yet you had time to stop and teach me all the many things I didn't know; you had time to introduce me to all your friends and to say a word of commendation and praise for me; you had time to stop the work you were doing and paint the portrait of me that made me famous... the portrait of me as a nun."

"And me, too... incidentally..." broke in the man, dryly.

Inga shook her head. "You were that already, my friend," she said; "it was all for me. It made me famous and it gave me the power to make money, to make myself. After that, you helped me thru the course I took, with money..."

"Which you have paid back, insisted upon paying, to the last farthing."

"The good-will back of it... the kind heart... that I can never repay," the girl said, and her eyes misted over with memory of the kindliness done. "Then, at last, you got me my contract with the magazine and I turn forth a full-fledged illustrator, a happy woman... a... a very grateful one."

"And yet... last night..." said the man, "you would have flung most of all this away to help a man who came to your home, dead drunk, insulted you by his presence... you would have relinquished the respect of the eminently respectable gathering you had about you... you would have sown suspicion in the heart of the man you love... why... just gratitude?"

"Of course," said the girl. She put by the sketching she was doing and went over to the couch on which he had spent the
night. Once upon a time she would not have dared to go to him so, to so assail his dignity. That was gone now. It hung about him in pitiful shreds. He had been, she could tell, bitterly hurt. This raillery...this sardonicism...that drink last night...this wasted frame and weary eyes...what had done these things to him?

Stroking his brow with her temperate fingertips, she asked him. For quite a long while there was silence. Inga felt that he was doing battle with the reticence he had used, heretofore, as a wall, a barrier, between himself and infringement. Then he began to speak, in rushes of words, fragmentarily, detachedly.

"You know that I was married..." he began, almost in an accusatory tone; "I...I was in love, too. In love with my wife. Odd...terribly in love with her. I was jealous, too. I hated the eyes of other men upon her; the hands of other men to touch her; the thoughts of other men to prey upon her. I used to feel that, if ever I saw another man kiss her, I would go mad...or die. I used to pray, at nights, by her side, that life would spare me this one unbearable thing. It...it didn't. One night I went home from my studio, awfully happy. She had been tender that morning and it was the eye of our wedding anniversary. She hadn't mentioned it in the morning, and I thought that she had kept silence because she believed I had forgotten and she didn't want to appear indecisive. It was she—who had forgotten. On my way home that night I bought bride's roses, great quantities of them. I wanted to fill her room with them, have them on our table, see them on her breast. I sang little snatches of song on my way I think the snatches were from the song you had been singing that day when you came to see me, in the afternoon. Your visit that day is vivid to me...still. Strange. Well...I reached home. I was earlier than usual...my eagerness, no doubt. I went in quietly, thinking to surprise her. I did. She was in the arms of some other man, a man I knew slightly. He was her lover. She was using endearments to him she had used to me. The tones of her voice were the same tones, the clink of her arms held the same tenderness, the light that illumined her face was the light that had remade my world for me. I thought of the title, 'False Dawn.'

"I suppose I lost my head. I suppose I went raving mad. I know that I shrieked and tore at things. I know that I saw red and black shot with red, and thru the mad swirl of murder tints her white, disdainful face. I knew that it was disdainful, that it continued disdainful thruout. I knew, clearly, in the midst of my rage, that she did not love me, never had, never would. I knew, too, that she did not love this man who had been on her breast, nor could she ever love any man. This, somehow, was the bitterest thought of all. It was the ultimate futility. I told her I would never see her again...never. I..." Garford's voice sank down, lost its strength. "I...never have," he said.

Inga's fingers, tense during his recital, resumed their careful stroking. She did not speak for a moment, then she said, very calmly, "You must not excite yourself, you know, dear friend. That is what the doctor warned against last night. That is why I kept you here. You are not awfully fit, just now."

Garford rose, lighting another cigarette. "You talk well," he said, swaying almost in rhythm to each syllable: "you talk well—you always did. But—you're a woman. You're a woman. That's enough. There's no gratitude in any woman. I know. You see, I know. Just the
same—thanks awfully—for whatever it was you did."

And he was gone.

Late that night, their work done, Terry and Inga sat together watching the shadows etch curious forms and shapes above and about the waiting immobility, the almost conscious patience, of the city. They were unusually silent, for, being at one in their chosen work of illustrating, as in their profound love, they had, almost always, more to say than there was time to say it in. But tonight they had had their talk, bitter at first, on the part of Terry, mellowing at the last to a sense of understanding.

"It was all underestimation of you, Inga," the boy had said. "I failed you, in a sense, because it did not come to me as it should have, knowing you, that a woman could be so splendidly defiant, so courageously tender for a man she felt only... only gratitude for. I had thought women did things like that... just for... love."

"A woman does those things for love, in a certain sense," the woman had answered him, "the love of all mankind, the maternal love of all men, springing, always, from the deep source of her love for the one man. I could not have done that, dear, as I did, from the motives I had, if it were not—for you."

"Then you do love me, Inga?"

The girl did not answer him, but, there in the shadows, the smile that touched her lips was answer enough. After a while she said, "I can give a bountiful sympathy to all men. I can give love to one man. I am like that, deathlessly.

The day following her talk with Terry, Inga went to see Garford's wife, living, still, in the rather sumptuous home they had occupied during their brief life together. It was sumptuous, Inga admitted that, waiting an unduly long time for Mrs. Garford to receive her... but how, she thought, this very sumptuous-

ness must have offended him. Inga knew his delicate sensibilities, his almost painfully fastidious and discriminating reaction to color and form, and she marveled at how he had been able to endure the lavishness of the color schemes, the thoughtlessness of the groupings. It was all unlike him, antagonistic to him. How he must have, subconsciously, which is the keenest way of all, suffered!

When Mrs. Garford did come into the room, Inga had the same curious sense she had had about the house... the woman was overcolored and her grouping, in some figurative way, was all wrong. And again Inga felt that, because of her, despite his fervidly fancied love for her, Garford must have suffered, rather horribly. There had been vandalism going on here, Inga knew. However greatly he had thought himself hurt, he had thought it rather than actually experienced it. But then, Inga knew, too, that, with a man of Garford's resilient, aesthetic type, what he thought were the facts of his life; the things, the only things, potent enough to hurt him.

Almost at once she saw, too, that an appeal to this woman would be quite useless. It would be sensational in its results, she did not doubt. It would get a great deal of surface response. Then, upon her departure, the
fallow ground would turn itself again and the seed would be disrupted.

Inga was right. Mrs. Garford wept over “poor, silly Dan,” his alcoholic failings and intimations, with not too much reserve, that she had suspected this failing for some time prior to his unfortunate “scene” and disappearance. She would not, she said, rather loudly, be surprised at anything Miss Sonderson had to tell her ... not at anything. Daniel had made her suffer for his silly little faults, mere childish foibles, while he ... while he ... good heavens! what was he not capable of? She concluded by thanking Inga with an insulting profusion for her intermediacy in behalf of Daniel ... unfortunately, she could not see her way clear nor bolster up the inclination in that direction which had long since failed her. Inga departed with a vague, disguised sense of having heard a remark anent other fish in the sea, etc., etc., ad nauseam. The woman was, of course, impossible. Inga could almost have found it in her heart to condemn Garford for the crass misplacement of his love had she not been wisely aware of the futility of ever blaming anybody for the law of attraction, operative and strong. There might be, she admitted, there might even be persons, widely scattered, no doubt, to whom Terry would not seem the omnipotent, all-sufficing, godlike being he was to her ... 

There are occasional circumstances, or sets of circumstances, which place upon one individual the moral responsibility of another, with apparent irrelevance. It was so, during that particular winter, with Inga and Garford. No matter what she was doing, or whom she was with, or what her activities, he was there ... the man, needing ... and she found that she could almost less resist his need of her than Terry’s love of her ... a tormented love as, more and more, she strove to save Garford from the depths into which he sloughed and sunk.

“I am only paying him what I owe him,” she told Terry, over and over, “only paying a debt of honor.”

“You must love him,” the young lover would reiterate, thru grim, hurt lips.

“Love has nothing to do with it,” Inga would say, adding, almost always, “Oh, Terry, can’t you understand how I feel?”

“No,” the boy would answer; “no, I cant.”

“Then,” Inga would make answer, “you are extracting from me a steeper price than I had thought to pay ...”

“But you will go right on paying ...”

“I must. It is a debt.”

Later, it became a more terrible debt when Garford found that Inga had become for him, not his benefactress, his redeemer, but the woman he loved. This burden, too, he laid upon her.

“It happened to me the night you came to that opium den,” he told her, “and the chink told you I was an habitue. I could see you thru the smoke, white as alabaster, with your wide, despairful eyes, your clasped hands, almost as tho you were praying ... and you were praying ... there in that hole ... for me. It came to me, all at once, that just that was what I had been waiting for; that where I had been, up to then, all wrong, I was, suddenly, all right. My conception was straight at last. A veil of illusion had been torn away. Inga, how I loved you on that deep night!”

“If you love me,” the girl told him, “then you will stand erect, no matter what, no matter where. Love is the master-builder. It does not permit of failure.”

Almost like a child hanging desperately to the firm grip of a guiding hand, Garford, holding on to Inga, struggled up, slipping now and again, always rescued by her, gaining a little, losing a little, struggling up and back, and then, very painfully, very slowly, gained beyond the point he had reached when his break came. And then, at last, the day when they felt, both of them, that the fight had been won, the day saved.

They were quite alone in Inga’s studio, the studio where she had kept Garford the night of his first illness, when, having just left his wife and irate at the noise above him, he had broken in on them, reeling drunk,
and recognized Inga. It was late afternoon, and she had given him tea, while he told her about his latest success, and the portrait commissions coming in to him.

"I knew you could do it," she said, her eyes shining with the luminescence they always held for the triumphs of others dear to her.

"It is because of that," said the man, "that I could. Solely, Wholly, Inga, dear..."

"Please..." Garford bent to her. "You love me, my girl," he said; "you must... you couldn't have beamed the way for me as you did... you couldn't have come down into the..."

"You are wrong, dear friend," she said; "I gave you my sympathy, a warm thing, from my heart. I have given my heart to Terry."

Garford spoke eagerly. "But he doesn't seem to want it now, my child. He believes... things... unworthy things..."

Inga shook her head, with unsmilng lips. "You are wrong, dear friend," she said; "I gave you my sympathy, a warm thing, from my heart. I have given my heart to Terry."

Garford rose a little later. to go. Standing in the doorway, his old reliant self in his eyes, he gripped her two hands close. "It has been wonderful, Inga," he told her, "all of it. You haven't been able to give me love, but you have given me faith, my dear, in myself and in mankind... and woman-kind. You have restored a shattered thing and cleansed a stained thing. You have healed and made whole, and it shall not be in vain. I love you—that is all that matters—and it shall be enough. Terry will come to you. Be sure of that. Good-bye for the present. Good luck... God bless you!"

An hour later Terry came in and found Inga still sitting in the glooming where Garford had left her. "Garford is well again," she announced, as Terry sank into a chair across the room from her and stared at her with deliberately reproachful eyes; "Garford is well again, entirely well. I have paid... my debt of honor."

Terry still stared at her. "I hear," he said, finally, with some difficulty in enunciation, "I hear that you... you are to be married... Inga, I cant believe this of you... I cant..."

Inga looked at him, quite seriously. "I dont know what you mean, Terry," she said. "Why shouldn't you believe it of me, you, of all people? It seems to me to be a logical conclusion."

"I suppose so," the man groaned, "but you... you and I... and now..."

"Yes, Terry, and now...?"

"To be going to marry... so soon. It is like turning from a corpse to kiss a passerby. It... it seems to me... sitting here... in our window... gazing into our streets, peopleed by the dreams we dreamed together..."

"Terry, I am going to be married. You may as well know it, finally and definitely. I am going to be married soon—just as soon as he will have me. Oh, Terry—to the man I love!"

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Anita's Ambitions

conversational brilliance, the same fascinating way of smiling girlishly that she had in the old Vitagraph days when she did "The Goddess" and "A Million Bid," but, nevertheless, in her palatial home, which, from its point of vantage atop a hill in Hollywood, overlooks the entire city of Los Angeles, you feel that stardom has actually brought this girl out, developed her, as it were, from a sense of the flapper into the real, lovely woman.

When Anita—pardon, Mrs. Randolph Cameron—journeyed west to make photo-plays, she left behind her the memories of a happy life spent in the days when the picture world was young. She was as happy at the time she received twenty-five dollars a week and had one evening gown as she is now with her $11,000 imported limousine, her trunksful of gorgeous attire, her strings of pearl and jade.

For then, when she, her mother and her younger brother lived in a comfort-

YES, she would be downstairs quite shortly, her mother said—as soon as she could possibly finish the thirty-five various cheques that simply had to be in the mail that very morning.

"Anita never lets me do anything for her any more," Mamma Stewart sighed. "She's all grown up now, and I never have a chance to attend to anything for her like I used to. Back East, I always did her business for her; now I just live a life of ease, with nothing to do but pick flowers in the garden."

There's been a great change in Anita Stewart. Of course, she has the same vivacious charm of manner, the same spontaneous

Photo by Campbell Studios
Stardom has actually brought out this girl—developed her, as it were, from a sense of the flapper into the real and lovely woman. Above, a new portrait, and below, with her mother and "Cliquot" at her new California home
able little thirty-five-dollar-a-month flat in New York, strings of pearls and imported limousines were, with her, an ambition. Which, having been realized, is now a mere passing fancy.

Ambitions are an ideal with Miss Stewart. A long time ago she hitched her wagon to a star and Fate has been kind to her. She has everything that money can buy. However, she fails to be satisfied.

"It always seems," she remarked, "that in this world we try to get what we haven't, and when we have it we don't want it. I used to want to be a gleaming screen personality. Now—well, I see my name in large letters over my own productions. I work very hard in them, but every once in a while along comes a picture like 'Virtuous Wives' which could get along just as well without me. Here I've been working night and day for a year now, and I can't see what I've done.

"My ambition, my true ambition? The same as any other girl's. I have a wonderful husband. Some day I may have lovely children, but I don't want them until I can look back over my life and feel that I have really made myself a success. It's something every parent owes the next generation."

Never worry about success; the more you worry, the less you get. That's the Stewart maxim. Do as she's done—work hard, give yourself to your work, and you stand a good chance of succeeding as she has.

"I don't dread getting old or out of pictures," she adds. "I'm saving my money, and when I do reach old age I shall have plenty.

"I never want to leave pictures, nevertheless, and I think I shall always be connected with them in some way. Secretly, I always rather wanted to be a dancer or a singer, because dancing and singing is an art. When I can no longer act I should like to direct, technically, dress sets and design them; in short, add the artistic touches to a production. I'm going to do this, too—you watch."

Anita has shown the utmost delicacy in the appointment of her home. The house itself has quite a history. It's in Laughlin Park, immediately next door to the abode of Cecil B. De Mille. Originally, Charlie and Mildred Harris Chaplin lived there. Shortly after their removal, George Loane Tucker had it, and last summer, when Fred Stone was making pictures, he and his family lived there.

It is a wonderful white-stone manse set in the midst of a garden. In fact, all of California is a vast garden to Miss Stewart, and her home, she says, is

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The Mellow Art of Aitken

By DORIS DELVIGNE

There is ripeness in an actor! The fulfillment of years of carefully garnered experiences, the mellowness which comes to old wine, old friends, old books. The ripened actor has that to give which warms the memory even as the mellowed grape-juice colors the blood. So I found Spottiswoode Aitken, one yellowish-hazy morning. Crowned by "the silver livery of advised age," he sat among his household gods.

Mr. Aitken reminds one of the poet Longfellow. There is the same gentle simplicity, the high idealism, the intense love of children—the poetic soul of a dreamer. Above, a portrait, center, an informal picture of him on the steps of his bungalow, and below, with his children.

There is no desire whatever to be a screen success. Isn't that odd? I just do not want the excitement of the stage, the traveling about, seeing new cities, new faces, endeavoring to win applause from strange audiences—to me that is exhilaration. I suppose because of my foreign ancestry I love my wine.

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The Stage Mother Comes to the Screen
By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

TO Emma Dunn belongs the honor of having created a new and distinct type of stage heroine, and she has played her way into the hearts of many audiences with her marvelous portrayals of motherhood, always touching the finest and most sacred emotions, tenderly and sweetly.

She is now bringing her splendid talents to motion pictures and is making a film version of her greatest dramatic success, "Old Lady 31."

Meeting Miss Dunn in her dressing-room at the Metro studio in Hollywood, I instantly fell under the charm of her vivid, sparkling personality, which seems to sweep every one and everything before it.

The warm, cordial handshake, the rich, full voice, the impulsive enthusiasm of this vivacious little woman quickly betrays her intense love of life and leaves no doubt that she finds it all worth while.

During the nineteen months previous to coming West, Miss Dunn lived quietly at her home on Long Island, enjoying a much-needed rest, and she declares that this was the best possible preparation, as it left her mind receptive to the demands of this new art.

"Not in all my career, not even while winning my early stage successes, have I experienced the thrills that came to me during my first week in pictures," she exclaimed, with a girlish eagerness to share her new found joy. "I seemed to live in a world apart, and the wonder, the marvel of it all, kept me up on a high plane. Now, after three weeks of steady work, I am beginning to feel the grind of it all. Oh, I still have thrills, many of them, but the work is hard and the hours long.

"On the stage I live my role at the highest emotional tension and have not yet learnt enough of the mechanical to conserve my strength during the three or four rehearsals which precede the taking of each scene, so you may understand why I am completely exhausted at the end of the day. But oh, my dear, I am finding it so wonderful, so inspiring! I wouldn't have missed this opportunity for worlds. Already it has opened up new vistas in the realm of acting of which I had never dreamed. It is so new, as an art, that my imagination leaps ahead of the present attainments and I am spellbound by its infinite possibilities.

"One of the greatest charms about the work," she continued, seriously, "is the splendid camaraderie which everywhere exists. I believe this beautiful democracy is the result of the newness of motion pictures. You see, no

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Touring the Missions

Amid the old missions of Southern California—with their aged stone walls, and their secluded garden walks, where pigeons strut about in the filtered sunlight—among these missions, sometimes in ruins and sometimes still in use, Dorothy Phillips spent a recent vacation. And she has returned from this atmosphere breathing a spirit of rest and repose with a sense of peace and contentment—ready to again take up her work under the Klieg lights.

Previous ages may have been picturesque and romantic, but housekeeping was certainly not very simple. After examining some ancient household utensils, Mrs. Allen Hollubar admits that she's satisfied to live in the twentieth century.


The Seven Wonders of Motion Pictures

Wondering how much longer Mary can maintain her supremacy.

Wondering when Thomas Ince is going to direct another picture.

Wondering whether there will ever be another "Birth of a Nation."

Wondering whether Charlie Chaplin has reached the limit of his ability.

Wondering if the motion picture industry will ever get out of its infancy.

Wondering whether D. W. Griffith was really shipwrecked.

Wondering when there'll be nothing left for Doug to jump over.

Thomas Mott Osborne, the man who grew famous reforming Sing Sing, apparently didn't know when he was well off. He is now going to take a hand at the movie game.

The screen had best beware, for the stage is luring all its talent away, according to the latest indications. Such sterling actors as Francis X. Bushman, Theda Bara and Crane Wilbur have all deserted the screen to appear before the footlights. Wonder how the superior dramatic critics will feel about this. They have our sympathy.

Now that Pauline, the hypnotist, has entered the movies we won't have to depend wholly upon Gale Henry comedies to put us to sleep.

WANTED

A movie star who is not an all-round athlete.

Monkeys have been starred in the movies. And we have had dogs, cats and horses. Now comes a company that will present "Billie Whiskers," a goat, in a series of pictures. If some one will only dig up a trained cockroach or humming-bird, we have no doubt that a large fortune awaits them.

We anticipate the building of a large studio somewhere outside the famous three-mile limit where scenes calling for such liquors as exceed one-half of one per cent. may be played with the proper realism.

It is rumored that Thomas Holding is going to be cast in a part in which he does not play a clergyman, but it is thought that this, like the report of Mark Twain's death, is a gross exaggeration.

"Fatty" Arbuckle, who grew to fame in slapstick comedy, has decided to enter upon a dramatic career. He will be featured in a five-reel version of "The Round-Up." Now that he is to be an actor, we will probably have to call him Roscoe Arbuckle, for dignity's sake.

Reelism

Doctors with Van Dyke beards.
Conscientious district attorneys.
Sheriffs with tin badges.
Middle-aged college boys.
And happy endings.

Do you remember the good old days when you saw Mary Pickford, Henry B. Walthall, Blanche Sweet and Lillian Gish all for a nickel? And you kicked when they raised the price to a dime? And said you'd never pay it. And kicked still harder when they raised it to fifteen cents. And said it was an outrage. And now you're glad if you can get a seat for a quarter.

How Can We Expect Peace?

When comedians still continue to kick their leading women midriffs.

Comedians continue to imitate Chaplin.

Heavyweight actresses insist upon wearing curls.
EDMUND LOWE has a great many philosophies, ideas and the like, without being at all conscious, or at all burdened, as he probably would be, if he were conscious of it at all, by the facts. He is apart from the rank and file in that, being a perfectly normal young man, of considerable energies both as to work and play, he still thinks, thinks rather deeply and very sanely, and, if you can deduce what I mean, does not think about thinking. It is a natural process.

Which brings me to what I might term the funda-

mental quality of Mr. Lowe, an unfettered naturalness, of viewpoint, of belief, of laughing, loving and living. He is utterly a norm despite the fact that he hints, darkly, at “peculiarities” which, when pressed, resolve themselves into a penchant for dancing at the Biltmore, etc., when time affords, and, at the Lambs, where he dwells, for some rare old Burgundy stored away. Of course, our talk was limited, both as to space, owing to the narrow latitude of his dressing-room, and as to time, which was measured by minutes. And peculiarities are exhaustive subjects, still . . .

Mental activities and physical activities run apace with him, I should say. I should say, too, that he is rather an omnivorous person where life and living, work and working, are concerned. At the time of my talk with him he was doing a picture with Norma Talmadge, and, at the same time, was taking his Chinese rôle in “The Sun God”; and he told me, then, that he could never be satisfied with working exclusively for the screen, nor yet for the stage. To do both, he thinks, is the ideal combination, one being the perfect complement of the other.

I asked him how, to elucidate.

The screen, he explained, gives poise. Restraint. A more perfect handling of oneself. The camera, he said, is far quicker and much more minute in its observations and what it “gets” than the human eye. Hence, one can do a great deal of emoting and gesticulating on the stage as comparable to what one can do on the screen. The greatest possible care, (Continued on page 95)
How Motion Pictures Aid Navy Recruiting

By

LOGAN E. RUGGLES, U.S.N.

A SHORT time ago the Navy Department in Washington devised a scheme to man a great super-dreadnought by boys from one State—boys from the State of Tennessee.

This great vessel, of 32,500 tons displacement, is to be commissioned at the Navy Yard, New York. On account of the navy being decidedly shy of men, and also to try out a new-born idea in navy recruiting, the scheme to man the navy's greatest fighting machine was coined.

In order to accomplish this great feat it was necessary to send to Tennessee a special recruiting party, an advance publicity man and thousands of posters, placards and handbills. It was also considered very essential to send a complete motion picture outfit along with the party. The motion pictures consisted of the launching of the world's greatest warship, the sponsor, the Governor of Tennessee, the Hon. A. H. Roberts, and the different stages of the ship's construction.

Armed to the teeth with their literature and motion picture reels, machines and "spare parts," the recruiting party left New York on November 25th. They depended greatly on the pictures, for didn't the movies show the people just what the navy had to offer in the way of a great battleship, and didn't they show the people the actual procedure of the ship's construction? And when we learn that the recruiting party was a success—and it will be a success—we will have to thank the motion pictures for a great majority of the work.

These pictures (each individual is equipped with a reel of his own, so that he may show them wherever he goes) are shown to audiences all over (Continued on page 114)
I THINK that I am like the average American picture fan when I say that I like to see the under-dog win. We all of us get just a wee bit tired of hearing the virtues of the topnotch stars extolled. We love our Mary Pickford and our Bill Hart, we are loyal to them, flock to each one of their productions and marvel anew each time at their genius. But we Americans are a race of sportsmen. We know how to lose in the game of life as well as how to win, and oftentimes we have a more tender fondness, a closer sympathy with the contestant who keeps on plugging against repeated failures than we have with those who deal only in successes. We Americans admire the supernaturally perfect, just as we look up to angels and great heroes or martyrs, but we love those who, like ourselves, are plugging on and on, meeting setbacks with renewed determination to succeed, wooing luck with an indefatigable grin! Yes, we love to see the under-dog win.

Not that I should venture to call Bryant Washburn an under-dog. But he is one of those actors who have suffered from ordinary stories and from a lack of genuine opportunity. Nothing is so fearfully hard to fight off as mediocrity. When Bryant Washburn left Essanay to be starred by Pathé, every one anticipated great things. But Pathé put the pleasing star in mediocre productions. When he moved to Famous Players, that company did the same thing. Of all the Washburn plays I have seen up to this time, there was nothing to rant about as bad nor anything to rave about as wonderful. They were ordinary, pleasing pictures. Bryant Washburn is not an ordinary actor, and it must have hurt him to fall into the rut of being taken as a matter of fact. But he went smiling on. They tell me he is one of the best-liked young stars around the studios today, always smiling, always kind, courteous and wholesome. At last

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

has penetrated all over the country. At last Washburn has romped into his own again as an extraordinary comedian. There is no need of repeating the plot here; sufficient to remark that Washburn is delightful as the foppish college graduate who eventually makes good for a girl. “It Pays to Advertise” is a superlatively good comedy.

WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—FAIRBANKS

On the other hand, this new comedy of Douglas Fairbanks’ will be appreciated by dyed-in-the-wool Fairbanks admirers, but will add nothing to his following. There are eight reels of speedy stunts; in fact, the whole moves at about seventy miles an hour. The scenic effects, including a storm and flood, are awe-inspiring in their seeming magnitude, but reality is lacking. The play no more touches your emotions or heart than an ordinary two-reel slapstick
comedy. Fairbanks is capable of expressing real feeling, but if he keeps up this speed he will run himself to death and catch nothing. An eight-reel feature must have some relation to life as it is. Eight reels of improbabilities is a bit too much to swallow.

EYES OF YOUTH—C. K. V. PRODUCTION

Marjorie Rambeau created a dramatic furor in the stage version of "Eyes of Youth." Clara Kimball Young does the same thing in her umbrageous translation. Not since the good old days have we seen Clara so gloriously gowned, so well photographed or so powerfully emotional. I feel that in making the Oriental seer who shows the young heroine what would happen should she choose the path of duty, wealth, fame, or love, a philanthropist who savors of an effort to mimic the altruism of the chink in "Broken Blossoms" and "The Miracle Man," the director has made a mistake. For the character is neither subtly nor poetically played and adds nothing to the effectiveness of the picture. Miss Young was most sympathetic as the woman grown old doing her duty, and most gloriously realistic as the opera singer in the fame episode. Her depiction of the drug addict savoried simply of theatricalisms and grease-paint. "Eyes of Youth" is a decided well produced picture. Every girl cannot help wishing that she, too, might have a crystal in which to see the results of her choice at the "crossroads of life." I found Edmund Lowe good to look upon as the hero and Milton Sills smugly correct in a minor rôle.

THE GAMBLERS—VITAGRAPH

This too was once a famous stage play and seems to prove it axiomatic that a good stage play will form an excellent foundation for a photoplay. The plot deals with the misfortunes of a young, rich and lovely girl who marries a scoundrel. He is gambling for her money, her mother and sister are gambling for social position and she for happiness, which she at last wins when her husband shuffles off his mortal coil and she can marry their long-known and truly devoted friend. Corinne Griffith is optically pleasing as the girl and Percy Marmont makes a satisfactory hero. Tom Terris has directed splendidly this production, which is quite the best issued from the house of Vitagraph in many a day.

THE VIRTUOUS VAMP—FIRST NATIONAL

A perfectly delightful comedy with a perfectly delightful Constance Talmadge romping away in the rôle of a girl who just couldn't make her eyes behave. She got a job and then she

(Continued on page 98)

Above, Marguerite Clark in the Famous Players-Lasky production, "Luck in Pawn," center, "Doux" Fairbanks in "When the Clouds Roll By," and below, Enid Bennett in the Famous Players' "What Every Woman Learns."
Mary Pickford Heads Contest

Several months ago the entire editorial force of our three publications put their heads together to devise a popularity contest that would be different. Result: Announcement of the greatest of popularity contests. And then came the memorable printers' strike, creating havoc in the magazine world in and about New York City. But, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles and without regard to cost, we got out our magazines. Pages were necessarily cut, including, in some instances, announcements of the contest; issues were delayed; but we got them out.

However, our readers were not dismayed. That this contest at once appealed to every lover of the screen and its shaded players was at once apparent. Since the beginning of the (Continued on page 117)
Do you realize how often eyes are fastened on your nails?

Are you willing to be judged by their appearance?

You gesture freely as you talk to him. His eyes follow your moving finger tips. What are his impressions?

Men are especially sensitive to little deficiencies in a woman’s appearance. Many men habitually judge a woman by the condition of her hands. The impression given by carelessly manicured nails is a hard thing to overcome.

Wherever you go you are being silently appraised by your nails. Lovely hands, smooth, even nails immediately suggest a background of refinement.

The most important part of your manicure is the care of the cuticle. When you cut the overgrown cuticle, you inevitably cut the live skin. As it heals, the skin is left thick and ragged. There is danger also of injuring the sensitive nail root, which is only one-twelfth inch below the surface.

You can easily have lovely hands

It is possible to keep the cuticle thin, smooth, evenly shaped without cutting it. Your hands and nails can be so lovely you will be proud to have them noticed.

Cutex will soften the cuticle and keep it in good condition—it will prevent hangnails and rough places.

Follow the directions under the illustrations. You will be surprised when you see how easy it is to have the same dainty nails you have so admired in your friends. Once or twice a week, give your nails this quick manicure. A few minutes is all that is necessary. You need give no more thought to the care of your hands. The consciousness of flawless nails will add greatly to your poise—your general charm.

You can get Cutex at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada, and any chemist’s shop in England.

A manicure set for 20 cents

Send the coupon below and 20 cents for the Introductory Manicure Set. This is not as large as the standard set but it contains enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 305, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today

Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 15c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, N21 Polish and Cold Cream are 35c each.

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 805, 114 West 17th Street
New York City

Name...................................................
Street...........................................
City................................................State.............
THE ASCOT RACES always attract studio people, many of whom have heavy bets laid. They're planning now to run a race every Sunday, because, as one man put it, "Now that prohibition has come to stay, we've got to spend our money on something!"

Among those who always walk around the course, instead of remaining calmly seated, are Mr. and Mrs. David Butler. You know funny David, the man who is always making droll remarks, who did such good work in "Hearts of the World" and opposite ZaSu Pitts in several Vidor productions.

Mrs. Butler is one of the clever young women in the studio colony, educated abroad, of unusual personality, formerly an actress in legitimate fields. She speaks several languages, and all of the women here are speaking of her knitting prowess in terms of envy and respect, for, be it known, Elsie Butler can dash off a sweater in one day. I saw her making a new one for David, and she's the essence of speed. Besides, she's a marvelous dancer, bridge-player and housekeeper, and I never see a list of names for parties which doesn't include Mrs. David.

She was telling me a funny story about the difficulty in getting servants or even Marthas by the day. Having finally gotten the address of a black pearl, Mrs. Butler engaged her for the following day to clean the apartment. The dusky-hued one said she was unfamiliar with

Left, Madge Kennedy is introduced to one of the performers in her Goldwyn production, "The Blooming Angel," and below, Lew Cody registers the fact that he's from Missouri, as it were, when some one suggests an insurance policy.
Your skin needs Different kinds of Care at Different Times

Your skin needs two creams

One without any oil, for daytime and evening needs—Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will not reappear in a shine.

One with an oil base—Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the amount of oil the skin needs.

Neither of these creams fosters the growth of hair or dandruff.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today, at any drug or department store. With these two creams you can give your skin the different kinds of care it needs at different times.

FREE SAMPLE TUBES—MAIL THIS COUPON

Pond's Extract Co., 123 F Hudson St., New York

Please send me, free, the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 1/4 sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 1/2 sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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Street..............................................
City......................................................State..............................

YOUR skin is not a piece of fabric that can always be cared for in the same way. It is a living thing which has different needs at different times.

Before an outing, for example, your skin needs a special kind of care.

When you go out, rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin. It disappears instantly, leaving your face soft and smooth. There is no oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream, so it never reappears in a wretched greasy shine—and it gives your skin the protection it needs from the coarsening caused by dust, wind and sun.

Then, about powdering—do not expect powder to stay on for hours without a powder base.

Before you powder rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face. Instantly it will disappear, leaving the skin softened. Now see how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. Because it is without oil, Pond's Vanishing Cream can never reappear in a shine.

At night, before retiring, is the occasion when your skin should have a special kind of cleansing. Only with a good oil cream can the dust that has worked into the pores be removed. Before retiring give your face a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the amount of oil to make it best adapted to cleansing the skin and clearing up the clogged pores.

Watch out for the times when your face looks lined and your skin lacking in vitality. These are the times you need massage. Pond's Cold Cream is made exactly the consistency to work well into the pores and give a perfect massage.
Hollywood and couldn't waste her time hunting houses. Would they call for her with the machine? Of course, Elsie would have made any sort of concession, so she put it up to David, who said he would be working next day. Finally, Fred Butler, director at the Morosco Theater, father of David and manager of the new company which will star that lively scion of the Butler family, promised to bring the pearl of great price to his son's home. It was quarter to noon before they arrived, and, after dabbling a few hours in suds and chasing the vacuum unwillingly over the rugs, the helper collected a full day's wages and left grumblingly, because neither prospective star nor Morosco director could be found to drive her back to town.

It does seem a strange thing that young women all over the U. S. A. won't give up department store work and take one of these lucrative movie family "affiliations." One of the players here has a maid who goes off every Thursday morning, because "Thursday is her regular theater evening!" and who doesn't return until Friday morning. On Sunday morning she goes to church, because "I wouldn't give up my church for anybody!" and doesn't return until Monday. Her wages are $65 a month and no laundry, no lunches to prepare, no children to care for.

Most of the younger women—wives of stars or high-salaried photoplayers—are living in apartments and doing their own work, having some one come in to clean once a week. Probably that is why the Alexandria is so crowded at meal-time, and why Los Angeles is becoming a city of Bohemian principles and nomadic rovers. It probably also accounts for the widespread adoption of fasting and dieting, the disciple of which is earning a fortune teaching movie people how not to eat. He puts on and takes off fat, astonishes torpid livers into sudden action and has cured abscesses by insisting on a diet of raw tomatoes three days a week. Drugless healing is a regular fad in Hollywood.

Cleo Ridgely has the most beautiful twins, now nearly three years old. She is very eager to go back to the screen, but her beloved Jimmie won't hear of it. He simply adores her and the kiddies and wants to keep her all to his lone. She's so much thinner and prettier than when she (Continued on page 112)
PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, luster, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonsful will clean the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and bouncy, wavy, and easy to manage. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO.,
Cleveland O.

Be SURE it's WATKINS
If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't MULSIFIED
Peggy Hyland is again associated with the Samuelson Film Company with whom she did her first motion picture work in England. Immediately upon Mr. Samuelson’s arrival in California and the expiration of her Fox contract, she signed with him and already has commitments for a first production under this new banner, “At the Mercy of Tiberius,” by Augusta Evans Wilson. She is now at work on a new offering, the title of which has not yet been announced.

Anita Booth, one of the winners of the Fame and Fortune contest, plays a leading rôle in “The Law Bringers,” a Ralph Ince production. “At the Mercy of Tiberius” will be Mary Pickford’s next contribution to the United Artists’ program. Waldemar Young is putting the story in line to continuity form.

The nondescript community in New York City known as Greenwich Village, has broken into several pictures recently, the latest being a Hope Ham mond production of “A Modern Salome,” based on Oscar Wilde’s famous poem, “Salome.”

Alice Lake is now a Metro star in her own right, her first starring vehicle being a picturization of the great American play “Shore Acres.”

Marjorie Rambeau, whose interest in things psychic has been stimulated by her work in “The Fortune Hunter,” her latest picture, decided to buy a ouija board. The proprietor recognized her and insisted upon making her a present of the board. Later he was rewarded by an autographed photograph of Miss Rambeau.

Sidney Olcott, who started directing pictures with the Kalem Company, has been placed under contract by Goldwyn Pictures Corporation and has been assigned the making of one of Goldwyn’s big feature productions.

Josephine Hill, whose latest work was with Frank Mayo in “Burnt Wings,” says that she landed her first picture because of a pug nose, and has become popular with playgoers in spite of it.


Ellen Cassity, another erstwhile Follies girl, co-stars with Herbert Rawlinson in J. Stuart Blackton’s production, “Passers-by”.

Gloria Swanson was married recently to Herbert Somborn, president of the Equity Pictures Corporation.

Antrim Short and Winifred Westover furnish the touch of youthful romance in “Old Lady 31,” in which Emma Dunn plays the rôle created by her on the speaking stage.

George Stewart, brother of Anita and Lucille Stewart, supports William Russell in “Shod with Fire,” with Helen Ferguson playing opposite.

Mrs. De La Motte, mother of Marguerite De La Motte, the young screen actress, died in Los Angeles as the result of injuries sustained in an automobile accident in which her daughter also suffered hurt.

Mabel Julienne Scott plays the feminine rôle in “The Round-Up” with Roscoe Arbuckle.

Walter McGrail, favorite of both stage and screen, will be seen in the future in important roles with Selznick Pictures.

Gaston Glass, the young French aviator, well-known on the speaking stage, appears in the new version of Fanny Hurst’s story “Humoresque,” in which Alma Rubens is starred.

Metro Pictures will produce “The Gorgeous Girl,” the serial story by Nalbro Bartley which recently appeared in the Saturday Evening Post.

Frances Haskell, daughter of the first Governor of the state of Oklahoma, makes her screen debut in support of William Farnum in “The Adventurer.”

Norma Talmadge spent a three weeks’ vacation at Havana, Cuba, and was so delighted with the climate that she would like a permanent studio there with a colony of bungalows so that she and her entire company could make pictures there every winter.

Zazu Pitts’ newest support in “Bright Skies” is a pet monkey of the ring-tail variety, chained by the studio crew to be the most intelligent small monkey in captivity.

Earl Metcalfe will be Corinne Griffith’s leading man in her next Vitagraph production, “The Memento.”

Eddie Polo has attached his signature to a four-year contract with Universal and will continue to make serial pictures.

Marian Davies and her company went to Palm Beach recently to film exteriors for “The Restless Sex,” a Cosmopolitan Production, after the novel by Robert W. Chambers.

Mrs. Mildred Dempster, mother of Carol Dempster, of D. W. Griffith productions, died at her home in Los Angeles recently.

Elliot Dexter has not yet recovered from his long illness. It will make his reappearance in Cecil B. de Mille’s next picture in a part that was written especially for him.

Earle Williams, who came East to make the interiors for “Captain Swift” in New York, will make the exterior scenes in California under the direction of Chester Bennett.

A strong addition to the scenario staff of Selznick pictures is Charles Belmont Davis, well-known author, traveller and contributor to the stage.

Rubye De Remer will be Eugene O’Brien’s leading woman in “A Fool and his Money.”

Virginia Faire, one of the four winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, will be supported by David Butler in a Universal production.

Fritzie Brunette, the raven-haired heroine of many J. Warren Kerrigan productions, will be seen opposite the star in another Brunton picture, “One Week End.”

Blanche Davenport, sister of Fanny Davenport, great tragedienne of the stage, and of Harry Davenport, well known on stage and screen, supports Pearl White in “The White Moll.”

Priscilla Dean, star of “The Virgin of Stamboul,” the Turkish photodrama written by Henry Van Loan, is to be featured in a Hawaiian story also by Mr. Van Loan.
At Last a Perfect Coiffure!

Bownet, the dainty perfumed wonder web of real human hair, offers three-fold protection:

- Bownet protects the charm of each soft dainty wave.
- Bownet is re-sterilized again after it is imported.
- Bownet is protected against the touch of other shoppers — sealed in a sanitary double envelope. Select from the sixteen shades on the Bownet Dealers’ Shade Guide.

**Bownet**

(Imported)

The re-sterilized human hair net

and

**KURLEY KEW**

HAIR WAVERS

No Metal to Cut the Hair

Kurley Kew — the wonder worker — makes soft, beautiful waves in exactly three hours and Bownet protects these waves.

Kurley Kew is soft, pliable and gentle against the most sensitive scalp.

Ask for these allies of the perfect coiffure. You will find them at the better dealers.

B O N A T

69 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK
IMPORTERS OF BOWNET HAIR NETS
SOLV AGENTS FOR
KURLEY KEW HAIR WAVERS
Ruth Roland is working on her second serial production, entitled “Broadway Babs.”

State Department officials in Washington are searching for Victor O. Kubes, of New York City, formerly a lieutenant in the Signal Corps of the United States Army, who entered Soviet Russia last November and has not been heard from since. Kubes is a motion picture camera man and an employee of Fox News, the news reel published by Fox Film Corp.

Antonio Moreno took a trip in his automobile from Los Angeles to Tia Juana, Mexico, to see a bull fight. On the trip he had four blowouts, two punctures, broke the windshield and killed a dog, but it was worth it, he says. Tony comes from Spain.

William Courtleigh, one of the most conspicuous figures of the American stage, has been added to the cast of “Children of Destiny,” a Lawrence Weber production.

Vicente Blasco Ibanez, brilliant Spanish writer, is in this country and has gone to Metro’s western studios to see his great novel, “The Four Horsemen,” take shape for the screen.

After an absence of two years spent on the spoken stage, Patsy de Forest has returned to the screen as leading lady for Montgomery and Rock.

D. W. Griffith has purchased from William A. Brady the motion picture rights to one of the classics of the American theater, “Way Down East,” paying, it is said, the highest price ever paid for the photoplay rights to any story or play. The play is being produced at the new Griffith studios at Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Irene Castle, one of the best dressed women of the screen, has signed a contract to design dresses and wraps for one of Chicago’s largest mail order houses.

A special “Elephant Luncheon” was given by William Fox recently in honor of Pearl Dole Bell, the author of “Her Elephant Man,” in which Shirley Mason is starred.

Some one sent Alice Brady a chameleon as a delicate compliment, implying that the popular actress is as versatile in assuming new roles as the little lizard. Miss Brady says she is glad that the gift wasn’t a police dog as the upkeep of the chameleon is much less.

Craufurd Kent has the pleasant habit of entertaining the kiddies in Bellevue and other hospitals in New York with pantomimes and thrilling solos. He makes a big hit always and has a better time than the children.

Besides being an actress, a beauty and a scenario writer, Olive Thomas is an interior decorator. Recently, she furnished an apartment, the furniture and fittings for which were made from designs executed by herself.

Frank Mayo says that he is tired of pictures featuring mud, fights and rain scenes. His next picture will be “The Girl in Number 29.”

Mrs. Carlin Lee, who appeared with Mary Miles Minter in “Anne of Green Gables,” and who has been associated with many stage and screen productions, died recently in New York.

Constance Binney says she likes her role in “The Stolen Kiss” because it gives her a chance to wear pretty clothes, also to do a bit of dancing which permits her to revive her first and best loved art.

At the close of the filming of “Old Lady 31,” the thirty old ladies, (Old Lady 31 is really a man, so was not included) presented Director John Ince with a gold cigarette case in appreciation of his direction of the famous play.

Theda Bara has deserted the screen for the stage in a unique drama fashioned by George Hobart and John Willard, entitled “The Blue Flame.”

Douglas Fairbanks is working on his third “Big Four” picture. The greater part of the action takes place in Arizona with a generous share of outdoor scenes.

A famous trio graced our luncheon table one day recently—Mrs. Gish, Dorothy and Lillian. It was a great treat. We feasted our eyes upon Mrs. Gish and Lillian, who are equally sweet and adorable, while we listened to Dorothy, who kept the whole table in an uproar and was altogether charming and Dorothyish.

After nearly ten years of continuous appearance before the camera, during which time she has appeared in nearly one hundred successes, Mary Pickford will make a complete tour of the world. During this time she will produce two or three plays for the screen, using the locals of different countries for the exterior settings.

Herbert Rawlinson will star in another J. Stuart Blackton production called “The Soul Spinners.” Montagu Love and Pedro de Cordoba appear with Alma Rubens in her latest picture, “The World and His Wife.”

Georges Clemenceau, “The Tiger of France,” has become an author for the screen thru his book “The Stronges,” which has been filmed by Fox.

Leo Delaney, one of the most popular men in pictures at one time, died from pneumonia recently after only a few days’ illness. Mr. Delaney was one of the oldest motion picture players from point of service and will be remembered as one of the first Vitagraph stars, playing many leads during the days of Maurice Costello’s fame as a star.

Maurice Maeterlinck, Belgian poet and playwright, will contribute and co-operate in production of one picture a year. “The Blue Bird” and other of Maeterlinck’s plays have been done in pictures, but this is the first venture of the great playwright in writing plays directly for the screen.

Billie Burke has interrupted her stage play “Caesar’s Wife,” at the height of its popularity in order to begin her next picture, “Away Goes Prudence.” Percy Marmont will play the leading masculine rôle.

Gertrude Hoffmann, famous dancer and star, indignantly announces that a certain Gertrude Hoffmann exploited in connection with a film entitled “The Perfect Model” is another person, absolutely, and in no way related to or connected with herself.
$100 Down Brings This

Ladies' 3-Piece Outfit

Smart Lace Trimmed Handsome
Serge Skirt Veil Waist Flounced Petticoat

This useful, fashionable ladies' outfit sent to you on approval for only $1.00 down. If you decide to keep it, pay in small monthly sums. If, for any reason whatever, you decide to send the outfit back your money will be returned immediately. To get this bargain you must act at once. The offer is limited.

Wash: Fine quality wool mixed. Serge, both attractive and serviceable. The new, shaped skirt as well as the unique pockets are trimmed with braid and buttons. Entire lower half of skirt is enlivened with rows of pin tucks, while the back is furthermore finished with a full length tailored fold and button. Colors: Navy Blue or Black. Belt 22 to 25, length 34 to 36.


Petticoat: Black Satin, with flounce enlivened with neat tucks and sections of accordion pleating. Satin hem flounce only.

When ordering be sure to give color of skirt wanted, also bust, belt, hip and length measurements. Order by No. 9-32. Terms $1.00 with coupon, $2.00 monthly, total $13.00.

6 Months to Pay

Open a charge account. Order now on our liberal credit terms. We give you the latest styles, splendid qualities and amazing values in anything you want to wear. We trust honest people no matter where they live. Not a penny charge for the credit. No discount for cash. All business men use their credit. Use yours. Order this bargain today.

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Send this coupon. All clothing material is very scarce. We have only a limited quantity of these outfits. Don't be too late. Mail the coupon today with a $1.00 P.O. order or a dollar bill. Remember, you take no risk. Send coupon now.

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85
WALTER C.—Well, I cant say I have taken the serum of youth, but I admit that I am younger than most men one-half my age. Ye gods! You ask what female star is been kissed the most. I wonder if girls do count the number of kisses they get? I keep a record in my diary of all I get, but I doubt if the players do. You mean Betty Compson, not Compton.

FERNIE DACE.—Thank you for the sealed letter. Send your picture direct to the Fame and Fortune Contest. Better think it over. Pride goes before and shame follows after. Dusty Frame is playing in "The Corsican Brothers" for United Pictures.

M. P. READER.—You hope they raise my wages before I quit. I'll give you plenty of notice when I leave. If the price of eggs and breakfast foods go up much more, I'll eat straw and milk for breakfast. Ethel Barrymore is Mrs. R. E. Colt, born 1879. John Barrymore was born in 1882, Belasco in 1892 and George Beban in 1873. Come in again some time.

JIMME.—Viola Dana, Metro Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. M.—You ask what the weight of an American silver dollar is worth in dollar bills. I never had so much money at one time, but I believe the answer is $20. Mae Murray is playing on the stage. I am not sure that her name was Frances Lydson.

COFFEE.—I prefer mine black, thanks! So you attended a spiritualist meeting and asked a spirit a how he felt, and he replied, "Medium, thank you." Gadzooks! That must have been the spirit of Bill Nye. Milton Sills is playing opposite Viola Dana in "Eliza Comes to Stay."

BONNIE JEAN.—Thank you for your card all the way from Austriana.

M. J. H.—Your letter was a jewel; 14-carat trimmings, too. He who wants content cannot find it in an easy-chair, can he? Louise Fazenda in "The Star Boarder." Oh, I dont think there is as much of it going on as you think. Some women are so extravagant that they make it practically impossible to lead double lives. Owen, Tom and Matt.

ALICE M. T.—Of course, there is more candy being made than ever. In 1850 America produced no more than 500,000 pounds of candy, as against a present production estimated from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 pounds per year. Yes, Chic Sale, the vaudeville comedian, is playing in "A". Stuart Acek released as Robertson-Cole. Why, Percy Marmont is about 3000 years old.

SILVER SPURS.—Of course, I missed you, naughty girl! Glad to hear you are back to school. So you think Forrest Stanley has aged. Havent noticed it. He looked good to me in "Other Men's Wives." You want an interview with Lew Cody. Stick to it, for knowledge is treasure, and memory is the treasury.

MISS USELESS.—The companies dont want regular scenarios—just a detailed synopsis, as most of them have their own continuity department. Send for a list of manufacturers, with addresses, and instructions. The one with you as a photoplay writer is that you seem to have tragedy in your head and comedy in your heart.

DESIRE.—Yes, for 25c.
NATURALNESS is a characteristic of every Selznick Picture. They are real—real in plot, in acting and in every other artistic element.

AND their naturalness is only one of the reasons why

SELZNICK PICTURES

Create Happy Hours
MARTHA H.— Haven't the magazine you refer to.

Sorry.

DICKSON DRAKE.— So you have never written to me before, but, remembering what Nat Goodwin said, "It's never too late to be sorry," you thought you'd write. You say your father, who was a Ph.D., told you that educated men were paid less than day laborers! I'll agree with dad. No. I don't see all the shows. Have a pass for nearly all the New York shows. Otherwise, how could I do it on $9 a week? Do write often, but not so long. Ruth Clifford in "The Amazing Woman." They're all amazing.

PEARL W. L.— How in Sam Hill do I know whether Tom Moore ever lived at Clark Street in Toledo or any other street in Toledo? Do you think there is no limit to my information? Next you folks will be asking what street Adam and Eve lived on, and what make of phonograph they preferred. Yes, Mary Pickford's and Muriel Ostriche's curls are real.

PAYANCE.— Hurrah! You say I am made of the real thing, all but my hair. Well, my hair may be false but my teeth aren't. Nothing I can do so you people in South America can get newer pictures, until the international air service goes into effect. William Russell is playing in "The Valley of Tomorrow."

JOSEPH F.— AUSSIE; MRS. G. M.; SYDNEY; LINNA L.; and MRS. T. C.— Yours have been answered somewhere, and space is too scarce to reply.

C. V. S., 17.— Well, my word! You say, "At last I have screwed up courage to write to you! For four years, I have worshipped from afar, and eagerly perused your columns. And now, dear Answer Man, I am writing to let you know of my admiration, my screen favorite, and last, but not least, to ask of you a favor." I feel it coming on, so near, and yet so far. You had better join one of the correspondence clubs. Wish I could grant your favor, but I never tell my name. It's against our editorial policy. (Praps they are afraid I'll escape from my cage and somebody will steal me.)

SMILES.— Your five-page letter received. You certainly know how to write letters. Ye gods and little fishes, child, you want to know why there are so many divorces nowadays and so few happy marriages! I don't like to talk about it—but, oh, ask me some other time.

SAM J.— Cant tell from your description. Can't you get the title?

MAY S.— Answer Men are privileged characters; they have a right to be ink-consistent. Agnes Ayres is playing in Cecil De Mille's next picture. Yes, Elliott Dexter has returned to the screen, and by the time this is in print, he'll probably see him. Send a stamped, addressed envelope if you want a hurry-up answer.

HELEN J.— Yes, Helen, we all have faults, and you may find your worst enemy or your best friend in yourself. Yes, and some movie actors only stop knocking the business long enough to receive their salaries. Yes, that was Marc MacDermott.

1083.— Maurice Costello is working at Vitagraph in character parts. Bill Hart, Los Angeles, Cal., will get him. The play was taken from the book. Have the money order made out in U. S. money, you paying the exchange at your end. Come again, old chap.

NOTTINGVILLE.— Let me know if you don't get the magazines. There are two kinds of stars—the kind that is talented and the kind that is easily moulded. Some persons are born with the ability to act and to depict emotion, while others have to be taught what to do. It is hard to inform you which of these two kinds is the greater. Is this your idea. Griffith always prefers the raw material and not the finished artist. He maintains that the latter usually has a set way of doing things, whereas a beginner is not bounden by any code of rules. The director's job is that of a hypnotist, in a way, for he gets control of his plastic subject and makes it to his liking. He sees in his mind's eye the character that is to be portrayed and he seeks to transform the player into that character. Perhaps the majority of our motion picture stars today are director-made. The director is monarch o'er all he surveys. However gifted and talented the star may be, he or she has to do the thing as the director orders. Of course, it is a great art to be able to do all that you are told to do, and the person who does not have to be told does not exist. So much for that.

HELEN A. W.— No, the director is not responsible for the lighting— it's the camera-man.

J. O.— Dr. Carey tells us in his "Wonders of the Human Body" that the human skeleton contains 165 bones. 500 miles; the length of the alimentary canal is 32 feet; amount of blood in the average adult, 30 pounds, or 1.5 the weight of the body; the heart is 6 inches in length and 4 inches in diameter and beats 70 times per minute. Griffith is not playing in pictures, and Theda Bara is going on the stage in a vaudeville sketch. Write me soon, or, I'll slide.

RED FEATHER.— A good tale is never the worse for being twice told, so tell us another one. You want to know why George Walsh appeared as young ladies. Maybe Mrs. George went with him.

ANZAC.— Whence all these words? Thy vocabulary is extensive. Mary Miles Minter, Reart Pictures, Los Angeles, Cal. Why don't you send international coupons?

KELLY.— Hello, Kelly! No, I haven't gotten my spring suit out yet. It's in cold storage. I'm saving up to buy a straw hat now. How do I know whether he has ever been on the screen before. You'll have to have a test picture made at one of the studios. Slip, Kelly, slide.

JOSEPH H.— Why, they advertise with us, so they must be O. K. Just as I have always said, the wise man thinks he knows but little and the fool thinks he knows it all. We all have names, you know, our Virginia Brown, who will change her name to Virginia Faire, will play in "Rummin' Straight" at Universal City.

E. M. ROXBURY.— You say there is a new collar out called "The Argonne," and ask why would "Belleau Wood" be an appropriate name for a collar. In a great many cases it would. Have got to hand it to you. Yes, we acquire the habits and practices of those we live with; hence the importance of associating with the best company.

(Continued on page 115)
Los Angeles, Calif.  
July 1, 1919

F. F. INGRAM CO.

Please list me as an enthusiastic user of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. From the day a friend first induced me to try it, it has had a special place on my dressing table.

Fay Tinchert

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Most women now know that a cream must do more than cleanse and soften the skin. That is why the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream is growing so rapidly everywhere. It has an exclusive therapeutic quality that actually "tones up" the skin tissues.

Stars of the stage and screen who depend upon their good looks for their very livelihood were the first to discover for themselves the distinctive merit of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Today women in every walk of life use it daily. Try it yourself if you wish a soft, delicate colorful complexion clear and free from blemish.

Buy it Today. Either in 50c or $1.00 Size

Ingram's Velvola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

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Fay Tincher

in "Rowdy Ann"

No matter how Fay makes up she can't hide her attractiveness. She is one of the very few comedienne of the silver sheet who have a natural comedy sense. This scene is one guaranteed to cause eye strain.

Christie Comedy Picture
Ethel Clayton’s Wonderful Eyelashes—

Long and curling—form a charming fringe for her eyes and give them that wistful appeal which adds so greatly to her facial beauty and attractiveness. Beautiful Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows—how wonderfully they bring out the natural beauty of the eyes! They are now within the reach of all women who will just apply a little.

Lash-Brow-Ine

For a short time. Hundreds of thousands of women, prominent in social circles, as well as stage and screen stars, use and enthusiastically recommend this harmless, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes the growth of Eyelashes and Eyebrows making them long, thick and luxuriant. Why not you?

Two sizes 50c and $1.00. At your Dealer’s or sent direct in plain cover, on receipt of price. SATISFACTION ASSURED.

It was to be expected that so conspicuous a success as “LASH-BROW-INe” would be imitated, as it has been. So, to be sure of getting the genuine, look for the picture of “THE LASH-BROW-INe GIRL”–same as at left–on every package, and thus avoid disappointments.

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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will present in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table to be compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a postcard, from time to time containing an unsolicited criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 172 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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EDITORIAL STAFF
CRITIQUE

BANDEK, THE—D-6
Doris Kenyon—De Luce.

Sesne Hayakawa—Haworth.

BILL HENRY—D-8.
Charles Ray—Parameter.

BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Eric Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.

Nazimova—Metro.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Curtiz—Producers—Sagin Family.

BROKEN BUTTERFLY—D-6.
Tourneur Prod.—All Star.

Marion Davies—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.

COPPERHEAD—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.

DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

Bremer-Gordon—Blackton Prod.

DOUBLE SPEED—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

EASTWELL—PROD.—CD-7.
Cousin Binnie—Realart.

EVERYWOMAN— Allegorical—6.
All Star—Players—Lasky.

FAIR WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.

Alice Brady—Realart.

Holtar Henley—John Cumberland.

GIRL NAMED MARY—D-7.
Marguerite Clark—Paramount.

Griffith Prod.—All Star.

HEART OF THE HILLS—MD-7.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

HER KINGDOM OF DREAMS—D-6.
Anita Stewart—First National.

Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

(Continued on page 119)

Do Your Teeth
Glisten Like the Teeth You See?

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Note the pretty teeth seen everywhere today. You can see that countless people clean their teeth better than before. They remove the film which dulls teeth.

This new method is employed on millions of teeth every day. Dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. This is to urge you to test it—free—and see what it means to you.

Film Dulls the Teeth

A viscid film forms on your teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So millions find, that teeth brushed daily are still ruined by that film.

How Millions Have Proved It

Millions have proved this new way by a simple test. If you have not done so, make it. Film removal is vitally important.

Pepsodent is based on pepson, the digestant of albumin. The film is al- buminous matter. The object of Pep- sodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed barred. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And new active pepson can be every day applied, and forced wherever the film goes.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the vis- cious film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

When you see the results and read the reason, Pepsodent will need no argument. The cleaner, whiter, safer teeth are evidence enough. For your own sake, don’t wait longer. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles nowadays are traced to film.

Now a Way to End It

Dental science, after years of searching, has found an efficient film combatant. Able authorities have proved it by years of careful tests. Now great efforts are being made to bring it into universal use.

The method is embodied in a denti- frice called Pepsodent. And, to show its powers, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

10-Day Tube Free
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 152, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to
blue eyes with their eager interest in the whole world.

"I'm so sorry I kept you waiting," were her first words, as she offered me her hand. And then she looked down at my feet. "Why, Jacqueline, she cried, "Mother and father have been looking everywhere for you. You're a naughty girl to run away from Nursie."

The baby grinned, adorably, and burst out: "Both of 'em. But baby-talk, which must have meant something to Miss Saunders, for she laughed, caught the baby up in her arms, and turned to me with a smile, "—My dear, hadn't you better be dressed?"

A special feature of the new garments for women and girls is the cordings which lend a peculiarly distinctive style to the dress, and a special original feature of the new garments for men is the touch to the skirt. What a hat with silk mail of fine leather. Doubly row of 18 8-step, from ane to the finest illustrated dresses is in the catalog, and it gives the opportunity of making a favorable selection. The latest hat made is a Miss Bower hat, which has the distinct note of individuality in it, and is made of the most durable and attractive hat material, which is a harmonized of colors.

"A first, of course, I will have to do some big, recognized book, play or story, because I have been off the screen so long that my first play under my own company must be from a well-known source. But after the first, I hope to produce stories based on the real things of life, and stories judged solely on their merits as screen subjects rather than on the author's reputation."

"And you are now heading your own company?" I asked.

"Yes, and we are looking for a good story," she continued, her face lighting with interest at the mention of her new plans. "At first, of course, I will have to do some big, recognized book, play or story, because I have been off the screen so long that my first play under my own company must be from a well-known source. But after the first, I hope to produce stories based on the real things of life, and stories judged solely on their merits as screen subjects rather than on the author's reputation."

Matrimony, Motion Pictures and Millinery

(Continued from page 35)

Miss Saunders turned to him, quickly.

"Oh, Ellwood, which is the prettiest?" he asked, handling the two hats in question.

"I can't say, sir," she replied, after a very careful inspection—proving himself a man of tact, diplomacy and finesse.

"Oh, I forgot—this is my husband, Mr. Hason."

She came to her senses, and then, deliberately, and she immediately began rummaging again in the treasure basket, crying out with delight when she emerged with what looked like a puff of whipped cream and rose-leaves, but which proved to be a puff of tulle with layers of tiny satin roses.

Then and there, I lost my note-book—and the rest of the interview. Those hats were too much for the feminine mind to withstand! And I didn't even try!

The Caveman Cavalier

(Continued from page 33)

Perhaps it is a dynamic force within him, I am not sure just exactly what it is, but I would not call any part of it either, any silliness or any radicalism. I felt that with a certainty, but more than that, it is quite unlikely that any one would exhibit anything they did that was actually feeling something affected before him—any more than the woman would have defied the ideas and prejudices of the caveman. There is no evenness as to what she would not, in the most remote sense, be termed crude emotion.

"Before I left, he drew aside the curtain and raised the shade. Beyond the window were the exquisite spires of St. Patrick's cathedral, grey, and not quite determinate in the mist of the snowy night.

"An old—a rare engraving—in reality," he said slowly and in deep appreciation, as he lowered the shade and drew the curtain. "I think we pay perhaps ninety per cent. of our rent here because of that, the other ten per cent., of course, for the department.

When I arose, I found his wraps ready. I looked at him inquiringly, . . .

"Are you going in the subway?" he asked, and there was the slightest suggestion of an English accent in his voice. "I'm inclined to think maybe there is English parentage or ancestry—Lord Chesterfield, the air of Pall Mall—so he said he was Canadian and did not mention Britain. Most Englishmen mention Britain.

"I am going uptown," he continued, "I'll walk to the subway with you.

"Because it has opened the boxes, and Miss Saunders, who looked like the most wonderful "confections" of the milliner's art.

"I promised to pose for a pose of fashions," she explained, "and these were sent down for me to choose the most becoming one I might wear for the party."

From then on, of course, the interview was finished. When two women, with a distinctly feminine interest in pretty clothes, get together over a treasure-basket full of lovely hats, anything mundane (and interviews are mundane—some of them pathetically so!) must be forgotten.

During the exciting discussion that followed, a breezy, good-natured man entered.
"You've Gone Way Past Me, Jim!"

"Today good old Wright came to my office. All day the boys had been dropping in to congratulate me on my promotion. But with Wright it was different.

"When I had to give up school to go to work I came to the plant seeking any kind of job—I was just a young fellow without much thought about responsibility. They put me on the payroll and turned me over to Wright, an assistant foreman then as now. He took a kindly interest in me from the first. 'Do well the job that's given you, lad,' he said, 'and in time you'll win out.'"

"Well, I did my best at my routine work, but I soon realized that if ever I was going to get ahead I must not only do my work well, but prepare for something better. So I wrote to Scranton and found I could get exactly the course I needed to learn my business. I took it up and began studying an hour or two each evening.

"Why, in just a little while my work took on a whole new meaning. Wright began giving me the most particular jobs—and asking my advice. And there came, also, an increase in pay. Next thing I knew I was made assistant foreman of a new department. I kept right on studying because I could see results and each day I was applying what I learned. Then there was a change and I was promoted to foreman—at good money, too.

"And now the first big goal is reached—I am superintendent, with an income that means independence, comfortable home and enjoyments at home—all those things that make life worth living.

"Wright is still at the same job, an example of the tragedy of lack of training. What a truth he spoke when he said today, 'You've gone way past me, Jim—and you deserve to. Heads win—every time!'"

Yes, it's simply a question of training. Your hands can't earn the money you need, but your head can if you'll give it a chance.

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more than two million men and women to win promotion, to earn more money, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

Isn't it about time to find out what they can do for you?

You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, with an income that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like to provide your family. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education, or your means—you can do it!

All we ask is the chance to prove it—without obligation on your part or a penny of cost. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon.
W. L. DOUGLAS

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through 107 of our own stores direct to the wearer at one profit. All middlemen's and manufacturing profits are eliminated. W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. In every pair go the results of these years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, selling shoes.

How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!

EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be—gray, brown or blue—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one has to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thicker and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless: it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Upon receipt of July in stamps, colas or Money Order, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator, $3.75
M. T.'s A. B. A. Lotion, for Pimples and Blackheads, $3.75
M. T.'s Pore Cleanser, for superfluous hair, $1.00
M. T.'s Freckle Cream, for stubborn freckles and tan, $1.00
M. T.'s Minnetted Quinod, "The Incomparable Vanishing Cream", $3.75

M. TRIETY, Secretary, Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.
five feet five and one-half inches in height and weighs 120 pounds.

Eunice Gagnon, of 145 West 116th Street, New York City, Miss Gagnon appeared so attractive that we asked her to call and had some test pictures taken of her. In certain parts of these pictures she has appeared to great advantage. She was born in Toronto, Canada, and has brown hair and dark blue eyes. Her weight is 118 pounds and she measures five feet three inches.

Dorothy Williams, of 1235 West 19th Avenue, Spokane, Washington. Little Miss Williams is five years of age; is in the third grade at school and can dance, swim and dive. She has already played in small parts before the camera and exhibits unusual promise for screen work. She has blue-grey eyes and golden curls.

Lowe—And Behold!

(Continued from page 68)
he thinks, should be taken when before the camera, not to over-emphasize. The least expression, of the body at any rate, the better. The stage, on the other hand, supplies flexibility, color, spontaneity. Both have their workaday drawbacks, which must be overcome by the individual player. The screen reminds him of perpetual rehearsals. On the other hand, there is the danger of monotony on the stage, the repetition of the same role, as in a long run. This, however, is offset by the changing stimulus of the audiences. And, he says, are as one man, and the actor "gets" them immediately.

He says that he gets a real thrill from the way he is doing things, the combination of the two. He loves the working at the studio all day and then the going on the stage at night and noting the differences in the work, the reactions, the responses.

He believes that one must love what one is doing if one is to achieve any sort of real success. Only by love of work does one come back in tokens of appreciation and recognition. He also believes that you must work for success, loving the work as you go along. He does not believe that there is much to the overnight burst into fame. "Generally," he says, "you will find it, while it appears to be a sort of spontaneous combustion there has been some sort of training, generally pretty rigorous, back of it all. There may be exceptions—but they are very exceptional. Take the Barrymores; take Sarah Bernhardt; take any one of the great actors or actresses who have not only been famous but enduring, and you will find that they have climbed slowly, rung by rung. It is only so, too, that the real satisfaction of attainment is achieved."

Mr. Lowe does not speak in any detached sense. He started his career by doing dramatic work at college, in California. He even took part in the Passion Play given there, and achieved a decided need of success. After that, he went into stock in San Francisco and did about every known part there. He was one of the first members of the Acazar Theatre. This winter he is in Mr. Belasco’s production of “The Son-Daughter,” with Le- noire Ulric, a role from his picture work. Stock he says, is the very best of all possible training. It is schooling and it is the practical experience in one. It is incomparable as a training in versatility, alone. It is limbering, in every possible sort of way.

It seems to me that Mr. Lowe has a great many of the requisites of greatness.

(Continued on page 98)
imitation of a good time he had ever seen. When, presently, several of the couples began to gyrate about the floor in the conventional manner, he had left for the war, he rose sneakingly and departed into the moon-white summer evening. Along the familiar homeward path his feet discovered the way for the first time, carrying his soul brain free to its own dismal reflections. America again! For two years he had hungered with all his hot, passionate young loyalty to be back, to smell the wild roses, and the hay fields and the scent of red clover steeped in the sun. He had hungered for his own tongue in his ears, his own people about him, friendly faces, familiar, homey. And now . . .

"I wonder what she's doing tonight, that little, laughing cute girl," Luther mused aloud. "She was a winner—loveliest! I'd— I'd kind of like to see her again.

"And as he said it he collided in the darkness with a soft, hurrying shape, and reaching out to catch it, he found himself holding the Girl of the Paris Boulevards in his arms. For a long moment they stared into one another's faces, then slowly, deliberately Luther released one hand and pinched himself, without mercy. "Ooh!" he shouted in the language of dreams. "It's you then! Gosh all fishhooks, where'd you come from?"

He had forgotten for a moment the painful bar of unlike languages that rose between them.

But her reply reminded him of it. For she spoke in a voice like a strain of music, words which he did not understand, and which left him no wiser until, in desperation, she felt in her handbag and drew out the scrabbled card that he had given her elderly companion that day two months ago.

Ma and Pa Green were doing peacefully on the porch when their son's voice roused them, and they sat up, staring dazedly at the astonishing picture before them. "Ma, this is Madeline, I mean—Robinet," Luther said, trying to attain casualness as tho it were quite in the ordinary scheme of things that he should appear in mid-evening, holding the hand of a smiling and evidently strange girl with him under the "heathenish" name. "When I was in Paris her father did me a good turn, and I told her if she wanted ever to see America to look us up—" he halted lamely, conscious that his explanation lacked a certain lucidity.

Pa Green frankly resigned the situation as beyond him. But Ma struggled for the right phrase. "Well I'm sure, Miss, that any friend of our Lutie's—"

"It's no use, Ma," her son interrupted. "She don't understand you. I'll talk Freach to her—tomorrow.

The next day, by aid of the French dictionary and much labor, Luther and the young lady—whose name was delightfully and unpronouncably Mignon—established the following communication:

"Her father had died suddenly and she had come to America to find her uncle. But for some reason he had not met her ship, and—here, Mignon's End to Tailing utterly, but she managed to convey by eloquent use of dark eyes and slender shoulders that something had frightened her, and had desired her to hunt up her one friend—"Vous etes mon ami, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur Le-theur?" she begged him, and Luther with quickened breathing, assumed the French phrase but all honesty, that she could count on him.

Between Ma and Mignon developed a delightful intimacy quite independent of language. Sleeves rolled up to white elbows, Mignon made queer, spiced French cakes, churned the butter, and beat up feathery omelets; Ma and she discussed the charms of the man having his tongue to herself,看了自己的own, yet in perfect harmony of understanding. In three days Ma had adopted her. "As likely a gal I ever see," she declared. "And the fault that she hasn't had advantages and has to talk that jargons. And between you and me, Pa, it looks as if our Lutie and the rest was lost in a whisper for P's ear alone.

"Wal, he might do a leap wuss," Pa nodded, but it was as well not to confess that he had admired Mignon from the first moment he saw her.

As for Luther, his share in the buying became purely nominal. He and the mysterious Mignon put in hours in the orchard learning a tripe of English, a smattering of French and a great deal of an older language than either, spoken by the glance of eyes, and the touch of fingers that held a common book. And the summer ebbed, and the nights lengthened, and the "furrin gal that's stayin' down at the Greens' and makin' eyes at Lutie."

One day Luther encountered a perturbed elderly gentleman who greeted him with the faintest accent. "Moaistair Green? Ah! tell me, is there a young lady staidin' at your house? A young French lady? My niece, Mignon Robinet."

On the way to the house, he related his frenzied search for the genuine American student had prevented him from meeting, and the slender thread of clues that had led him to last to the New Jersey village. "I wonder where she is, and how he is," he sighed. "For I was tole me that some men on the ship were ver' attentif to her and I imagine—"

On the porch they were met by Ma Green, wiping reddened eyes. "Oh, Lutie," she greeted him, paying no heed to the stranger in her excitement, "they terible thing has happened. Mignon's uncle has just come and carried her off! The poor young lady didn't want to go—she took on something awful, but he explained that he had come on his way to Colonia, and change sides, and he was to see Deacon Sawyer's first wife, but I thought he'd never get her off, she held on to me and said she was jaberin' in that queer way o her's."

"Her—uncle?" Luther and the stranger exclaimed the words in unison, then in unison they turned and ran across the lawn, leaving Ma staring amazedly after. "Quick—the old—"

"In—ride the horseback—"

"—way to cut off—on miles—cross country—you get the sheriff and come on after."

Now a young love story cannot be permitted to end unhappily, and of course you know that Luther caught up with the pseudo uncle and his weeping prisoner at the cross roads, and that our hero, Mis- man so effectively that by the time the real uncle arrived with the sheriff, it was a doxology that was urgently needed. You must be sure that the whole affair is in arm of the law dealt him several more jolts before it was done with him, and we may safely to his story. Likewise the real uncle is of no particular importance to us just now, nor even Ma Green, and Pa and the neighbors. In fact, the war was over at the time that August afternoon—but two people of the slightest account in the world. These two, with truly honored colt ambling behind them, strolled (Continued on page 109)
Hundreds of Dollars
From a Little Space 26 x 32 Inches

Just imagine it—an extra cash income of $600 to $3,120 a year from a little space 26x32 inches! That's what the Butter-Kist Machine means to you. Mr. Money-Maker. Yes, we mean what we say—$600 to $3,120 a year clear net profit! We can prove to you in black and white that the Butter-Kist Machine pays this much. We have hundreds of letters from storekeepers to show you—letters that will positively amaze you. We want to send these letters to you, with other sensational facts. We want you to see for yourself the big money that is right within your grasp.

Pays
4 Ways
1—Motion makes people stop and look.
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The famous machine that manufactures Butter-Kist Pop Corn and sells Roasted and Salted Peanuts. Look for this machine in the high grade stores and theatres everywhere. Eat its toasty treats—they're delicious.

Draws New Trade

Besides the Butter-Kist profits it pays you, the machine draws come for blocks to get pop corn with the famous Butter-Kist flavor. No other corn like it—the process is patented. The machine will be a veritable magnet in your store. It will help all your other sales, stimulate your entire business. Write for the proof.

Butter-Kist
Pop Corn and Peanut Machine

We sell it on easy payments. A small amount down puts the machine in your store. Pay the balance out of the machine's earnings. Write for particulars of our easy payment plan and details as to the $600 per cent profit you make on every Butter-Kist sale.

Mail the Coupon

No obligation. Full information sent you free and postpaid. Just mail the coupon. Do it now. You will be astonished to see all that the Butter-Kist Machine means to you. Act today—NOW.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
526 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 75)

lost it just because all her employers had to fall in love with her. This was repeated several times until the big boss (played, oh, so glibly by that handsome Conway Tearle), takes her into his own, and he becomes victim to Connie’s wiles and a wedding takes place which is perfectly satisfactory to all concerned, because Connie belonged in Burke’s peerage.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN LEARNS—FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY

When husband-director Fred Niblo transplanted wifey Enid Bennett from her namby-pamby, sugar bonbon roles into the wearesome way of an emotional actress, he knew what he was doing. Enid was too coolyngly sweet as an ingénue to be wholly palatable. In her last two releases Miss Bennett has shown an increased depth that is at the same time womanly and winning. The only objectionable part about her present picture is its title, a young girl chooses from deceptive big appearances, only to find out the real character of her husband—too late. Here he is shown as a drunken bully who seeks to cause her endless grief and whom she finally murders. The trial scene fails to make clear just how the court exonerated her for the crime she did, and with her second chance she chooses the right man.

THE GOLDEN SHOWER—PHOTOGRAPH

Gladyes Leslie is herself a golden ray on the silversheet. She needs only two things: first, good stories, and second, to patronize a fashionable modiste. The first three reels of “The Golden Shower” are admirably worked out. We have the little girl who wants to make good in New York and yet stay good—pursued by an unscrupulous roué. She is capable of taking care of herself, and he escapes all his traps, which so enrages him that with his dying breath he signs all his fortune to her, knowing she will be accused of being his sweetheart by a suspicious world. So far so good, then “Moon” goes the carefully wrought fabric. In walks chance and all the done-before situations. No one will believe in the girl’s innocence; she is shunned by all until, under an assumed name, she meets the roué’s son. They fall in love with each other, but she refuses to marry him until he believes in the innocence of the girl who he thinks is responsible for his father’s ruin. When he discovers her identity with the girl he loves he is horror-stricken and regulates her in true movie fashion. But at length he is brought to believe in her innocence. Gladyes Leslie is charming in the leading rôle. The rest of the cast is sufficient.

LUCK IN PAWNS—FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY

Strenuous efforts are being provided to make “Luck in Paons” a picture people will continue to be a lane of roses. “Luck in Paon” is a pleasant fluff-ball of a movie all about a girl who dreams of fame, but wakes up hungry and poor. Leads her to a hotel, where a rich young man promptly falls in love with her—and that’s practically the end of the tale. Miss Clark doesn’t do a not bad turn, however, by any means. Has she become indifferent to her screenic hopes? We wonder.

HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A.—FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY

If there is any one to dispute the fact that Wallace Reid is the most dashing and the handsomest man on the screen today, I advise him, or more likely her, to go to see “Hawthorne of the U. S. A.” and be convinced of his—or her—ways. Never has Wally screened to better advantage, never has he been more full of pep and life and irresistible good spirit (red young variety) than in this sunshine comedy drama. His rôle is that of a young American who falls in love with the princess of a small sovereignty, and who, with characteristic vigor, proceeds to turn the whole kingdom topsy-turvy and win the royal lady in the final reel. Lila Lee as the princess reminded me of a little girl playing grown-up. She is too immature to wear trunks as yet. Charming she is and essentially youthful—but not queensly. “Hawthorne of the U. S. A.” is one of the finest pictures of the month.

THE HEART O’ THE HILLS—FIRST NATIONAL

“Heart o’ the Hills” is worth while viewing if for no other reason than to see Mary Pickford in her young-lady riding costume for about a minute in the fourth reel. Here we have the incomparable Pickford in a momentarily grown-up young-lady mood of such sweetness, dignity and quaint womanliness that we cannot but look forward to the time when she will lay aside her little-girl rôle and give us some real young-characterizations. There is a great field ahead for America’s sweetheart. For the rest, “Heart o’ the Hills” is a typical Kentucky mountain story, with Mary portraying a precocious, headstrong, fearless and lovable mountain child.

Lowé—And Behold!

(Continued from page 95)

of success. In the first place he has quite a breath-taking physical vitality and push and go, which is wholesome worth. Then, too, he has what the radicals might term the rationalistic viewpoint. He believes, for instance, in the God of our Fathers and in the little hereafter. I know that he goes quite so far as to credit the golden streets and the harp and all the other interior decorating, but he does affirm that we will live again and he reasons about it, which is more.

“You can’t see my thought,” said Mr. Lowe, “yet it is here. You can give me, tangible, your thought, yet you have it, and I, perforce, must believe that you have it. This same thing, in a larger sense, is true of our inner selves. They will go on. They will persist. They cannot die, because they are indestructible.”

He says, “Why be a skeptic?” And at caustic he laughs.

He believes in marriage because of children, and since, he says, marriage was ordained for the benefit of children, the question is self-answered.

He believes that the secret of happy living is to be found in balanced living in the old orthodox sense; in more than all else, never going against Nature and her laws.

He is a constructive sort of person and, in matters of construction, he, himself, as an individual, will not be eliminated.
AMAZING value. This offer breaks all bargain records. In each piece the highest type of color harmony and exquisite design has been attained. The entire set is in the popular Colonial shape, decorated with that emblem of happiness, the Bluebird, whose varied hues blend wondrously with the perfectly natural colorings of the flowers in pink, green and lavender. Each lovely painting is reproduced on each piece. Each piece is fired in the place and guaranteed not to chip or crack. Also, you will receive 12 saucers, 12 goblets, 12 tumblers, 12 butter dishes, 12 dessert plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 dessert bowls, 12 dinner bowls, 12 salad plates, 12 soup bowls, 12 cups and saucers, 12 plates, 12 each of plates, 12 each of bowls, 12 each of cups. This set contains enough for any dinner or luncheon. 

Complete Service—110 Pieces
This 110-piece set consists of 12 dinner plates, 9 inches; 12 breakfast plates, 7 1/2 inches each; 12 wine goblets, 5 ounces each; 12 coffee cups, 3 1/2 inches each; 12 dessert plates, 7 inches each; 12 dessert bowls, 4 1/2 inches each; 12 dinner bowls, 5 1/2 inches each; 12 dinner plates, 9 1/2 inches; 12 dinner bowls, 7 1/2 inches each; 12 each of plates, 12 each of bowls, 12 each of cups, 12 each of saucers. Each piece is perfectly finished and will last a lifetime. Weight, shipped, about 100 pounds.

Order by No. G5979A. Send $1.00 with order. $2.70 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, $29.95. No C.O.D. No discount for cash.

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Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article of our expense within thirty days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer?

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Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, rugs, art, automobiles, and every article a man, woman, or child could want. Thousands of bargains in boys, men’s and children’s clothing. Send the coupon today—NOW!

Send the Coupon
along with $1.00 to us now. Have this 110-Piece Dinner Set shipped on 30 days trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send the coupon today—right now!

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Men’s, Women’s, and Children’s Clothing.  

Page 90
Ye are badly handicapped if you lack
High School training.
You cannot attain business or social
prominence. You are barred from
success in business, from the
leadership professions, from
high-paying service jobs, from
theological seminaries. In fact, you
are barred from virtually any
profession requiring training.

Use spare time only
Most people idle away fifty hours a week.
Probably you do. Use only one-fifth of your
wasted hours for study and you can
remove your present handicap within fifteen years.

You run no risk
So that you may see for
yourself how thorough and
how practical our training
is, we invite you to take ten lessons in the
High School course of special training
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whether you wish to continue. If you are
not satisfied, we will refund your
money in full. We absolutely guarantee
satisfaction.

On that basis you owe it to yourself to make the test.

Check and mail the coupon NOW for full particulars and Free Bulletin.

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13. Draftsman and Designer
14. Stenographer
15. Accountant and Auditor
16. Architect
17. Sales Manager
18. Insurance Agent
19. Police Inspector
20. Engineer
21. General Contractor
22. draftsman
23. Accountant
24. Draftsman
25. Telephone Operator
26. General Manager
27. Stenographer
28. Accountant and Auditor
29. Architect
30. Teacher
31. Banker and Trustee
32. Banker
33. Teacher
34. Sales Manager
35. General Contractor
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60. Banker

You can be a

Name
Address

Some Claytongeese Conceptions
(Continued from page 53)

I can't tell you about it now. It is a story
that will appeal—as it appealed to me.

The great grey eyes gazed thoughtfully
into the glowing embers. You know how
becoming a girl means growing up. She
hair, she face, she bust that you can
see the part she plays. And that is
the case with the great grey eyes, which
are only one of the many indications that
she is growing up. You can see the change
in her face, the way her features are
emerging. And the grey eyes are
emerging, too. They are the eyes of a
woman, and they are the eyes of a
woman who is coming into her
own. She is growing up, and she is
becoming a woman.

The girl is named Ethel. She is
named Ethel because she is
named Ethel. She is called Ethel
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**True-Tone Saxophones**

A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to double your income, double your opportunities and double your popularity and pleasure. It is easy for the beginner—you can learn to play the scale in one hour’s practice and take your place in the band within 90 days. Practice is a pleasure rather than an effort. A clarinet player can make the change almost at once.

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Tom Brown, of the famous Six Brown Brothers, the highest priced musical act: “Your improved models prompted me to adopt them generally. Nearly every member of my several different organizations uses your True-Tone Saxophones to their entire satisfaction.”

Will F. Newlan, Director of Newlan’s School of Music, Chicago, and former director of the famous Kittles Band: “I have been using a True-Tone Saxophone for 10 years. I recommend them to my friends and pupils because I candidly believe they are the most perfect saxophones made.”

Clay Smith, Trombone Soloist, of the popular and well known Smith-Spring-Holmes Orchestral Quintet: “Your new Model 37 Trombone is the best on the market today. I can play my difficult solos better, and with less effort, than ever before.”

Guy Holmes, of the widely known Smith-Spring-Holmes Orchestral Quintet: “I do not believe there’s a Cornet made that equals the Buescher-Grand. Every note is clear and so easy to blow.”

Capt. F. A. Bagley, 11th District Executive Officer of the American Federation of Musicians, Calgary, Alberta: “The True-Tone Saxophones I purchased of your company are very fine indeed and absolutely all that could be demanded of them. I believe True-Tone Saxophones to be the best.”

Mrs. Alta R. Wells, of the Apollo Concert Co.: “The Apollo Concert Co. of which I am a member, have now for nearly 3 years been using nothing but True-Tone Instruments, and you may depend upon it that were your instruments not superior to others we would not have used them. Nothing but perfectly accurate instruments would fulfill our requirements.”


**The Buescher-Grand Cornet**

Buescher-Grand Cornets are graceful and classic models of art that completely fulfill the requirements of the Cornetist. Any player with fair ability can play from low to high C or vice versa with accuracy and produce F (5th line), G (1st space above) and B (1st space above) clearly and distinctly without extreme effort or pinching. The tone is smooth and even throughout the entire compass. Its valve action permits the utmost agility to rapid passages.

Buescher-Grand Trombones enable you to do bigger things musically. Possess an unrivaled smoothness and velocity in slides and perfect balance. Let us send you illustrations and descriptive matter. All True-Tone instruments are equipped with our patented Split-No-Tone Bell.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You can order any Buescher instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy monthly payments.

Ask us to send you names of users in your locality.

Illustrated Catalog of True-Tone Band and Orchestra Instruments free.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO., 267 Jackson Street, Elkhart, Ind.
one might touch upon a personal affliction or something of the sort, I preface the question from another angle and deduce the fact that next to the lights the necessary giving of one’s own vitality to the players is the next-in-order grudge against the job of being a director. And then, the details... the endless details.

"At any rate," said Lillian, with her haunting sort of a smile, "there are people born to rule and there are people born to be subservient. I am of the latter order. I just love to be subservient, to be told what to do. I love to obey people. In that case when I am told, 'Lillian, do this, or do that,' why then, if it turns out to be wrong I can say, 'but you told me to.'"

Lillian added that she will never feel quite the same about a director again. She will treat him henceforth, she says, with the humbleness accorded by a slave and the adoration accorded to a martyr. She will have, every morning, a cushioned chair awaiting him and she will obey his given orders, if she can, before they are given. She has always tried, she says, to be as attentive as possible, but she will feel, now, that her previous efforts were but fagade ones, speaking comparatively.

I asked her what prompted the directorship. "A purely selfish reason," said Lillian, promptly; "to help me with my work on the screen. I wanted to get the other angle; see the thing from the other side. Well..." with a sigh more portentous than her slender self warranted; "well, I have seen! O, dear!"

Not that any of this quasi-humorous, quasi-tragical attitude manifests itself while the little director is actually at work. No, indeed. There is, with all her whimsy, a certain underlying directness and a sort of a silken but very potent determination to Lillian. She was, while directing, absolutely professional, all in her quiet way; calling for camera and lights and close-ups and gels and titles and recesses with the best of them. There was no nonsense. Things went ahead, were done. They had been working since nine in the morning and would be at it until ten that night. Lillian does not shirk either hours or exertions. And it was rather sweet to see the team-work of the two sisters; Lillian suggesting to Dorothy, Dorothy acquiescing, with promptitude plus her usual clever ability.

Also, there was a megaphone. A megaphone thru which Lillian gave her direction; a large, professional looking megaphone, labeled, also largely, Miss Gish. Somehow, one of the things we never would have thought of was Lillian Gish with a megaphone... a zither, a slim violin, yes... but a megaphone... oh, no, no! Nevertheless, she had one and she gave it expert use.

Here, surely, I thought, if ever, is that elusive quality called genius. The spirit inhabiting one fragile appearing girl, a spirit which has given us, upon the screen, the most delicate nuances of things beautiful and fleeting in tragedy, pain, pleasure, all the various shadings of life and death. And yet a spirit which can, apart from that, be practical enough, efficient enough, to manage a studio and all its details, write the continuity, as she and Dorothy did in one afternoon, for this picture and then go ahead, her initial effort, with Mr. Griffith away, and direct it. And who, greater even than these things, can still remain the most
The One-Man Movie

(Continued from page 37)

and they are learning to put one man in charge of one drama. He writes it, puts it into continuity, supervises direction, plans photographic effects, works with the art director, casts and rehearses the company.

Mr. Emerson laughed, "Sounds simple, doesn't it? Believe me, it's a man-sized job—an artist-sized job at that. But it's the only way. It's new—as much of a novelty as was Griffith's first-back or fade-out effect."

"But just that—its youth and its centralization of creative work in the hands of the writers—which give the amateurs their chance," Miss Loos explained, seeming that the interviewer was beginning to flounder a bit. The connection between new production methods and amateurs was not at all clean-cut. He murmured something about the man who "never is but always to be blessed."

"I know," the sub-deb to the left-of-law, suddenly as she responded with more heat than she had yet shown, "I know that the average amateur is sure the professional will not give him a chance. Any one who will learn the rules, get out into the lot and get to know the technical side, who will keep on trying until he really knows, has the greatest opportunity in the world to make good."

"How about money?"

Miss Loos toyed with a silken tassel on the back of her blue pillowcase, with the offended air of a devotee of art who dislikes to hear mention of money. Mr. Emerson, being a man and materialistic, took the plunge.

"Not less than $3,000 to $5,000," he said.

"Rumor has it that a successful magazine writer has just turned down a $10,000 offer. Of course the bigger the name the bigger the demand, not so much because of the advertising value of his prestige—there's no way one can change the name of a well-known novel—but because the appeal of a popular writer is pretty certain."

"But," the erstwhile offended Miss Loos inhaled at this point, feeling, apparently, that they were far enough away from sad events, "any original plot is welcome."

"We're buying plays for Constance Talmadge now, using them as starting points for our own dramas."

"But we'd love a story by some one else which we could really use. Original material is mighty scarce."

"After all it's the photodramatists who will make money," said Mr. Emerson, "for his wife's displeasure to speak of materialistic things again. "A writer of original plots may run dry or he may have bad luck. It's a precarious way of making the H. C. of L. But the continuity man is in ever increasing demand. There are practically no trained experts in the field."

It sounded like a correspondence school advertisement. Miss Loos, sensitive to

(Continued on page 109)

un-movie-like person, certainly, ever interviewed; eager and ready to learn from everybody, almost humble in her gentleness, devoted to her family, which consists of her mother and Dorothy, undeniably of fame, preferring to be commanded rather than to command, fragile, yet all but omnipotently strong because of her very fragility, poetic with a subtly underlying practicality, a philosopher and a dreamer of dreams, an artist and just a girl.

The possemer stuff of dreams as well as deeds and deeds as well as dreams.

"And then, through a beautiful actress, I discovered home Electric Massage!"

"This stage beauty, a radiant, youthful woman who has been famous for years, confided to me that electric massage is the daily luxury that she insists on having. As a matter of fact she told me that this is not a luxury but an absolute necessity. So I bought a 'Star' and I'm delighted!"

Likewise, to every woman who is not satisfied, unless she looks her very best, at all times, home electric massage is the one health-and-beauty treatment she can rely on. She knows that massage, when properly applied, will keep her complexion clear, fresh and colorful; her hair and scalp in the pink of condition; her figure supple, attractive and of youthful contour.

Today more than half a million Star Electric Massage Vibrators are being used daily. Hundreds of women have written us that they are delighted with the almost magical results that the "Star" has wrought with their once muddy, unattractive complexions; stubborn, coarse-looking hair and un-welcome body blemishes. Don't the experiences of these other women prove to you that you, too, can re-create your skin, your hair, your youthful contour?

Such beautiful women as Grace Davison, Corinne Griffith, Evelyn Gossell, photoplay stars shown below, and scores of others, use and endorse the Star Electric Massage Vibrator. Get a "Star" today. Price $5.00 for complete outfit. At leading drug, department and electrical-goods stores or direct from us on receipt of $5 and your favorite dealer's name and address. (Price in Canada, $7.50.)

Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.
Anita's Ambitions

(Continued from page 63)

The Old Art Of Perfect Hands

Practiced by the ladies in the court of Marie Antoinette—lost in the French Revolution—rediscovered by a famous French chemist, it comes to us, a gift of the magic—Tanforan!

Subly rounding the tissues and giving the skin a soft, velvety whiteness, the 'grandes dames' of the old world called it 'the magic.'

Tanforan is not to be confused with hand lotions, vanishing creams, etc., an entirely new kind of beauty treatment.

Tanforan may be had at most of the better toilet goods counters. Ask for it today, and learn how easy it is to have beautiful hands and skin.

Which of these types are your hands?

[Descriptions of different hand types are given, with a focus on beauty treatments associated with each type.]

[Advertisement text continues with various beauty treatments and lotions.]
How You Can Have a Charming Personality

To Women! Of my Sex—Truly, I have good reason to be one of the happiest women in the world. For every mail brings me so many letters of appreciation. If you were in my place, you would be delighted to know that you have a a r e s e t took, e o r d e r s t o believe that you could be a sort of fairy godmother to someone in need of just the kind of knowledge you had stored up and just the kind of sympathy you have in your heart.

Oh, the letters! How I love them all. They fairly breathe appreciation and gratitude. After the good things you have given to me and my work. Here is one from a little woman in Alabama. I remember the first time she wrote me. Such a pathetic letter. It was a letter from a beginning to end, mingling with a sort of doubt, not quite. I. Juliette Fara, might be able to help her. Yes, to help her. To show her how she might attain success, how she might throw into the world the desire of her heart, and that to attain that desire she must have the credit of her success. Can you blame her for being elated and happy?

But hers is not a new story to me. I have "dowered" my life to helping women overcome their imperfections, my whole being is wrapped up in a desire to help the women. In this I am as well as others of my sex, to attain the success that they desire and that will make the exquisite and charming ways in which to make women are to achieve the feminine success so dear to our hearts.

Perhaps you know that I spent years of my life in Paris, watching, studying, and analyzing the women. I have known the French woman, the woman whose fame has spread to every land. She who holds in her knowledge, culture, and her heart, to whom the power and of nature is an art and a science to be cultivated just as one would learn to paint the masterpiece of art. The women have been revealed to me! What amazing things! And to be the French woman's treasure box of humanity."

There was Mademoiselle Puisi, for instance, one of the most wonderful little bits of femininity I ever knew. Beautiful! Dear me, how she praised! She was positively ugly of feature. But people raved over her.

But Mademoiselle Puisi's beauty was just that—just beauty. She understood the things that would make it her reach to others. She was far from being ugly, said—American Girl—indispensable. And I think—other girl in the

Juliette Fara

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

This estimable young lady has won a place in the hearts of millions. Study her picture well, it will make you think.

Note the tilt of her head, the quiet, sweet, unassuming dignity in her easy, graceful posture. Remember—you have never heard her utter a word. She has no opportunity of portraying her thoughts and emotions in vivid, eloquent speech. By pose, motion and facial expression, she holds your attention, thrilling you, amusing you, leaving you with a lingering memory of her charming manners.

All that Juliette Fara teaches, Miss Talmadge employs to her direct personal advantage, so much so that a prominent director said: "mentally and physically she is able to adopt any attitude with the greatest ease and to express any emotion or shade of feeling. That is why she attained such nation-wide popularity."

Miss Talmadge has heartily endorsed the instructive knowledge which Juliette Fara imparts to women, and what Miss Talmadge endorses you should know. "How" you also can use the secrets which she uses to such advantage is explained to you in the free book "How" which the Gentlewoman Institute will send for the asking.

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The Mellow Art of Aitken

(Continued from page 60)

of life full of bubbles, even if they do burst sometimes and cause intense disappointments,” cried the vivacious mother.

Mr. Aitken played everything from comic opera to Shakespeare, and his early experiences included engagements with famous cantatrices or comedians like Maybelle Gilman and Paula Edwards, as well as happy hours spent in the company of Herbert Gresham, Ada Rehan, Harry Dixey and Robert Edeson.

“Mr. Aitken, did you meet Mr. Griffith, Mr. Aitken?”

“We were doing ‘Pocahontas,’ at the Jamestown Exposition, and became very intimate. We’ve shared poverty like brothers. After our night’s work was over, I used to attend some motion pictures which were very poor. When I explained that I was studying pictures, they laughed. I told Griffith that I thought there was a thing to be reckoned with for the future of acting. He laughed at me. He thoroughly despised the flickering things, I did also, so far as their effect was concerned, their poor photography and lighting, and the mediocre acting, and still worse direction, but I believed then as now, that pictures are the Pasta Moragna which lures on to joy and grief, pleasure and pain, and fortune. Later, I said, ‘Go into the picture business.’ Not long after that, he went. I came west with his first Biograph company.”

“When he asked me to join his company in the east, I was doing a few pictures at Seabright, New Jersey. He got me to come to the beach, jump into the water, and cavort about wildly for two hours, while, as I supposed, a camera was registering my emotions as a drowning man who sees the wrecked ship at a distance. I had to imagine it all, for there was not a sign of a ship, any other survivor or a desert island, such as had been described to me by Mr. Griffith. I did not know a thing about cameras, and when I saw this one grinding away, I thought I was working before it. As a matter of fact, the camera was trained on a hill where a half dozen players were working, and I did not know until late that day that it was one of Griffith’s little jokes at my expense, but also intended to give him an idea of what I could do without make-up, theater, scene shifting and written lines. Anyway, he engaged me; I was just a clown that day, but it took me into pictures and I have been busy ever since.

It was this veteran actor who suggested some valuable changes in “The Birth of a Nation.” You remember that Mae Marsh, as the little sister, is pursued by the negro. Mr. Griffith had him choke the young Southern girl to death, and a close-up showed the black strangulation marks on her throat.

Mr. Aitken said “No audience will stand for that. Besides, it is not the logical way in which any girl who has been trained to prefer anything to dishonor would act. I believe the scene needs changing.”

Then Mr. Aitken sketched the scene of the girl’s jumping off the cliff, and this was one of the most tragic incidents in that remarkable photodrama.

“I feel that Mr. Aitken’s field is in the straight drama,” interrupted his wife.

“I feel the same way,” said the actor. “I am sure that no man is worthy of the title of actor unless he can play anything. He must have preferences naturally, but if he can act at all, he will put his whole heart into the smallest part. I have seen Augustin Daly offer a man accustomed to playing nothing but leads a minor part...
The Stage Mother
(Continued from page 63)

one came into it knowing it all and every one is eager to help toward the perfect result. This has never been so true of the stage, but oh, this wonderful strike we just had. It was really the most beautiful thing that ever happened, for it did more to tear away false standards than years of calm successes could have done. At that rousing benefit at the Lexington Opera House in New York, stars and chorus girls, mechanics and musicians supped together; we were working for a great principle dear to us all.

Emma Dunn was born in England, coming to this country at the age of ten. She spent several years with the Boston Stock Company, playing a long series of little girl roles and because she was small it seemed as if she were destined to play the miniature the remainder of her life. It was following a season as the eleven-year-old Prince of Wales in "Richard the Third," that her great chance came and she was cast as Ave, Richard Mansfield's mother in "Peer Gynt.

Now, stage mothers up to this period, had been large and stately! Miss Dunn made a merry, lovable little mother of the rôle, adding such a wealth of tender humaneness that the Broadway audiences, always alert for novelty, greeted her with warm enthusiasm.

Happy as she was over her great success, Miss Dunn confesses that her pride suffered at being cast as an old woman and she hoped that after New York saw what she could do in this character rôle, she would have the chance to play young, romantic parts. This, however, was not to be, for she had established a type of mother with an appealing charm and she was literally pushed into stage maternity which has practically covered her entire career.

David Belasco selected her for the mother in his great play, "The Warren of the Winds," which was followed by a long succession of other mother roles. She was the saintly invalid mother in "Bitter Sweet," the childless but "mothering" mother in "The Governor's Lady," and finally played the title rôle in that fine play, "Mother."

After these successes, "Old Lady 31" was written especially for her by Rachel Crothers, and despite the critics who persistently declared that it would be impossible to make a stage heroine out of an old lady, Miss Dunn scored such a pronounced triumph as the sweet little wife, Anna, that it became an epoch in dramatic history.

"It is a quaint, adorable play," remarked Miss Dunn, smoothing the lavender that had drawn snugly across small shoulders while she laughingly

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pulled at the little curls peeping from under the old-fashioned bonnet. “There is a wee bit of pathos, but it is chiefly cast in a light vein, centering about the amusing incidents at the Old Ladies’ Home after Angie’s husband has been taken in as Old Lady 31.”

“During the long run of the play, I never once grew tired of it; really, I could go on playing it for years and still feel its charm,” and Miss Dunn smiled at the thought. “I never dreamed it could be put into pictures, it is so delicate, so subtle, but since working with it, I have come to the conclusion that as true as the voice reflects my thoughts, just as faithfully will the camera catch it in my acting, so I think it all out just as I did on the stage. Oh, I hope we will catch the spirit and the atmosphere for the screen, it is so very beautiful.”

When I asked Miss Dunn if she had ever made an especial study of old people, she replied that she had never consciously done so, adding merrily, that her advent into stage motherhood came too suddenly for any such preparation. She does not even wear a wig, but whittens her own thick, dark locks.

“For a long time,” went on the actress, “I rebelled, selfishly, that managers insisted on my playing elderly roles, to sing in the same key, while I wanted to show my ability in other characters. Now, I am grateful for my opportunity. It has been wonderful to awaken audiences to a keener appreciation of the middle-aged.”

Watching her make a scene before the camera, I marveled at her skill in quickly changing her entire physical aspect, for the drooping shoulders, the halting walk, the bird-like gestures of the small hands, instantly suggested the tragedy of the passing years, while she subtly retained the merry spirit of youthful romance which survives the silver hair and wrinkled cheeks.

Emma Dunn is the mother of three daughters. The eldest, Dorothy, tho never expressing a desire for a stage career, has quite made up her mind to go into pictures some day. She is a real “movie” fan and has a collection of 830 pictures of film stars, all catalogued, which she has cut from the motion picture magazines, and she is delighted that her mother is joining her heroines of the screen.

“T’There was a time,” Miss Dunn smiled, reminiscently, as she spoke, “when I believed that a play to be true to life should have an unhappy ending. I also thought it more artistic, but I have grown wiser with observation. Perfection is our heritage and ultimate happiness should crown each effort, providing a stimulating incentive for Life’s struggles, and I would not care to appear in either a play or a picture that did not bring such a reward.”

This is a glimpse of the beautiful and exalting influence which Emma Dunn has already given to the stage and which she is now bringing to the art of motion pictures.

Sick-a-Bed Lady

(Continued from page 49)

“Thru a friend in the Vitagraph Company I had some tests made and I asked them to tell me their honest opinion without any regard for my feelings. If I would never make good I wanted to know it, and I should have gone back home to my mother and father and all the beautiful prize-winning Jersey cows. I dont say I shouldn’t have been disappointed, but I would have been glad that

(Continued on page 111)
The One-Man Movie

(Continued from page 103)

the slightest criticism, even tho unspoken, accused him quickly.

"You think it's all bunk!"

The interviewer promptly denied it. A

bit weakly—it is hard to deny the truth

when Anita Loos really looks at you!

She smiled satirically. Then her lovely

eyes glowed. She sat up. Her indolence

dropped away, she was intense, vivid, very

much in earnest.

"It's not bunk!" she repeated, "there's

a wonderful opportunity. It's not easy.

The start of the game is very hard—break-

ing into the studios, selling the first story,

learning the new technique. Oh, it dis-

courages so many! Young folks with real

talent turn back because they find it hard

to succeed just at first. No one rushes

forth from the first studio at which they

knock to embrace them! It's tragic.

"The amateur finds it hard to have to

learn." Mr. Emerson collaborated readily,

"and he does have to. He has to learn

how to handle parallel action, to write sub-
titles, to know what can be done with a

camera. Then—the world's his oyster."

"They want to swallow it at once and

risk putaine poisoning—that's an origi-

nal disease for 'In Search of a Sinner.'"

They promptly forgot the interviewer,

who presently stole away, leaving the col-

laborators planning to poison their iconic

elastic Western hero on canned oysters.

One thing seemed obvious, the inevitable

closure of their major and minor

premises.

Be a photodramatist. Get into the one-

man movie game!

Paris Green

(Continued from page 96)

homeward in the red twilight, nor found

the miles weary, because they had so much
to say. Yet the conversation had a cer-
tain sameness, a monotony, as the colt

could have testified, consisting entirely in
two phrases, repeated frequently. And

one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—

"Luu-theer—I tof you so!" And the other, in emphatic accents—

"Mig-non. Jer voos alme!"

DON'TS TO FANS

Betty Blythe has prepared the follow-

ing "Don'ts" for fan correspondents:

"Don't ask a star what she does with her

old clothes. She probably wears them.

"Don't ask if she is married. Legal ac-

tion may be pending so she cant really
tell you.

"Don't ask a star's age. It encourages

lying.

"Don't propose marriage to a film act-

ress. She might accept you and destroy

your illusions.

"Don't tell an actress you are collecting

photographs of everybody, including Joe

Martin, and want hers. It's tactless.

"Don't ask advice about entering pic-

tures. It's bound to be discouraging.

"Don't submit a scenario to a star.

She's probably trying to sell one of her

own. Besides, she has to save her eyes

after working under Klieg lights.

"Don't forget Uncle Sam demands

post-age. He's no philanthropist.

"Don't be angry if a star does not an-

swer your letter. Her intentions may be

good, but her right arm may be weak.

And remember, sincere letters are always

appreciated."

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Alice à la Mode

(Continued from page 42)

fabrics perhaps with brilliant splashes of warm colors on dull backgrounds; long lines of flowing tendencies. It is for us, then, to know with a definite knowing what we should wear.

She shed the dull and dusky violet silk crepe dressing-robe for the gown of shimmering silver cloth with its ample pleats of chiffon that fell in soft, feathery clouds to the floor—and I thought of how she knew what to wear; but more than that of how she knew how to wear it.

"Funds make everything easier," she said, "yet one must not feel that the lack of them means any necessity for unbecoming clothes. Lack of time is really more decadent. With a limited allowance for clothes one may hunt up some little sewing woman who can do a thing well if one shows her what to do. Because those people lack originality they do not command big prices for their handicraft. Then if a woman has sought to know that which she wears best—well, she may be well dressed, you see. Permitting a modiste to dictate ever and always does not make one individual in her being. I do not believe for a single second the value of a clever modiste—but a clever modiste is not all-sufficient—one must know oneself, then one acquires a distinct individuality."

She had been trying on various pieces of jewelry while she talked—trying them on apparently in an abstract fashion, so enthusiastic was she over what she was saying—yet one felt that she knew just why she took one piece off and put it back in the jewel box, leaving another piece on.

She put pearl drop earrings on—"Ear- rings," she said, with a smile, "for just a bit more sophistication than this gown gives without them."

Then you do not think," I asked her, "that one must give up that satisfying sense of being well dressed thru lack of funds?"

"I am quite sure of it," she told me. "My first years before the camera found me making my clothes in my dressing-room between scenes. Stars then were not particularly affluent, you know. We had to conserve. Being well dressed is, all of us will admit, worth while—and, consequently, it means indefatigable en- deavor. It is worth it."

She slipped a long rope of pearls about her neck and a large pearl solitaire upon her finger.

"I am now ready for the fray," she said, with her little sense of humor. "This scene is but a short one and then I’ll have to change—"

"I shall tell people of your type to go in for long lines and for flowing things, shall I?" I asked.

"Yes, generally," she laughed, "but tell them that the color of their hair, their eyes and their complexion too must be taken into consideration. I love a girl with blue eyes who wears a blue hat. I have watched such a girl in the train and loved her for her feminine wisdom and—"

MISS J-O-Y-C-E, the s-e-l-I-bowed a deep bass voice.

So I left—realizing we had but skimmed the surface, as it were, of the subject in hand; yet longing till well that one could hope to do little more. It is such a tremendous subject!

DIRECTOR—What’s the camera man kick- ing about?

ASSISTANT—He says he is getting tired of the daily grind.
Sick-a-Bed Lady
(Continued from page 108)
I didn't waste any more time. But they did not discourage me—in fact, they cast me in the O. Henry stories and I kept right on with my work, recently playing opposite Harry Morry and Earl Wil- ...

Somehow my wonderings and fears of germs and contagion had disappeared.
One always expects a convalescent to talk of his illness and I feel generally in the proximity of germs and such things, but Jean disproved this rule by not mentioning it except in answer to direct questioning. There was nothing even remotely suggesting illness except perhaps a slight weakness in the sweet cadences of her well-trained and modulated voice. Jean would have made a charming reader—and a trifle more delicate flush on her cheeks than she would probably have when up and about.

"See, the bridges and buildings are begin-
inger to light up," said "Aunt Emmy," as she gazed down thru the window.

"Oh, yes," said Jean happily. "See, Miss Fletcher, every night we have watched the lights blink and twinkle on the bridges spanning the river and in the buildings. When it gets real dark it looks like a fairyland—like some stage setting—something in the land of make-believe."

She leaned forward in her chair, the rose-silk and quilted comfortable slipping from her.

"Wouldn't that view be lovely on the screen," she wanted to know. "It makes you think of all the different families down there," with a wave of her hand, "and just think, they are all helping and planning just the same as we are. Some of them are sad tonight and some of them are glad. I love to imagine stories about them—most every person does have a story only we don't always learn of it."

Of course, Jean Paige is not really a child—she is twenty, to be exact—but standing, as she does, at the threshold of womanhood, she seems loath to leave behind her in her own the joys of girlhood. She is not fearful to go on, yet she is hesitant. The past has been happily pleasant—she wonders about the future. The present has shifted entirely to the near, but Jean, gazing forward at her world of make-believe out of the window and talking enthusiastically with me about it, didn't seem to be heedful of the slipping quilt.

"Do keep covered up, Jean," cautioned "Aunt Emmy" as she fixed it about her.

Once again she leaned back her head with its soft brown hair—leaned it restfully against the rose cushion—and her eyes smiled.

"Aunt Emmy here just watches over me every single minute," she exclaimed. "What will I ever do when I'm working in the studios again and away from home and pampering all day? I have never been ill before—not of my own volition, I should say," and then, with a sly wink, "I find it rather nice being a sick-a-bed lady!"

And then I rose to leave her.

"Come again when I get back from California," she said, as I went towards the door. "I'll feel stronger then and I promise to talk all about my hair. Really they are the Jersey coves I spoke of, but I think up something more artistic and temperamental by that time—and I'll strike a pose, too—I'll give you what you magazine people call 'copy.'"

"Horrors," I thought. "wouldn't that be frightful!" Jean Paige with temperament. In the vacuums of the street—it can't be done!"

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Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

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(Musical instrument in which I am especially interested)
The Woman Gives
(Continued from page 61)

Inga rose and crossed the room. She put her arms about the crouched figure in the wicker chair and strained him to the soft, sure beating of her heart. "To the man I love," she repeated, "the only man... in all the world... ever... beloved... my baby... to you!"

And the little lights of Man winked out as the immeasurable, immortal stars lit the blue heavens softly and shine... like women's eyes...

How Motion Pictures Aid Navy Recruiting
(Continued from page 73)

the State of Tennessee. There are few people, if any, who ever 'took in' a picture show who have not seen their own ship gracefully sliding down the ways in the Navy Yard and kissing the waters of the Atlantic for the first time.

This is only the first stage of what motion pictures will play in the life of the great battler. Captain R. H. Leigh, U. S. Navy, who is to command the great ship, recently made a tour of the State of Tennessee and spoke in the principal cities. And along with the Captain went the Governor, and with their parties went motion picture outfits and thousands of feet of "canned navy scenes."

Captain Leigh said in his addresses that he was going to have a complete motion picture outfit on his ship—operators, developers, machines and the whole works. He told the people that he was going to have movies made of the boys of the eastern seaboard and the sons of Tennesseans—and that he was going to send the films back to the towns and let the mothers, fathers and friends of the young men from that State see their sons as they really were. In the different ports of call Captain Leigh proposes to have pictures made and have his crew taking part in them, sightseeing trips, baseball and football parties and athletic competitions.

Motion pictures have lent an impetus to naval recruiting and to naval strategy since their beginning. The old adage that "pictures never lie" is brought home very forcibly in the navy. They show the mothers and fathers and the relatives of the boys whose intentions are to join the navy that the service is not a bad place to have their sons. The pictures show that actual living conditions on shipboard are far better today than they ever were and that the boys have every form of recreation. The baseball, football, field-meets and other forms of athletics are encouraged, and a man really has a chance to develop himself morally, mentally and physically.

The assistance lent to the naval service by portraying scenes of actual naval conditions has helped materially to eradicate that old biased and prejudiced feeling that the navy was still haunted by the old sea-creepy, humorous and practical days of some hundred years ago. So in summing up the situation we find that motion pictures have really been a godsend to the navy recruiting men in times of war and the piping times of peace.

DEFINED

"What is meant by the 'classes' and the 'masses'?

Well, nowadays motion picture stars form the classes and the extras constitute the masses."
A wonderful idea
ORIGINATED BY ARMAND

If you have not used the Armand Cold Cream Powders, you may think it is not possible to blend Cold Cream into Face Powder, Rouge, or Talcum, without making them sticky—but the proof is here.

Armand Cold Cream Powders are all made with a subtle touch of exquisite Cold Cream which puts a velvety softness, and an added clinginess into the Powders to a degree never before realized.

Armand Cold Cream Face Powder, a dense, soft, delightfully perfumed powder, of wonderful adherence, in all shades, in the little pink-and-white hat box at $1.00.

Armand Cold Cream Rouge—in tints exclusively Armand, blend perfectly into the tones of the skin and give the complexion a delicate glowing appearance—Light shade for Blondes, medium shade for Brunettes—50c.

Armand Cold Cream Talcum—exquisitely perfumed and with just enough “clinginess” to keep it from rubbing off on your clothes—35c.

We could spend hours telling you of these wonderful powders, but really there’s just one way for you to find out that all we claim is true. Try them yourself. Every woman who has ever used Armand is delighted!
THERE is a vast difference between Mavis Face Powder and ordinary powders. Mavis Face Powder does not have to be "heavy" to make it stay on. It is light and pure—soft as the petal of a flower. It cannot injure the skin as some "heavy" powders do, and yet, it stays on unusually well. That Mavis powders are far superior is proven by the fact that millions of women prefer them. They know that the difference in powders shows in their complexions.

Do not be misled by extravagant claims of inferior products. The Vivaudou name is a guide to quality.

Have You Heard the Mavis Waltz?
A beautiful melody that expresses the fragrance of Mavis. It will be mailed to you for six cents in stamps to cover packing and postage.
Hair-Free Underarms

WHETHER your costume be athletic tog or evening gown, the underarms should be smooth.

The only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs is to dehairize it. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, alone works on this principle.

Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, DeMiracle is just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates.

DeMiracle is the quickest, most cleanly and easiest to apply. Simply wet the hair and it is gone.

FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists and Medical Journals, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Try DeMiracle just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters. on dentists' prescriptions only. $1.04 or $2.10, which includes tax.

DeMiracle
Dept. D-29, Park Ave. and 129th St., N.Y.C.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 88)

That's why I have all these pictures of players on my walls.

LILLIAN M. B.—Thanks for your splendid did—lott, Thomas Meighan is 33 years old and he is playing opposite Gloria Swanson. No, I have no brothers or sisters. I'm all there is—there is no more. Yes, I am said to have some musical talent. I can play a player piano and a victrola.

Run in again.

FELTON A. C.—Yes, and bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with its ghosts. I am not much on church-going, but I have much respect for those who do go, Frank Morgan in "At the Mercy of Men." You mean Rhea Mitchell.

RACHEL V.—You say "Thank you, America, for giving our Prince a good time." You're welcome, Canada, but I want to be able to tell all America about it. Thanks for the clipping. Here's another one for you: "When a twist is, a twisting, you twist him a twist. For twisting his twist, he three twines don't intwist; but if one of the twines of the twist do intwist, the thing that untwists untwisteth the twist."

RED FEATHER.—Clever work of yours. No, I am not married. And you don't know how happy I am. Misery is everywhere, and so is happiness. That's right, and when lawmakers get wise, ingratitude will be found in the penal code.

HAY.—Your letter was so good I am letting my readers in on it:

"In making motion pictures, is the director or the camera-man responsible for the lighting? Some pictures are so noteworthy in this respect—I would specify particularly Tourneur's "Barbary Sheep" and "The Life Line"—as to make the average appear flat or crude. Some of Wallace Reid's recent pictures have been the clear and well composed, particularly harsh as to lighting, and one wonders whether to blame James Cruze or Frank Urson.

"The familiar Griffith blurs always make me want to focus the machine—and much more so when attempted by less skilful hands; De Mille's effects are always brilliant, but Tourneur seems to have a particular mastery of atmosphere, soft, yet clear.

"Isn't it a pity we can't contrive a composite director—Griffith's sentimental appeal, De Mille's up-to-date intellectualism and good taste, Tourneur's lighting and atmosphere, George Fitzmaurice's eye for beauty, George Loane Tucker's sense of values, James Cruze's sense of humor?

"Do you know anything about the so-called 'merit system' for pictures? Is it an advertising dodge or does it really make it easier for the exhibitor to get the best pictures?"

"HARK!"

AGNES S. COUNT DE DIRES, (I'll Say So), NORMA TALMADGE FANS, W. C. M., ROYAL CANADIAN, MARIE H., IOWA, C. A. PENN, BEAUTY, MRS. HARRY F., C. L. N., A. K., OLANDA D. V., OPEL M., NELLIE M., AL J., ROSE S., ELIZA S., ANNA H., RUPERT M., LECHEE S., BREY. —The same questions you ask have been answered to some one else in these columns. Cheer up—we write all our letters.

SWEETIE.—Well, I dont know of any other way to pronounce Thomas Ince than Ince—one syllable. No truth to it at all. Just scallawag. So you liked "The Miracle Man" better than "Broken Blossoms," "Broken Blossoms" was taken from Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights." Some bluey night, isn't it?

(Continued on page 120)
WHO IS THIS ATHLETE?

The photo above is of ARTHUR HYSON, who is an athlete of unusual muscular development and strength, and whose ability as a wrestler and gymnast rank among the best. He has trained his muscles faithfully, starting from an ordinarily built young man, until today, critics fail to find a weak spot in his make-up.

The knowledge he has gained through his own experience is now imparting to others, and during the past few years he has turned out many really strong and exceptionally developed athletes. The list of people he has benefited runs into thousands, and only through devoting less time to his gymnasium teaching is he able to again offer his wonderful progressive contraction system to the public.

His new book, "Physical Perfection," contains numerous full-page photographs of himself and of some of the athletes he has trained and developed, and it will explain all about his new method and system. This book should be in the hands of everyone who is interested in developing themselves and obtaining great strength.

IT IS FREE

Simply send 10 cents, stamps or coin, to help cover cost of wrapping, postage, etc., and you will receive a copy.

If you want to learn the inside information of body building, he says to send for a copy. Do this today—NOW—before you forget about it.

ARTHUR HYSON, Dept. 102.
164 Fulton Street, New York City

Dear Sir: Without obligation on my part please send me a copy of your book "PHYSICAL PERFECTION," for which I enclose 10 cents.

Name
Address

116 Page

The Walk-Offs

(Continued from page 47)

gathering dusk, having returned Van Allen's ring to the pocket from whence it had come, did not say to herself that his action had been unexpected. She was growing honest, even with that most difficult person, herself. She didn't say that she wouldn't have thought it of him, because she knew that she would, if she had been thinking, which she hadn't. She knew that his main sensation upon beholding the kiss, had been relief at the way out it offered her, relief mixed with a sort of a revulsion at "this sort of thing." A way out . . . out where?

In the late sun, the blue-grass waved, slenderly, while candle-light touched the twilight with gentle finger-tips? Where, in the spacious, flower-filled rooms a lonely man had been waiting for a fair-haired woman with graceful hands to draw for him old melodies from ivoried keys . . . ? What rot she was thinking? She was growing sentimental, maudlin even . . . and that was as bad, if not worse, than to be callow. She went home, determined to get back her savoir faire by drawing Schuyler out anent his latest incandescent flame.

Schuyler was acting very oddly, that she admitted herself. Whereas he had been steeped in abysmal gloom of late, he was, tonight, fidgeting about, rather absurdly, Kathleen thought. It occurred to her, irrelatively, that he had acted much in this way when Caroline first loomed upon his young horizon. She concluded that some new danseuse had temporarily and this, time, rather badly enslaved him . . . again. She asked him and he appeared to be quite shocked. If one could feel revulsion in the presence of Schuyler, Kathleen felt so then. He had assumed quite a dignity.

After his cocktail he told her. "Caroline and I." He announced, "are to be—ahem—remarried."

Kathleen gulped (what a day!) "Er . . . " she said, and got no further. Finally she managed, "Why?"

Schuyler looked indignant. His dignity, he felt, was slipping from him. "She says . . . " he started, "that I can't get along without my cute little lies." She shrieked. She needed just this. "And you, mon frère," she said, "can't get along without your cute little lankroll.""Kathleen!" Schuyler looked positively affronted, "and I love you," he said. Kathleen looked him in the eye. She looked for quite a while. Then she said, surprisingly: "Yes . . . I believe you do. Good luck to you!" she added. "I'm off with Van Allen."

"You'll come back with us," Schuyler said, comfortably.

Kathleen shook her head in a decided negation. "No, old dear," she said, "that is just what I shall not do. Never again! This walk-off has taught something. I'm going to work if it has to be with my hands. Thanks just the same."

Later, quite alone, when Schuyler had gone forth on his second and same wooring, Kathleen stared into the dark and saw, for the first time, the stars and moon and reflected waters and many other things. She was sitting so when Winston dropped in. He lit the tall candle in the corner of the room and came and sat by her. After a while, he took her hand and locked down on it. It was the hand from which she had removed the Van Allen diamond that afternoon. He didn't look why, he said. Kathleenshima. He bent down and kissed her. Then he said: "I love you—Kate."

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and nerved calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward. Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere

When a Single Hair Spoils Your Joy

ZIP is a scientific compound that permanently destroys root and hair on face, under arms or limbs. No electricity; no cauteries; easy to apply; absolutely harmless.

Get ZIP at better class drug or department stores. Write for booklet; "A Talk on Superbious Hair." Personal replies to letters.

MADAME BERTHE, Specialist, Dept. M, H. W. 46th St., New York City
Ma Pickford Heads Contest

(Continued from page 76)

contest. December 1, 1919, votes have been pouring merrily in. The past month, especially, a perfect avalanche of letters, each letter with its two coupons, has been arriving daily at the Pickford factory. This contest is something entirely different from other contests and fills a long-felt want. Thru our long association with the public, we know that our readers are intelligent and discerning critics and that their opinion as to the player who combines the greatest number of characteristics that go to make popularity is of supreme importance in the field of motion pictures. And while we expected this greatest of all popularity contests to take hold of every screen lover, yet we were hardly prepared for the great record of public appreciation that is expressed in the votes received up to date.

CONCERNING PRIZES

Do not forget that this contest is one in which voters and players share alike, and that beautiful rewards will be given at the close of this unique contest. These prizes are described on a reply page and, for the thousands of recruits of new readers each month, we repeat, also, the details of this greatest of Popularity Contests.

CLASS NUMBER I

Mary Pickford leads with 1750 votes as being the most popular among the women players.

Norma Talmadge is second with 900 votes, and Nazimova is third with 485 votes.

Among the male stars William S. Hart leads with 1560 votes. Richard Barthelmess is a close second with 1485 votes and Wallace Reid has 1384 votes to his credit.

REFLECTED GLORY

Ann—Did Edith marry the movie star she fell in love with?

Nas—No, but she is happy anyway. She married his valet.

J. Warren Kerrigan is to be immortalized in movie marble. Thru Carter C. Miles, president of the Southern California Art League, Kerrigan has received a request from Emile Francois Despard, the famous French sculptor and painter, to pose for the male figure of a life-size marble, to be called “Romance.” Despard, who is now making a tour of the French Academy, the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in England and the American Artists Association. In 1915 his bronze figure, “Fleur de France,” executed for the French government and now standing in the palace of Versailles, was awarded first prize at the Paris Salon.

In the letter transmitted to Kerrigan by Miles, De-pard describes the star as “a living embodiment of youthful romance—the ideal I want to work I have in mind.” Audrey Priestley terms him “the most beautiful model in America,” with something more suggestive of a possible model for the female figure of the design.

Kerrigan has wired an acceptance of the proposals, and the work with the sculptor immediately following the completion of his current production.

She Played to Lose!

This woman—so soft—so lovely—so exquisite in every detail—so out of place in that wild gambling-mad city—this woman played to lose. Across the gleaming tables her long white hands pushed the cracking bills. One after another the yellowed one hundred dollar bills passed from her golden bag to the dealer. And yet she smiled serene.

How she got there—why she was there—how she got away—it all makes a thrilling story—a tale with one mystery, but three—and it has been told by today’s master of detective mystery—

CRAIG KENNEDY

The American Sherlock Holmes

ARTHUR B. REEVE

The American Conan Doyle

He is the detective genius of our age. He has been described sixty different ways for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even in the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—mercurial, the man who neveriler would unfold. Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the machinations of life. Franchises have mastered the art of terror stories. Ever since they have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroics. Russian ingenue has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these other old-fashioned—out of date beside the infinite variety—he piled—pure excitement of Arthur B. Reeve’s tales.

FREE POE

10 Volumes

To those who send the coupon promptly we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe’s masterpieces in 10 volumes. When the rabies of New York for the more popular of the most fearful masters. The subscribers have received the stories. This is a wonderful combination. Her are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkable low price and the Poe FREE.

Cut out this Coupon

Give me the 10 volumes of Poe FREE.

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New York
An E. Z. Way to Comfort!

Starting with an original idea—wide webbing—we developed a garter which fits snugly; does not restrict leg muscles and circulation. The

E. Z. GARTER

"Wide For Comfort"

is a friend to every man once he has worn it. Prove this for yourself.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and we will see that you are

The THOS. P. TAYLOR CO.
Dept.H.P. Bridgeport, Conn.
The Screen Time-Table
(Continued from page 91)

IN OLD KENTUCKY—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.

Norma Talmadge—Select.

XRSO—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.

LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME—D-7.
Jack Pickford—Goldwyn.

Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.

MALE AND FEMALE—D-10.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.

Theo Claydon—Famous Players-Lasky.

Compton & Meighan—Tucker Prod.

ON WITH THE DANCE—D-11.
Mae Murray—Paramount.

PICTURE LAKE—D-12.
Owen Moore—Selznick.

PINTO—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.

PLEASE GET MARRIED—F-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.

PORKYVANNA—CD-1.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

REVELATION—D, SP-11.
Nazimova—Metro.

RIVER'S END, THE—MD-11.
All Star—Marshall Neilan Production.

SCARLET DAYS—MD-9.
Harron & Seymour—Griffith Prod.

George Walsh—Fox.

SHEN LOVES AND LIENS—C-8.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE—MD, SP-8.
All Star—Allan Dwan Prod.

STRONGER THAN DEATH—SP MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

THIRD GENERATION, THE—SD-10.
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn.

Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

TOKY'S BOW—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

TREASURE ISLAND—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Tournier Prod.

2½ HOURS' LEAVE—CD-10.
MacLean & May—Paramount.

TWO STARS—C-7.
Costance Talmadge—First National.

VICTORY—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—Select.

WATER, WATER—CD-6.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.

WHAT'S YOUR HUSBAND DOING?—C-7.
MacLean & May—Paramount.

WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?—D-11.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.

Enid Bennett—Paramount.

ABSENT-MINDED
By BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE
So popular was Mr. Blake
In days of drama real,
That at one time in his career
He was quite
At home was wont to feel.

No wonder, then, the other night,
At Motion Picture Play,
That he forgot real dramas now
Are spelled the other way.

And when the show was ended, Blake
The stage-door hung about;
But all in vain, of course, because
No blushing films came out!

IN THE FUTURE
"One of my ancestors was a king."
"That's nice of you to say! One of
mine was a motion picture star."

Imagine the Thrill of Seeing YOUR Song On Sale!

"It was the proudest moment of my
life, when I saw my song on sale at the local
music stores," said one of our writers.

Why Don't YOU Write the Words for a Song?

Our composer, Edouard Hesselberg, will write the music, and we
will have the complete song printed according to our SPECIAL PLAN.

Edouard Hesselberg, Our Composer
received his musical education at the Mos
cow Royal Conservatory of Music, Moscow,
Russia. After perfecting himself under
Rubinstein, he began a brilliant concert
career, appearing with such world famous
artists as Sembrich, Nordica and de Reszke.
He has played before and received valuable decora
tions from the former Cezar of Russia, the present
King of Italy, and other Royal families. He is an interpr
tative artist of rare and distinguished ability as pian
ist and composer. Among his greatest song successes
are "If I Were a King," a W. C. Handy song
of which over a million copies
have been sold. His latest song, "America, My
Country," the new national hymn, is now in its fourth edition. Our writers
are indeed fortunate in securing the services of this great musician.

You Can Succeed by
Metropolitan Studios Plan

and make no mistake about it. There is a golden opportunity
offered people who can furnish real "words for a song." Popula
rity follows a successful song writer. If you are in earnest, read
over a few of the popular songs—study the words and the way they are written.

Every magazine and every newspaper is filled with ideas for a
song. Just use your imagination. Select any subject—love—patriotism—home—
father—sweetheart. Tell the story in simple language in two verses and chorus,
and then send it to us. We will examine it without charge. If our Lyric Editor
finds your words contain an idea for a song, we will offer you the benefit of our
service. REMEMBER, YOU INCUR
NO OBLIGATION IN SENDING
US A POEM FOR INSPECTION.
GET YOUR LETTER INTO THE
MAIL BEFORE ANOTHER DAY
PASSES, WHO KNOWS—YOU
MAY BE THE "SONG WRITER
OF TOMORROW."

Metropolitan Studios
916 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 154, Chicago

Edward Hesselberg

EDOUARD HESSELBERG

Metropolitan Studios
Dept. 154, 916 S. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find poem entitled:

for your inspection.

Name.

St. Address.

City \\
State.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 115)

SALT.—You don't think I am a bit like the picture at the top of the page. No, I'm not a bit, but a whole lot like that. There's more to me than you think. Oh, no, I never flirt. Oh, yes, handkerchiefs were used in those days.

DEBBY L. L.—There is no bad blood between me and the Sage of Shadowland. We both sit around the editorial lunchtable with the other scribblers every day and never throw things at each other. He may be better-looking than I am, but I wear a larger hat than he does. He is likened to the cantankerous, old farmer, to the cabbage; but what is a cauliflower but a cabbage with a college education?

Mrs. T. H. R.—You refer to Dustin Farnum. Yes, he is a pity that Mother Talmadge didn't have three sons, like her daughters. You also think that Mme. Petrova "is a splendid emotional actress, very beautiful, graceful and a perfectly dressed woman at all times." Yes, let me hear from you when you get to California. Always glad to hear from the mothers.

THU JAYS.—Do look me up, Budgie, when you return to the States. You have had some travel.


GRACE CUNARD FOREVER.—They are not living as one. Write again. Why, there are at least two American flags in existence that were carried in the Revolutionary War. One of them, preserved in the rooms of the Masonic Grand Lodge at Raleigh, N. C., was carried by the North Carolina troops at the Battle of Guilford Court House in 1781, and the other, now in the State House at Annapolis, Md., was carried by the Maryland troops in the Battle of the Cowpens, January 17, 1781.

IMA DEVIL.—So'm 11! No, I haven't quite gotten to the stage where I drink my soup thru a straw. I'm still able to find my mouth among the shrubbery. You ask, "Are your legs as thin as in the picture?" You mean my limbs! No, that was taken in the summer, and I fattened up since then. Marion Davies has taken Bebe Daniels' part. Thurston Hall, perhaps. Ima, you're a bird.

FRANCES C. M.—Your letter surely was a gem. You must write me often. I believe Wandering Rejected Gloogoos is still in California. Yes, send along that picture of you. I'll put it in my Rogues' Gallery. I want you to understand that I'm not a bloated millionaire! Better stay in Boston; New York is no place for you. You say you don't want a husband because you have a dog that growls all the morning, a parrot that sweats all the afternoon, and a cat that stays out all night, also a lamp which smokes steadily. Well, you don't need a husband. Maurice Tourneur is producing at Universal City, California.

LILLAS ST. CLAIR.—And you haven't forgotten me during these past five years. Best wishes to you.

SMALL BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS—Discussion of the ladies' dress Is getting stronger; To cut it short, you'll have To cut it longer!

A GOOD FLORIDA (17c) LUNCHEON

Along about Christmas time a little town in Florida that is hardly known, and the Clubwomen were able to give the 500 persons in attendance a splendid Noon-lunch-concert, according to press reports—for 17 cents per person. It would appear on the Menu were home-grown.

The High-Cost-of-Living today is bearing down most heavily on salaried folks, college students, and professional men, and others of that class. According to Bradstreet's, living costs stood last December at 111 per cent above the 1914 level. Profiteering, extravagance and inflation of the currency all have their effect, but the real, fundamental, underlying cause of our troubles is UNPRODUCTION.

Florida growers, however, need worry but little about their own living costs, when we consider the big prices they receive for luxuries shipped north in mid-winter. The Christmas strawberry brought them from 50c to $1.00 and as high as $1.46 per quart, after shipping and selling expenses were paid. In December Green String Beans brought close to $6.00 per hamper in New York. Tomatoes shipped to Northern markets sold for $2.75 to $4.00 per crate, and Peppers $3.25.

The Lensburg Commercial states: "We visited a twelve-acre block of gardens in Florida and the crop sold on the trees this season was $10,000. The cost of production was $1,100, leaving $8,900 for interest on the investment—nearly 18 per cent on $1,000 per acre."

These are not "Pipe Dreams"; they are Florida Facts. Grove land that is at present in unproductive state can forever, for Florida—unless the call of the California, I own, and am offering for sale in Orange County some of the finest orange and citrus land in the state. Fly gardener near Orlando cleared as high as $1,500 an acre from head lettuce last year. We have copies of their signed testimonial letters in our book. Many of these truck gardeners are Northern men and they know our summer climate is cool and more pleasant than in Northern states.

Here is OPPORTUNITY reduced to its simplest terms. All you need is a moderate amount of capital and a willingness to learn. We will clear and cultivate your land on a part and equity basis. Write for our Information Bulletin: ABOVE COST PLAN. Send for our Big Free Book of Florida Facts. It tells all about our dollar-an-acre monthly payments, sick and our broccoli charges and other attractive features. Address Sylvester E. Wilson, Dept. 6, Orlando, Florida."

THEANS.

DO YOU WANT TO WRITE YOUR VIVA? Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, composite music for them, and guarantee to secure from several royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of experience and

Thomson-Heaywood Books, 47 E. 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

Write the Words for a Song!

Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, composite music for them, and guarantee to secure from several royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of experience and

BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS
1050 Fifth Avenue, 8th Floor
New York, N. Y.
Loose Jazz.—Don't think too much of yourself. You know self-important people usually waste their lives thinking about themselves. Don't know of any such position open. Yes, there is a Monopoly Pictures Co. who are producing "Alma, Where Do You Live?" They claim it is a smashing hit.

D. L.: New Gerber's Admiring; A. B. C.; Mrs. N. P.; Monte Van; B. J. B.; M. L. Montreal, Pauline S. Louise B.; Irene; Peggy; Netty S.; Hazel H.; Boree; John A. B.; Lilian C.; Florence B.; Robert L.; Betty R.; W. J. J.; Alice L. B.; Anna L. R.; Allan S.; M. L. B. Des Moines.—Sorry, but your questions have been answered elsewhere, and there is little else I could say without adding to the monotony of this department.

Thomas L.—Send for a list of the film manufacturers. Always send a stamped, addressed envelope for a quick reply. Just the stamp isn't sufficient. Remember, every lie takes time. Jack Dempsey is in "Daredevil Jack." Blanche Sweet in "Fighting Cressy."

H. T.—I'm not going to say anything about William Jennings Bryan. Why, in 1896 McKinley received 7,104,779 votes and Bryan 6,502,925. In 1900 McKinley received 7,207,977 and Bryan 6,358,141. In 1908 Taft received 7,678,000 and Bryan 6,404,104. I can't say how many votes Bryan will receive in 1920, 1924 and 1928.

Molly F.—No, you really can't expect the players to write their admirers. We are apparently running in a political vein tonight. From first to last, we, the people of the U. S. A., have had, so far, twenty-eight Presidents. Of these, the wisest was the first. Early in life he knew when to give a lie, and he stuck to that little lie to the end.

George O'key is out West now. Yes, Pearl White is with Fox.

S. H. S.—Oh, she does, hey! Well, you tell your grandmother that none of the answers to letters that appear in this department are made up. Tell your grandmother to write. If she wants, I'll be out there to see her. No, there is no opium-tree. It is the chief ingredient of the poppy, which grows luxuriantly in the East Indies and is largely imported into China.

N. E. W.—Some questions you ask! Yes, Bebe Barriscale. You want to see you ask! Pearl White on the cover. Well, child, it's like this. If you would like to be known and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know and not be known, live in a city. Yes, Bebe Daniels is in New York.

Eric Neptune.—Why, that big Altman flag was 165 feet long, the blue field 40 feet by 35 feet, the stars 2 feet 8 inches in point to point and the stripes 5 feet wide. There is also a flag in New York that was made by 500 men and women tailors in Chicago. All the big things find their way to New York. Gloria Swanson is on the coast. It is rumored that most of the companies are coming East again.

Billy Boy.—Try Ruth Roland, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mickey.—You better get an emergency brake for that hobby of yours, or you'll have the ambulance after you. Mahlon Hamilton was Fred in "Her Kingdom of Dreams." You say Tom Moore's smiles would make a confirmed crook forget his troubles. You also think that I am about 30, dark, handsome and not bald. Pretty thought, isn't it? But how could I be so wise as you say I am if I was only thirty—or even sixty?

A La Tausca Necklace of Enduring Joy

The assortment of La Tausca necklaces, of French origin, that your jeweler can show you, assures you, madame or mademoiselle, of obtaining an article of adornment which in beauty and appropriateness will stand supreme.

At your jeweler's select the necklaces that please you from his La Tausca Department and try them on. Their lovely grace and scintillant lustre will enhance the dress you are wearing and will give you a thrill of pleasure on whatever occasion you lift them from your jewel box and fasten them about your throat.

At your jeweler's.

DIAMOND OPERA PEARLS

A Roman quality necklace in the Opera or 24 inch length with oval shaped white gold clasp set with one diamond. In beautiful grey velvet cabinet. $35.
Do You Know How Rich You Are?

Do You Realize that Your Photoplay Ideas, if Brought to Life Upon the Screen, Might Make You Wealthy?

No matter what your profession, vocation or trade, be it lawyer, teacher, doctor, newspaperman, engineer, editor, advertising writer, accountant, clerk, stenographer, salesman, or telephone girl, etc., you have ideas for Photoplays which, if put into proper form, as we can teach you to do, may be worth anywhere from $500 to $5000 each.

A PROFESSION OPEN TO ALL

Photoplay writing is a profession of the first rank, from the standpoint of enormous earnings, and yet it is open to "unknowns" and persons without previous writing experience, to a degree which no other profession is. It is not limited to "Geniuses" and so called "Born Writers"; no one has a monopoly of it.

We are bringing forward a new army of photoplay writers, recruited from the ordinary walks of life, and they are producing screen plays of amazing quality. Producers, Artists and Directors are searching for the man or woman who can contribute a fresh note or new idea, and are ready to reward them handsomely.

ADRIAN JOHNSON FORMULATES SYSTEM

The profession of photoplay writing has been brought to your very door. Adrian Johnson, the master scenarist of the entire profession, who, you may have seen, almost weekly, thrown upon the screen, or in electric lights over the theatre entrance, as author of the play, has reduced the science of screen writing to a teachable, learnable system of simplicity and accuracy. The person of average intelligence can master and put it to practical application.

"THE MIRACLE OF LOVE"

That remarkable photoplay, "The Miracle of Love," with the brilliant young star Miss Lucy Cotton, and "CHECKERS," two of Adrian Johnson's most recent successes, are at this moment being shown in almost every town and city from coast to coast. "APRIL FOLLY," with Marion Davies, Mr. Johnson's latest release, is now being widely exploited in magazine and press. Mr. Johnson has written more than 300 additional produced photoplays.

Mr. Johnson has formulated a simple system, his basic rules of photoplay writing, which experienced writers invariably follow, and which beginners must know to get their material in readable form. His system comprises 20 lessons, a wealth of necessary, inspirational and developmental material, gleaned from the famous author's personal experience in his meteoric rise from an "unknown" to the highest pinnacle of success in his profession.

He has compiled a dictionary of "Studio Language," the very words, terms, phrases and expressions used among Artists, Directors and Producers. He will teach you, with his System, TWO COMPLETE SCENARIOS of successful productions, to study, imitate and pattern for your Scripts, that you may know when your efforts measure up to professional form, so that they will reach the producer in a shape that will invite reading and not rejection.

ADVISORY AND SALES BOARDS

Mr. Johnson heads the Advisory board which reads, criticizes and suggests the necessary improvements to make your scripts salable. Our Sales Department exists on commissions earned on the sale of successful scripts. It is an expert organization with culture to all producers, artists and directors who buy, and is as eager to receive a saleable script as you are to write one.

So unqualified is our confidence in our System, and the service we provide, that the complete system is sent you on approval, allowing you several days to decide whether it can teach you photoplay writing.

SEND NO MONEY

"A FASCINATING CAREER" is the name of an interesting book that is absolutely free to you, for the asking. It tells what the famous artists and directors shown here think of our System, The Adrian Johnson Photoplay System, 250 West 42nd Street, New York City.

SEND NO MONEY TO

FAMOUS STARS IN FAMOUS ROLES

LUCY COTTON
"Miracle of Love"

CATHERINE CALVERT
"Women of Urania"

LEAH BAIRD
"The Captive"

CARLILE BLACKWELL
100 STARs

ADRIAN JOHNSON
NOTABLE SUCCESSES

"Miracle of Love"
"April Folly"
"The Typhoon"
"The Rust"
"Cinnamon"
"Home"
"Devil"
"Wife of the Gods"
"The Marriage Band"
"Tiger Woman"
"A Small Town Girl"
"Romeo and Juliet"
"Lure of Hearts"
"Daring of Paris"
"Madame du Barry"
"Every Girl's Dream"
"Three Musketeers"
"Heart and Soul"
"Her Greatest Love"
"Daughter of France"
"Battle of Life"
"Deepthris"
and over 300 others

A QUINTETTE OF FAMOUS DIRECTORS WHO ENDORSE THIS SYSTEM

EDMUND JOSE
"Bakers of Men"

TOM TENDS
"Parson's Handy"

BOY NIL
"Hey and Me"

E. H. GRIFFITH
"O. Hurra Hurra"

GEORGE B. BAKER
"Great Americans"

ELEANOR HULLEY
"Dreamer's Laugh"

EMMY WELSH
"Miss Robinson's Cousin"

EDMUND JOSE
"Bakers of Men"

TOM TENDS
"Parson's Handy"

BOY NIL
"Hey and Me"

E. H. GRIFFITH
"O. Hurra Hurra"

GEORGE B. BAKER
"Great Americans"

ELEANOR HULLEY
"Dreamer's Laugh"

EMMY WELSH
"Miss Robinson's Cousin"
Wanted This Year

5000 New Story-Ideas for Motion Pictures

The above figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial and educational films

SOMEWHERE in America this year, scores of new motion picture writers will be at work. For the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to live.

Most of these new photoplaywrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be the newer generation. James M. DeMille gives ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their plots laid out. Producers will pay $500 a piece, for clever comedies, and $250 to $2,000 each for five- reel dramatic scripts. They will pay these prices because they believe in these stories. Since material is so severe, the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to live.

For exchange—One year's subscription to the classic 1915, in the condition for, Rural New Yorker, year 1.

For exchange—One pair editorial shears, good working order, for one pair type-shears (house press). Write R. F. D. care Answer Man.

In Two Short Years

It was a little over two years ago when the magazine story plots first became a factor in the motion picture industry. Play-writers began to demand real pay for their ideas. Play-writers were submitting, but most were unsuitable. For writers and producers knew how to adapt their stories for the screen. They knew that the American and the English stage were not adaptable to the screen.

The Palmer Course and service has been in use now for two years, and is a big hit and proctor. Back of the Palmer Plan, directing this work in developing new writers, is the advisory council composed of the well-known figures in the industry. It includes, in its membership, Director, General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, former actress and feminine producer and director; Rob Wagner, well-known stage and film director for the Saturday Evening Post.

In two short years we have developed dozens of new writers, most of them are the people who have made, and will make, the picture industry.

A Co-operative Plan—Not a Tendous Course

We are especially trying to adapt rural and country life to the screen. If you decide to make the change, and move, old Answer Man, there is an infinite possibility to be realized in the new story plots.

A fish, personally conducted (Cook's tour) from the river, is not related in any way to the cold storage and market varieties. If the buttermilk cow is not a success, we have some jack- apple trees and can the juice.

A nice little pink pig is much better company than some of the subway crowds, and the company of a real live horse would make one think of the horse of Noah's Ark, the brief stay in the water, and the good old times smoked out by gasoline.

Samples of ads, by which you can stock up with more useful commodities than canned salmon and Eskimo apples, are as follows:

For Exchange—One year's subscription to the classic 1915, in the condition for, Rural New Yorker, year 1.

For Exchange—One pair editorial shears, good working order, for one pair type-shears (house press). Write R. F. D. care Answer Man.
Women have learned how to remove hair pleasantly

So much of a woman's daintiness depends upon the care of her underarms. Even in the privacy of her own dressing room, the exposure of hairy underarms through becoming negligee mars an otherwise charming effect.

To remove the hair is now a recognized toilet essential —no less than the regular care of one's face and hands.

For the purpose, women generally prefer El-Rado liquid, because it is no more trouble to use than washing the skin.

You apply El-Rado with a piece of absorbent cotton, thoroughly saturating the hair until it is seen to become lifeless. It is then ready to be removed. A dash of talcum,—then behold clear, smooth skin, refreshing and cleanly.

Even those accustomed to other methods of hair removing find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin.

El-Rado is guaranteed harmless no matter where applied —face, arms or limbs. It is sold at drug stores and toilet counters in 60c and $1.00 sizes—with a money-back guarantee.

Orders filled direct on receipt of stamps if dealer cannot supply you.

Canadian Address, The Arthur Sales Company
Dept. N., 61 Adelaide Street, East Toronto

HERBERT H. D.—That's a mighty clever letter of yours. I showed it to the Editor. Yes, there are a great many men and women trying to establish their claims to the possession of genius by proving their deplorable lack of common sense. I don't know why they associate it with the word common. You say you saw Wilfred Lucas and Bess Meredyth in Sydney, Australia. Yes, you were right.

J. H. S.—You certainly do not like Lou-Tellegen's directing. Yes, Charles Ray and Wallace Reid are both West. Why, the ballad of the "Heir of Linme" is perhaps of Scottish descent, tho found in Percy's "Southern Ballad-book." We are in anime tot, so let's quit. In the first place, bricklaying is not a profession, but a handicraft or trade.

URA PEST.—No, indeed. The more the merrier. During the past seventy years, the most famous actresses who have played Camille are Eugenie Doche, Jean Davenport, Laura Keane, Matilda Heron, Agnes Ethel, Clara Morris, Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Modjeskan, Fannie Davenport, Eleanor Duse, Marie Wainwright, Nance O'Neil, Jane Hading, Mme. Rejane, Margaret Anglin and Virginia Harned. The first Armad in America was Frederick Bartlett Conway, grandfather of Conway Tearle. Theda Bara is the most recent Camille in motion pictures and Ethel Barrymore on the stage. Maurice Barrymore, Ethel's father, played Ar mand in 1878. That will be about all for tonight.

LITTLE GREY DOVE.—Yes, that was Dorothy Dalton. She is in New York now. L. B., BROOKLYN: Prentice; Snookums; Miss Mun-Puddle; Anna K.; Joe F.; BARNEY;ADELE SMITH; W. C., MAN ITORA; Tom B. H.; EDDIE; GOLDEN CURLS; CLIFFRIDE C.; LARK-CHERRY O.; CCanada; JUDGE; Nurse; F. A. T.; GENIEVE; VICTORIA G.; CLARENCE G.; DORIA; ROSS J. B.—Sorry to put you among the absurds, but couldn't help it.

MRS. M. R. H.—Why, the real name of Theda Bara is Theodosia Goodman, born 1890. Yes, Julia Arthur has been in pictures. She is about 51. Don't you mean Joe Addison, of "Spectator" fame? He was born in England, May 1, 1872. My, but you write a gem of a letter! All interesting stuff. Come in and see me some time. You will always find me in my cage.

MASSEY, 18.—Your letter was very pathetic, and it reminds me of Lew Wallace when he said, "Oh, if in being forgotten, we could only forget!" But we never forget. So you like Lila Lee very much. Mrs. Sidney Drew is producing pictures.

JUST DOTTEL.—Oh, my child, there are other obstacles, alas! besides your mamma's consent, that stand in the way of your becoming a photographic star. There will be an interview with Alice Brady soon. You have never seen Mary Pickford in a bathing-suit. That's no sign that she doesn't bathe. She's been in other kinds of suits, tho, in which she exposed nothing but a fine character.

S. O, S.—Please dont send Australian stamps. They are almost worthless here. Elmo Lincoln and Errol Markley in "Tarzan of the Apes." You ask why Celestia, the goddess from heaven, wears a Greek costume? I am not an authority on costumes in Paradise. You bet I stick to the buttermilk. I hope there will be no prohibition on buttermilk.

BRIGALOW.—Whence all those words? Their vocabulary is extensive. You say, "Why is the letter 'D' like a sailor? Because it follows the 'C.'" Wonderful! Yes, Enid Bennett.
Olg.a. 17, writes me as follows, and I am loath to make it public, but alas, alas, here goes:

"You say you love me—you declare you adore me, and now you publish in your excellent magazine that you would go to Hades for me. O Exquisite One—-for me, the original, the one and only, the heathen, the infamous Olg.a. 17, and then when she pens you an epistle on your Minicola typewriter, written in all good faith to her Ripp, the angelic, bald and bewhiskered Adonis, on orchid letter paper delicately scented with Lulu La Célé- dise, you snub her—disregard entirely her feelings on the matter and permit the wonder of magazines to be published without her answers. Oh, Roughneck, mine, thinkest thou that they be galvanised, these girls of mine? Would that we were married, then I'd have you in my power house! How canst thou neglect and shame me so before these, my friends, Soul o' mine? Me so young and my hair so curly an' everything? Is that pretty? I am insulted—I am enraged—I am degrade! I demand retribution—I seek vengeance. My heart is filled with R E V E N G E ! ! ! So beware, for I am a woman and having such, love you with an overwhelming ardor and portrayed so deftly by Conway, the Apollo Belvedere of the Screen. Remember the play which ended with the words 'She killed him, because she loved him!' That's me all over, Mabel! When next I come to see you—if I should so honor you—I will have secreted in my trunk a pin with which I will prick you on the temples and you will die—a slow but sure death as evidenced by my private cemetary on an avenue in Brooklyn. Then when I am in heaven—for I too will die—living without you being an impossibility—you will look up to me as I play the harp and pickles—you will gaze up at me with coal-dust on your once beautiful countenance and feel sorry—repent for what you have done to me—the onlee and original and insensible Olg.a. 17. That's why you were put down there; and after many centuries when you have paid for your cruel actions with long suffering you will be permitted to kiss my feet. Of course, you won't have to reach for them, for by that time you will be smitten to the pearly gates and will have gradu- ated as my slave—the slave to her whom you treated so shabbily, my soul cries out for revenge, and I shall have it. By the Bartenders' Union I swear I will have my pound of flesh! Selah!

"Once we were loved and were happy, but now you treat me fierce—almost like a relative. Wasn't it Peter Shakespear who said we can't choose our relatives, but thank God we can pick our own teeth. Yep, he was right. But that would be committing a breach of etiquette—would be a social error, and that's why we suffer—-with relatives! For 'twould almost be as bad as being a—a—subway guard with all his ill-begotten means—a sharker of etchette. It lack anyhow.

"Well, goo-hye forever, my great big bear. I swear by the twenty-four thum- bles of the twelve apostles that you shall not hear from me again. I am going out of your life like a light—just as I came—but I shall stand on the three-hold of life and wait until another man. And you're no woman!

"Yours until Father Time dies of the flu.

"Olg.a. 17.

Rich.—How can I tell who the girl is that was chewing gum? Gladys Leslie was the sweetheart in "The Song Girl” Sweetheart.""

(Continued on page 129)
A SPECIALIST has at last perfected a pure face powder that is guaranteed harmless to the most delicate baby skin. It beautifies wonderfully, because it helps to clear and lighten the skin and protect the complexion from blemishes. And it really stays on better than any other face powder. Of course, every one knows the famous La-may Powder (French, Pouder La-may). This is the powder that does not contain starchy rice powder or dangerous white lead to make it adhere. White lead is a deadly poison and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that ruins the complexion by causing enlarged pores, blackheads, and rice powder irritations. Five thousand dollars reward will be given any chemist who finds that La-may contains any white lead or rice powder. All dealers carry the large sixty cent box, and many dealers also carry the generous thirty cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. We will also give you five thousand dollars if you can buy a better face powder anywhere at any price. Herbert Krystone, Dept. L, 16 East 18th Street, New York. Save this notice.

THE SKIN BEAUTIFUL
She who possesses a beautiful complexion is a beautiful woman.

Be Beautiful
Obtain a cleansed, clear, soft, velvety skin, free from imperfections and chapping by using

FLORESTON TOILET CREAM
By Mail 50c.
HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS, Patchogue, N.Y.
Sample on receipt of 5c to pay mailing, etc.

Delivered TO YOU FREE
Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of RANGER bicycles. We pay the freight from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial
We guarantee the bicycle to be in perfect working order. If you are not satisfied, return it to us for the full price paid, less 50c for mailing.

EASY PAYMENTS
If desired, it is possible to pay the freight, and the bicycle, in easy monthly installments. Send no money. We pay the freight and deliver your bicycle to your door.

30 Days Free Trial Offer
Send for free catalogue and prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
Boys make big money.

J. CLAY MOWRY

FREE to You

$20

Kahlo, Hawaiian Guitar, Ukulele, Guitar, Mandolin, Cornet, Tenor Banjo or Banjo.

Wonderful new system of tuning and scale to teach girls. To each pupil in each family we give a $20 worth of Violin, Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Cornet, Tenor Banjo or Banjo with free book. A very small charge for lessons only. We guarantee our system or no charge. Complete with book. Write now. No obligation.

SUNDERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc., Dept. 54, Chicago, Ill.

Go to bed in style!

Faultless
Pajamas & Night Shirts
The NIGHTWEAR of a Nation!

THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
173-175-177 Duffy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Enclode in cents in stamps for mailing.

Name.

Address.

Gettng Into the Movies Is PUSH—Not PULL

By PUSH we mean knowing what to do after YOU DO GET IN? The getting in is easy.

Do you want to know what to do then? Send 5c for postage and we will send you a booklet entitled

Can I Get Into the Movies?
Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggily or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

Don't Read This
Unless You Want a Genuine Bargain

Be a Moving Picture Star

Do you know that many moving picture actors and actresses get from $40 to $5,000 a week? Many young and beautiful women are winning at the box office. Small wages could do just as well if they knew what to do. This book will teach you everything about the screen. It will tell you how to get and where to apply for a position. It has a million and a half words. Send $1.00 to-day and receive this book. No other book on the subject will explain it so completely. Money back if unsatisfied. The book is worth $3.00.

100 Photos of Movie Stars

2 Movie Pennants for 20c

To introduce our catalog of Movie Books, etc., we are selling these pennants at bargain prices. Just the thing for your boy or girl. Each pennant is cut from a different scene. Made of felt and comes in assorted colors. Will send two for 20c, 12 for $1.00, or 25 for $1.25. Order before他们 are all gone. You can order all of the above single at prices named or will send the Movie Star Book, 16 photos and two pennants, all for 50c. Order before they are all gone.

YOUNG'S PUB. CO., Box 500, Norwalk, Conn.

Cultivate Your Beauty

Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggily or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

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YOUNG'S PUB. CO., Box 500, Norwalk, Conn.

Cultivate Your Beauty
The Missouri Waltz

Little Lessons That Mean Fortunes to Those Who Learn Them—History Repeats and Fame Is Achieved—An Old Story Retold

During the summer of 1914 John Val-entine Eppel, who leads the Eppel Dance Orchestra at the Oskaaloosa, Ia., was a visitor on the Down in the Qzark Mountains of Mis- sissippi, and while there he heard the na- tives humming a bit of a waltz tune that was a part of their very life. He brought it forth and tried it out as a dance offering. It was a waltz and the wise people all said that a waltz was im- possible that people wanted nothing but the fox trot or a one-step; but that is the way people generally say and do when a good thing is about to be started on its onward march.

Frederick Knight Logan took that little theme and arranged it for the piano. Then he tried to sell it to the Barnhouse Bros., of Oskaloosa, Ia. And, by the way, one real reason why Barnhouse just naturally turned it down was found in the fact that this same Frederick Knight Logan also lived at Oskaloosa.

Young Logan found that it was quite easy to copyright it, and it wasn't so easy to sell it to a publisher. So he pro- ceeded to publish it himself. That was in 1914. He first got out the arrange- ment for a piano, then he put it out for eleven parts and piano as an orches- tra; then as a full orchestra. It was later arranged as a band number. By that time this young local venture found himself swamped with orders, and he had about worn out the family wheel- barrow transmitting his output to the post-office, so one day he got on the train and came to Chicago, determined to find a real publisher.

Of course the usual thing happened. The big city publishers pronounced it too cheap; it was really musically rotten to all of them—except F. J. A. Foster. That is the way things happen when a player, a business man, or even a music publisher, is not a song-writer.

The great publicity man of the industry started urging that he could have his judgment rewarded with orders. The more orders he received the more advice he also received, most of which was to the effect that he had picked a duffer.

Ask your dealer to show you how many ways the"Missouri Waltz"has been published; see if you can find any sort of arrangement that it hasn't been put thru; see if your player piano doesn't offer it in a half dozen different styles. Then run it down and see how many different kinds of talking machine rec- ords you would have to buy if you would own one of each kind. These household necessities have the "Missouri Waltz"in every conceivable style, from its own original instrument, the mouth organ, to a full symphony orchestra record. Grand opera stars and cabaret singers, soloists and choristers have all taken a trial at presenting this number. More than 2,000,000 records have been made of the"Missouri Waltz."

Not long ago we were sitting in at a little conflag discussing music and its re- lation to the lyceum and chautauqua movement when a cablegram was re- ceived by the publisher, asking for 100,000 copies of this same international favorite and with it the sales rights for the German-speaking countries.

Yes, the "Missouri Waltz" is an inter- national affair. Not simply because F. J. A. Foster holds an international copy- right on it, but because the people all over the world sing it, play it and listen to it. More than a million copies have been sold abroad, and it is still raging.

This is more than mere boost for a song for the "Missouri Waltz" does not need boosting—to boost it is like at- tempting to paint the lily. What we have written is for those who want to learn the history of that wonderful success has to teach.

Don't think that Frederick Knight Log- gan grabbed this success right out of the air. He worked for it. He earned it. It didn't come to him—he went after it. For years he worked to prepare for his service. Those who saw his mother at the convention and saw her efficient help, saw the talented, inspirational as- sistance that she rendered, didn't need any one to demonstrate that song poem with words that tell of the "lingerimg moments divine" that animate her work and her very life as she collaborates with her talented son in the work that has made Frederick Knight Logan, "The Waltz King" of our day.

Reprinted from The Billboard
Feb. 14, 1920

SELECT your own sub- ject—love, patriotism— write what the heart dictates, then submit your poem to us for the model and guarantee pub- lisher's acceptance. Our leading composer is Mr. Leo Friedman one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many song successes like "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "When I Grow Old" and others of the same kind and inspires the sales of which we do millions of copies. Send new and original Color and Action pieces to CHESTER MUSIC CO., 19 W. 48th St., New York City.
Baby Virginia Lee Corbin, ever since she was old enough to know that such a thing existed as money, had always asked her mother for a coin of some denomination—and that she always demanded before she ate her breakfast. This custom has been followed in the Corbin household and still exists. Virginia no more than gets dressed than mother gives her a coin of some kind, and only since she has realized that it meant she has been placing it in her savings-hank that she has the mantle-piece. This goes to her own fund—as do her earnings in the movies.

WANTED—A LEADING MAN

Dustin Farnum was making up in his dressing-room the other day when there was a gentle tap at his door.

"Come in," yelped Dusty.

His visitor was Gloria Joy, the baby star of Mission Productions.

"Pardon me, Mr. Farnum, I trust I am not intruding," chirped Gloria.

"You couldn't intrude, Gloria. You're as welcome as sitting time. Can I be of service in any way?"

"I think you can, Mr. Farnum—perhaps—"

"Well, sit up here on the table and tell me all about it while I make up. Shoot."

"They told me you were just finishing your picture an' I was thinking that maybe—"

"Go ahead, dear; don't be afraid. You were thinking—"

"Well, I was thinking that maybe you might like to be my leading man in my next picture. You see I like your work an' I know we'd get along just fine."

Dusty was too flabbergasted to speak so he spattered for wind and finally got it.

"You're a darling, little girl, to want me for your leading man, but you see I've made a new contract and it would prevent, I'm sorry."

Gloria heaved a sigh of disappointment as she slipped down off the table and chortled:

"So am I, but don't you sign up with anybody else till you see me, and the little feet tripped down the hall.

PLAYLETS

By E. Scott O'Connor

Cupid wanted to sharpen his arrows. He got Jealousy to help him.

Hatred sought to lengthen his existence. He asked for benefits.

A woman found a look. In it she read wisdom. One morning the look was gone. Love had stoned it. "I am wiser now," said the woman.

A coward complained when overcome by disaster. "I did not defeat you," said Disaster.

Charity gave a ball to the Virtues and Vice, Justice, herself, could scarce tell one from the other.

"I tell so," said a dying sinner, "from the weight of those I dragged down."

The suffering of emmi is often due to lack of plan. "I never point," said Cunning, "toward the mark I wish to hit."

A bright idea to build a church. It toppled over when called downstairs, and then complained he had no visitors.

A judge tried to build a church. He turned everything upside down, and then complained he had no visitors. Work once broke Sorrow's looking glass. Sorrow thanked her.

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Torn between moments of changr and piacere, the sinner star decided to "unload" her new possession on one of her acquaintances, but when the acquaintance, graciously refused the offer, Norma purposed a different course and decided to sell it.

Finally she found a prospective purchaser, but instead of following the established custom of automobile salemanship, she commenced by reciting the machine's weak points.

"The spark plugs don't always spark," Miss Talmadge truthfully admitted, "and the core in the oil pan rattles. One of the rear wheels is a little out of order and the steering apparatus shakes. I'm afraid the first feature has slow leaks, and I know the radiator is rusty. Then, too, there is a little trouble with the compression."

The prospective purchaser smiled and climbed in for a trial ride.

Miss Talmadge kept repeating her attack on the machine, but something seemed to have slipped in her calculations. The spark plugs sparked in decorous harmony and the steering apparatus was as solid as an oak. None of the wheels fell off and the front tires seemed to have recovered from their asthmatic tendencies. To top things off the compression was working fine and the little old insect of the roads coughed like a Rolls Royce itself.

When the trip was finished Miss Talmadge had half made up her mind to keep the thing for her own amusement, but the purchaser insisted upon completing the bargain. A minute later Norma's former possession disappeared up the street in a clound of dust and smoke.

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Only expense about
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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC. 69 Lakeside Bldg.. CHICAG O

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The Funniest Thing You Ever Saw

YOU'VE witnessed sidesplitting happenings that start you laughing every time you think of them. Your friends double up with laughter at your funny stories. Why don't you get millions of people laughing—and get well paid for doing it—by putting those funny incidents into photoplays?

Good Laughs Always Bring Big Money

Movie fans like to laugh. The antics of Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, Harold Lloyd, and other famous funny men draw as much movie patronage as the longer features and thrillers. Producers and theatre managers eagerly snap up new sidesplitters.

The idea for a two-reel farce or comedy based on the photoplay writer's bigger check than any other screenable story of the same length. Good laugh-producing stories are scarce—largely because you people with a strong sense of humor don't understand just how to get your ideas on the market.

Why Not Capitalize Your Sense of Humor?

You've seen lots of sidesplitting movies built around ideas no bigger or better than yours. Probably you've often seen a picture where various characters, with the change of character, would result in a brand new story—just as original, funny, and usable as that on the screen.

If you have the happy knack of seeing the funny side of things, why not turn it into a money-maker? You can soon learn how to grow in this field. Write us now for a humorous twist—introduce humorous situations—elaborate one or two scenes of doing a two-reel photoplay.

Producers' Requirements Are Easily Learned

How to write photoplay farces and comedies as the big producers want them written is explained simply but thoroughly in our short, practical course. We teach you the methods by which others are winning success; give you expert criticism on your photoplays, and advise you as markets.

Our new booklet of information tells you the facts about photoplay writing and your opportunities for making big money at it. The booklet will bring a copy—free.

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American School of Correspondence
Dept. P, 585, Chicago, U. S. A.

Name.

Address

American School of Correspondence
Dept. P, 585, Chicago, U. S. A.

Why the Publicity Men Wear That Hunted Look When They Show Visitors About the Studio

By WALTER VOGDES

"Where is Mary?"

"How do you manage to make things look so real?"

"Is it true that—"

"Is Vivian Martin married?"

"Don't you get awfully bored taking visitors about?"

"Who is the gentleman with the bald head?"

"Why do they use such bright lights?"

"Oh, you can't fool me. I know they take all the night scenes in the daytime and fix them up."

"Is her hair naturally curly?"

"My cousin's sister-in-law is in the movies. Her name is—oh, I can't think of it now, but you'd know her of course. She's a blonde and—"

"Does Mr. Fairbanks really do those stunts?"

"I didn't know it was such a big place."

"I suppose you like to have people come out to the studio. It's such a good advertisement."

"They wear a lot of paint on their faces, don't they?"

"Where is Mary?"

"You must spend lots of time thinking up ideas for pictures."

"How old is Margarette Clark?"

"Why do you have that sign in the outside office about not letting visitors in?"

"I've come all the way from Youngstown and I did so want to see her."

"Yes, Bill Hart has such a kind face."

"I'll write you a character for you."

"That piano looks real—why, it is!"

"Why, you have real carpets on the floor."

"Where's Mary?"

"He looks like himself, don't he?"

"Do they really say words or just make noises?"

"Doug never really climbed that church steeple, did he?"

"That looks just like the real thing."

"My niece would do well in pictures—she isn't very pretty, but she's awfully cute. Do you think you could get her a job?"

"Which is Elliott Dexter?"

"Oh, is that Wally Reid! Look, Edna, mother, see—that tall man—that's Wally Reid."

"It must be wonderful to see the stars every day and talk to them."

"I didn't know she was that old."

"Where's Mary?"

"Yes, I saw him in that picture. It was good, but deep."

"Why do they play music for the actors?"

"I'll tell you, I like a picture with plenty of pep—if you know what I mean."

"They tell me she's like Edna Bennett."

"Can those Sennett girls really swim?"

"Yes, I took them at a dance one time, but I don't know whether he'd remember me."

"Does Dorothy Dalton work here?"

"Where?"

"We were up to Arrowhead, Hot Springs, you know. And the minute I saw him I said to my husband, I said, "Fred, there's Fatty Arbuckle as sure as you're born. And it was."

"Do they really get the salaries they say they get?"

"Did Charlie Ray work on a farm before he went into the movies?"

"Oh, there's Mary!"

More Wise Woman says MADGA CREAM will tint your hair color much better. When mottling it penetrates and equals the hair. After a time it will bloom with an inner beauty, richer than ever, for cleansing the scalp. It revives. It gives brilliancy to the hair, making it lustrous and style enduring. MADGA CREAM 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00 at Drug Depts. or direct from F. & KELLEY & CO. Rockford, Illinois

FRECKLES

New is the Time to Get Rid of Those Ugly Spots. There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—guaranteed to remove those honey spots. Simply get an ounce of

OThINE—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it in the morning and you shall soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one or two ounces is needed to bring back natural skin and gain a beautiful close complexion.

For the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

YOHM FRYS

"I'll wash the dishes."

SUBMIT YOUR SONG COMPOSITIONS ON ANY SUBJECT FOR MY PERSONAL CRITICISM AND ADVICE. ACCEPTABLE WORDS WILL BE REVISED, FURNISHED WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC, COPYRIGHTED, AND EXPLOITED UNDER MY ORIGINAL METHODS FOR FACILITATING THE PUBLICATION OR ORCHESTRATION AND SALE OF SONGS. $20.00 VALUE FOR SONG WRITING SENT FREE ON REQUEST. WRITE TO ME TODAY.

ARTIST, SONGWRITER, AND PUBLISHER, 349 W. 40TH STREET, NEW YORK.

For Ladies

No. 1—A book that every young lady contemplating marriage should have.

No. 2—A book that every married woman should have.

For Men

No. 3—A book for young men contemplating marriage.

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Oliver Publishing Company
107 North 13th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska

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250 Pages. ILLUSTRATED. 8 by 11". By Winfield Scott Hall, M.D., Ph.D.

SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN

The most complete, straightforward, and truthful exposition of the facts of human sex life and its relation to all phases of daily experience and to the most vital issues of our day. The book for the general public. $1.00

Potsdam

Made easy to understand in plain language. Puts the facts of the sex problem into the hands of the average woman. Every woman should have a copy, and read it. $1.00

Every young wife should know what is happening in her husband's life and what is happening to his body. Every young wife should know the sex facts, and this book places them in a form that all can understand. $1.00

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Live Salesmen Wanted. We are located in the heart of the great Old Field of North Texas and need a number of Natural Salesmen. We offer you the opportunity to work here and furnish Bank reference and pay our Salesmen well. We have a capital stock of $500,000. Address: Stock Exchange Bldg., Wichita Falls, Texas.

Agent for Famous, New East Coast food specialty. Livest stock. Address, packed your land. Write or call at Phelan Pure Food Co., 2355 Archer Ave., Chicago.

Agents: Sell Neverfail Iron, Rust and Stain Remover. Make good money. Write today for samples. Sanford-Deal Co., Inc., East 25th St., Cleveland, O. O.


Agents—Gaines are needed. Musician everywhere with wish for franchise. Marvelous money-making opportunity. People will pay $50.00. Musician Co., 15th St. and Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.
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Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guide to obtain our free method. Send for free book or sketch and description of your invention for quotation. Readers' Bureau, P. O. Box 1234, New York, N. Y.

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$100 to $50,000 paid for photoplay plots and ideas by leading producers. Big demand for acceptable scripts. Send to Director, Metropolitan Publishing Co., 4318 Champaign Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Photoplay Wanted, Big price paid. You can write. We show you how. Experience unnecessary. See Post, Free. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope for our free booklet. Address: Photoplay Wanted, 440 East 57th St., New York.

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Send for our 10-day preview free—just mail coupon today.

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Immediate Employment. Full salary and expenses. Position guaranteed. We pay $30 to $50 per week. Address: Box 21, New York, N. Y.

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Writers: Have you a song-poem, story or play ready for publication? Send us 10 cents for samples. Interested in all. Address: Box 429, Chicago, Ill.


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Wedding Invitations, Business Cards, Announcement cards, etc., 25¢ per 100. Use our lettering, design, and outside envelopes, 10 cents each. Full satisfaction guaranteed. Send money order. 109 E. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.
Qualify For Photoplay Writing

Eighty per cent of the motion pictures of the world are made in Los Angeles. Tens of thousands of dollars are being paid to people all over the world to write for these productions. Why not turn your spare time into dollars for the screen? It costs very little to qualify—if you have the natural ability to tell an interesting story. Read what producers and executives say about our course on photoplay writing. "Would be helpful to anyone who wants to learn the technique of writing for the screen."—Columbia Fairbanks Studio, "Every writer of motion picture plots should be thoroughly familiar with the techniques that are in fashion today."—Universal Film Co. "It fills a long-felt want."—Film Fun Magazine. Many others on file. Let us send you our

FREE PLOT CHART

and literature fully explaining this valuable and comprehensive work, which has been highly recommended by every motion picture professional who has seen it, and which gives all the information needed to qualify for scenario writing—at no cost. Write today.

FEATURE PHOTOPLAY COMPANY
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New Departure for Scenario Writers—

Screen Service Bureau will help you make a success of your stories. No charge for writing your synopses. If your work is saleable we will sell it. We are in touch with Moving Picture companies everywhere and we know what they want and what they will pay. A trained editorial staff is at your service. Send us your best story today and see what we can do for you.

SCREEN STORIES SERVICE
175-177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Money in Photoplays!

Big deposits and high prices paid for the right kind. Can you write them? Here is an easy and sure way to find out. Read this for our Test Lesson and Test Questionnaire which will quickly show whether or not you are cut out to do this work. Get this unique and important book-free by publication at once and learn if you have or have not the necessary imagination and ability to produce stories that will bring you a profit. If you are not a member of the Photoplay Syndicate Free lessons and tips on stories in stamps today.

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MARRIED WOMEN and BRIDES-TO-BE

New and startling secrets indispensable to happy love relations between man and woman are revealed in the amazing booklet, "Where Knowledge Means Happiness" Millions of marriages that start happily are wrecked by ignorance of WOMAN'S SECRET NATURE. Let us help you hold permanently the love you now possess, win back the love which should be yours, increase your happiness in strength and beauty.

SEND TODAY

One dollar and your address written plainly
Booklet sent in plain envelope
Counsel Service, Dept. 4
245 West 76th Street
New York City

Cupid says: "Secure a Satin Skin"

A girl likes a fair faced, clean looking, manly fellow. The same fellow prefers natural beauty, a girl with satin skin. The secret of a satin skin is found in Satin Skin Cream (Cold or Greaseless), an essence of perfuming flowers, healing herbal extracts, beautifying balms. You can make your skin a smooth, satin skin free from blemish, add to your attractiveness, comfort and charm, by daily using Satin Skin Cream.

I. At night apply Satin Skin Cold Cream to wet skin.
II. Day and evening use Satin Skin Greaseless Cream.
III. Satin Skin Powder gives satiny finish. Choice of 5 tints:

Sold at leading toilet counters. SATIN SKIN LABORATORY, Mfrs., Detroit, U.S.A.

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Sell Your Songs Among Your Friends. Start a Profitable Business

We arrange, revise and print Lyrics and Music. For $55 you will get 1,000 regular copies with original hand-drawn title page and plates, 250 professional copies and copyright in your name. Write for booklet. Snyder Song Service Syndicate, Inc., Suite 708-9, Music Publishers' Bldg., 145 W. 45th St., New York.

Send the Coupon and We'll Send You a Lachnite

Don't send a penny. Upon your simple request we'll send you a genuine Lachnite gem mounted in either of these gold or silver rings to 10c a trial. These unique gems have the eternal gift of diamonds. Over 150,000 people have accepted this offer and have found the way to own beautiful jewelry at a telling cost.

If You Can Tell It From a Diamond Send It Back

When the ring comes make the first small deposit (410) with the postman. Wear it 10 day's trial. If you can tell it from a genuine send it back and we will refund your deposit. If you retain it for 60 days, the total price of either ring is only 10c. A teller for you will send you a diamond.

Send Coupon—No Money

Send your name and address today. Use the coupon or address your letter to Harold Lachman Co., 1311 W. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
How to Find the Cream You Need

Stand in a good light—examine your face carefully in a mirror, and then—

Study this Chart

Acne Cream—for pimples and blackheads.
Astringent Cream—for oily skins and shiny noses.
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Marinello Toilet Preparations may be had at all Drug Stores, Department Stores and Shops.

Somebody Is Going to Win a Motion Picture Screen Position thru the

1920 BIGGER AND BETTER

Fame and Fortune Contest

Will That Somebody Be You?

Somebody with unusual charm, a personality or beauty is going to be awarded a place on the screen. Send in your photograph and let the judges decide whether you have something about you that will be valuable in the motion picture world. Besides a screen position you will be given two years' publicity in our three magazines.

1920 Five-Reel Feature Drama

A strong and original story has been selected and we are searching for players to appear in this drama. This does not mean Youth and Beauty only, but men and women to fill several character types. State on the coupon below whether you wish to take part and if we find you suitable we will communicate with you. The 1920 Honor Roll girls will appear in this drama. The 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest discovered four American Beauties. Twenty-five girls appeared on the Honor Roll and took part in "A Dream of Fair Women," a two-reel drama. This film is to be shown throughout the country and this will give you the opportunity to see what is wanted in the motion picture field. If your theater man has not already secured this film, tell him to get in touch with Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from either The Motion Picture Magazine, Classic or Shadowland, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted. Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every young woman and man, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Name.................................................................
Address...............................................................(street)
.................................................................(city)............................(state)
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any..........................

When born.............Birthplace.............Eyes (color)
Hair (color)...........Complexion.............

Do you want to take part in the Five-Reel Feature Drama?..
YOUR highest ideal of cigarette enjoyment begins the day you get acquainted with Camel Cigarettes. You smoke them with the utmost pleasure!

Camels win you so sincerely on their quality merits. Their expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos is so new, so smooth and so fascinating to your cigarette desires you'll prefer it to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

And, Camels are absolutely unique in so many other ways that appeal to the most fastidious smokers. They have a remarkable mildness, but that desirable “body” is all there! Again, Camels leave no unpleasant cigarette after-taste nor unpleasant cigarette odor!

Camels flavor is so refreshing and the fragrance so unusual and likable that you are delighted that so much satisfaction could be put into a cigarette.

The real way to appreciate Camels best is to compare them puff-by-puff with any cigarette in the world at any price!
The new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Don't lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

**FIRST PRIZE**
Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathé, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record. A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellifluous. It has a large compartment for records.

**SECOND PRIZE**
Moviette Camera and three packages of films (value $55). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures—pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

**THIRD PRIZE**
Corona Typewriter with case (value $50) an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

**FOURTH PRIZE**
Sheaffer "Gift" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold-filled, warranted twenty years. Can't blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

**FIFTH PRIZE**
Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

**SIXTH PRIZE**
Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no looks to forget.

**SEVENTH PRIZE**
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

**EIGHTH PRIZE**
Same as Seventh Prize.

**NINTH PRIZE**
Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.
Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and closes on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:
   - December 1919 ballot
   - January 1920 ballot
   - February 1920 ballot
   - March 1920 ballot
   - April 1920 ballot
   - May 1920 ballot
   - June 1920 ballot
3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.
The Biggest Novelty-Special Ever Produced!

To the Motion Picture Public of the World:
DO YOU KNOW HOW STARS ARE MADE? COULD YOU BE A SCREEN STAR? DO YOU WANT TO BE A SCREEN STAR?

If So. . . . . . . SEE

“A DREAM of FAIR WOMEN”—

Produced by the M. P. Publishing Co.
Publishers of
THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND

Presented by
MURRAY W. GARSSON

This picture shows the types wanted, as selected from the 1919 contest, and coincident with the running of the picture your exhibitor will conduct a local contest, the winner of which will be placed on the honor roll of the 1920 contest.

Tell your exhibitor to get in immediate touch with his exchangeman, or with Mr. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York City, regarding this film and the local contest.

Listen to Marion Davies:
"Hyglo packages are so handy to carry when traveling, and they do their work so satisfactorily I would not be without one."

HYGLO
Manicure Preparations

They give the perfect manicure—no hangnails, no cuticle cutting, no irritation. Simple, efficient and sure—and put up in such convenient boxes that they are ideal traveling companions.

Start today! Get the Hyglo Complete Manicure Outfit, containing Hyglo Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, Nail Polish Cake, Nail Polish Paste, Pink, Nail White, flexible file, emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton in an attractive box, as illustrated below, for $1.50.

Hyglo Manicure Preparations are sold individually at leading drug and department stores at 35c to 65c.

To enable you to try Hyglo preparations, we will mail you small samples, upon receipt of 10 cents in coin.

GRAF BROS., Inc., 119 West 24th Street, New York
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. Selling Agents
171 Madison Ave., N. Y., and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.
For the out-of-doors days

KODAK

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Motion Picture Magazine

(June 1920)

Vol. XIX / No. 5

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post office as second-class matter
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M. P. Publishing Co.

Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life’s dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

On sale at all newsstands on and after the first of each month

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Subscription—$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00; in foreign countries and Newfoundland, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address. Do not subscribe to the Motion Picture Magazine thru agents unknown to you personally, or you may find yourself defrauded. We cannot be responsible for manuscripts lost in the mails, and it is therefore wise to keep a copy of all material submitted. We pay contributors on the fourth of the month following acceptance.

Published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York Corporation

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President

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(Also Publishers of the Motion Picture Classic, out on the fifteenth of each month, and Shadowland, out on the twenty-third)

Address all communications to

Motion Picture Magazine

175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers. In the event of failure to obtain copies, a notification to us will be appreciated.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation
STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when some of these plays appear in their vicinity.)

by "JUNIUS"

Author—Ray Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint, little Chinese maid who falls in love with an American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Booth—"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the First Contra of the French in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments in New York. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent. Briquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

Broadsheet—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, play which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a provincial Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before, "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly hosts the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Brown, who does excellent work; Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

Curtain—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernhard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sires of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Cort. — "Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American figure real. "Dear Man Lincoln," you cannot fail to make you a better American. Frank McGlynn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

"Comedy—"She Wouldn't Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of young Crawford. "A Most Unsuspected" makes itself felt in the role of the guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Elington. — "Breakfast in Bed," with Florence Moore. A rather amusing farce satirizing the movies with vadaville's lady clown, Miss Moore, working very hard to put it over.

Empire. — "Diceduce," with Ethel Bar- 
ymore. One of the big things of the dramatic season is this clever play by Zoe Akins. Whether or not it has the basis of truth, it is hard to fault and is well played by Miss Barmorey.

Forty-eighth Street. — "The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely North-west with a stage effect of a forest fire. Helen Mackellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine. Globe.—"The Blue Bird." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the usual run of musical comedies. Miss Thomas sings admirably, with Wida Bennett is an attractive heroine.

(Continued on page 8)
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Letters to the Editor

The same exterior "set" used in countless productions robs the picture of the gossamer of realism, says this correspondent:

DEAR EDITOR—In several recent Paramount pictures, produced in California, I have noticed that the same village street is used in every story demanding such an exterior.

The first time I noticed this was in "The Secret Garden," with Lila Lee, and then in "Greased Lightning," with Charles Ray. It was also used in the Vivian Martin picture "The Home Town Girl." It seems to me that this should be corrected as it destroys the realism of every picture when the same village street appears, whether the locale of the production be New York, Minnesota or Kansas.

And while I am writing, I would like to put in a word of praise for Lila Lee. She is a very clever actress and most generous with her photographs.

Yours very sincerely,

DOROTHY PARKINSON

1028 N. Boulevard, Springfield, Mo.

The letter printed in a recent issue criticising the Southern expressions used in the subtitles of pictures has caused much controversy. Below is a letter differing in opinion to that of Mrs. J. Redwine's:

DEAR EDITOR—I have just read the letter by Mrs. J. Redwine of Boston in your issue for January, 1920, in which she says that such expressions as "you all" and "do" for door, "thar" for there are never used in the South, except perhaps in cases where the person speaking is very illiterate. She says that "you all" is never used by a Southerner in speaking to two persons or to one. She cites "Bill Apperson's Boy" as an example of using these phrases incorrectly.

The movies make enough mistakes without having anything like this blamed on them. I must say Mrs. Redwine got her information concerning the South from the wrong source. I was born in the North and educated in Brooklyn—lived there up to two years ago. Since then I have traveled considerably in the South and met all classes of people and I'll say that even the well-educated Southerner will sometimes use these phrases; and they certainly do say "you all" when speaking to one person. Recently I came from Jacksonville to Pensacola in a machine and I was addressed at least a dozen times in that 40 miles as "you all," both words distinctly pronounced. Incidentally the most educated Southerner cannot always break himself of the habit of saying "to" for "to," and "do" for "door."

Yours for the truth.

C. P. TAYLOR

Pensacola, Fla.

Movies in the country not so entertaining as in the picture palaces of the big cities, writes this correspondent—yet the fact that they have reached the most outlying districts would seem to prove their undeniably universal appeal:

DEAR EDITOR—Perhaps some of your readers might be interested in the "County Movies," or rather the movies as I saw them in one of the small towns.
The Biggest Novelty-Special Ever Produced!

To the Motion Picture Public of the World:
DO YOU KNOW HOW STARS ARE MADE? COULD YOU BE A SCREEN STAR? DO YOU WANT TO BE A SCREEN STAR?

If So... SEE

“A DREAM of FAIR WOMEN” —

Produced by the M. P. Publishing Co.

Publishers of

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND

Presented by
MURRAY W. GARSSON

This picture shows the types wanted, as selected from the 1919 contest, and coincident with the running of the picture your exhibitor will conduct a local contest, the winner of which will be placed on the honor roll of the 1920 contest.

Tell your exhibitor to get in immediate touch with his exchangeman, or with Mr. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York City, regarding this film and the local contest.

I spent last summer up among the pines in Wisconsin and soon found that Wednesday and Saturday were movie nights — everyone from miles around comes to the movies in their “liv.” The jail, library and courthouse are all in the same building with the movies, and the best they can do on pictures are the old Triangle and Mack Sennett releases.

A country kidde “grinds” out tunes on a player piano and “The Rose of No Man’s Land” always finds itself in use for a dying scene. “The Alcoholic Blues” comes in handy for both comedy and emotional scenes.

The movies begin at 9 P.M. and “Good Night” is flashed on the screen at twelve. The chairs are just the common ordinary kitchen chairs, and if you aren’t satisfied where your chair is, they just simply pick it up and move it all over the place.

After this experience I was glad to get back to a real Chicago movie where they have real music and real plays. In fact the first night I was back I actually sat thru the entire picture twice!

By the way, I want to say a few words about the Motion Picture Magazine. Our company volunteered to furnish it with three magazines each month and — do you know — the Motion Picture Magazine won by at least twenty-five votes over any others. I love just every bit of the magazine. It’s great!

Sincerely,
Aline L. Gibson
5728 S. Ada Street, Chicago, Ill.

In the movies they do it — and when we take some things into consideration we must admit the saying is, at least, pertinent. However, the silent drama is making rapid strides — it will not always be so:

Dear Editor — Having read some letters which other readers of your magazines sent in, I thought you might be interested in some criticisms of an amateur critic who is also a reader of your magazine.

In the past month I have seen three pictures, all of which boasted well-known stars. Every one of them was poorly directed. Perhaps others who know more about the movies will place the blame elsewhere, but it seems to me to have been the director’s fault in every instance.

The first picture I have in mind was Geraldine Farrar’s “Flame of the Desert.” In the scene where she goes for help to save her brother and meets the soldiers on the desert her hair is down and flying all over, yet, when she gets back to her brother, her hair is fixed as nicely as it was before she started.

The second picture was “The Van- gence of Durand,” starring Alice Joyce. In the first half of the picture, C. H. Se- fertiz, who played the part of Durand, had a mustache and a Van Dyke beard. At the costume ball, he is smooth-faced — still in the rest of the picture he has the mustache and beard again. I might also say that a lapse of twelve years made very little difference in most of the company. The player who was “Tubby” is a young man in the beginning of the picture and yet, after a lapse of twelve years, in which time Durand’s daughter grows from girlhood to womanhood, he is just as young as ever.

The third picture was “The Band Box,” featuring Doris Kenyon and, incidentally, it had very poor lighting effects. In one scene, where she comes in from the hall on the left side of the room and walks across the room to the telephone on the

(Continued on page 14)
It's a grey day!  
A day to lie a-bed,—  
A day for a good book;  
For a few moments' chatter  
with a friend over the telephone;  
For a bowl of golden jonquils  
on the window-sill to  
earn the grey beauty of the  
out-of-doors.  
Presently it will rain;—  
The warmth of the room;  
The feeling of utter relaxation  
and peace:  
An oasis of rest in the  
monotonous desert of the  
daily grind!  
A day for being alone:  
For SHADOWLAND, — the  
Magazine Beautiful, expressing  
the Arts — the quiet seclusion of your own  
room—  
And SHADOWLAND, — the  
Puppeteer, causing the Marionettes of beauty, of  
fashion, of the stage and cinema, to move across the  
pages for your  
pleasure.  
And the grey day becomes a perfect day!
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OFFERED TO THE
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the dazzling star of

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—sharpen your eye for beauty!
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2—What is the strongest dramatic situation in the plot of “A Modern Salome”?
3—How would you describe Hope Hampton’s type of beauty?
4—What is your ideal of what a motion picture star should be?
5—What is the lesson taught by the story of “A Modern Salome”?

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Mr. Burns Mantle, dramatic critic of the N. Y. Eve. Mail and contributor to Photoplay Magazine.
Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, one of the foremost artists of America.

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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 10)

right side, they show two pictures. One shows her coming in thru the doorway, turning on the lights and walking to the table, which is in the middle of the room, and the other shows her walking from the table to the telephone. In the first scene, after she turns on the lights, it is as dark as night, yet the scene right after that, as I examined above, was as bright as if it were taken outdoors on a sunny day.

And, incidentally, that reminds me of the latest picture of George Walsh, "The Brute." The scene shows him turning off the lights, going to the window and pulling up the shade after talking to a friend all night. Without exaggeration I may say that it took the sun the longest time I ever could imagine to come in that window after the shade had been drawn up. The fellow who took care of the lights must have fallen asleep at the right time and then decided to turn them on suddenly when he awakened. I hope this letter has not been tiresome, I am yours truly, Norman Lowndes.

New York City, New York.

We thought that the cinema stood by itself — that it was considered something of an institution reverting to the gristy condition by its own nature; but now we see that it exists, and we think that everywhere it was recognized. It seemed impossible to believe that there existed a town such as was mentioned recently in our department "That's Out." Yet the mail-bag a few days ago brought us the letter we have printed below. With the screen so rapidly proving itself a factor for public benefit in both an educational as well as a recreational sense, such conditions seem deplorable:

Dear Editor — As a constant reader of your periodical, I came across an article in the last edition of Moving Picture Magazine, under the department "That's Out," which said that the mayor of Harrison, N. J., had been trying to enact an ordinance, prohibiting the exhibition of motion pictures in that town and saying that Harrison, N. J., was the only town in this country which had no motion picture theater. I now beg to call to your attention that there is a town a few miles from this city, known as one of the prettiest and wealthiest in the Middle or Southwest, that cannot boast of a moving picture theater. I say boast, for several attempts by public spirited men as well as financiers to erect a building which not alone would make a most up-to-date and first-class picture house, but also a town hall, to the town, have proven futile. The town council having voted down every attempt to build a theater in that town, as well as refusing to grant a license making this possible.

This is the present condition of Kirkwood, Missouri.

Trusting that this information may be of interest to you, I beg to remain with very great respect,

Yours very truly,

J. Seymour Crane.

414 Merchants-Laclede Building, St. Louis, Mo.
IT begins on a Transcontinental train, snowbound on the edge of the Arctic—a scene that already summons a thrill. David Raine, a young man who has "lost himself" is running away from the misery and tragedy of a shattered romance.

Then comes thrill on thrill, adventure toppling on adventure in that vast white arena of the frozen North—that breaks the hearts and sinews of men. It is a smashing story of surprise and suspense, of primitive men, beautiful, courageous women, fierce huskies and male-mutes, a thrilling fight between grizzly bears, a gruelling battle between men for the possession of a woman, the flight with the girl, the last stand—and then a thundering climax beyond all anticipation.

A masterpiece of dramatic writing that has been turned into a masterpiece motion picture.

**A Northwest Classic!**

*See It at Your Favorite Theatre*
SOME OF THE
Latest Paramount
Arctraft Features
Listed Alphabetically

John Barrymore in
“Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde”
Directed by John S. Robertson

“The Copperhead”
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

Cecil B. DeMille’s
“Male and Female”
Production

Cecil B. DeMille’s
“Why Change Your Wife?”
Production

Everywoman
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

George Fitzmaurice’s
“On With the Dance!”
Production

Wm. S. Hart in
“The Toll Gate”
A Wm. S. Hart Production

George H. Melford’s
“The Sea Wolf”
Production

William D. Taylor’s
“Huckleberry Finn”
Production

Maurice Tourneur’s
“Treasure Island”
Production

George Loane Tucker’s
“The Miracle Man”
Production

And remember that any Paramount Arctraft Picture that
you haven’t seen is as new as a book you have never read.

ILLUSTRATION BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

“Four please”-

A family affair:
That’s the way to get the most out of Paramount Pictures.

Multiply the pleasure by sharing it!
Good entertainment logic, and happy
logic, too.

You can see it illustrated by smiling faces
at any box office where money paid buys a view
of Pictures that are Paramount.

Know before you pay.
Make sure it’s a Paramount. Then “four,
please” is right.
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**JUNE, 1920**

**THE GIRL ON THE COVER**  
Cover portrait of Florence Evelyn Martin by Leo Sielke, after a photograph by Ira L. Hill

Sure, and it's the Emerald Isle which boasts as being the native heath of bonny Florence Evelyn Martin who adorns the cover—adorns it with her brown tresses, grey-blue eyes and bewitching dimples. The Arthur Guy Empey pictures have been more attractive because of her recently—and, in the last production, "Oil," she plays the light comedy roles she loves so well—and, being Irish, does so well.

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**READ**  
An entertaining interview with Alice Brady, purposely illustrated—soon to appear

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How is to avoid the use you made of of blankets. When you came upon dingy corners where those precious blankets would trail on the floor, and dim edges where they tucked themselves in—you shut your eyes! If they had to lose their luxurious softness, their warm fluffiness in the laundry, it was going to be the last minute possible.

But to-day, there's no need for pretending. With Lux you can wash your big, handsome blankets as often as you like!

Just the purest bubbling suds. There's not a particle of hard cake soap to stick to the fuzzy wool ends and never be washed out! Not a mite of rubbing to twist and mat the delicate wool fibres!

You souse your beautiful blankets up and down in the rich suds. You press the cleansing lather through and through, and every speck of dirt is whisked away with the rich bubbling suds.

They'll come out downy and snug. The Lux way is so gentle and so careful. You always know just how nice and soft and fluffy your winter covers are going to be. You can get Lux from your grocer, druggist or department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Lux was specially made for all fine things

Crepes de Chine
Georgettes
Chiffons
Lace
Organdies
Balisters
Lawns
Voiles
Sweaters
Scarfs
Babies' woolens
Blankets

PEARL WHITE

It is doubtful if there is any silverstetter responsible for more real thrills than Pearl. Now, however, she has abandoned the serial and, therefore, a goodly portion of the thrills. The next Fox feature production in which she will appear is "The Tiger's Cub."
DOROTHY GISH

Once upon a time Dorothy was just "Lillian Gish's little sister," but in the last two years she has won laurels of her own, bringing many happy hours to her audiences thru her Paramount pictures.
MYRTLE STEDMAN

After an absence of over a year Myrtle has returned to the cinema fold and she is at present playing the leading rôle in the Rex Beach story, "The Silver Horde." The screen has always held a fascination for Myrtle—winning her from the operatic field as a very young girl, when she appeared in Selig pictures.
Gladys Hutchinson she is really. Peggy Hyland is the alias she adopted when her family, including five clergymen uncles, objected to her theatrical career. A native of merry England, Peggy came to the American screen after a short experience in the musical comedy field.
It was in a little country town "somewhere in Ohio" that Earl first saw the light of day. His stage career began at the age of fourteen years and except for an interruption when his parents requested his return to the Cincinnati Law School, it has flourished ever since. His most recent work is with Corinne Griffith in "The Garter Girl."
Amateur theatricals are responsible for many famed stars. Pauline Frederick numbers among them, for it was thru school-plays that she became possessed of a desire for a theatrical career. Winning stardom on the stage she came to the screen, to which she has devoted herself entirely for some time.
TOM MOORE

Tom has been held in popular regard ever since his Kalem days and it wasn’t long after he joined the Goldwyn forces as a leading-man that he found himself in stardom. Being Irish, and therefore superstitious, he attributes all his good fortune to the bit of Blarney stone which he carries with him always.
DORIS MAY

Doris is one of the most recent acquisitions of the film firmament. She won recognition thru playing leads opposite Charles Ray and her work in the Paramount comedy-dramas in which she co-stars with Douglas MacLean bids fair to place her among the brightest stars that twinkle.
Viola first bowed to the public at the age of five, when she did toe-dancing. Then her interpretation of the title rôle in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" brought her to the attention of the Edison Company, where she served her film apprenticeship. And in the last few years she has done a number of worth-while things, but it remained for "The Willow Tree" to show us just what Viola could do. In it we have another Viola, — with a fragile beauty and a delicate whimsy.
Keep your skin fine in texture

"A SKIN like a child's!"—but do you realize what makes a child's skin so beautiful? More than anything else it is the exquisitely smooth, fine texture which men and women alike so often lose in later life.

You cannot begin too early to arrest this tendency of your skin to become gradually coarser. Examine your face in a strong light. Do the pores seem to be growing enlarged? If so, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a piece of ice.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your treatment tonight. A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.

A sample cake of soap, the booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1306 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 135 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario,
TODAY he is the talked-of son of fortune; newspapers devote three-inch headlines to him, magazines send interviewers to sound him, and movie concerns offer him fabulous stellar contracts.

But tomorrow—his aeroplane crashes to death or oblivion swallows his sudden Chance is ever fickle, and Fortune's a night of mistakes.

long but safe road may reach when he gets there that he one who by hair-brain in a day; the other, the safely and surely.
down barriers? favor, fortune going aeroplane sudden coup impatient ultimate

earth, he misses his footing, success, for the Goddess of favorites of a day are forgotten in Base not your future on a stunt.

For while the man who takes the his goal later, he isn't so out of breath can't enjoy the view.

What manner of man are you?

Two types of men there are who succeed: stunts and breath-taking escapades acquires fame careful plodder who climbs each step of his ladder

Are you one of those who jump fences?

Do you spend most of your energy knocking You all know the stunt man who leaps into public and fame in a few short hours by vaulting from one cloud-to another, by climbing forty-story buildings, or by a of any kind.

Persistent, consistent endeavor may seem stupid to you ones, but the sweetest fruits do not ripen in a day, nor is the race to the swift.

Do not be satisfied with one sudden taste of success.

Build, stick to it and then build some more, until the blocks that you have fashioned so carefully and determinedly form such a secure tower of honest endeavor that neither the wind of an unlucky day, nor the attacks of envious rivals, nor the tides of time can tear it down.

Better a perpetual climbing than to fly on waxen wings ... and fall.
Tones of Lavender

my boudoir is in lavender and the sun-parlor is—"

"Hurry, Mildred; they are waiting for you on the set," quietly urged Mrs. Harris, watching her daughter's deliberate movements as she slipped out of her white silk smock and sport skirt. "She has no idea of time," continued Mrs. Harris, with a smile, turning toward me. "If the house was on fire, she couldn't hurry, and she is always late!"

Mildred laughed. "Never mind, mother; you do your best to keep me punctual, so don't worry. In the days when I had to be at the studio at eight in the morning ready for work, I vowed that if I ever become a star I would have better hours, so do let me enjoy my privileges. Quick, Laura, give me that dress!" she called to her colored maid, but tho the words expressed haste, the tone remained unhurried, as did her movements.

"We are finishing 'Polly

"I used to pray," smiled Mildred Harris Chaplin, "Oh, please let me have long curls like Mary Pickford's!" Above a new portrait and, below, the Chaplin Los Angeles home.

"Why lavender?" I questioned of Mildred Harris Chaplin, as I looked about her dressing-room at the Mayer studio, for only lovely shades of this color were used in the decorations.

"Because it is my very favorite color," replied this young star. "Its tones are always soft and restful and they never clash. At home,
of the Storm Country.' It is a squatter story, and I am crazy over it, for it gives me a wide range of emotions and a variety of costumes. Why, I wear everything from rags and satins to a gorgeous, floaty costume in the Biblical vision scene."

As she talked, Laura's nimble fingers were buttoning her little mistress into a shabby and much-mended gingham dress. Now, gingham may often hide a sad and honest heart, but in this instance it covered the most alluring georgette crépe and real lace under-frillies imaginable, such as a princess might covet, and the heavy, cheap shoes were finally put on over frivolously embroidered white silk stockings.

"This is just a retake and my stockings won't show," Mrs. Chaplin declared, cheerfully, refusing to become ruffled when Laura announced that they had forgotten to bring the cotton hose belonging to this scene.

Mrs. Harris was arranging her daughter's glorious mass of golden hair—and golden it is—radiant, lustrous and naturally curly.

"My hair has grown four inches during this past year," Mildred told me, when I exclaimed over its great beauty. "It was only to my shoulders, and I used to pray, 'Oh, please let me have long curls like Mary (Continued on page 108)"
Sir Galahad in California

OUT on the California coast, and especially around the Griffith studio before the famous D. W. decided to move East, there was one subject of general conversation: Ralph Graves.

Said Dorothy Gish: "He's the finest lad that ever entered a picture studio."

Said D. W.: "Wait until you see him in my new picture; he's a revelation."

But the main item of gossip concerning Ralph Graves is that he has created a novel situation in the studios. Without consciously realizing it, he has started a fad for fine, clean leading men—in other words, he has brought Sir Galahad back to fashion in the California studios.

When Ralph Graves came to California he had no special standing in the film world. He had played bits with Essanay and graduated into leads with Maurice Tourneur. Then he took a post-graduate course to fame with Dorothy Gish and David Griffith.

Ralph was always jolly, always beaming with good spirits—good spirits not artificially stimulated. He never presumed to call any actress familiarly by her first name. His attitude was always deferential and courteous and, altho he was acting in a moving picture studio, he didn't forget that he was a gentleman.

It became rumored about that Ralph Graves cared only for the conservative type of girl—gradually rouxe, affectation and hectic appeal became unpopular with the feminine portion of the studios. For be it known that Ralph is very good-looking and presented the unattainable, than which nothing is more fascinating to the fair sex.

And gradually, to make a long
By

HAZEL
SIMPSON
NAYLOR

story short, other men who had considered
themselves "smart" perhaps found they were losing out. They were being measured and found wanting.

And altho Ralph Graves doesn't know it, behind his back they call him Sir Galahad.

His clean method of living is closely followed also by Richard Barthelmess and Bobby Harron. These three boys will do more for the good of motion pictures than a hundred Bob Cratchets — for the attractive example is everything.

The first time I saw Ralph Graves, he burst into the Dorothy Gish studio, brandishing two fan notes in his hand, with a broad smile spreading across his face.

"Look!" he exclaimed; "I'll soon be rivalling Mr. Barthelmess."

Is it necessary to explain that Richard receives at least a hundred fan letters a day?

Which is just an example of Ralph Graves good, clean fun. He kept us laughing with him and at him all during his stay. He was in the same class as the California sunlight with his good cheer.

Wherever Ralph Graves is, a sense of naturalness prevails. Affectation, temperament, self-satisfaction, conceit drop from one like so many dead leaves from the trees in autumn. One becomes natural, ashamed to meet him on any level but his own.

The second time I saw Ralph Graves was in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, of which he is one of the most popular members. He invited me to join his party at luncheon. I told him whom I was waiting for.

"Nothing doing!" he exclaimed. "My invitation is canceled. No handsome naval officer can join this luncheon. I'm taking no chances. My quest is too beautiful."

Later, we, the aforementioned officer and myself, sat at a table adjoining that of Ralph Graves and the Girl. She was a very beautiful girl of the high school age. Ralph took a great deal of joy in bantering her about her new Castle hair-cut.

Ralph himself is only a very young man, tall, slender, well-groomed, light-haired, with the profile of a Greek god, a Gibson man — or an Arrow-collar hero. He makes fun of his own career ... it is such a young thing yet, and he is totally unaware of the predictions concerning him.

Originally he came from Cleveland, Ohio ... he flunked in high school exams and entered pictures as an extra at Essanay. Maurice Tourneur gave him his first real chance in "Sporting Life." Since then he has been leading man with Dorothy Gish and more lately with D. W. Griffith.

But the main reason for this story is to let you in on the ground floor. It's house-cleaning time in movieland and the most vital reason is the excellent example set by the younger players, principal of whom is Ralph Graves, the Galahad of the studios whose grace will be found in stardom if he continues along his present path.
The Talmadges Three
Please Page
Jimmie Morrison!

A One-Act
Play in Two Scenes

By
GLADYS HALL

CAST:
Mr. JAMES MORRISON, conspicuous for his absence.
The Interviewer, conspicuous for her presence.
The Call-Boy, dispassionately dubious.

Scene 1 is laid in Peacock Alley of the Waldorf Astoria, and discloses the Interviewer, very much out of breath, interrogative of eye and considerably befuddled of manner, roaming distractedly the length and breadth of said corridor. The Call-Boy, typical and wholly detached, strolls into nonchalant view and the Interviewer buttonholes him, brandishing a dime.

INTERVIEWER (audibly, to say the least, for one in pursuit of an exponent of the silent drama)—Have you seen Mr. Morrison? Mr. James Morrison? The screen star, y'know? Er-swhile of Vitagraph. You must have seen him! I'm four minutes late, and I know he'd wait five. They always wait five, at least, because they are always ten late themselves. No, that wouldn't make it, would it? At any rate, you must have seen him. What else are you here for? Any more than what else am I here for? You'll call him? Oh, do, yes, do! I'll rest here. Be sure you call him loudly. He's used to a director, you see.

(Call-Boy departs and Interviewer collapses into chair, only to rise again every second and a fraction of a half to peer distractedly into the faces of passing male persons, no matter what their outer seemings be . . . . one never knows . . . . Jimmie Morrison might have fled to the interview in any sort of make-up. Better to be on the safe side. . . .) Mr. Morrison circles back to the same corridor, calling with lusty vociferation.

CALL-BOY—Mr. MORRISON! Mr. MORRISON! Mr. MORRISON! (Espies collapsed Interviewer and saunters over.) He isn't here, miss. I've been there. Some times (comfortingly) they aint.

INTERVIEWER (grimacing her hands)—Oh, but he must be! His press agent said . . . . (Call-Boy flees, with a chortle. There is no green in his eye. He has heard tell of a press agent before. Interviewer gives a few last peers into the passing throng and dejectedly departs.)

Scene 2 is the corridor of the Hotel Astor on the follow-
Mr. Morrison—Let's have tea. Too bad it must be tea, but then, as Stephen Leacock would comment, "This glad bright world we live in"... (A table is secured and a sedulous waitress, and Mr. Morrison, with a sort of gentle solicitude manifest in his whole bearing, orders tea and sandwiches and cigarettes and pastries and all sorts of things conducive to comfort and conversation. A very wise young man, the Interviewer decides, with appreciation, watching his mild and beneficent eye... There is something more here than just a screen star to be interviewed; not to depreciate the import of that, there is a thought back of whatever is done, or spoken. After the tea is dispensed)...

Mr. Morrison—Last week... when we were to have met... where, may I ask?

Interviewer—I was at the Waldorf. I waited one hour. I had you paged and paged. I did a bit of personal paging myself. Where, may I ask...

Mr. Morrison—Too bad you had to do that, too bad... (Ha! I thought, sympathetic as well—well, well... success nor war nor youth nor adulation have been able to mar this young man's innate simplicity, innate sensibility; this, I thought, is good, very good, indeed.) Why, I was here at the Astor. I waited an hour by the clock, and I had you paged. The man who made our arrangements said the Waldorf Astoria, no doubt, and I, frequenting the Astor as I do, took him to mean the Astor, and there you have it. It was a shame. Still, things like that are a part of the game, aren't they?

Interviewer (ascribing to him, mentally, a nice philosophy, not to say patience)—Of course. All's well... We'll put it down to loss of time, chiefly on your part.

Mr. Morrison—I had been shopping last week. I looked (Continued on page 104)
By
RALPH D. ROBINSON

I can do lots with my hair—curls or do it up high, or just brush it back, plain. Maybe when it's curly, as in the first episode of 'Should a Woman Tell?,' I do suggest Mary Pickford. And when I part it in the middle or on the side and brush it back smooth, people see traces of Norma Talmadge or hint of Miss Marsh.

"Anyway, it's not studied on my part. It's not a conscious effort. When I am playing before the camera I try to be—to live—the character I am portraying."

Alice gave her explanation with deliberate emphasis. Once in a while she narrowed the fringed lids of her rich hazel eyes in reflection.

"Don't you believe," she went on, "that almost any actress who plays a variety of parts is bound, at one moment or another, to bring to the spectator's mind a picture of some other girl or woman? Naturally, the beholder sees the resemblance to a personality that is well known to the public.

"Yet, why not a resemblance to the spectator's sister, or sweetheart, or mother? That would be equally as reasonable; but the fact seems to be that one seldom thinks of one's nearest and dearest ones in the matter of resemblances. One's mind, or rather the quick recollection, reverts to a type of social beauty or a type of actress, for instance, who is widely known and loved."

"Quite true," we observed. "Human nature is akin the world over. What is one woman's joy is apt to be the joy of another. And what is one woman's grief is also her sister's."

Alice Lake turned swiftly grave.

"I have always felt that my experiences were no different from those of other girls from here to Hindustan," she averred. "It has been instinctive with me to realize that what would make Alice Lake cry would bring tears to Jennie Smith in Peoria, Ill, or to Suzette Marcelle in a tiny village in France.

"Are we not all the same? In spiritual make-up, I mean, of course, every one of us is a distinct individuality. Even twins, you know, are different underneath the skin."

We had sought out Miss Lake with full knowledge of the astonishing transition that, in a few brief months, she has made from slapstick comedy with Mack Sennett and "Patty" Arbuckle to stellar roles with Metro—roles of tremendous emotional power.

"Continued on page 113"
I AM now about to turn the spotlight of publicity on a very interesting and important item in the making of motion pictures—costuming. For, if we are to appreciate all the labor and thought that is lavished on a production, so that it may make its bow to the public equipped not only with a well-acting cast and a well-written script, but clad, so to speak, in a fitting and adequate setting, we must naturally turn to costuming as one of the chief factors in making the photoplay a correct and plausible portrayal of real life.

By costuming, I mean the fitting out of the actors in a play with the correct costumes demanded by their parts. If the production be a period play, or the scenes laid in foreign coun-

tries, the costumes will naturally be rich and elaborate, or at least strange, but it is of equal importance that the humble everyday characters, which we are so familiar with that we hardly notice what they wear—the farmer, the chef, the soldier, the nurse, and lots of others, are correctly garbed, for in our subconscious mind there is a fixed image of each and every one of them, the chef in white coat and cap, the officer in olive drab, with puttees, Sam Browne and a peaked cap, the maid in black dress, white cap and apron, etc., etc., and, being slaves to convention and precedent, we feel outraged if the actors in the play are not dressed in the accepted standard costume of their characters. And, of course, we are right, for a farmer in a natty business suit instead of overalls and broad-brimmed straw hat would never do. He would not be convincing.

Hence, the costuming companies. It is their mission to

"The directors," quoth the wardrobe mistress, "a pretty fussy bunch, I'll say. Go to untold trouble to get a certain costume and use it once." Above, Naomi Chil-
ders in the Vitagraph costume room and, below, Ethel Clayton and Assistant Di-
rector Lew Howland selecting a rough coat at Famous Players.

Costuming---
fit out the players and see that every last detail in costume—cowboys and Mexicans rub shoulders; vampires and butlers, Spanish cavaliers and Colonial dames, Hawaiian dancers and nurses hang peacefully side by side. Even Father Time is represented, and the Statue of Liberty and Uncle Sam, and, last but not least, the comedy policeman with his perennial club. There is, by the way, quite an assortment of clubs, from the nobby caveman variety to the plain, everyday club, such as the policeman swings or the housewife wields over her flirtatious hubby. They are all alike, dangerous-looking, but all harmless enough, being made of cloth and filled with cotton. Yet those "stuffed clubs," as they are called, inspire the audience with pity for the poor, unfortunate actor on whose head they land. Such is the power of illusion.

You will also find shoes there for every occasion and of every period—Colonial slippers, with their square, gunmetal buckles; American, French, Belgian, even German army brogans; Greek and Roman sandals; Chinese embroidered shoes—even the mythical seven-league boots of the fairy tale. It is, too, indeed a paradise for one interested in guns and rifles of every make, old armor and daggers, swords and flags.

The scene is a very colorful one, and it is rather a pity that all those gay and brilliant hues are lost on the screen. Yet photography brings out the relative value of each shade, and if the picture does not possess richness of (Continued on page 102)
The American Britisher

Really, to have given the interview just the proper atmosphere, there should have been old and rare wine and mellow cigars—he would fit eminently into such an atmosphere, but a hotel as ultra modern as the Algonquin does not keep just those cigars, and wine, of course, no matter how vital to atmosphere, is taboo in this new era.

My first shock came when the waiter dropped the piece of ice into his water goblet—I fully expected him to shield it from the ice with his hand, but he did no such thing.

“You don’t want ice!” I gasped, knowing well the English habits and feeling quite sure of his English blood—and even more sure of the accent. It was not a thing acquired, but quite evidently native.

“I do,” contradicted Percy. “Ice-water without being termed dotty is one of the main reasons for my remaining in America.”

And after that I felt that I was prepared for any deviation from form, but alas! one—never—knows—

Over the telephone he had informed me that he was en route to England and, perforce, I had eagerly seized upon the opportunity of seeing him as soon as possible.

“You said,” I ventured along about the time that the fish was being served, unable to constrain my curiosity any longer, “that you were en route for England.”

“Oh, I say,” laughed Percy, and he laughed heartily and long. “I thought you knew about that, don’t you know. I’ve been en route for two years and several months now, and it’s likely I’ll be en route for some time to come. We were in Africa on a tour and decided to return home by way of America, stopping at San Francisco, crossing the continent and stopping for a fortnight at the very most in New York. While we were here waiting for passage I was offered a part with Ethel Barrymore—on the stage, mark you, for I knew nothing of picture work, and I’m jolly glad to say I’m still here.”

I laughed with him—you would, for even if his laugh didn’t prove contagious, the sparkle in his grey eyes would.

Running true to the proud American form, I thought of the Grand Canyon, which he had undoubtedly stopped off at when crossing the continent. It is one of the seven wonders of the world which America boasts and—well, I wondered what he had thought of it. I mentioned it.

“I say,” ejaculated Percy, “it’s a nasty gash, don’t you know.”

I came perilously near choking. My indignation was great until I caught the glimmer of a twinkle in his eye,
and then we laughed together. Somehow, I contend that there are some Irish Marmont ancestors. His sense of humor manifested itself in human flashes all thru the evening—no Englishman ever came honestly by such a great sense—not unless all signs fail!

He is most enthusiastic over America—not in any cheap or patronizing way, but with a deep sincerity.

"I don't need to tell you how I like it when I'm staying on," he said: "Nothing could be further proof. I have come to understand that which I previously misunderstood in the American, judging him by the tourist—the nouveau riche tourist, just as the American judges wrongly the Englishman because he sees the corresponding type of Englishman swanking about in this country. We are akin—Anglo-Saxon—and the day cannot be far distant when the two countries shall be closer entwined than they are even today."

Now and then he would lapse into slang—he pro-

He is much younger than he looks on the screen and well-groomed as Englishmen are well-groomed... and he is never-failing in his diplomacy. Above, a portrait study; center, with Alice Brady in "In the Hollow of Her Hand"; and, below, with Alice Joyce in "Slaves of Pride" fessed a great liking for it; in fact, maintaining, as so many do, that it is most expressive and often entirely adequate.

Books came in for their share of the conversation and there seemed to be nothing deemed worth while which he had not read. The conversation, taking a serious trend, touched upon fate, and he admitted a belief in it.

"I think a belief in fate is a consoling belief," he vouchsafed. "Fatalists accept things and do not resent reverses as others do—they do not grow cynical as easily as others, either, and they strike more of a happy medium in their plan of living."

"You don't think it is a belief which robs one of ambition or of incentives?" I asked.

"No," he declared, "I do not believe that it does. None of us believe that it is previously ordained whether we eat duck or beef at a certain meal and we all know that we must make strides, but I do think the great issues of our life are more or less predestined."

You readily believe that he has set no easy goal for himself, and when he said he was leaving the Vitagraph, sorry as he was to sever such pleasant connections and as much as he had enjoyed working with Alice Joyce, "a delightful and charming woman," he wanted to do other things which he felt he could not do there.

Having worked before the camera, he would be loath to leave it, and he does not care to do both stage and

(Continued on page 102)
We are still able to breathe with much effort. Our head is the only thing left visible from under the avalanche of photographs which have descended upon us. We are almost snowed under—and we are reminded somewhat of the small boy who carelessly kicked a tiny, grey, nondescript-looking object on the roadside. A swarm of insects ascended from the grey object and, settling themselves forcibly on various parts of his anatomy, gave the boy much food for reflection for many a day to come. Like him, we are finding it in our hearts to realize quite clearly that we have “started something” as it were.

At this, the date for the issuance of the third honor roll of winners in the Fame and Fortune Contest now running in all three of our publications, i.e., The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, the contest editors are snowed under an avalanche of photographs representing the stupendous fact that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand dream of and long for the chance to prove that they are potential Mary Pickfords, Theda Baras, Wallace Reids and Douglas Fairbankses, etc. From the sunny shores of the warm Gulf Stream to the frozen plains of the Great Northwest, we have had responses from those who are anxious to enter the contest—from those who are anxious to enter a brother, sister or friend.

We never dreamed that beauty had as many varied exponents! A ceaseless stream of photographs pours into our offices, and we gaze upon a blonde from New Orleans that looks like a dream come true—and look into the great, dark orbs of a brunette from Alaska and—forget our environment.

We wish to make this the most novel and unusual of all Fame and Fortune Contests—and we open the gates to all—tall and short, girls and boys, men and women, rich and poor. The only condition which must be kept in mind is that you have not had any great amount of stage or screen work. That is, you must not have played prominent parts in either field.

And another thing. We wish you to bear in mind that there is no accepted standard of beauty. Moreover, beauty is not absolutely essential. If you possess that which is greater than all beauty, that which is prized above rubies, that which is as rare as a June day—namely, charm, it will show in your photograph. See that the man behind the camera does not retouch your photograph. By sending a photograph of yourself as you are—a truthful portrayal of your features as they appear—you will avoid much trouble and annoyance.

You may possess neither
Announcement of
Third Honor Roll

beauty nor charm—but you may possess that
greatest of all requisites for a screen career—
screen personality! With this you may be as-
 sured of yourself and of your future. Screen
personality is the foundation of rock upon
which to construct your temple of fame. It
is the secret of success of each and every star
shining in the firmament of fame today!

With the contest now under way, we fully
expect and hope that no corner in the entire
country will be left untouched. From the
obscurity of a village hamlet there may
emerge, thru the all-reaching medium of the
Fame and Fortune Contest, a worthy succes-
sor to Mary Pickford, to William S. Hart.
The contest is open to all—and we play no
favorites. A staff large and capable is in
charge of things, and the photographs are
carefully selected and passed upon—then dis-
cussed in detail before the names of the
winners are an-
nounced.

Ladies and Gentle-
men—We take great
pleasure, then, in pre-
senting to you the
following winners
who comprise the
third honor roll:
Bertha Helen Keat-
ing of 49 Marlboro
Avenue, Springfield,
Mass. Miss Keating was
born in Springfield in
1906 and is a blonde of
fair complexion with blue
eyes. She has had no
experience whatever.

Beryl Williams of 5
North Sacramento Ave-
ue, Ventnor, Atlantic
City, N. J. Miss Wil-
liams has brown eyes and
a fair complexion with
golden brown curls. She
has posed for calendars.

Johanna Huschle of 245
Hillside Avenue, Jamaica,
N. Y. Miss Huschle is
five feet seven inches tall, with dark-brown eyes and
hair and has had no experience.

Marion Cole of 1363 East 112th Street, Cleveland,
Ohio. Miss Cole was born in Chicago in 1901, and is
of light complexion with blue eyes and golden hair.
She has had no experience.

Agnes Zetterstrand of 331 North Main Street,
Waterbury, Conn. Miss Zetterstrand was born in
1902 and is a blonde. Her only experience has been in
amateur plays.

Edna Moore of 903 Sixth Street, Sioux City, Iowa.
Miss Moore was born in Montana in 1903 and has hazel
eyes, black hair and a dark complexion. She has had
no experience.
When Ouija Reigns---

Cinema stars and directors—all are in the throes of the ouija board craze. Between scenes and during luncheon hours the psychic boards are brought forth and coaxed into foretelling all sorts of things. Zena Keefe, Rubye de Remer, Director Bob Ellis and Elaine Hammerstein are all ouija fans—they insist the little table travels over the board by itself and that they don't push it—ever!
The Blower of Bubbles

Dorothy, o' the clan Gish, cherishes a dream—
a hope of some day forsaking the comedy field and de-
voting her talents to the more serious things—
drama, perhaps tragedy. And we find it in our heart
to hope it will remain a dream bubble. The silver-
sheet would be poorer by far without comedy à la
Gish.
Perhaps, if you happen to fancy flowers, you’ve watched a pink rose bud first peep thru the slender green of its calyx, tremble for a brief while in the midday sun, extend its petals ever so carefully, and at length offer itself to the world in all its delicate, full-blown beauty.

A long time ago, when pictures were young and the world of the screen was a small one, a girl with soulful blue eyes, a wealth of golden hair, and with all the exquisite pink-and-white in her skin that expert weavers cannot blend into velvet texture, emerged from the portrait-studio of Penrhyn Stanlaws in New York, picked her way to the old Vitagraph film plant in Brooklyn, found herself dazzled by the piercing, artificial lights of the studio, and, under their almost cold warmth, opened her heart—a Swedish Venus, the Neyron of the screen.

The poets say that women are flowers. Some have the lowly humility of the pansy; others the gorgeousness of the rose, as Anna Q. Nilsson. Still others are the purple poppies of passion and a very few have the cold whiteness of the cactus.

Various shades of pink characterize Anna Q. and her Hollywood bungalow. First, there is Anna Q. herself, the faintest pink-and-white; next is her wall-paper, pinker pink; finally, there is her negligee—a deep cerise.

She is reclining on a chaise-longue by the window. It is Sunday afternoon and she is resting. “Snook,” a diminutive Boston bull, blinks sleepily at her from his point of vantage in her lap as he inwardly thrills from the stroke of her hand across his silk-like, shiny and fat back. A tall, standing lamp is a canopy over her head. Fluffed pillows protect her back from the wicker hardness of the chaise and her feet from the spiky, woollen Navajo blanket on which they are resting.

The room is tiny—as tiny as only a room in a California bung--
M A J O R T R E N T O N ' S  b e a u t i f u l
daughter, Octavia, was a sensation
when she was introduced into the
very aristocratic society her father
moved in. She was a sensation, always, with
her father. He pinned his faith and love to
her as he did his pride. When she was twenty
she married, very much against his will, and
came, for the first time in her sheltered, lovely
life, hard up against realities. She had,
abruptly, harshly, the veil of illusion torn away from her.
She knew poverty, love’s seamy side, illness, death.
After her baby was born she never walked again, and
shortly after that her husband died, and the old major,
saddened, embittered, took them home to live.

“There is one stipulation, Octavia,” he told his daugh-
ter, “and that is that Felicia is brought up according to
my idea—and my idea is to build a wall about her and
around her, so high that . . . e cannot scale it, so guarded
that it cannot be climbed. The tides of the sea outside
must not drift in . . . with their wreckage . . . .”

Octavia was beaten and saddened. Life had taken her
and had manhandled her. Her spirit was bruised and
broken. She was ready to assent to anything so that she
could feel quiet and safe. Walls seemed good to her.
Safe to her. There would be, within walls, no din and
confusion, no storm and stress, no hurting—just peace.
So terribly had she been battered by the fates that she had
forgotten the calls of youth. She had forgotten the needs.
The colors, the songs, the dreams . . . the dreams . . .
so bright . . . She forgot that Felicia would grow up to
them, her heritages, and that they would not be there . . .

Thus it was that Felicia came to “play-pretend.” She
had to. In all the world there was just her mother, on
her back, staring, almost all the time, straight ahead of
her, with listless, widened eyes, turning, now and then,
to smile at the child with a smile that tightened Felicia’s
little throat.

“Love did that to your mother,” her grandfather told
her once. And Felicia came to associate love with pain.

And there was her grandfather. He said very little

and then it always saddened
Felicia, too. He said such
very dreadful things of tides
outside the walls, engulfing
sorts of tides that swept over
one and bore one away to be
shattered to infinite bits upon
disastrous rocks. For all Fel-
ricia knew, or was permitted
to know, there was a washing,
dreadful sea outside the high
walls of their garden. She had never seen beyond.

Felicia, when nearly grown, was still “playing pre-
tend.” She had no facts at her command—her grand-
father had seen to that. But he had not been able to hold
in abeyance her instincts, and her instincts told her
things. Lots of things. She knew that even if the great
sea did wash outside their garden walls that there were,
there must be, islands on that sea . . . far away . . .
oh, far away . . . islands where people lived and loved
and laughed . . . and some day . . . some day . . .

Then, one afternoon, Felicia was playing in her gar-
den. She was making believe the flowers could talk to
her and was having a busy time. All at once, miracu-
ously, it seemed, a hat spun over the walls and dropped
at her very feet. A boy’s hat, like, and yet unlike, the one
her grandfather wore. Like, and yet unlike, the hat old
Dobbs wore when he fared forth upon the open sea for
provisions.

Felicia spoke no more to the flowers. A laugh had
followed that hat. It, too, had come over the garden
wall. It, too, had dropped at her feet, and then, little by
little, as the sun draws the warm vapors from the
ground, her heart drew the laugh up, and up, and it
nestled there . . . at home.

Felicia was eighteen. There was no mention made of
it, and yet Felicia knew that to be eighteen was to have,
in some form or other, achieved a landmark. “Certain
Legal Matters” had been there that day, for one thing,
and Felicia, coming into her grandfather’s study unex-
spectedly, had heard her name going back and forth between the two. She had never liked “Certain Legal Matters,” whose correct title, she knew, was Mr. Burrell. She felt that he did not belong in the simplicities of their house within the all-encircling walls.

Late that night, she stole forth into the garden. The moon was riding high above it and yet, tonight, it did not seem to be so very high. It seemed almost as tho, a white angel, it was bending low to her to whisper something to her . . . something wonderful and very sweet . . . and the stars, too . . . how golden they were . . . how tremulous as with many mysteries . . .

All at once, miraculously, oh, surely, a boy spun over the garden wall, a man, and dropt at her very feet. He stayed quite still after his descent and looked up into her face, and his eyes were still and yet startled. And then, little by little, as the sun draws the warm vapors from the ground, her heart drew him to his feet and he bent forward there on that first imemorial night and kist her . . . and she kist him, too . . . and they were at home .

“Where did you come from?” he breathed.

“How did you find me?” she whispered.

“How wonderful!” he said.

“Oh, wonderful . . .” she echoed.

“That you are you,” he said.

“That you are you,” she told him. “Is it . . . just another . . . play-pretend?”

He seemed to understand. He shook his head. “It’s real,” he said; “it’s true. Oh, it’s true, Moonshine, Starbright . . . whatever wonderful, shining thing you are . . . it’s true . . .

“Yes . . . it’s true,” she nodded, “the first true thing. The very first. The . . . the only true thing . . . in all . . . my world . . .”

A little later she said, “Was it your hat . . . years ago?”

“Yes. I must have known. Even then. I felt you calling. I felt it again . . . tonight . . .”

“I was calling . . . and I didn’t know. For truth. For the truth of things. You . . . you are the truth of things. Tell me, is there a world beyond, or just a sea . . . washing at these walls . . .?”

“A world, my Beautiful. A world, full of things. Colors and songs—pain, too, but we must keep that from you . . . happiness . . . people doing good. Suffering, but joy, too. Oh, you would love the world, Beautiful, and the world would love you.”

“Then . . .” The girl held him with her ineffably dreaming eyes.

Outside the garden walls strains of music came to them, and, in the moonlight, Felicia danced, as often, to some drifting, vagrant tune, she had danced before.

The boy watched her, spellbound. “That is the music of the world,” he said, “and you . . . you dance to it . . . as the young tree bends to the young wind’s call . . .”

The dance was abruptly stopped. Felicia’s grandfather heard the voices under the garden wall, and came upon them, just in time to see Felicia touch young Dudley Hamilt’s lips with her own.

The silver shift of the dreams they had been weaving was rent asunder.

The next day Major Trenton and his granddaughter departed for Canada and an even more secluded dwelling, The House in the Woods.

It was lonely, after that garden dream, but Felicia could still play-pretend. She could pretend, for instance, that down that straight path between the sentinel pines the boy would walk to her, head high, heart tender. Oh, he would come one night . . . And she could play-pretend that she would run to meet him . . . and would kiss him as she had done that night within the garden walls . . . and they would talk . . . and dream . . . ah, surely, that sweetness would come back again . . .

And she would play-pretend, too, that once he came he would not go again . . .

There is only one trouble with play-pretending. It
has a habit of coming out in rather an obverse fashion. Felicia's play-pretending did not bring Dudley Hamilt, but it did bring her a letter from him. The letter told her many things. Made her feel that play-pretending had gone rather beyond its rightful limits; that she was a woman grown with a woman's work to do. It told her, too, that her mother had died. Her grandfather had told her, merely, that they had taken her mother away to a place where her might have better and wholly curative care.

Felicia had a bad time of it. Her mother was a fixture in her young life, in her young thought, a beautiful, still sort of thing, beautifully permanent. To know that she had gone down the outer wall and let in waters despairs and engulfing.

Dudley told her, too, that her old home was in a bad way. Taxes were encumbering the old place, and, in an effort to collect revenue, no matter how, "Certain Legal Matters" was letting the rooms of the old mansion to a number of entirely undesirable tenants. "My heart broke," wrote the young lover, "when I saw who was defiling your garden, my Sweet, when I saw faces at the window where your face had been wont to look down, so wondrously, so wonderful, so white..."

The letter brought Felicia definitely outside the walls. Her grandfather, she knew, had no longer the power to keep her there. He had grown very old under the strain of her mother's death. At any rate, he paid little attention to things about him now. It was easy for Felicia to slip away. It was the thing for her to do. Some one had to look after the major's affairs, and the some one was she.

It is not easy to deal with facts for those who have, always, dealt with fancies. And yet, Felicia found, fancies are but facts dressed for a masquerade. There had been a frequent visitor at their home in days gone by, a man who handled her mother's few and detached affairs for her. Felicia had never known his name, but she had called him the Portia Person for reasons best known to herself. Once, coming upon her in her garden, he had held her small face between his hands... such kind hands!... and had told her that he had a little whimsy to the effect that some day she might want a friend... a real one... one who had dwelt on the uncharted seas beyond the wall, and that, if she ever did, she must come to him and he would help her steer her course...

It ought to be easy. Felicia reasoned, to find the very important Portia Person.

It was not easy at all.

THE STOLEN KISS

Fictionised by permission from the Realart production. Adapted to the screen from the story, "Little Miss By the Day," of Lucille Van Slyke's by Kathryn Stuart. Directed by Kenneth Webb, starring Constance Binney. The cast:

Octavia Day | Constance Binney
Dudley Hamilit | Rodney la Rocque
Major Trenton | Bradley Barker
Peter Alden | John M. Schable
John Ralph | Robert Schable
Mam'selle D'Ornay | Edna Davies
Marthy | Ada Nevil

And her nursery! She found that she could rent it for three dollars a week, and that it gave her the pitiful, the inestimable privilege of weeping over the ramping lion whose cavortings upon the nursery walls had filled her infant days with a delicious terror.
No one had ever heard of any Portia Person. After a while it occurred to Felicia that the meeting with the Portia Person would have to be in the nature of a great adventure. Some day she would be going just around the corner, and lo! there he would be. In the meanwhile, the money she had brought with her wouldn't last and she must live. Princesses in towers, she remembered, sat at a spinning-wheel all day long. She couldn't spin, but she could make a shining needle fly...

It didn't seem possible to Felicia, just at first, that the enchanted house on Montrose Place could become the place it had. And her nursery! She found that she could rent it for three dollars a week, and that it gave her the pitiful, the inestimable privilege of weeping over the ramping lion whose cavortings upon the nursery walls had filled her infant days with a delicious terror.

Little Miss By the Day became a figurine on Montrose Place. Only to one or two, and one a child, did she confide that she had been the mysterious personage kept for so many years secluded in the walled-in garden. She went from house to house, plying her shining needle and "playing pretend" that she wove into the cloth dreams that would garment the people who wore it in silver shoon and amber-gold. It was quite a happy play-pretend. And when there were children in the house she sewed in, Little Miss By the Day would tell them marvelous tales to the tune of her shimmering needle. She filled their little brains with moonbeams and star-dust and sent them to bed all tingling with fairy lore and the game of Being Good. She told them that good fairies were ever and ever so many more than bad ones and that there was, always, a "live happily ever after" ending to everything. She said that hers hadn't come yet, but that it was waiting for her; she knew, "just around the next one corner."

There were quite a few corners to turn—and then Felicia went one day to a new house to sew and found herself face to face with the Portia Person. After that, of course, things began to unravel, just as the fairy tales do. The Portia Person was just as he had always been. He said that Felicia had no business to be going about in such a way, doing such work. It would be, he supposed, a sort of tangle to get the right thread to the major's complicated affairs, but he would do what he could...and in the meantime he would, personally, direct Felicia to places that would be pleasant as well as safe.

The very next place was the home of Dudley Hamilton's grandfather. It didn't seem so incomprehensible to Felicia as it might have seemed to one who had not dwelt in the realm of play-pretend. It was, indeed, an almost natural thing for Dudley's voice to come to her from the room next the one in which she was sewing. Felicia believed in the good fairies and the live-happily-ever-after ending. Dudley would have to come back!

It didn't seem, tho, looking at herself in the mirror above her, that princesses looked as she did. She was all out of place in the dainty room. The gown she wore was the gown her mother had worn when she had been a girl. All at once she knew that she did not want Dudley Hamilton to find her like this. He must come to her in the garden, and she must be clad in silver shoon and amber-gold. That was the way it would be in the land of play-pretend.

Felicia left an odd little, hasty little note and stole away. Something hurt her where her soft heart beat. She didn't feel like going back to the despoiled garden. There was a park nearby and she wandered into that.

There was a girl sitting on a rustic bench and Felicia...
sat beside her and began to talk in the friendly, yet impersonal little way she had. The girl, who was a Sculptor Girl, it seemed, had a heart-hurt, too. She was in love with a man whose name was Dudley Hamilt. . . . (in the dark how those two young hearts quivered!) . . . and that very day Dudley Hamilt had told her that he could never give her the love she wanted . . . because he loved another . . . a dream person . . . and had loved her . . . and would love her . . . all his life thru. "Of course, in a way, I'll be glad," the Sculptor Girl said, "when I get over the very first pain. I'll be glad because it's beautiful. It's a very beautiful thing that Dudley gives to his 'Princess Play-Pretend'—that's what he calls her, to me."

The Sculptor Girl went home, that night, with Felicia, and the two were the beginning of a sort of a restoration of the old house. Felicia filled it, gradually, with the persons she met or the Sculptor Girl met who were doing, endeavoring to do, beautiful things. It was peopled again by dreams and its corridors echoed with the light footfalls of fantasies. In the re-born atmosphere, which yet admitted of the washing seas without, Felicia felt almost happy again. In his House in the Woods she made glad the heart of the old major by her letters telling him how, once again, she dwelt within the walls with a little company of folk, all believers in the fairy folk.

It came to Felicia, in the old garden, that she, too, might contribute to the beauty of things herself. She could sing, and dance, she could give to the heart-hungry without the walls, high on the tidal, restless seas, some of the beauty, some of the witchery, some of the quaint old-timeness, the unworldliness, the play-pretend of the walled-in garden. She could give them what she had . . . the heart of a child in the heart of a city. She could teach them, who knows, to be in the midst of strife and sorrow, of evil and distress, yet not be of it . . . she could give them her glad believing . . .

And of course she did. A broken heart will harbor fairies and be glad . . .

"She is a piece of thistledown," they said, "come from an old-time garden into a city's draught."

And then, one night, after the Sculptor Girl and the others had gone to bed, Felicia stole out into the garden, where she had revivified the roses, the hollyhocks. The silver shoon of the riding moon was glorifying them . . .

On such a night, she thought, Dudley Hamilt had come to her . . . and given her the kiss that lingered, even tonight, upon her mouth, a sacrament . . . a seal . . .

On such a night . . .

Outside the walls, a voice called her name. She answered and Allan Gramer, a theatrical manager, responded to her invitation to come in.

He looked at her thru slightly quizzical, slightly puzzled eyes. "You are either beyond belief," he said, "or you are the fortunate victim of most fortunate propaganda. This cloistered stuff is great business, and I'll say that you get away with it. Whatever it is . . . what does it matter? You're a divine thing to look on and you've got the gift, and no mistake. I've come here tonight for a twofold purpose. The one is to ask you to take the stellar rôle in my new musical production. The other . . ." he came closer, his breath, unakin to the soft breaths of the 'oses, touched her face, "the other is to . . ."

Felicia screamed. Something dreadful, she sensed, was about to happen to her . . . the washing seas, bearing driftwood, were coming in upon her . . . then it was true what her grandfather had said . . . this was what (Continued on page 96)
It is quite true that I set out to "cover" Geraldine Farrar the prima donna and Geraldine Farrar the cinema star. And while, after a fashion, I did "cover" them, it was primarily Gerry the woman with whom I chatted away the evening. And I might have called my story "The Philosophy of Geraldine" and it would have been quite all right, for her philosophy is well worth handing on to every one. But somehow, when I left her palatial home and wended my way subwaywards, I felt that I had met, above all else—the woman.

Her philosophy is not of the brand which orators deliver to audiences, clothed in exquisite literary style—it is an every-day philosophy and she does not talk it—she lives it.

She is vivid, possessor of unlimited energy, optimistic and supremely happy.

One might shrug his shoulders and ask why she should not be happy. Fortune has remembered her consistently, it is true, and she has tasted in a great measure the success for which countless thousands daily strive.

At the Metropolitan Opera House in New York she holds the audiences spellbound by the magic of her voice and the artistry of her acting thru the entire winter season. The glittering horseshoe, with all its representative-ness, culture and wealth, has been at her feet.

In the winter she devotes her entire time to the opera and it... in the spring, summer and early fall that she and Mr. Tellegen live quietly in Hollywood, giving themselves to the screen films, she has reached out into the most obscure corners of the world, bringing romance in all its tones of...
rose and silver to those who may never know Geraldine Farrar the prima donna.

But I should not say that it is primarily because of this that she is happy.

Her home holds many treasures; its curving marble stairways are carpeted in velvet and the walls are tapestry hung; rare rugs from the East, where dusky hands spent lifetimes in their weaving, cover the exquisite floors; there are priceless bits of furniture, many pieces with a history; and the cream bookshelves encircling the rose-silken upholstered walls of the library hold priceless volumes, many of them first editions, hand-tooled with exquisite engravings.

Because these things have come to her thru her own endeavors they possess for her a value far beyond their intrinsic worth—but again I should not say that it is this which brings her happiness.

Before she came I had been conscious of

the great beauty about me, even while I talked with her secretary.

Then she came—Gerry—one always thinks of her as that; it suits her, somehow, with her happy earnestness.

The iron-wrought door clanged; she spoke a few sentences in French to the butler and then she swept in, swathed in caracul cloth and chinchilla.

"Miss Fletcher," she said, "you have waited. It was kind of you."

Then the wrap and hat were flung into the old-rose recesses of a wide polychrome chair and she curled up on the lounge, giving her mar- (Continued on page 94)
HOW would you like to be Mary Pickford's cousin? Or, perhaps, Elsie Ferguson's brother, or Tom Moore's sister? Or better still, how would you enjoy being a first magnitude motion picture twinkler yourself—a reel personage whom titled ladies in New South Wales are wont to claim as a "long lost" brother?

As it stands, however, the matter of relatives is definitely closed—with the stars. Every picture player who is anybody at all gets hundreds of admirers' letters every day. Being exceptionally calculating, we shall proceed to burst into mathematics by saying that in every ten letters received there are four which claim said film idol as an estranged relation. A third cousin by marriage, perhaps, or, to be even more intimate, as 'twere, a strayed-from-home son.

Lonesome ladies in Ireland are wont to write the above-mentioned Tom Moore, telling him of sons who strayed to this land of the free (this is written with no thought of prohibition) years and years ago to win fame and fortune. And Tom, having acquired them both, is certainly the long lost one.

And, to balance the equation, we beg to announce that doddering daddies in Keokuk, Iowa, are wont likewise to insist that Clara Kimball Young is a daughter of theirs who ran away to get married. It's just that way.

But, as things actually stand, the photo-famous, being quite as human as those of us who ride on street-cars and eat thirty-five cent luncheons, themselves lay claim to large quantities of close family connections. Usually, it's customary, in a yarn of this sort, to start off dignifiedly. Let those who would crave fame show how wise they are! Me for the domestic prattle.

Business managers are absolutely necessary adjuncts in the movie game, because the time-honored profession has its snags—in the form of portly gentlemen who sit behind portentous desks and speak the language of Mammon—that are calculated to chill the heart of the most ardent aspirant to cinematic honors when she enters the
imperial chamber for the purpose of signing contracts with the producing organization.

Foremost among the managerial coterie, permit me to introduce Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary, Jack and Lottie, beside whom a Wall Street financier is a small-town boob. Mrs. Pickford is perhaps more the famous Mary's "silent" partner—silent, at least, until it is time for the check-book to do its work. At which instance "mommer" is quite apt to step in and cool the flaming ardor of advertising solicitors and would-be scenarists. But, seriously, tho, Mrs. Pickford has from the first been the one person to whom Mary could turn for professional advice without being cheated out of her shoe-buttons. She has handled every big "deal" Mary has ever contemplated, and now that Miss Pickford is the head of her own producing organization for United Artists, it is her mother who wields the managerial gavel and tells employes of her daughter just exactly how much of her money they are at liberty to spend for the various necessary adjuncts of production.

And, of course, together with Mary, there are likewise Jack and Lottie, and Mrs. Pickford, in addition to attending to her studio (Continued on page 92)
It is in a large house with exquisite gardens and sweeping lawns that Nazimova dwells. Here she seeks respite from the studio life—here she ceases to be Nazimova, exotic, — bizarre. Here she becomes the woman,— but even then Alla is not just as other women. To her there must always be a vividness, a certain distinction—it is that which makes her— Nazimova!
By

**MOTION** picture concerns are multiplying so rapidly that producers are having a difficult time thinking up new names for them. We offer the following titles as being so far untouched:

- Ulikem Productions,
- Weona Film Co.
- O'Cedar Photoplays, Inc.
- Uneelum Pictures

With Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, Jim Corbett, Kid McCoy, Benny Leonard and Carpentier being rushed from the prize-ring to stardom on the screen, it begins to look as tho the surest way to become a movie star is to be a champion boxer.

Yet last month we saw a book advertised for sale at ten cents giving full instruction on how to learn the dramatic art and become a screen star.

Any one who buys a book on dramatic training or takes a course in a motion picture school is wasting valuable time. The thing to do is to join the Y. M. or Y. W. C. A. and take a few lessons in boxing or swimming.

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Already we've had served us on the screen:

- “Who's Who?”
- “Who Is Your Brother?”
- “Who Is Your Neighbor?”
- “Who Is Your Servant?”

With quite some anticipation we look forward to seeing:

- “Who's Your Iceman?”
- “Who's Your Pawnbroker?”
- “Who's Your Undertaker?”

An actor is reported as suing Douglas Fairbanks for $100,000 for an injury received in a scene. If an actor can recover this sum for one clip on the jaw, we know a lot more prize-fighters who will quit their profession and take up the dramatic art.

About the only one that believes what a press agent says about a star is the star herself.

We were going to write about the original hard-boiled movie pests, but An Old Exhibitor in the Dramatic Mirror has beaten us to it. Here they are:

and Ince take a back seat.

4. The camera-man who once had a snapshot studio of his own in Hobokus. But his pictures were some likenesses.

5. The art director who could revolutionize the business at one stroke, but . . .

6. The child actress, a second Mary Pickford . . . nuff sed!

Originality is not a dead issue on the screen, after all. The ouija board has had a lot of newspaper publicity of late, and yet so far this month only six producers have used one in their productions.

**Some Sure-Fire Winners**

Jay Belasco.
Josephine Hill.
Irene Rich.
Frank Mayo.

Some day some brilliant author is going to write a story about a young millionaire who gets kicked out of college, has his allowance cut by his father, but goes out West and makes good by showing the cowboys how to ride horses.

Clipped from a New York paper: “Another director is ‘rushing’ East with a print of a picture he has just completed.” If any motion picture director, producer or player has ever made the trip across the continent at a normal rate of speed, the phenomenon has never been recorded.

Now that the Gloom boys are predicting that Charlie Chaplin is “going back,” (like they did about Mary Pickford two or three years ago), Charlie will have to disappoint them with one of his old-time comedies.
"Naturally," said Marion Davies, "with prices soaring and inflated as they are today, the June bride will have to exercise care in the preparation of her trousseau. However, that doesn't necessarily mean any limitation as to the occasions for which the gowns and wraps will suffice."

She smiled slightly. "Of course, you know," she said, "I have had no experience in trousseau-shopping, but, like every other girl, I have ideas on the subject, very decided ideas, in fact," and she patted the violet tea-gown she was wearing thoughtfully and began to pleat one of the pale pink streamers which fell from the neck.

"About the bridal gown itself," I questioned, "what do you think about that? Is it an extravagance?"

"Oh, I think not," she hastily answered. "A wedding is so wonderful and a girl looks so very beautiful in the dress and veil that it would be a great pity to miss it all, wouldn't it? If I were planning a wedding and my funds were limited, I'd manage a wedding-gown and veil somehow."

"A lace veil, naturally, would be useless extravagance," she continued, "but one of net has the same softening effect. The main thing is, tho, I would say, to have the veil arranged becomingly about the head. There are so very many ways that it can be worn—high with a coronet effect, with peaks like the Dutch girl's cap or drawn softly back with a few gathers.

"And as to the dress itself—well, you need an evening gown above all else, for the receptions and things which follow the wedding tour and the sprinkling of parties, dances and family gatherings which will come during the first year for which the trousseau is generally supposed to provide. Trains are detachable and there are many suitable fabrics which will lend themselves to dyeing if a pale shade is preferred for evening"

(Continued on page 121)
The Great Accident

By NORMAN BRUCE

F. Wintrop Chase is elected mayor, he'll lick you for Congress next fall. You know that well's I do. Amos. Peter Gergue spat with nice aim into the cuspidor across the room and elevated his knees comfortably higher.

Amos Caretell made no direct reply. A born politician, Amos, who knew better than to admit anything, even the undeniable. Instead, his shrewd eyes turned from their contemplation of the dirty little law office with its dusty piles of old briefs, its faded carpet and fly-specked map of North America on the wall to the section of Hardison to be seen thru the dusty window.

It was a typical small-town scene, the brick block with the Mason's hall and dentist's sign above the drug-store, the windows of which flaunted political appeal to "Vote for Chase and Law," and "Vote for Holliwell and Personal Liberty." Beyond the ramshackle bulk of the Drummers' Hotel loomed, like a disreputable old loaf, blinking evilly in the late afternoon sun. Into the doorway of the hotel a slim, boyish figure was just turning, dog at heel.

"H-m—young Wint Chase still absorbing Kite's Cure for Care, eh?" Amos commented. A light had come into his crafty blue gaze, a smile tugged at the corner of his lip. "Sh'd think his drinking would hurt his father's dry campaign."

"It's helped it," the lawyer scowled. "Chase considers Wint a disgrace and lets everybody know it, not excepting Wint. Says he wants to be mayor so's to close up the town so tight there cant a drop of whisky leak thru. And he'll do it, too, tomorrow. Holliwell's a joke. He'll poll about ten votes, all told."

"H-m." buzzed Amos Caretell. He rose, tall, loose-jointed in his almost consciously negligent clothes, worn in deference to the farmer vote, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and stuck it into his pocket. "After the meeting tonight, Peter, suppose you keep the crowd together, after Chase has left. I've got a few words to address to the voters of Hardison myself."

The lawyer, weazed as the brown calf volumes on the shelf before him and, like them, dusty, regarded his patron dubiously between his elevated knees. "Hardison'll eat out of your hand in most things, Amos," he droned, "but even you cant get it to elect a poor feeble fish like Holliwell that wouldn't dare to contradict his own shadder."

"My eye-teeth may be store-made," Amos growled, "but I dont need any advice from a 'whereas' slinger like you! Your business is law, Gergue; mine folks. Leave Hardison to me!"

In the rear room of the Drummers' Hotel, Wint Chase, unwholesomely flushed and bloodshot of eye, was chewing a soiled billiard ball about the dingy green-felt table. He was a likable looking youngster of twenty-three, with a white, girlish forehead, a mouth that did not close quite firmly enough and a dogged chin. The combination of the latter two features had resulted in his expulsion from college the year before and in his drinking steadily ever since. Yet the reason at the bottom was neither depravity nor weakness, but a furious dislike of good advice. He was thinking now about the last person who had attempted to reform him, only an hour ago, and tho his hands shook and his eyes filled boyishly at the memory, his chin was stubborner than ever.

"—and so you see," Joan had said, sadly, "even if I do..."
care about you, Wint, I— I can't go on. I care about me, too, and I'll never marry unless I see I stand a fighting chance of happiness." Her delicate face had quivered as she laid the little pearl ring in his palm. "Oh, Wint! I wish—if you'd only brace up and stop drinking—"

And so, because he wouldn't be bossed by anybody, Winthrop Chase, Junior, had come straight from Joan to the Drummers' Hotel and had drunk already more than was good for him. He'd show her she couldn't nag him into doing what she wanted, he'd show 'em all.

"Hel-LO!" Carter Routt, tight of waist, sleek of black hair, wonderfully tailored in a showy green suit, stood beside him, with a friendly blow on the back. All small towns know Routt and his kind, the son of the village washwoman, usually, handsome, admired by all the girls, always supplied somehow with pocket money and leisure.

"Thought I'd find you here, old man! I s'pose it wouldn't do to ask the son of Hardison's dry mayor to have a moist one? No, you've had enough—better cut it out, Wint. It's the only safe way—for you."

Wint flung off his friend's hand irritably. "Oh, for God's sake, don't you begin preaching! I'm fed up on that holy stuff, Cart! Get it from morning to night at home. What's the odds how much I drink? What else is there for a live fellow to do in this dead town?"

He had another drink; several others, in fact. And they did not improve his appearance. When he stumbled into the hall of his home, a little later, Hetty Morfee, the hired girl, passing thru with a clean tablecloth over her arm, uttered a subdued squeal. "Oh, Wint!"—in Hardison the help has not yet learnt to use the humbler style of address toward its employers—"you've been at it again! Gee! You'll get it when your father sees you, and him getting lected tomorrow on prohibition!"

Wint laughed derisively. "You should fret, Hetty! I'm a bad lot, didn't you know that? You've heard it often enough around this joint!"

At the sound of his voice a frail, worried-looking woman in an uneasily worn black silk dress hurried out from the dining-room. Hetty disappeared, leaving Wint to face his mother's eyes defiantly.

"Do n't nag, Mons" he said, sullenly. "I've had a few drinks, and I expect to have a few more before dad gets the town mopped up. I don't want any supper, anyhow—"

He tried to brush past her, but she put out one sallow hand and caught at his sleeve. "Something's happened, Wint. I guess I know! Tell mother, dearie. Is it—is it—Joan?"

The boy nodded, twisting his hat-brim. "She says the same as the rest of you, that I'm worthless and all the rest. Well, she's right enough."

"So the son of the next mayor isn't good enough for Joan Arnold, even if her father is the banker!" Mrs Chase blazed. "Well, I guess you've no call to worry, Wint. They're plenty other girls prettier than Joan, and stylisher, too. There's Agnes Caretell, now. I noticed she kep' looking over at our pew last Sunday, and it wasn't to admire my bonnet, either, I guess." Her tone dropped, took on the old familiar plaint: "But, oh, Wint, if you'd only keep straight—"

Wint pushed back his chair with an unpleasant, rasping sound. His father looked up, scowled. "Where you think you're going tonight? To that disreputable resort you seem to find so congenial? Well, you're not! I've stood all I'm going to stand of your goings on with my decent name. You're a disgrace to it, but by heaven, you're not going to drag it in any more mud, not while you live under my roof!"

Winthrop Junior, faced his father blackly. His chin grew very
grim. He opened his lips to tell him that he'd find another roof then, but the words were never spoken, for the telephone in the living-room rang shrilly. As Chase sprang to answer it, his son hesitated, turned on his heel and plunged out into the hall. The boom of the closing door seemed to disturb the older man's hearing, for he cried out violently, "Eh? What's that you say? I didn't understand."

His wife came and stood beside him. She saw his face grow grey, his lips sag incredulously, saw him hang up the 'phone slowly and turn toward her a face piteous with bewilderment. "They say— they've elected 'Wint as mayor—"

Mrs. Chase began to babble excitedly, but he pushed her aside and sank into his chair. "He has—the same name. They simply wrote 'Junior' after it on the ballots." His sagging frame tightened with a great burst of rage. He brought his fist down crashing on the table. "God! They've made a joke of me before the whole State! It's some of Amos Caretell's doings—he and Wint framed it up! They thought it was great sport to elect a drunken loafer—a no-account—as mayor! Where is that ingrate who did this—"

But Wint had gone. And no one was able to find him that night. The committee of announcement were seriously embarrassed by their lack of a candidate and early the next morning sallied out to find the missing mayor, the search finally bringing them to the disreputable Weaver House, a frame building below the railroad tracks which was patronized by mill hands, foreigners and the riff-raff of the town. The dirty old woman who met them at the door pushed back strands of wispy yellow-white hair and smiled toothlessly. "He's here," she admitted, "and beautifully drunk. Not that he got the stuff here, saints forbid, but—"

Wint was, as she had said, amazingly, beautifully drunk. He lay sprawled on the squalid bed, breathing heavily, and only snarled when Amos Caretell shook him. "Go 'way—lemme alone. I'm ver' com-fible—"

When they continued...
him, savagely, all the venom of his wounded pride and disappointment. He called Wint unforgivable things, unforgettable things. He raved, he swore. He ended by ordering his son out of the house. And Wint went, holding his young, brown head very high. In the hall he kist his mother silently and shook hands with the weeping Hetty.

"Let me know if I can do anything for you, ever," he told the girl, touched by her real grief for him. Poor Wint had not had many tears shed for him, and they fell gratefully on the arid places of his soul.

Hardison chattered, gossiped, made a nine days' wonder of the break between the Chases and of Amos Caretell's championship of the young mayor by inviting him to stay at his own home. Then, gradually, as the days went by they forgot to wonder, almost forgot that Wint Chase's election had been a joke. They could not guess, of course, that the sole reason for the boy's new steadiness, his abandonment of his old haunts and attention to the duties of his office was due to Amos Caretell's careless remark, on the first evening of his régime:

"I suppose, of course, you won't see this thing thru, Wint? Guess it's too much of a stunt for you, isn't it?"

All the old stubbornness, fury at being dictated to, rose in Wint and spoke for him, almost without his meaning to say the words. "Stick! I'm certainly going to stick! And the folks that thought it would be a joke to elect drunken Wint Chase as mayor are going to find that the joke's on them!"

It would be possible to write the annals of Mayor Wint Chase's first term, of the surprises he sprung, the amazing innovations he introduced when he directed the town marshal to see that the obsolete liquor laws were obeyed literally and in truth. Wint did not do these things at once; most of them he did not do until his term was drawing to a close, but he did them and thereby awoke strange and diverse sentiments in the breasts of his amazed and incredulous fellow townspeople.

But, of all the changes made in Hardison, the most radical changes were those he made in himself. With the first touch of responsibility that he had ever known, Wint Chase seemed to see himself for the first time. And he grew a trifle sick at what he saw. Doggedly, with the thoroness which had led him to make such a complete success of dissipation, he began to tear down and rebuild. He who had spent few useful hours now settled himself to learn something of what was expected of a mayor, of the laws which he had sworn to enforce. And, to his amazement, he found the study interesting.

People began to say that young Wint might make something of himself yet. There were those who watched and said nothing. Winthrop Chase, Senior, never referred to his son, nor allowed his name to be mentioned at home, yet there was little that Wint did that the grim, gaunt man did not know. Hetty, too, oddly silent and

(Continued on page 114)
My first impression of Florence Billings was of a very competent person.

My last impression of Florence Billings was of a very competent person.

And in the middle, which consisted, substantially, of luncheon at the Knickerbocker, my impression was the same.

I may say, without hyperbole, that Miss Billings is a very competent person.

I knew that at once by her nicely managerial attitude. To wit: I was clutching a very unwieldy pair of rubbers in my right hand, and unwieldy rubbers which same have seen the mud of many a Long Island road are not just the impedimenta to take with one to a luncheon at the Knickerbocker. Also, I had two important phone calls to make, didn't know the numbers, and was in a high state of irritation. Upon meeting Miss Billings I felt as tho a cool hand had

She is not a spectacular person. She is the sort of girl you would wish your daughter to be . . . She is no drone in the hive and would have no use for the drone. Above and below, two new portrait studies

been laid upon my brow and, in some figurative sense, my helm had been grasped. Miraculously, the rubbers became neatly engulfed in brown paper, later to vanish completely via the checking system, and Information had smoothed away the snarl of the ambiguous numbers.

Then—the way she ordered luncheon! With what competence and with what cool insistence upon ways and means! Upon service, obsolete art!

It's just her way!

She would be doing something. One knows that. And she would be succeeding at it. It wouldn't very much matter what.

The only thing she wouldn't be doing is nothing, and the only way she wouldn't be doing it is unsuccessfully.

She is probably the only silversheeter in captivity who didn't have the idea of the screen in mind when she reached the very mature age of sixteen—or less. Mostly less.

Miss Billings didn't. She had it in mind to write, and having it in mind was just one logical step behind doing it. She did do it. She wrote scripts. She then, systematically, (Continued on page 101)
Across the Silversheet
Reviews of the New Pictures
By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Is obviousness going to be the bane of silversheet drama? Somehow I, than whom there could be no greater admirer of the silent stage, could not force this thought from my mind during my attendance at last month's picture shows. It seemed to me as if every point was driven home to the audience so positively ... as if we were school children and everything must be carefully explained. It seems to me it is high time that the picture audience was credited with some intelligence. It is not necessary for an actor to gesticulate all over the celluloid to make us understand that he is portraying anger, neither is it necessary for an actress to hop all over the screen to successfully simulate carefree youth. A time did exist in the history of the movies when emotions had to be hammered home to the audience by playing them crescendo. This was before we found our movie feet, however ... now we are able to walk alone ... and we can appreciate sublety of acting. If there is one plea I would like to force home to the average picture player ... it is to refrain from treating their audience like infants. Credit us with a little imagination, intelligence and understand. We, the audience, as well as you who make the silent drama, have passed the primer stage.

Pollyanna—Mary Pickford Production

Even our beloved and serious-minded Mary Pickford errs in this, her latest production, in trying to jam an emotion, or rather an effect, down our throats. As Pollyanna she is bewitching and looks the part of a dear little girl. She is the little girl—and it is not necessary for her to prance all over and play all sorts of odd poses and pranks for us to realize that she is youthful, carefree and joyous. I anticipated great things of Mary Pickford's "Pollyanna,"
because the little glad girl who maintained her belief in the goodness of things despite her serious reverses is one of my very favorite fiction characters. Perhaps it is because of this that I sensed a disappointment—perhaps I expected too much. It would seem, tho, that Miss

Pickford has depended upon slapstick action rather than heart situations to get her effects, but the Pickford poignant beauty is more in evidence than ever before, and her antics, it must be admitted, are amusing—and now and then she touches our heart-strings. I saw Patricia Collinge play "Pollyanna" on the stage, and I am not ashamed to say that my eyes were scarcely dry throughout the performance. I would like to see Mary Pickford play "Pollyanna" again—without the obviousness of the rainstorm and the puddles—and I'd like to see her portray the sentiment of Pollyanna's romance with the orphan boy she had befriended. The screen "Pollyanna" is handicapped, too, by a cast for whom we can neither arouse interest nor sympathy. Aunt Polly alone is optically satisfying.

ERSTWHILE SUSAN—REALART

On the other hand, young Constance Binney, a comparatively new comer working against the indifference of her audience, completely wins us to a heartfelt interest in her fate before we have seen fifty feet of her as the abused girl-child in "Erstwhile Susan." While this is an older release, I cannot pass it by without a word of high praise for the excellent humanness of the direction and the lovable characterization so seemingly unconsciously wrought by Miss Binney. Mary Alden, too, as the peculiar but kind stepmother, disciple of Del-sarte, contributes one of the very finest bits of acting I have seen on the silversheet. The atmosphere of the whole play is excellently maintained and the whole cast so well chosen that we feel a personal worry over the fate of each one of them.

THE WILLOW TREE—METRO

I found this Japanese romance as fragrant as the first violet of spring. It satisfied me as only that which is ideal and dainty ... young and inspiring can do. Not a whiff of the horrid, the sensual, the ordinary ugliness of life has been allowed to soil its charm. It is as sweet as youth's day-dreams and as fragile. Viola Dana as the little Japanese girl who rebelled against a loveless marriage and substituted herself for a wooden image in a young man's home, betrays a depth of understanding and a sweetness of inspiration that amazed me. Trenton Pell alone, as the young hero,
was too heavy and of the earth for this pretty picture fabric. He seemed heavy ... as if his footsteps might break the Dresden china beauty of the "Willow Tree."

THE INVISIBLE BOND—PARAMOUNT

Altho this plot deals with every-day troubles and not ideal might-have-beens, its very trueness to life is its great asset. Irene Castle and Huntley Gordon portray a man and wife who are separated because of very human faults which any of us might possess. Having taken his stand by the other woman, the husband is too proud to admit himself in the wrong; the wife too injured, nay, too proud, to ask him to return to her—and so they go their separate ways until an accident kills the second wife and the husband rushes to his first wife ... for in time of trouble only the mate of his heart remained in his memory. So naturally is the whole played that it is like a day of life. The actors neither tear their hair nor beat their breasts, and yet we can almost feel their thoughts. Mrs. Irene Castle-Tremaine is to be congratulated, also Huntley Gordon, the director ... and the adorable child.

STRONGER THAN DEATH—METRO

No greater artiste at touching the lachrymal glands exists than Nazimova. Yet in this torrid drama of the East she seems to me over theatrical. Perhaps my blood is running cold, the result of New England ancestors, perchance; but I found myself completely out of tune with all the heated passions this picture presents. Yet it has moments of intense power. Especially the scenes between the brutal colonel, played by Charles French, and his son, portrayed by Charles Bryant.

THE LUCK OF THE IRISH—REALART

Again Allan Dwan has gone to enormous expense in his production, this time Harold MacGrath's novel. For his settings he takes us practically around the world, and the atmosphere is very well retained. The story concerns a poor Irishman who falls heir to a fortune and forthwith sets out on a Cook's tour accompanied by a small urchin he has (Continued on page 107)
Your hands express your real self—be sure you manicure them the right way

How you can have hands as well groomed as these

The consciousness of unbecoming or unattractive clothes may hurt—but it cannot strike deep down as can the fear that you are judged wanting in real refinement. That you are judged unmistakably lacking in personal nicety.

How uncomfortable this fear can make you! How many times magnified any shortcoming which may cause it becomes in your own eyes!

Of all the indications of personal refinement the most significant, next to personal cleanliness, is well-kept nails. To many, ill-kept nails indicate more than carelessness, they indicate actual vulgarity.

A few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails and cuticle always exquisite. The most important part of the manicure is the care of the cuticle. You must never cut it, for cutting ruins the cuticle. But with the Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

Give yourself a Cutex manicure regularly, once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, and you can have nails that you are always proud of.

Cutex is on sale at all drug and department stores.

Six manicures for 20 cents
Mail this coupon below with 20c and we will send you a complete Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard sets but containing enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least 6 manicures. Send for it today.
Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name: ____________________________
Street: ____________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ____________

(Northern Cutex Remover, 1x14 and 1x4 and Set, Cutex Cake Polish is 5c.)

Put a little Cutex Nail White underneath each nail way you can always have perfect nails and cuticle.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in Cutex and work around the base of the nails. Then wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, delicate base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nail. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry or grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

Give yourself a Cutex manicure regularly, once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, and you can have nails that you are always proud of.

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Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.
Our Animated Monthly of News and Views
By SALLY ROBERTS

I ATTENDED the first-night performance of "Mary's Ankle" in Los Angeles, and found Doris May receiving congratulations in the lobby later. Of course, I joined her admirers promptly. Mrs. May was with her daughter and very pleased over her popularity. The mother is an accomplished writer, a very lovely and cultured member of the Los Angeles literary set, who has great ambitions for Doris. Just between ourselves, Mother May wasn't very well pleased at Doris' decision to act—but now that Doris has arrived, her mother is awfully amiable about letting her remain in pictures, and she is quite glad that Doris would be a college graduate and writer. Miss May was wearing a taffeta frock, a long, fur-trimmed, loose coat and small turban. Later I saw them again alone at Petitfil's, enjoying hot chocolate and French pastry. The hour was early, only nine-thirty, when they got into their car to go home. Doris is one of the sensibly brought-up young girls of the screen, so simple, sweet and unaffected that one might think she had never known publicity.

Tod Browning just finished cutting "The Virgin of Stamboul," and after saying good-by to everybody on the old back ranch at Universal, roped his little old trunk, gathered up the wife of his bosom—otherwise known as Alice Wilson—and departed for a four-weeks' trip eastward, principally southward, for they are to visit in the old home at Louisville, Kentucky.

I was watching Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons on the set one day with great amusement. They direct each other, you know. It's hard to tell who is acting and who directing when the camera is not turning, for each follows the other's suggestions so closely that one isn't sure who's rehearsing and who's directing. They are very earnest—a regular Damon and Pythias—before and behind the camera.

And Bessie Love is to do Little Nell of "The Old Curiosity Shop." Could any one be more quaintly delightful than Bessie? Seena Owen has gone to American studios, Santa Barbara, to take Margarita Fisher's place.

Elliott Dexter was simply swamped the other day by people shaking his hand and congratulating him on his screen return, for he started work that very day. He looks fine, younger, so much rested. He has been putting much of the time spent in convalescing in home-garden work, raising lovely flowers—and lettuce! He limps slightly, and expects to be out of that condition shortly, too.

As I walked over to the executive offices, I sauntered into a small room where sat Tommy Meighan, made up for "The Prince Chap," comfortably
These are usually possessed by the woman who knows that in the careful execution of her toilet, she has left no opportunity for slighting comment. Every detail has had attention—particularly her complexion.

She is equally at ease in the witching candle light of the tea room and the bright sun-light of the busy street because she knows that her skin is smooth, soft—delicately lovely.

RESINOL SOAP is often found among the toilet requisites of such a woman, because it refreshes and invigorates while it lessens the tendency to oiliness, roughness, blotches, chapping and other blemishes. Try it today not only for your complexion but for your bath.

At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Trials free on request.

Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
swaying on a straight chair tilted in a corner, reading a movie magazine. He jumped up blithely and rushed to fetch a paper cup of water, for the hot set had made him horribly dry. Tommy is always so Irishly gallant—no doubt that's why every woman falls so hard for him. He told me he is playing opposite the first small leading woman of his long career, little Peaches Jackson. She ran in just then, and was followed by that cute child, May Girraci, who has been famous ever since the old Griffith days. She and her little sister are dark, swarthy types like their tiny mother. One meets them continually at the various studios, for these children are very popular because of their acting ability, obedience and adaptability.

"I'm to have my first starring part next month," confided the pongee-shirted Mr. Meighan. "The Frontier of the Stars" was written by Alfred Payson Terhune, and it deals with all the New York tenement tops and skyscraper lines—which are the real frontier of the stellar bodies, you see. There will be an invalid girl, something like 'The Miracle Man' girl—I dont know who will play the lead, for you see, she must be very unsophisticated and innocent-looking and—well, nowadays there are not many who quite fill that description, are there? The girl will be suddenly cured thru a fright—which is quite logical; it has happened often that people have learnt to walk again when animated by fright and the spirit of self-sacrifice. I think it's a corking good story!"

Over in a corner stood three huge pasteboard boxes, the sort in which canned goods are shipped. I asked boldly, "Whose fan letters are those, Mr. Meighan?" Tommy said, "Mine—they are going to look after the answers at the studio now; it's grown beyond my ability. They've poured in by the thousands since 'The Miracle Man' was shown."

I saw "Fatty" Arbuckle, too. He has bought the house in which Theda Bara lived while in Los Angeles.

At Metro, I saw Viola Dana coddled up in her chair, wearing the filthiest old dolman cape, with those high-shouldered effects and the most impossible figured material.

"My, but your eyes look like the Pacific Ocean today!" I was struck by the odd change in Viola's orbs.

"Green, aren't they? Yes, I've been crying hard, and they always turn green when I do that," she confessed.

"Do you have trouble crying to order?"

"N-o-o-o, not if I think hard about the sad part of the scene. But if they play for me I have to laugh, and that spoils the waterworks. I rarely can stand music while I'm crying; seldom is it of the right kind. If it sounds sort of waltzy, I have to laugh every time."

Poor kid, she had been ill all day, but was too game to go home. I said, "Why don't you stop work now—it's almost three?" You cant put anything like that over on Viola, tho; she's the essence of a New England conscience. "No," she shook her head very soberly for that imp of mischief—"I (Continued on page 116)
Those Pretty Teeth
No Cloudy Film-Coat on Them
This is How Millions Now Get Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of people have found the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. This is to urge that you accept a ten-day test. See how it changes your teeth, then decide about it by the visible results.

They fight film
Modern research shows that the cause of most tooth troubles is a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.
The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So brushing has left much of it intact. And night and day, on countless teeth, it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is this film-coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So few escape the troubles caused by film.

The way to end it
Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have proved its efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise it.
The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this new-day tooth paste, in all ways, complies with modern dental requirements.
To make it known quickly to the millions who need it, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

Based on pepsin
The film is albuminous matter. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now found a harmless activating method. Now pepsin can be every day applied, and forced by the brush where the film goes.

It complies with all modern requirements. So in three great ways this dentifrice surpasses all the former methods. Now every family should at once find out how much this method means.

You can see them everywhere
This new method is used on millions of teeth now. Wherever you look you see the results of it. You see glistening teeth—teeth you envy, probably. And you know they are well cared for.
You can learn the way, without cost, by a simple ten-day test. And we urge you to make it now. There are few things more important.

The results are quick and apparent
Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Pepsodent needs no argument. You will see the results when you try it. And the book we send explains the reason for them.
Compare your teeth now with your teeth in ten days. The facts will be a revelation to you. Decide by those results then between the old ways and the new. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

PAT. OFF.

A scientific film combatant, combining two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 355, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

PAG
Little Whisperings From Everywhere
In Playroom

Richard Barthelmess will again be seen opposite Lillian Gish in the screen version of "Way Down East," the stage success for which Mr. Griffith has obtained the motion picture rights.

Marguerite Clark, better known in New Orleans as Mrs. Frank Williams, has purchased a beautiful residence at Hammond, La., the center of the state's strawberry district.

Mary Anderson, at present under contract with Colonel Wm. Selig, will be seen in the character of "Bubbles," her latest starring vehicle.

Madame Petrova has posed for head and bust for Francis Cranmer Greenman, a young portrait painter of the Middle West, who is to exhibit it, along with portraits of other notables, at the Milwaukee Institute and the Detroit Museum of Art this spring.

Alice Lake is extremely proud of her Irish ancestry. Hence she was more than pleased at receiving from an admirer a St. Patrick's Day poem which read:

"Erin go Bragh, Wurra, Wurra, Bedad and glory be:
Oh, pray be gay, St. Patrick's Day and many of 'em, Whee!"

Louise Glauin came East early in the spring on a shopping tour and stayed with us one day at our Bohemian lunch table. She talked of chicken raising and housekeeping and was not at all "vampire," but extremely charming in a "regular" way.

David Warfield, the distinguished stage star who has hitherto sedulously avoided participation in the silent drama, has developed an interest in the stage's sister art to the extent that he visited the Metro studios recently and together with William H. Crane, the veteran American actor, posed for the first motion pictures ever made of him.

Eulalie Jensen is supporting Herbert Rawlinson in his newest feature picture, "Soul Spinners."

Lucille Cavanaugh, loved and admired throughout the whole continent as a vaudeville star, makes her screen debut in support of William Russell in his new picture, "Leave It To Me."

Helen Ferguson is playing opposite Mitchell Lewis in "Burning Daylight," the first of four Jack London stories to be picturized.

Raymond McKe is playing opposite Shirley Mason in "Love's Harvest," another story from the pen of Pearl Dole Boll.

A letter from Maysil Commerford, daughter of Thomas Commerford, known to his friends and co-workers as "Dad" and the "Grand old man of the movies," announces the passing of one of the most famous men of the last decade in the motion picture world. He entered the picture business in its early days with Selig and later with Essanay. His best work was done with the latter and thousands will remember him in "Granzkirk," "Twilight Down," "The Sting of Victory," "White Sister," and other screen plays.

Virginia Faire, one of the winners of the "Fame and Fortune" contest, who has been engaged for a long term of years by Universal, is soon to be seen in the rôle of a French-Canadian girl in "Red Head," a story produced by Holman Day.

Eileen Percy has affixed her name to a Fox contract and will appear in a series of six pictures.

Antonio Moreno, the only American picture star of Spanish birth, entertained V. Blasco Ibanez as his guest in California when the famous Spanish novelist was touring the country.

Alice Brady has dozens of pairs of earrings of all periods and designs. While Miss Brady no longer wears them, she still delights in taking them out occasionally and reveling in their beauty and thinking of who wore them and to what period they belong.

When Helen Keller, deprived of the sense of sight and hearing, appeared in the picture production, "Deliverance," it was thought that she had reached the limit of her possibilities. But another triumph has been scored for this remarkable woman in her vaudeville début at the Palace Theater, New York City.

Wanda Hawley, who has played many leading feminine rôlest in Paramount pictures, will become a Realtarist and will appear in a series of light comedies.

Betty Compass has formed her own company and will produce at the Metro 

Wanda Hawley, who has played many leading feminine rôlest in Paramount pictures, will become a Realtarist and will appear in a series of light comedies.

Betty Ross Clarke has a leading rôle in the Griffith production of "Romance," starring Doris Keane.

Corinne Griffith was the winner in a popularity contest recently conducted in a chain of Brooklyn theaters operated by the Wehner Amusement Company.

Grace Davison, who has been vacationing on the West Coast, is working in a new story written and directed by Charles T. Horan.

Irene Rich, who has played opposite Will Rogers in several pictures and who has signed a contract which will keep her busy in Goldwyn productions for a number of years, came to the screen from private life, without previous screen experience.

The Historical Film Corporation of America, recently formed in California, has two projects entirely different. One is to film the stories of the Bible, applying them to modern conditions to meet a demand of schools and churches. The second project is to make a series of educational films for the use of universities, colleges, high schools and other institutions.

Geraldine Farrar has severed her connection with the Goldwyn company. It is not her intention, however, says Dame Ruth, to leave motion pictures entirely. She is expected to do many pictures before it.

Herbert Rawlinson is doing his second picture for J. Stuart Blackton, called "The Soul Spinners," a story of manners and life in the higher strata of American society.

Corinne Griffith will be starred in "Gumshoes 4-B," which was among the thirty stories which were prizes in the recent O. Henry memorial contest conducted by the Society of Ar. and Sciences. The purpose of the contest was to develop stories in the style of the famous O. Henry.

Dorothy Dalton will be starred in "This Man—This Woman," adapted for the screen by Rosina Henley from Avery Hopwood's play.
YOUR complexion is surrounded by enemies—there is that inward enemy that shines the face. There is the tricky breeze that dries and dulls the unprotected skin. There is dust that clogs the pores.

Be always on your guard against their wiles.

EXPOSURE to wind, sunlight, and dust coarsens your skin. Skin specialists say that you can protect your complexion from this injury by applying a protective cream before every outing.

Of course you cannot apply a cold cream before going out—cold cream leaves your face too oily.

Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It is made precisely for daytime and evening use. It has not a bit of oil in it, so it cannot make your face shine.

In this way you can keep your face appealingly soft and smooth no matter how much time you spend out of doors.

YOU never can tell when that treacherous enemy, an ugly glister, will creep upon you unawares and make you look your worst.

This cannot happen if you powder in such a way that it will last. You cannot expect too much of powder. The right powder foundation is essential if you are to stay powdered. For this you cannot use a cold cream. The oil in it soon comes out in a worse glister than ever.

Before powdering rub a tiny bit of Pond’s Vanishing Cream on your face. Then notice how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on indefinitely. Until you wash your face it cannot shine again.

DUST is a subtle enemy. When your skin grows dull, loses its clearness, it is simply an announcement that the pores have become clogged deep down with tiny particles of dust.

To remove these, vanishing cream is not enough! Only a cream with a good oil base will suffice.

Before you go to bed and after a train or motor trip, rub Pond’s Cold Cream into the pores and wipe it off. It contains just enough oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. You will be shocked at yourself when you see how much dirt you were harboring.

When you go downtown, stop at the drug store or any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. You need never again fear the little flaws that ruin one’s appearance.

POND’S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream
One with an oil base and one without any oil
Marshal Neilan has been requested by the government to make a special Americanization picture. As soon as he obtains a suitable story Mr. Neilan will comply with the government's wishes.

William McPherson, a well-known film cowboy, was instantly killed when the automobile in which he and four other cowboys were riding to location was struck by a Southern Pacific freight-train near Los Angeles.


Jack Pratt, who deserted the megaphone of the director for the grease-paint of the actor to play a role in "The Third Generation," has signed as a prominent part in the forthcoming "Su Pits" picture under Henry Kolker's direction.

Johnny Hines, well-known comedian, is visualizing on the screen the adventures, pranks and antics of "Torchy," the famous character of Sewell Ford's stories.

George Stewart, nineteen-year-old brother of Anita, is playing the juvenile lead in Douglas Fairbanks' comedy, "The Mollycoddle."

Jack Holt and Mabel Julian Scott are announced to head the cast of "The Translation of a Savage," a screen version of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel of that name.

Billie Burke missed her train one day on her way to "location" at Atlantic City and flew to the seaside resort in the aeroplane she will use in producing "Away Goes Prudence."—and that's what the gang cried when Miss Burke left the aviation field.

Mrs. May Mason, mother of Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, is in London visiting another daughter, Edna Flugrath, who is now appearing on the stage in London.

George Larkin and his wife, Ollie Kirby, are back on the coast after an absence of a year.

Many stars have been scheduled as "about to leave" for a trip to foreign lands for the purpose of making pictures, but Peggy Hyland is actually doing it. She is now happily on her way to England, France and Egypt, where she will make pictures for Samuelson Films.

Betty Blythe will play one of the principal feminine roles in Lew Cody's next picture tentatively titled "The Mischief Man."

Janis Wilson, who is the younger sister of Lois Wilson, will play a leading role in Maurice Tourneur's next production.

Florence Turner, popularly referred to as "The Vitagraph Girl," will make a reappearance on the screen in a single-part comedy entitled "Stenographers First."

For the first time in the history of New York theatricals, Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore appeared on the same bill recently at a benefit performance for S. Rankin Drew Post, No. 340, American Legion. S. Rankin Drew, son of the late Sidney Drew, was the first veteran actor killed in the late World War, and this Post, composed of theatrical and motion picture people, was named for him.

Ruby De Remer is credited with possession of the largest collection of kimonos, and will wear most of them in support of Eugene O'Brien in "A Fool and His Money."

Wallace Reid has been appearing after studio hours at the Little Theater in Los Angeles and has been so successful upon the speaking stage that Jesse Lasky and Oliver Morosco are threatening to send him East to star in a Broadway production. It is said, however, that Wallace will make at least three more screen productions on the coast.

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle will appear hereafter only in five-reel feature comedy productions as a Paramount-Artcraft star.

Virginia Caldwell, late of the Ziegfeld Follies, is breaking into the movies in support of Owen Moore in "His Word of Honor."

Hugh Ballin, who directed Madge Kennedy in her first Goldwyn picture, "Baby Mine," several years ago, directed her in her latest picture, "Trimmed With Red."

Anetha Getwell, one of the winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, is working in an American Cinematography production.

In "Sifting Shadows," a Leonce Perrett production, Emmy Wehren wears some of the most entrancing gowns ever shown on the screen or stage. And how Emmy can glorify clothes!

Norma, Constance and Natalie Talmadge, with their mother, spent several weeks at Palm Beach in the early spring, during which time Constance devoted a week to making exteriors for her fifth National, "The Love Expert."

Louis B. Mayer has added two more powerful starring vehicles to the series especially secured for Anita Stewart. The two new purchases are "Harriet and the Piper," by Kathleen Norris, and "Sowing the Wind," by Sidney Grundy.

Marian Davies' next Cosmopolitan Productions starring vehicle will be "Buried Treasure," a romantic tale of the Spanish Main brought up to date.

Filmland had the surprise of its young life the other morning when it awoke to its morning papers to learn that Alice Joyce had become the bride of James Regan, son of the owner of the Knickerbocker, one of the largest hotels in New York. Mrs. Regan has returned to the Vitagraph studios after a fortnight's wedding trip and is now busily at work on her new production. Mr. Regan, Sr., is turning over the Knickerbocker to Mr. Regan, Jr., it is said, where he and his bride will reside.

Earl Metcalfe, who will soon be seen with Corinne Griffith in the Vitagraph production, "The Garter Girl," adapted from "The Memento," by O. Henry, pleads guilty to being the composer of one of the new songs. "Days o' Dreams" is from his pen and is proving something of a hit wherever it is on sale.

Rod la Rocque is another who finds life too easy when working only before the camera. Like so many others of the silent drama he will shortly be doing stage and screen work at the same time. The play in which he will appear behind the footlights has not yet been announced.

Alice Brady is going to reside in a bungalow in California thru the summer months with Husband Frank Crane, where she will devote her entire time to starring in Realart productions. In the fall, however, she will return to stage and screen work at the same time, as she is scheduled to open in a new play.
BEAUTIFUL hands—white as pearls—soft as satin—frAGRANT as the breath of spring blossoms—a rare gift from the Court of Marie Antoinette—Tanforan!

Subtly rounding and strengthening the tissues that have begun to sag or wrinkle, soothing and softening red chapped skin, Tanforan vanquishes those arch enemies of beauty—time and household duties. You will appreciate and marvel at the magic of Tanforan!

And there is still another reason why you will love Tanforan—its perfume! A tantalizing essence of blossoms—music—moonlight—and tender memories! The first breath will grip your heart.

Tanforan is not to be confused with hand lotions, vanishing creams, etc. It is an entirely new kind of beauty treatment.

Tanforan may be had at most of the better toilet goods counters. Ask for it today, and learn how easy it is to have beautiful hands and skin.

Be sure to read the attractive little booklet which accompanies each bottle of Tanforan. It contains a story that will interest you, as well as directions for the use of Tanforan.

What Do Your Hands Express?
Most women have beautiful hands. It remains merely to bring out the hidden beauty by the magic of Tanforan.

The Forceful Type—Tapering fingers, muscular palm.

The Artistic Type—Long, slender fingers, deep hollow in palm.

The Capable Type—Compact hand with rounded fingers.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
Jean Vallée & Cie., 17 W. 42d St., N. Y.
This coupon is worth $1.00 in stamps and this coupon entitles you to a monthly use bottle of Tanforan. First P.M. You will have it. Name
Address

Jean Vallée & Cie
NEW YORK OFFICE 17 W. 42d St.
A. M. P.—Well, you'll observe in traveling, or anywhere, that a man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. No, Al St. John is not the same as Buster Keaton.

John H.—No, I don't keep steady company. I'm only a "once in a while." Afraid of breach of promise, you know. I can't tell why Mary Fuller left the screen. She rarely earns a smile. I sometimes come in some time and have a pinch of snuff with me.

Dorothy V.—No, I don't know when "Mary's Ankle" will be shot in Wisconsin. (That's in Pennsylvania, isn't it?) You just watch for it. Louise Glau is going to be a vampire again in "Theodora." She was in to see us not long ago when I was South, so she didn't vamp me, but from all accounts she vamp everybody else—judging from the nice things they all say about her.

Is Pengo.—You ought to join one of the correspondence clubs. Enjoyed reading yours muchly, and hope to hear from you again.

H. E. N.—Have no fear because typhoons can only rise in hot, damp, still air, and therefore do not occur outside the tropics. Bert Lytell married? Don't know what to say this minute. Nazimova will play in "The Heart of a Child."

Esther.—So you don't like the way some of my readers talk about Alice Brady. And you don't like the way they talk about Doug Fairbanks. Esther, Esther, aren't you willing to let other people have opinions when they differ with yours? Yes, Paul Panzer is playing in "The Mystery Mind." He is the villain as usual. Violet MacMillan the lead.

Dorothy M.—No, I never eat a Frankfurter's egg. Did you know that one of them equals twenty-two hens' eggs? You must think I have some appetite. You want an interview with Jack Holt. Rose Tapley and Tefft Johnson in "The House on the Hill."

Phyllis P.—You bet I'm going to keep right on living. You know that no more than one person in 600 lives to the age of 80, but I'm going to be that one. That wasn't Harold Lockwood. Marion Davies played in "The Restless Sex" taken in Miami, Fla. Ralph Kellard and Carlyle Blackwell in the cast.

Thelma J.—Yes, Goldwyn is going to produce "The Christian." Hall Caine's famous novel. Vitagraph produced it beautifully some five years ago, with Edith Storey and Earl Williams. Sorry, but I haven't the casts for the plays you mention. Alice Brady didn't play in "Iris." You ask, what is the saddest thing in the world? I should say it was the high cost of buttermilk.

English Girl.—I don't want to discourage you or cast any gloom upon your intentions, but they do say, old dear, that the marriage out of every ten in the U. S. ends in a divorce. You refer to Elmo Lincoln. Let me know when you come to America.

Wabro Blossom.—You tell your teacher that the Amazon is estimated to be about forty miles long. Seems to me that at a point 1,000 miles from the sea, Beverly Bayne was Beverly in "The Great Secret." You say you want to see more of William Hinkley. Perhaps you would like to see him in a bathing suit.
YOU'TH, Beauty, Romance,—these are the very soul of picture art.

SELZNICK PICTURES are made with a practical understanding of this great principle.

The qualities you seek in friend or lover, you find in these productions, and that is why—

SELZNICK PICTURES

Create Happy Hours
At Theatres Where Quality Rules
CURIOUS CATS.—I should say curious, but not the latter. Electric lamps were invented by Brush in 1879, but they were not invented until 1891. And it is claimed that the first electric car, the first practical attempt, was built and set to work in Kansas City in 1884, in which double overhead conductors were trolley wheel riding on top of the wire. That'll be 2 pesos. You're very welcome.

HELEN THE FIFTH.—Say, what do you think I am, a machine? Yes, stick-to-ti-veness is a good thing, particularly when you are climbing a telegraph pole. Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "Mary's Ankle." Tom is lucky not to be in the picture. Allan Dwan is producing "The Luck of the Irish." He is with Realart.

E. H. FAR EAST.—Amende honorable means satisfactory, but not in pictures. Well, we all have bota education, one which we receive from others, and another, and the most valuable, which we give to ourselves. It is this last which fixes our grade in society, and eventually our actual condition in life, and the color of our fate hereafter.

TARZAN.—You say two-fifths of the adult population of Switzerland have bank accounts and beggars are few. Me for Switzerland. Bryant Washburn in "The Six Best Cellars." Not books, nor salt cellars, but wine cellars. From what I notice, they are all pretty good. Walsh weighs 180 pounds. Hardly think the Gish girls will answer, because they are very busy. But don't think they are not lovely, sympathetic, appreciative girls, for they are. Yes, I wish I had that good luck. Thanks! I need it. My wish is that buttermilk might go down — I mean down my throat less expensively. So this is your first letter to me? There will be many more. See above for Lillian Walker. Helen Holmes is in Los Angeles. My dear little girl, happiness is not in a cottage, nor in a palace, nor in riches, nor in poverty, nor in ignorance, nor in active, nor in passive life; but in doing right from right motives. Selah.

E. O. S.—I should say about 60 companies. Clio Ricketts has not been in pictures for some time now. Yes, she was a beauty. She rode across the country for this magazine once on horseback. Write me more about the West. Tom Moore in "Duds." Lion.—Thanks for the clipping.

PEARL WHITE ADIMMER.—You ask me how much money I have saved. This is so sudden! Well, I started in this business nine years ago without a cent in my pocket and I've got it yet. You say your motto is "Remember the past, consider the present and provide for the future." On $9.50 per, I cant provide much future. Why it makes me think of that glass of buttermilk. Yes, the Lee children have attended many social functions.

LITTLE EVA.—How's Uncle Tom? Kenneth Harlan is in Los Angeles. Lottie Pickford playing with Allan Forrest. Madge Kennedy in "The Blooming Angel." Dorothy Dalton in "A Gamble in Souls." Anna Bess.—Well, somebody was kidding you. Because a Barmecide's feast is a delusion, a mockery and a sham. Barmecide asked a starving beggar to dinner and seated him at a table of empty dishes. Yes, Earl Metcalfe is with Vitagraph. He stopped in to see how we all were the other day. Girls, he has handsome blue eyes, and not married.

E. W.—You asked the fault was with the director. Warren Kergan says "You can hardly blame woman for refusing to wear short skirts any longer." Then the sentiments, Warren.

CATHERINE.—Of course I liked your blue paper. I am nearly color-blind when I finish a day's work. William Bailey is playing the lead in "The Mad Talm," and Sidney Oleott is at Goldwyn studios, New York. Ellen Urban with Pickford.

SCROLL CLUB.—Did you know our old friend, W. A. Peavey, who was in France so long ago is handsome and sound and has joined the Edgar Jones Productions, Augusta. Me. He has played in "A Fight for a Soul."
Chinwah

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Roxey
PARIS
NEW YORK
A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contests, Past and Present

So many of our readers have written to us asking for information about the Fame and Fortune Contest of last year and for this year, that we think it advisable briefly to review the history of the contest from the beginning.

The Fame and Fortune Contest was conceived and started late in 1918, and was featured in all three of our publications, during the year 1919. Nearly every issue of each magazine contained several pages of pictures of the leading contestants, which we called the Monthly Honor Roll. While we never counted the photographs, we have reason to believe that over fifty thousand were received from all over the world, and some of the estimates are much larger than that.

Our idea was to go thru the country with a fine tooth comb, as it were, bringing forward all the young girls who had motion picture possibilities. We feel in saying that there were very few villages thruout the country which had not heard of this contest, and were not talking about it. We can almost believe that nearly every town and product in the country sent in a representative to the contest. Those who read our announcements and saw the pictures of the leaders in each issue of our three magazines, talked about it to friends and neighbors, and even wrote to distant cities recommending that certain young ladies enter the contest.

For example, in one case a lady living in Dallas, Texas, had a niece who lived in Denver, Colorado. She sent a copy of our magazine to the young lady and advised her to enter the contest, and she did so. Thus, even those who were not regular readers of our publications, learned of the contest, and we believe that the country was well covered.

However, it was our first venture and we made some mistakes. This year we are making good use of our first experience and are confident that the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 will far outshine the previous one.

On account of the recent printers' strike and traffic and freight troubles, together with the terrific shortage of paper, we have been very much handicapped, as have all other publications, and several important announcements regarding the contest had to be held over until we could find them a way into our columns. But for these and other troubles, we would have been publishing every month the usual two pages of beautiful pictures of the contestants. All difficulties having been surmounted, the contest is now under way, and running in full force.

Last year the judges of the contest were Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tournier James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, J. Stuart Blackton, Samuel Lumiere and Eugene V. Brewer.

The judges for the 1920 contest will probably be Mary Pickford, Dime, Olivia de Petrola Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tournier, Samuel Lumiere, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, D. W. Griflce, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewer.

In September, 1919, the judges announced twenty-five Honor Roll beauties and invited them to come to New York for the making of final test scenes. Twenty-two responded promptly and arrived at the office of our magazines on the appointed date, whieh they were taken in automobiles to the country estate of Mr. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief of our three publications, at Roslyn, Long Island. Under the direction of Wilfrid North, the well-known motion picture director, the test scenes were made of these young ladies on that date, and also on the following day. When these pictures were developed, printed and shown in our magazines, we decided to spend two more days making test pictures of some of these twenty-two young ladies, and also of a few other lsw who had written to us and were decided to write a scenario, in which most of these young ladies were to appear. Our Miss McGarrity fully wrote the scenario, entitled "A Dream of Fair Women," suggested by Tennyson's poem, and Mr. North and some of the judges made a cast from this list of twenty-five young ladles. The play was completed in due course.

Nearly five thousand feet of film were taken, out of which about twenty-one hundred feet were selected and put thru the usual course of printing, cutting, titling, etc. Then a meeting of the judges was called to see which pictures we would select. Some of the judges were unable to be present, and photographs of the young ladies were sent to them. They then wrote the following young ladies were selected as winners:

Miss Blanche McGarrity, San Antonio, Texas; Miss Virginia Brown, New York City, N. Y.; Miss Anetha Getwell, Chicago, III., and Miss Anita Booth, Reading, Pa.

We had agreed to give the winner of the contest two years' publicity in our publications and to secure a contract with some of the leading producers. Miss McGarrity is now under contract with the Vitagraph Company for $1500.00 a week, and has been on the set making pictures, while Miss Getwell has received several offers, and at the present writing is playing with Ralph Ince, and is receiving $650.00 a week.

We also wish to add, that among the near-winners were several who have also been successfully placed, Mr. Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph Company, said he would take four of the young ladies at thirty dollars a week, but at this writing none has accepted. At that time we expected only one winner, but the result is that we have four to look after.

Miss McGarrity found it necessary to return to her home in Texas, and decided not to accept a contract for the present. Miss Brown, who was only fifteen years old, was placed with the Vitagraph Company under a contract which was approved by the Supreme Court, and which calls for a salary of $500.00 a week, with expenses of $750.00 a week. Miss Getwell was promptly placed with the American Cinema Corporation at $1500.00 a week. She has already been booked on several pictures. Miss Booth received several offers, and at the present writing is playing with Ralph Ince, and is receiving $250.00 a week.

We also wish to add, that among the near-winners were several who have also been successfully placed, Mr. Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph Company, said he would take four of the young ladies at thirty dollars a week, but at this writing none has accepted. At that time we expected only one winner, but the result is that we have four to look after.

Miss Fay Brennan of Washington, D. C., has been playing regularly with a company which is producing in Washington, and has been starring in several small parts for Goldwyn and other companies. Miss Helen Lee Worthing has been playing at the new Capitol Theater in Lewiston, Idaho. Miss Falconer has been playing in Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic" in New York City, also in a small part in "New York, New York."
The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table to be compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post-card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duifield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Drama
C. Comedy
F. Farce
E. Educational
SD. Society Drama
WD. Western Drama
MD. Melodrama
CD. Comedy Drama
SP. Spectacular Production

Superfine. 12
Medium. 6
Very Poor. 1

EDITORIAL STAFF

CRITIQUE

ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ATGEMENT—D-7.
Grace Davison—Pioneer.
Conway Tearle—Pioneer.
BANDON, THE—D-6
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.
Susie Hayakawa—Haz. Worth.
BLOODY CHEATER—CD-7.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
BLIND HUSBAND—D-10.
Eric Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
BRAVE DOROTHY—D-8.
Naziomya—Metro.
BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Broken Prod.—Gish & Barthelmess.
Tourneur Prod.—All Star.
CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES—D-7.
Edmund Leete—Hallmark.
Nina Lehe—Hallmark.
Mation Davies—Cosmopolitan.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.
COPPERFIELD—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.
DANGER DAYS—MD-8.
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Goldwyn.
DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
DUN—D-7.
Breamer-Gordon—Blackton Prod.
DOUBLE STRAP—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
EASY SING—D-7.
Constance Bingley—Realart.
EVERYwoman—Allegorical—6.
All Star—Famous Players.
EXCUSE ME—C-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.

(Continued on page 12)

The high cost of water

This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast cost ninety per cent. Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Percentage of water</th>
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<td>In Quaker Oats</td>
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<td>In round meal</td>
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<td>In veal cutlets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In fish</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

In cost per 1,000 calories—the energy measure of food value—they will average ten times Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats is the greatest food that you can serve at breakfast. It is nearly the ideal food—almost a complete food.

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Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Start the day on this one-cent dish of the greatest food that grows.

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3501
June is the Bride's Month

by long tradition. What care she bestows on her trousseau—her gown, her veil, her shoes, her hair! But after all, it is the ungloved hand with its ring finger that is the most important. See her, as she stands like a queen, to receive the homage of her friends! It is the new-ringed hand their eyes rest upon! Not only for this “day of days” but for every day, the use of

HYGLO

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will make the hands beautiful.

The HYGLO Complete Manicure Outfit costs only $1.50. It contains full size packages of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, HYGLO Nail Polish in cake form, HYGLO Nail Polish Paste (Pink), HYGLO Nail White, with a flexible nail file, emery board, orange stick and cotton.

These and other HYGLO preparations, including rogues, powders, lip stick and mascaraire, may be had separately at 25c., 35c., 50c. and 65c. each.

Trial samples of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, and HYGLO Nail Powder, emery board, orange stick and cotton will be sent you on receipt of 10c. in coin.

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This Outfit $1.50

Activities, has invariably maintained her position as head of the Pickford household, which has even a third-generation member, little Mary Pickford Rupp, Lot-tie’s three-year-old daughter, having already taken her mother’s place in the studio, supervises her makeup and the salary she is being paid. Mrs. Harris is quite as indispensable today as she was those almost-forgotten days when Mildred played in “Home, Sweet Home.”

It was Mae Marsh’s handsome, slender-haired mother, Mrs. Mae Hall Marsh, who held the home together while Mae’s salary was in two figures a week, who inspired and encouraged her daughter and who strived to give her happy children. Mildred and Frances, an education. And it was Marguerite Marsh, Mae’s older sister, who introduced pictures to her younger sister and at length succeeded in getting her a place at the old Biograph.

Another real heroine is Mrs. May Mason, the mother of Shirley Mason, the new Fox star, and Viola Dana, the Metro favorite. Not so many years ago when both of her now-famed daughters were mere youngsters, the family was not any too well-to-do. Mrs. Mason took them to theatrical managers in New York and sold their length successfully in the seeds of the respective careers. Viola Dana, before her entrance into pictures, was nationally-known, together with her sister, for her work in the title rôle in “The Little Rebel,” with Dustin and William Farnum on the screen, which parts for her years. But all thru the earlier part of their lives it was Mrs. Mason who placed them, attended to their wardrobe and to the million other necessities.

And now she, like other mothers of picture stars, is rewarded. Both her daughters have their names in lights, and over feature-film production. Shirley is happily married to Burney Durning, a big, good-natured actor who appears as the Billy Sunday preacher in Allan Dwan’s “The Sower.” And Mrs. Mason, pretty, silver-haired and witty, has a suite entirely to herself at the Hollywood Hotel—precisely three doors to the left from that occupied by the Durnings.

Priscilla Dean’s mother, Mary Preston Dean. . . . Mrs. Mary Preston, is a director of the Pickford’s company, is a director of the Pickford’s company, and he wished it to be at once unnamed, he informed those in the office. Miss Clayton knew nothing about the matter, but, nevertheless, it had been arranged for her attendance at the meeting of the manufacturers to consult him in the future.

“Do you ever get a thrill from reading your brother’s letters?” I asked Ennui (Continued on page 93)
Complexion is Not a Question of Age—

“You, too, can have a youthful complexion like mine. A few touches of Carmen Complexion Powder daily and soon your skin will regain its lovely smoothness and the fascinating tint of blushing girlhood.”

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

Carmen is the name of the powder so many lovely women say not only enhances nature’s gift of beauty by perfectly blending with the skin—but softens the skin and builds the texture wonderfully. And so quickly, too! You’ll really be surprised and delighted, my dear. Its genteel, delightful scent is still another reason why so many really smart women prefer Carmen.

Trial Offer

Carmen Brunette—the new and popular shade—will be sent in a purse size box containing two or three weeks’ supply for 12c to pay postage and packing or we will send any other shade you prefer.

STAFFORD-MILLER COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
Gerry: The Woman

(Continued from page 63)

celled tresses an adjusting pat which was entirely unnecessary. All day she had been rehearsing for the premiere of her new opera, but she failed to appear the least ruffled or fagged.

In the winter she devotes her entire time to the opera and it is in the spring, summer and early fall that she and Mr. Tellegen live quietly in Hollywood, giving themselves to the screen.

Generally it is the incentive to accomplish something which urges us on, and I wondered what urge Gerry knew, when she has, so it would seem, reached the summits of success.

“I am striving to retain that which I have gained,” she explained. “It is far more difficult to stay, as it were, than it is to arrive. At first one is a novelty, but when you have been recognized and accepted, you must prove your right to that which has been given to you. It has been said often before, but its trueness does not affect its truth—therefore, may I say it again?

“My voice and my ability are gifts with which I have been entrusted. My responsibility of caring for those gifts is indeed great—the responsibility of passing them on to my public is even greater.”

She has not made desperate and frantic strides towards happiness. If it be true that she has sought it, then it has been unconsciously. There is nothing forced in her living or her manner, nor does she play at Pollyanna’s “glad game,” yet, she is supremely happy and it is her great sense of happiness which one carries away with him. There is a happiness within herself which shines out.

“Many of us,” she said with her wonderfully brilliant smile, “when we talked of happiness, “base our happiness on the wrong things—base it on worldly things. We are foolish. Such things are passing, and with them will go the very happiness they have brought with them. Take myself, just for instance. Always the public will not flock to see me. My very voice which gave me public favor in the first place, is not a thing to be relied upon. Nervous strain, worry or overwork might rob me of my health and render myself—were my happiness based on that, then I should cease being happy. Oh, no. We were meant to be happy—every single one of us. But the fault lies within ourselves. We blindly call great things little.”

She is earnest in her talking—sitting forward—trying hard to pass over any truths she feels she has come to know.

She was quite sure when I questioned her about it, that it is not the success she has won which has given her happiness, for she told me there was a time when money did not come as rapidly as there were needs for it. She told me also that the time when she, in her early teens, was permitted to go abroad to study, knowing full well, that if these were not results at the end of a certain time, it would mean giving up everything for which she had dreamed and planned. And she was happy then.

“I feel that I was born with a happy disposition,” she said. “My parents could have given me no greater heritage. I think it must be frightful to have to teach yourself to be happy.”

Before she had come, her secretary had told me of her interest in the home; of how she arises early every morning so that she may plan her household matters for the day before giving herself to professional things—telling me of it in a way

During the 1920s and 1930s, it was common for women to use electric massage devices to maintain their health and beauty. These devices were often marketed as a way to improve physical and mental well-being. The advertisement for the STAR Vibrator in the magazine offers a glimpse into this era, highlighting the use of such devices among women of influence.
which bespoke great admiration—in a way that became something of a tribute to her for whom she labored.

And when, during the evening, Miss Farrar evinced a pleasurable interest in the light refreshments which were served I remembered the secretary's words.

Gerry is the prima donna: Gerry is the cinema star.

But far and above that—Gerry is the woman—appreciative of the gifts which have been bestowed upon her, caring for them and loving them—but cherishing her womanhood—her wifehood, even more than these.

Cinema Relations

(Continued from page 92)

Kerry, Norman's little sister, who carefully tabulates his mail and sends out his photographs for him.

"Not at all," she remarked, "they're too many.

"And I once asked Anita Stewart, "what's George doing?"

"Oh," she answered, "he's getting famous on the screen."

Which is the truth. George, her younger brother, is exactly his sister's opposite in appearance. Tall, very blond and heavily built. In addition, he's seventeen, but his sister tells me that he prefers to be known as nineteen. At any rate, he, too, has film aspirations, and Mrs. Stewart—who is really Mrs. Rudolph Cameron, married to the man who was her former leading man, later her war idol and now her business manager—predicts that he's what is popularly termed on the Rialto as a "comer." Already he has appeared in support of Mary Miles Minter in "Anne of Green Gables," and of William Russell in several plays.

And his sister has expressed the hope that he will not remain an actor. She wants him to have a career, but she would prefer that he follow in the footsteps of her husband and forsake the Kliegs for a desk in a business office.

Wouldn't it be lovely to be born into fame? Think of the joys in store for Bryant Washburn's three children and for the two of Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport-Reid! And think how pleasant it must be to have a daddy like Will Rogers! Or like George Beban, both of whom have cast their youthful sons in their picture support.

"Couldn't make pictures without him," said Will Rogers; as he watched his progeny thespianize before the camera.

"He and the leadin' lady are the only good-looking things in my plays."

But—

To make an endlessly-long story short, to minimize this tale of fond hopes, hobbies and hobbies, permit me to introduce ladies and gentlemen, the largest family working in pictures—the Kerrigans.

J. Warren, of course, you all know—and, of course, his sister, Kathleen, who plays Truth in "Everywoman." Perhaps you don't know, however, that Jack's mother, Mrs. Sarah Kerrigan, reads and selects all his stories for him, or that Wallace, his twin brother, is his studio manager. It was on account of Mrs. Kerrigan's health that Jack forego "The Road to Yesterday" legitimate company to become an Essanay player—and, incidentally, to have his own home. And today he has a bungalow in the Hollywood foothills which he built himself and which he calls "Kerry Villa." Mr. Kerrigan has always figured prominently in his son's career. Of yore she used to write stories for him.

As a girl, she had considerable literary

(Continued on page 108)

Her Bridal Day

LET its associations cluster about the wedding necklace of La Tausca Pearls—of French origin—symbolizing all that beauty and purity imply.

The Bridal Tribute Supreme!

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A Roman quality necklace in the Opera 25-inch length with oval shaped white gold clasp set with one diamond. In beautiful purple velvet cabinet . . . $35
Now--a new way to remove hair!

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"Old Town Canoes"

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OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
906 Fourth Street
Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.


Venus From Sweden

(Continued from page 53)

Anna Q, keeps the rose in the bud by a perfectly simple method. Also, she is learning French without any particular effort. In her bedroom is a large, square cabinet which looks like an ordinary packing-box enamelled white. In the top there is a round hole perhaps five inches in diameter—just big enough to encircle the fair one's neck when she takes her steam bath on Thursday evenings. She has a Swedish masseuse come to her at such a time and the two renew memories of the land of the far north. While madame is massaging her, she enters mademoiselle, the French teacher.

Between rubs, chatting and jokes by the masseuse, Anna Q. is acquiring the art of parles-vous, and she's gotten so that she can ask you for a drink of water or tell you that your collar is dirty or that you've a fly on your nose in absolutely the most perfect Parisian.

Why the French, when it isn't necessary to screen personality?

Ah, but it is! Screen "personality" nowadays, says Miss Nilsson, is not the mere matter of a pretty face, as used to be the case, but purely of brains—and if you've the face, in addition, you're just that much better off. Therefore the French and a few other subjects that Anna Q. is working on.

"And what about men?" I inquired. Being a mere male, I felt myself becoming fascinated by the blonde beauty in cerise.

I registered a shock when I heard her remark:

"I hate them! No, I don't mean that—I hate the majority of them, because most men don't play fair. They take you to the theater and invariably want to kiss you good-night.

"Men nowadays have a naive way of thinking that you're in love with them merely because you treat them civilly. If they do happen to marry you, they take you for better or for worse and keep a life-size picture of the divorce court framed and hung on the wall of their mind. They're like eggs—sometimes you get a good one, but you're always taking chances.

"My men friends at the studio are the property and rights of others. They all say, "Hello, Anna Q.," when I arrive, and none of them want to kiss me good-night when I'm thru for the day. They're typically "good scouts," and none of them take me seriously if I happen to joke with them.

"It is hard to be really in love. A love affair, you know, is a real masterpiece—and hardly any of the twentieth century males are capable of genius."

Ambitions are funny things. Take Wallace Beery's, for instance. Once he wanted to be a rags-to-riches—and now he's a high-priced character actor, Shirley Mason used to picture herself a candy-maker, with the sugar in the world at her fingertips. Anna Q., however, says that she hasn't any secret, hidden, burning desire.

"I don't care to be a wonderful star. If I should happen to be wonderful, some one will find it out and star me. I'd naturally like to be in the galaxy, but I don't fret about it.

"Nor do I crave money. I don't give a snap for it, although every day is more convinced of its necessity."

I want happiness and friends. You find so few real friends. It would be wonderful if I had enough money to adopt some of those cheerless orphans I saw the other day; to make them happy by love and care, to bring sunshine into their darkened lives.

"I guess I have a real ambition, after all. I hope to see myself 'set' for about a year so that I can go back to Sweden for a while, get used to the country, and find just enough ground for a comfortable farm on which they can be happy, and give them everything they want. I'd like to bring them here, but they're too old to make the change and learn our language. They would never be happy."

Some time ago a producer wanted Anna Q. to drop the "Q" from her name. She refused, because she claims it's a part of her which she'll always keep.

It stands for: Qvitentia—Querentia, as she's anglicised it.

Nearly ten years ago Anna Q., the young rosebud, lay hidden in the alley of obscurity in New York, having come from Christiania to study. Her father wanted her to be a teacher-school, and she thought that she, too, wanted to be one. In New York she had to earn her own living. Penrhyn Stanlaws saw her, and she posed for him. At length, Alice Joyce, who was another artist's model, came to Vitagraph. The director wanted a pretty blonde and Anna Q. was sent for. She played in one picture and returned to her modelling.

Later, the same director, Kenean Buel, wanted a blonde beauty to play leads at Kalem. Anna Q., who was then in France, and she's been in pictures ever since. She thinks that "Regeneration" is one of her best screen efforts, and she'll always like her work in "Auction of Souls" and opposite Bryant Washburn in "Venus in the East."

A year ago she came West, having a contract with Allan Dwan, under which she has already been in "Soldiers of Fortune," "The Luck of the Irish" and "In the Heart of a Fool."

She's as Swedish as any Yonnie Yonson, and she is very proud of it. When you mention her native land her blue, lovely eyes, light up and the marvelous pink of a Neyour rose flushes her cheeks.

She is typically a beautiful woman with the brilliance that we call "personality." Nearly everyone wants to know what her model's platform for the shadow stage, but it has been only recently that Penrhyn Stanlaws has come to see the shoulders of his other models. It was the fact that he could never seem to forget her "face" that keeps her on the screen and causes the multitude to regard her as the Venus from over the ocean.

The Stolen Kiss

(Continued from page 61)

came of opening the gate when the tide was at its flood. She screamed, and all at once, some one else was in the garden and there was a swift sharp sort of tussle, and hot, mutual--

... well, they were playing together alone, with Dudley Hamilton looking down upon her, his heart in his eyes.

"Did he... did he... did he dare... oh, my White Rose..."

"No," Felicia said, "no... no..."

Dear.

He bent toward her. She leaned toward him. The silver shift of the dreams they were weaving was mended... and whole...
Upholstered Solid Oak Library Suite

Elegantly Upholstered—Seasoned Solid Oak

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We have no dissatisfied customers and don't want any. Order 4-Piece Mission Set shipped to your home today. If at the end of 30 days you are not entirely satisfied with it, return at our expense and we will refund your dollar and any freight charges you have paid. No special discount from this advertised price.

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Closing Date of Contest Extended

Greatest of All Popularity Contests
Closes in September, Not June

The great Popularity Contest is now, in every sense of the word, in full swing and the intense interest which is manifested in it by votes and letters from Canada, South America, Australia, New Zealand and from nearly every town and city in America is something of an inspiration to those who are handling the arrangements connected with it.

Practically all of the letters which have come in, attached to the votes, have commended the manner in which the contest is being conducted and many of them offer suggestions that are valuable. Another phase of these letters that is most interesting and gratifying is the wide-spread knowledge of the film world and motion picture activities which the writers display.

Each reader has his or her favorite screen artist and in the majority of cases sets forth very excellent reasons for the choice. They choose their favorites because of their dramatic capabilities or for their fun-making propicities. Perhaps they choose a woman star for her wonderful and appealing beauty or a male favorite because of his rugged strength. With or without reason, each and every movie fan has one or more favorites.

And, too, the interest in this contest is greatly enhanced by the knowledge that it holds a two-fold advantage for our readers. Besides being an opportunity for boosting their favorite—the player who has given them the most happy hours—each reader also has the opportunity of winning one of the splendid and useful prizes, which are depicted and described in detail on another page.

Just as the contest was announced in the columns of our publications there was a great printers’ strike which delayed issues and generally caused chaos and confusion. Due to this strike, and the irregularity with which the magazines have appeared on the stands during the last few months, despite every effort and great expenditure to have them on time, it has been decided to postpone the conclusion of this contest to September first instead of June first as originally intended. This means you have several more opportunities to boost your favorite star and also more chances to win one of the prizes which are offered. If you have not, entered yet, do so now—add your vote to the hundreds which are pouring into our offices every day—by every mail.

Here are the results at the time that this issue of the magazine went to press:

Among the stars of the fairer sex Mary Pickford leads with 12,875 votes, with Pearl White coming second with 10,240, and Norma Talmadge third with 9,487.

And among the male stars William Hart is first with 5,387 votes, Richard Barthelmess second with 4,284, and Wallace Reid third with 4,120.

Hereafter there will be a tabulation of all the players listed in the contest who have acquired a representative number of votes, and in this way you will be able to keep track of any special person in whom you are interested.

Remember—the contest does not close until September first—that gives you a number of months in which to boost your favorite!

A NATURAL RESULT
Miss Green—He received a false impression from the girl he was playing opposite to.

Miss White—How did it happen?

Miss Green—He kissed her freshly painted lips.

MONOTONOUS
The man in the motion picture theater groaned as the orchestra struck up a tune.

"What's the matter?" inquired his companion.

"Every night I come here they practise that song."
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Mai d'or
(Golden May Days)

Mai d'or—the new and delightful fragrance created by the master perfumer, Vivaudou.

Alluring in its charm, Mai d'or brings to you the wonderfully preserved fragrance of Nature's Bouquet.

Whether for bath, toilet water or perfume, Mai d'or always offers you comfort and the charm of Nature's Bouquets.

Two Toilet Water, 1.25
Perfume, 12 30 and 62 60

Send 25¢ to Vivaudou, Inc., New York, for a generous sample of Mai d'or perfume.
The Right Cream For You
If your skin looks dry, rough, dingy, wrinkled or peppered with blackheads, you may be sure you need creams that will restore skin health and beauty. Marinello Creams have been perfected by tests in more than 4000 Beauty Shops. To find the Cream you need, stand in a good light—examine your face carefully in a mirror and then study the chart. You may secure the advice of Marinello Experts at our Western Office Eastern Office 148 Mullen Bldg. 305 5th Avenue Chicago New York MARINELLO COMPANY

The June Classic
Brimful of Piquant Summer Features

The June Frolics—A remarkable story of the famous bathing girls of the films and where they come from. One girl out of 10,000 "makes" the bathing squad. Truman Handy tells all about it in the June CLASSIC.

The personality stories include Frederick James Smith's lively chat with Betty Connors; interviews with Seena Owen, Dolores Cassinelli, Clara Horton, Jack Pickford and other favorites. And the factionized photoplays are the cream of the month's feature releases.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, New York

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Acne Cream—for pimples and blackheads.
Astringent Cream—for oily skins and shiny noses.
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Lumino Cream—for cleansing, in place of soap and water.
Motor Cream—for skin protection, before exposure.
Tissue Cream—for wrinkles and crows' feet.
Whitening Cream—for freckles and bleaching.

At Drug Stores, Department Stores and Shops.

Classic
Replete with Striking Screen Features

A Resume of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present
(Continued from page 90) the screen, and they returned to their homes, perhaps discouraged. They learned that beauty, grace and figure are not all that the screen requires, and that some of the most beautiful girls do not screen well, while many girls not so successful succeed, when their appearance in real life indicated that they would not. We have also learned that it is impossible to pick winners from mere photographs. The photographers always try to flatter the people. This shows the injustice of any system which depends merely on photographs.

In several cases, the Editorial Committee, acting for the judges, wrote to contestants advising them to call at our office if convenient, and many did so. In some of these cases, the decision was unfavorable, while in others it was not.

This year, we have already adopted the system of having a moving picture camera on hand, and as the contestants appear and pass the preliminary tests, they are put before the camera and a test picture made to secure their photograph. If the committee thinks the contestant is not eligible, she is not invited to appear in a test scene, but her pictures remain in the contest nevertheless. Even if she does not pass the preliminary inspection, she still has a chance of winning the contest. Nobody is infallible, not even Mr. Griffith, and we oftentimes make mistakes. With all of the experience of ten years and all of our accumulated knowledge of stars, present and past, we do our best to give a verdict which will bear the test of the final review. It is obviously impossible to make a test of every one that comes. This would require a hundred cameras and operators and involve an expense of many thousands of dollars. Only those who seem "to have everything" are accepted for test scenes.

This year we are making a five-reel feature in which will be embodied the test scenes of the twenty-five Honor Roll beauties. This picture will be a drama and calls for a number of characters, other than the contestants themselves; hence we will make test scenes of the girls, boys, young men and young women, and even of those much older, in order to see if they will fit into the cast. Before the year is over, we expect to have a classified list of screen possibilities of all types and all ages. We shall make this list available for the producing companies, and we hope in this way to find motion picture employment for many who would otherwise find no means of securing it. We are confident that last year's contest has produced at least two stars who will be internationally known and admired and classed with any ten stars that might now be mentioned. If we accomplish no more than this, we believe that our work has been well done. This year we intend to do still more, and there seems to be no limit to the possibilities.

As to the play which we produced, "A Dream of Fair Women," it is now on the market. All theaters in the United States can show it if they want to. If you want to see it, all you have to do is to ask your exhibitor for it. If he does not know where he can get it, tell him to write or telegraph Murray W. Garson, 1690 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. It is a two-reel picture of marvelous beauty and interest. You will see it some
very pretty girls and some bits of excellent acting on the part of the young girls who had never been before a motion picture camera. You will see a few faces that you will think are not beautiful, but you will know that the photographs they sent to us were beautiful and that every one thought they would be screen possibilities. One or two were selected not because they were thought beautiful, but because they had screen personalities and were of a distinct type. However, we want you to see this little play and judge for yourselves.

You will be doing a favor to your neighbors or distant friends by telling them about it so that they may enter the contest themselves or tell others. As the poet says, "Many a rose is born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air," but with the Fame and Fortune Contest running, there is no excuse for any undiscovered Mary Pickford to say that she never had a chance.

See that your town or county is represented: it is quite possible that we shall make the Honor Roll this year fifty or more, instead of twenty-five.

Billings and Doings

(Continued from page 73)
took the scripts down to the Vitagraph studio, with an eye to selling them there personally. Someone, I think she said Sidney Drew, espied her and asked whether she was working or no—she meant at pictures. She said no. He came back at her and told her to appear in his next. She did, and with the same promptitude became a member of the old original Vitagraph Stock Company.

The fact of that membership gave me insight into a vein of sentiment, along with, or underlying, the competence. She spoke of the Vitagraph stock, of the clumping days there, when the little band of them talked together, gathered in another's dressing-rooms to sew or gossip, wordy together—but all it,8, up~nter, with all but tears in her eyes, (which are blue). She even went so far as to say that she has only recently reached the point where she can speak of those days without tears. "There was something about the bunch," she said; "we were just one big family. I was in a picture with Jimmie Morrison the other day, for the first time since we worked together at Vitagraph, and we spent the day in 'do you remember?'"

We discussed men. At least, I tried to. Miss Billings seemed more or less disinterested. She intimated, (there was one of the race present, or the data might have been more exhaustive), that she did not feel any especial need of their company. She didn't know why. She just hadn't given the subject of men much thought. Too busy, for one thing, and then, she says, she has her mother, and they are pals sufficient unto themselves. "I think even my father gets a little bit jealous of me sometimes," she said.

I broached one step further—marriage. It left her cold.

It isn't, either, the lack of the home-building instinct, because her head was on fire, (done in steel and dark-blue to accord with the gown she wore), was crowded with samples of rose brocades and other materials with which she and her mother are "doing over" their apartment, in the details of which she takes a very vivid interest. She was leaving, after our luncheon, to search for harmonizing rugs.

(Continued on page 105)
Easily with de-have large glove, should we all have a comprehensive collection of such books. Should the desired costume not be found in them, why then the public library or the museums are there to draw upon.

When at last the proper design has been made and executed, and we see it on the screen, we can rest assured that it is an authentic representation of life in the middle of the last century. That the spectator is able to forget the present and live again in the bygone days may be due to inspired acting, and careful directing, but a large share of the honors are due to clever costuming, without which the play would not hold the interest of the audience.

So let us give credit where credit is deserved.

And now a few words about the much harassed and never appreciated, but wholly indispensable wardrobe mistress, in this case the presiding genius of the Famous Players. She must be well-middle-aged, a wee bit querulous yet good-natured, also very competent and very, very energetic. And she could tell lots of interesting things about costuming, and of directors and stars, for who should know their foibles better than she? But then, she does not gossip, at least, not much. All we were able to get out of her was this:

"The directors? A pretty fussy bunch, I'll say. One even ordered a costume to fit a certain costume and use it once. Then it goes to the stock room and is hauled out maybe once more for a mob scene. But that finishes it. For no director will use the same setting or costume twice, yet everything has got to be of the best.

"Oh, the work is interesting, all right, but mark my words, dearie, when anything goes wrong, why, it's the wardrobe lady that's to blame. Now, we have a gorgeous fawn gown in the stock room and Mr. Fitzmaurice wanted it for a real classy wedding-breakfast in an Elsie Ferguson production. The table was all set with cloth and gold and everything, but, somehow, the wedding scene was de-layed, and so we just covered it with some newspapers and let it stand. But along comes another director. He spies the dress and says, boy, I'll have it, and he gets right after it, and from that moment on, why, it ain't a table-cloth at all—but a bedspread. Of course, the blame falls on the wardrobe lady."
Tonight the daughter of an earl—tomorrow you marry a cowboy

PRESTO—you are in Normandy. You wear a velvet gown and flirt with dukes. Your lovers duel in the moonlit garden.

Tomorrow night the same magic may transport you to Wyoming. In khaki you gallop over the plains—sheriffs—horse thieves—fights at the water hole and up into the saddle with dare-devil Dan and you are off into the night.

Whenever you are tired of yourself and your work-a-day life—when you wish to be whisked away to other worlds—go to a Goldwyn picture.

Gone are your troubles. You are the heroine—you can lead a thousand lives.

One day you are a young girl blushing at her first sweetheart—the next a woman detective stalking a spy—a mother—a princess—a pampered New York wife.

Goldwyn pictures are true to the simple human feelings. You laugh, you weep, you love, hate and pity.

So fine are Goldwyn stars—so real are Goldwyn settings—so absorbing Goldwyn stories—you are lost in their fascination at the first flash of the picture.

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GOLDWYN MOTION PICTURES
Your Hair Needs "Danderine"

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

"Best Knit" Hosiery is uniform—dependable—every pair like one before—perfect.
The silk and lisle retain their rich, silky lustre and perfect fit even after long wear. For warmth and long service the wool and cashmere are extremely desirable.
Sizes always marked accurately—when you buy a certain size you get it.
Full range of colors and desirable weights and styles. Silk, cashmere, lisle, silk lisle, silk plaited, silk and wool.
If your dealer can't supply you, write us. Milwaukee Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Billings and Doings

(Continued from page 101)

It isn't lack of sentiment, the Vitagraph stock, to wit, and still more conclusive as evidence, her deep love for her mother.

I said: "But suppose you fall in love—would it be normal?"

She smiled, rather enigmatically. "Oh, well," she said, "then tell me that if you fall in love—and I know that I am—normal—"

Perhaps it is her competence again.

She is keenly intelligent, sincerely interested in and attached to her work. She is putting into that work her best effort and all of herself. Consciously, or it may even be unconsciously, she is not going to permit of digression or distraction. She is not looking for any help, except for what she does not need. She has a modulated, efficient way with her which is all the better for her and for the lasting quality of her work.

In that work she wants to do all sorts of types, save, perhaps, the sinister woman working for evil against good. She wants to do the variant types for greater experience and for greater versatility and pliancy.

She is not a spectacular person.

She is the sort of girl you would wish your daughter to be. She is the product of a very fine finishing school and the social drawing-room. She is to the manner born. She has been abroad. She is an only child, and in fulfilling this precarious position, too, she has been competent, for it has given her, not dependence, but independence; not the quality of the clinging vine, but the more vital one of doing for herself. She is no drone in the hive and she would have no use for the drone. She is quietly assertive.

She will go thru life doing things. She will go thru life doing things well. Even—wager this under our breath, and not on any account to be told to her—eventually to falling in... love...

The Luck of the Irish

(Continued from page 50)

That shine from her dark-fringed eyes of Irish blue.

Florence Evelyn Martin was born in Dublin, Ireland, and is proud of it. She would rather have been born in Ireland, she says, than in any other country, even tho she lived there a comparatively short time. When very young she came with her parents to California and, surrounded by everything most beautiful in nature, grew to young womanhood. Being the possessor of an unusually beautiful voice, which had been carefully trained, and a latent talent for acting, she began her career in musical comedy.

There is one unusual thing about the stage and screen career of Florence Evelyn Martin. She has never, from the beginning, played second parts, always leading roles. Her success in musical comedy was followed by even greater accomplishment in dramatic work, most notable of which was her two years in "Peg." (I hope she will forgive me for mentioning it again.)

"It's not that I'm tired of hearing and thinking about it," she said, "I enjoyed every minute of every hour of 'Peg'; in fact, I have had a wonderful time since my first stage appearance. The audiences and critics have been most kind. I have had few discouragements and few disappointments. But why talk about what I have done? The fans don't care about my past, do they? It's the future that counts.

Miss Martin drifted into screen work,
W. L. DOUGLAS

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W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take another look. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

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just naturally, she told me, as most stage people do, sooner or later and, as before, has played only leading parts. At this time she was working on the second of a series of six pictures in which she is co-starred with Guy Empey.

How did I like "Undercurrents," the last picture released, she wanted to know, and waited expectantly for my answer.

"It was very good for that kind of picture," I replied.

"There!" she exclaimed, "I knew you would say that. Every one does, but," with finality, "they are not going to say it about this picture, because I am not going to be 'that kind of picture.' Bolsheviks and anarchists and all manner of unpleasant things. 'Of' is a story of American dramatic dealing with the color. It has a lot of humorous action, too, which pleases me greatly, as I love light comedy work and I know I can do it," she said, with conviction.

"Not that I want to become a 'type' actress, I think light comedy is my forte —the thing I can do best. I also like straight drama—and yes, I should like to do some society drama parts and have a chance to wear some nice gowns. Seems to me I always appear in rags and tags.

"Yes, quite likely I shall go back to the stage some day, but not until I have done something worth while and I feel that there is such a tremendous scope in screen work, Face to face with the camera, there is no way of concealing insincerities which on the speaking stage can be covered by the voice or the scenery or the illusions of the lights. When I real- ize that my pictures will be seen perhaps all over the world, by all classes of peo- ple, I am possessed with a great desire to live my characters.

"I am a firm believer in the gospel of work," she continued, "and, being Irish— and human—I believe in the gospel of happiness, and I believe that, to be really happy, there must be something to strive for. And nothing could make me happier than to know that thru the medium of the screen I can make people just a little hap- pier, help them to keep faith in the little places there is a power that will make things come right for us.

"Does that sound romantic? Well, I always did have ideals and would like to keep at least a few of them."

When Florence Evelyn Martin dropped me off at her car at the subway and I went my separate way, I thought of many things; her irrepressible Irish humor, yet atmos- phere of perfect calm. Her spontaneous enthusiasm, yet repressed force of per- sonality that will allow no obstacles to stop her progress. Most of all, I thought of her as a vividly interesting and inter- ested person whom one loves to meet and to remember.

THE QUESTION

By S. KING RUSSEL

I had a movie man to film my wedding day divine, The bridal kiss, oh, nuptial bliss! The wedding cake and wine, The sacred roll of celiboid I safely tied away, To bring me tender memories At some much later day.

Four years ago this happened— Three kiddies now are shown The movies of our wedding On evenings we're alone. But Jimmie's now a two years old And doesn't understand, Lips, "Who's that funny man in black?" He's holding mamma's hand!"
The Memento
(Continued from page 41)
black again, and white, white. And
neither color was all black or all white,
but a little bit of both, no matter where
you find them. You were right. After
awhile, I didn't feel sick any more.
I felt steady and sure and sort of glad. I
packed my things and took the next train
back. Back home.
Lynette had been following the narrative
with gasps and inhalations and gestures.
Rosalie, she felt, was epochal.
"What," she asked, "are you going to
do now?"
Rosalie opened her eyes very wide.
"Haven't you guessed?" she demanded.
"Get some of my storyteller! I'm going
to double with Brad, of course... on
the boards... and off. We fixed it up
at the station."

Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 76)
adopted. On the same trip is a girl who has
embarked to escape the advances of a
wealthy villain. She is pursued from port
to port, however, and it falls to the good
luck of the Irishman to protect her. In
the end his devotion wins her love. James
Kirwood, who has been spending his time
directing, is virile and ideally portrays
the role of the Irishman and Ward Crane is
excellent as the wealthy good-for-noth-
ing. Anna Q. Nilsson is beautiful to look
at, but as cold as chiseled marble.

THE WALK-OFFS—METRO
May Allison is the lovely star of this
stirring social drama taken from the
play by the famous Hattons. It is a daint-
ly picture, with produced through, but de-
pends for the larger part of its comedy
on exacerbations of social foibles. Dar-
rell Foss gives an excellent characteriza-
tion of the brother who is poor in every-
thing except name, while Miss Allison is
as beautiful and pleasing as ever.

TWO WEEKS—FIRST NATIONAL
Here is a delightful story of a chorus
girl, and I heard recently that the
narrow-minded person who think all
chorus girls are perfect "devils." This
one just manages to scrape along in a
shapely flat with three other girls who are
out of jobs. A theatrical producer falls
very much in love with our chorus girl
and offers to star her. She makes good
and then he thinking he is going to col-
lect her price, invites her to a house
party. Her suspicions are aroused and
she runs away on their way to the lodge.
She takes refuge in a house inhabited by
three famous women-haters and the way
she conquers them and wins the love of
the youngest is one of the most pleasing
parts of the play. Constance Talmadge
makes the whole a mighty enjoyable per-
formance. George Fawcett is simply cap-
tal as the old woman-hater who falls first,
and Conway Tearle is a romantic, if
pugnacious, lover.

THE WOMAN IN THE SUITCASE—PARAMOUNT
Here at last seems to be something new
in the way of plots. A young girl, just
home from boarding school, discovers
that her adored father is carrying on an
infatuation with a flashy woman, as she
sees her mother left alone one night after
night, she is filled with rebellion and de-
termines to cure her father. She gets
advisers for the matter and with his help
meets the nefarious woman. When the
father discovers his daughter as the pal
(Continued on page 110)
Tones of Lavender

(Continued from page 31)

Then, about the time that Mr. Griffith went to Europe, Lois Weber was planning to make, "The Price of a Good Time," and asked for suggestions for a girl for the part she selected. I was just sixteen, and felt very proud to be playing a lead. This was followed by "The Doctor and the Girl," and the producers, knowing that I was the "Husky" girl from "The Red Lantern," asked if I'd like to do a "Fuchsia Only," in which I had a chance to give a fancy dance, which I enjoyed.

The glowing advertisements about this young girl who is standing upon the threshold of a most brilliant future, for she is now being starred by Louis B. Mayer, as she should be, are reaping their harvest. She prefers heavy drama, being of a quiet, serious temperament, and seems to be perfectly satisfied to leave the comedy field to her famous husband, for to be a true biographer, I should add that this little star became the bride of the one and only Charles Chaplin in 1918.

As she sipped a glass of milked malt before going over to the set to make her scenes, she said she enjoyed it. "I like to swim and dance and ride, and once in a while I am brave enough to venture up in an aeroplane. We spend every weekend in Fairbanks in his Beverly Hills home, Mr. Chaplin gave him a canoe for Christmas and we have a picture show and a tennis court and a swimming pool. In the evenings we have a picture show, for Mr. Fairbanks has a screen and a projecting machine."

"I think it is fair to say that, for the sake of mother's protest about not realizing the value of the time, my hours are long and often the work is hard, but oh, I love it, and I love Mr. Griffith, and I love him so I can stand to be at any time."

And Mildred Harris Chaplin's lovely face registered many emotions, as she voiced her ambition.

Cinema Relations

(Continued from page 95)

ability, and she is now his scenario editor. Occasionally she follows the making of an entire picture, suggesting changes in the story, or perhaps an extra scene.

She is tall, aristocratically slender, with marvelous Irish eyes, expressive like Warren's.

Nazimova and her husband, Charles Bryant, are the most talked-of personalities in the Western picture colony. Hardy ever does either a public appearance, or makes a single suggestion as to what it is he will do, and Mr. Bryant, however, aside from being her husband, is also her business manager, her leading man, and scenario writer. He has written the scripts of all her plays—"The Brat," "Stronger Than Death," "The Red Lantern," "Out of the Fog," and "Redemption."

The Bryants live a quiet, secluded life in their beautiful Sunset Boulevard home, madame, in her leisure hours, playing with her pet dogs, or playing games and performing her favorite pastime,—"vamping" her husband. To her, he is just a "big boy."—"And to him, she is the most wonderful person alive.

And, so ends the chapter on Relatives. The photo-famous have quite as much as the rest of us, with the advantage of riches instead.
A Band Like This - And You

Ten times as many bands as have ever been organized in any one year of American history will be organized this year. People are hungry for bands. Election time is coming on. Here's opportunity for you; get busy.

Any number of renowned virtuosos have built their fame with Conn Instruments. Nine-tenths of the brass instrument artists of all the leading American concert bands and symphony orchestras use them.

They are famous for their ease of blowing, lightness in action, perfect intonation, exceptional tone quality, artistic design and finish.

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Choose any instrument from the 3,000 different classes we manufacture for six days' free trial. If you keep it you can pay for it on our easy payment plan.

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They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

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EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are: First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be,—gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, so one needs to be the distinguished possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

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M. T.'s Freckle Cream, for strawberry freckles and blemishes.$5.00
M. T.'s Minedact AQuino, "The Incomparable Vanishing Cream".$7.75
M. TRILETY, P.O. Box 30, Binghamton, N. Y.

Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 107)
of the woman, and apparently intoxicated.

Wallace Reid is in great danger of becom-
ing more popular than ever if he continues
to decorate such companies as the little and
tribal concerns the adventures of a rich
gender which he possesses
carrying his banknotes in his pocket. He
drives his car, carrying the
time, but when he arrives
in Los Angeles in his borrowed

They are the bare plot which Fred
Nihlo has embellished with a

Dress and Claire MacDowell splendid

THE FEAR MARKET—REALART

Somehow this picture wholly lacks
charm. It also has Alice Brady as its

SHARK—REALART

I have read so many adverse criticisms of
this picture that I cannot resist putting
in my little card and pulling the other way.

The SHARK—REALART

George Walsh in a melodrama which
really thrills and has some excellent

THE SHARK—REALART

I have read so many adverse criticisms of
this picture that I cannot resist putting
in my little card and pulling the other way.

The SHARK—REALART

George Walsh in a melodrama which
really thrills and has some excellent

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—FIRST NATIONAL

This is the best recent Norma Talmadge release I have seen for some time. Not only does she screen better than she has lately, but the story seems to give her better opportunity to display her very real talent. You are nearly all familiar with the story, which ran in one of the widely read magazines, but its great interest lies in the fact that you so intensely hope that Jennie will go on up in the world as she does finally. Miss Talmadge's support is good.

A GIRL NAMED MARY—PARAMOUNT

This picture presents a very interesting study in the psychology of three family enterprises. We have, first of all, the rich mother who lost her little daughter and has spent all the succeeding years searching for her. We have the foster-mother, a poor woman, who has given of the labor of her hands and the devotion of her heart throughout the years to this girl she thought was her sister's child, and finally we have the girl, Mary, who fights loyally for her foster-mother and the working girl has been raised in against the instinct of blood and wealthy society. All three are remarkably interesting stories, and their clashes of pride and class antagonism are splendidly and logically worked out. In the end we are all made happy by the only possible solution of the problem, that is marriage to a young man well liked by both mothers. Thus, neither woman loses the pivot about which her life has been wound. I considered Halbin Williams' portrayal of the wealthy mother, so finely wrought to be as almost a classic in screen history; the lowly mother is excellently played, also the successful suitor, by Wallace MacDonald. Mar- guerite Clark is indeed fortunate to be blessed with such a splendid story and cast.

LOOT—UNIVERSAL

No psychology hampers the full-blooded action of this silent melodrama. It is, of course, the story of a preposterous robbery with which King Kong wrung such thousands of dollars, and so does this.

TEN TENV—REPUBLIC

Marie Doro and Herbert Brenon went ahead with the highest artistic aspirations for this contribution to the flickering shadows. The best I personally can say for it is that it is a shadow. And what a shadow! A terror haunted upon terror, of horror and demonic furies and bestial outbursts. After viewing it I felt a vast depression; surely then, this is not a work of art, for art should uplift. Personally I admire Miss Doro, but her intellectual attributes and her histrionic ability are wasted on the part of a little child, whose grandfather commits suicide, she was at her best; for the rest, and the truth hurts, I grew frightenedly tired of seeing her huge, grotesque eyes widen with terror. Miss Doro herself is beautiful; in this picture her fragile lines are almost perfection. She is a pity! The remainder of the cast are English or

“THE JOB IS YOURS—ON ONE CONDITION!”

For a long time I watched the new men who came into this business. Some stood still—stayed right where they started. Others climbed-made each job a stepping stone to something better.

“Now, what was the difference? Well, I investigated and found out. The men who were getting ahead had been devoting part of their spare time to study along the line of their work. Our treasurer used to be a bookkeeper. The factory superintendent was working at a bench in the shop a few years ago. The sales manager started in a branch office up state. The chief designer rose from the boards in the drafting room.

“All of these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them ten times as much as when they came with us.

“So you see, in this experience we have formed a policy. We are looking for men who care enough about their future not only to do their present work well, but to devote part of their spare time to preparation for advancement.

“And I will give you this job on one condition— that you take up a course of special training along the line of your work. Let the I. C. S. help you for one hour after supper each night and your future in this business will take care of itself.

“Employment is waiting for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

“Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for advancement in the work of your choice, whatever it may be. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 100,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now. Surely the least you can do is to find out what there is in this proposition for you. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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Your work, like a chain, is only as good as its weakest link. Why not spend your leisure time strengthening your weakest point and make yourself 100 per cent. perfect?

Carelessness in some little thing may be standing between your job and you. Somebody has said that more big machinery is smashed by loose screws than thru broken fly-wheels, and more business deals are ruined by the carelessness of employees than any other cause.

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Your friends will be glad to join a "Week End Candy Club", send for particulars today.

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French actors, I know not which, but they serve their ends well enough.

THE CUP OF FURY—GOLDWYN

A Rupert Hughes novel translated in celluloid, but one which unfortunately deals with German spies in whose fate we now have a supreme indifference, where once we might have been superbly aroused. The production is splendid thru-out, the ship-yard scenes being especially accurate.

A DAY’S PLEASURE—CHARLES CHAPLIN

By the time you read this, you will undoubtedly have seen Charlie Chaplin’s latest million-dollar comedy and I am sure you will agree with me that in his seascik scene he has erred on the side of poor taste and has given us a scene of vulgarity such as were happily getting away from Really enjoyable, however, are the Ford episodes, both the start for the day’s outing and the truly humorous home of our best comedian took to hustling out another comedy as good as “Shoulder Arms.” He can it only he will.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE—REALART

Allan Dwan has made one fatal mistake in producing this, his first independent venture. He has turned out a panorama of enormous proportions filled with innumerable incidents, but he has failed to make the life or death of any one character of vital importance to the audience. We greet the introduction of each new personage with an indifference which cannot be conquered, for their personalities are lost sight of in their numbers and schemes. Captain Skir, played by W. V. McCullough, touches our sympathies the closest.

VICTORY—M. TOURNER, ARICRAFT

The filming of Conrad’s novel, “Victor" has been well done by Maurice Tourner. It is far from a pretty bon-bon picture, but it is a virile, dramatic production. Seena Owen is amazingly beautiful as the girl and displays an unsuspected dramatic power. Jack Holt is also excellent in the hero role, while Bull Montana is nothing less than awe-inspiring.

JUBilo—GOLDWYN

Have you ever felt a real antipathy, have you ever been sure you would dislike something? Well, that was the way I felt about going to see Will Rogers in “Jubilo.” Will Rogers, honoree Will Rogers on the screen! . . . Impossible, his place was on the stage . . . so ran my thoughts . . . , and in a rural play—rural plays bore me to death . . . theoretically. So it was that I wended my way to “Jubilo” in anything but a propitious state of mind. And in spite of all this, Will Rogers, yes, homely Will, hadn’t been on the screen two seconds before I had completely capitulated. Where did he learn it, that wonderful mastery of humor and pathos? “Jubilo,” while possessing no wonderful plot, no handsome actors, no unusual scenery, will hold your interest until the very last flicker. Goldwyn should be congratulated for putting forth a real work of art and Will Rogers . . . three cheers for Will . . . next time I am going to see him with alacrity and not as a painful duty.

THE FEUD—FOX

Another surprise, in fact half a dozen of them, greeted me during “The Feud.” In the first place, Tom Mix gives a delightful characterization of a Southerner which depends not at all for its appeal upon his erstwhile thrilling stunts. Next, the story of a Southern feud, instead of turning out conventionally as everyone might expect, suddenly twists and holds
Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

T HIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistsaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he lives in a solitary thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortals or his fellow-men below: So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be able to sit down and write thousands of playbooks, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them. And do you know what these writers-to-be are going to write? They are the men—armies of—men—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping records, succumbing to routine, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, working on tables, dealing in bars, playing the poker, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pandering typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are the Writers of the future."

Here are the principles there, but they usually learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, anything around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the swinging vortex—the forest and the jam of life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a live, or saw an incident, you could come away and work out a story, and any writer would describe it all very realistically. And if anybody thought you did not know exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as any you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now you will naturally say, "Well, if it is so simple, why can't I learn to write?"

Listen! A wonderful free book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the living lessons of story-telling. New, Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are concocted, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly did it out. How the Scenic Kings and the Movie Queen live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learnt to write plays and stories. Self-instruction lesson may furnish brilliant plots for Play and Photoplay. This book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," may provide an endless gold mine of ideas that bring Harry Hoxes and Houdini Cash Royalty. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you are a writer. How to develop your "story fairy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. Your friends may be moved at your work. How to avoid disappointments and the pitfalls of Failure. How to win!

This surprising book is absolutely free. No obligation. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it now. Get it. It's yours. Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new embodiment that has come to your door—story and play writing. Here lies the kernel of the lore, the history of it will fill your writing and play-writing habits with romance and pleasure. You will have this unique, story-making, money-making book without cost. And all in your spare time, with no writing knowledge, you can't make "easy money" with your brain. Who says you don't know how to write? You will. You can. You can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—but the book will tell you how.

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Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

The Great Accident
(Continued from page 72)

red-eyed, often dusted his old room and surreptitiously filled the vase on the table with flowers. And Joan Arnold watched the tall, straight young figure stride by, walking always steadily now, and flushed divinely, and went to sleep sometimes o’ nights whispering his name.

The real biography of Wint Chase’s administration lay in the hearts of three girls. Of these Agnes Caretell was one, tall, dashing Agnes with the Titian hair and the clothes that were the envy as well as the scandal of the town girls.

Agnes was used to the gaieties of the capital and was willing that every one should know it. She patronized Hardison, and meekly Hardison accepted its own unworthiness of the hair, the dastardly gowns, the little airs and graces fresh from Washington.

You oughtn’t to hide in this little place, Wint,” she told him one evening as they came into the drawing-room from dinner. She looked up at him under arch lashes with what she considered a provoking air—Wint was certainly handsome in decent clothes! After all, she might do worse. With her father back of him he could be a senator in time. She gave a little scream, and reaching out, clutched his arm. “I’ve got something in my shoe! O-o-o!”

She took off her slipper, shook it daintily and put it on again, taking her time about the operation. Agnes had a very pretty foot, and knew it. Amos Caretell sauntered in at the most interesting point and gave his daughter a cynical smile that caused her to flounce angrily out of the room. Wint felt red-eared and strangely guilty, tho he was vague about the cause. He was always studiously polite to Agnes, which alone ought to have told that designing young woman that her plans in regard to him were hopeless.

“Don’t blush, my boy,” Caretell said kindly, “it’s Aggie that ought to do the blushing. Girls these days—but you’ve got other plans, eh, Wint?”

The boy met his eyes straightforwardly. “I’ve always cared for Aggie, gentlemen,” he said slowly. “I’ve lost her, I guess, with my worthlessness, but I still care.”
Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.

Up to this present time it has been almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on the face longer than it takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely and the first gust of wind or the first pull of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous, probably just at the very moment when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has at last perfected a pure powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations.

It is also astrigent, discouraging flabbiness, crow's feet and wrinkles. This unusual powder is called La-may (French, Foudre L'Amé). Because La-may is pure and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. We will give you five thousand dollars if you can buy a better face powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful La-may talcum that sells for twenty-five cents. Herbert Roystone, Dept. L, 16 East 18th St., New York.

Just Out

What's What in America

by EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland

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Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and nubbed calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere.

But after they were gone he faced the thing grimly and knew that they held the winning cards. As far as he could see he was beaten, and yet only beaten but disgraced, just as he had come to feel the respect of his townsmen the most precious thing in life—save one. It was that one other thing that brought him to Joan Arnold, very white, very much a man as he looked down into her shining eyes.

"I sort of hoped I'd be coming to you another way," he said softly "with laurels, you know, and that sort of thing. But I'm afraid this is the last chance I'll have to come to you at all," and then he told her everything about his pretensions or pleas. "I didn't do it. But they'll believe I did—it's the sort of thing that people do believe. I've done for Joan Harrison day after tomorrow, Joan. But I play the coward's part by running away now."

She touched his clenched hands with soft finger-tips. "No, you can't run now."

Her voice was strangely glad. "Somehow I don't believe you can't get away, Wint."

But—if they do—there'll be one person who knows. And—now—is that all you can say to—Wint dear?"

The man set his teeth into his lip so that it cut thru. He held his big hands sternly at his sides. "It's all I've got the right to say, Joan," Wint groaned. "I've got no future anywhere. They call me as bad as they say I am if I said anything more—now."

And Joan had to be content with that "now." They both thought then, with the hopeless tragedy of Youth, so much more hopelessly tragic than that of Age, that the good-bye they said under the faint autumn stars that night was for long. Yet two days later they stood again beneath those same stars, tragedy forgotten, holding each other's hands dumbly because there was so much more to say than words could compass.

After all it had been no miracle that had re-elected Wint Chase mayor of Harrison, by an almost unanimous vote, to the lasting discomfiture of his enemies. No miracle—unless you count what Hetty did a miracle. For she had come back to town, holding her poor little baby with a sort of dignity to her breast; she had come back because the shame and the shame that hung over Wint, to deny the falsehood by giving her child a father. And under the scorn of her gaze Carter Routt had fled the town, carrying his accusation with him.

It had seemed no miracle that his father and mother had come home to them, that the future which had seemed so dark now lay fair in the sunlight.

"It means—big things for you, Wint," Joan said, trying to speak naturally above the thudding of her heart.

"It means the biggest thing in the world," choked Wint, as he bent toward her shy, lifted lips. "It means—yours—"

And then—the miracle.

Our Animated Monthly

(Continued from page 80) would hate to be called a 'piker'—or hold up the whole performance just because I have a longing to stretch out in a soft bed like other normal human beings. Guess I can stand my toes now—it's just the continual hanging around waiting for lights or somethings—that makes me feel worse.

By the way, Nazimova has a most interesting woman working with her now, daughter of the once-famous Camilla Urso, violinist. Nazimova has great interest in this talented and cultured foreigner, who has been a musician, too.

Winfred Westover is to go to Sweden, as star for a Swedish motion picture company. As Winfred knows the language and her mother speaks it fluently, they'll have no difficulty in getting along. This time he will keep touch with some American art, for Mrs. Westover won't let her daughter tie up for more than a year.

April is the advent of Johnny Hyams and Leila McIntyre, of the Orpheum circuit, in motion pictures. Neither director nor play has been chosen at this writing. We do get the news of Mr. Hyams' new company, he has become manager of his company himself. He is to be seen in the new play called "Drunkard." David Butler is starting with two companies, and if the first pictures sell well, he will take a complete studio and produce with five companies. Katherine MacDonald is doing special scenes at the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, for "The Quests of Hercules."

Mickey Nelson is giving Wesley Barry, the freckle-faced boy of "Daddy Long Legs," every advantage as far as mental and physical development is concerned. Wesley is thirteen now, and doing "Penn- rod," besides taking fencing, riding, rope, boxing, swimming, and other ath- letic exercises. He's already known as the "Dinky" around the lot—why, nobody seems to know. The much-despised freckle really brought Wesley his screen chance, and so may one believe that Bill of Avon knew what he was talking about, when he lisped:

"In nature there's no blemish but the mind, None can be called deformed save the unkind."

At the performance of "Up in Mabel's Room"—seen here for the first time, al- tho the East has enjoyed the play so long, I spotted William Duncan's classic head in the very front row of the orchestra, accompanied by Edith Johnson's well-groomed brown one. Miss Johnson wore a leather coat and jockey cap—as the evening was rainy. Bill, you know, has an eight-thousand-dollar Packard which contains two chandeliers. Duncan's new home is very beautiful and she's buying lots of handsome furniture. I met her one day, wearing a little amel- side-pleated, with two rows of a stitched insert of fringe trimming on the overskirt. The neck was edged with pink, and the sleeves with pink and white. With a new pink silk sports hat and her plati- num-set diamonds, the grey squirrel cape and handsome buckled pumps, Edith looked like a rosy fairy. Miss Johnson carries a little revolver when going out at night since her valuable jewelry needs protection. She is a crack shot, Mr. Dun- can having taught her at target practice for some years past.

George Pickford is in Chicago, having done pictures with Beesie Barriscalle, Mary Miles Minter and Lottie Pickford since he left the American Company. I hear it rumored that he will accept a Famous Players-Lasky contract on his return. While at Frisco, I saw Bert Lyttel at the San Francisco, with his wife, Miss Edith Vaugher, of the Alcazar Stock Company, San Francisco. Bert had come up to see the premiere of "The Right of Way" at the Alcazar, so we had dinner and have remembered Bert Lyttel favorably and wanted to see his picture and himself. (Continued on page 119)
Marshall Neilan
Presents
His Second Picture
for 'First National'

"don't ever marry"

Wait!!
If you are in love until you see this picture.

Watch!!
for it at your theatre.

Adapted by
Marion Fairfax
From the story
by Edgar Frankly.
Photographed by Henry
Cronjaqer and David Kesson.
Lighting effects by Howard Euting
Tech Director. Ben Carre.

A 'FIRST NATIONAL' ATTRACTION

"DON'T BE BASHFUL LADY. YER IN FER LIFE!"
**The Answer Man**

(Continued from page 88)

Murray opposite David Powell in "The Man Who Married a Woman," or to see you today, and she has invited me up to see her. You can just bet I shall go, and I'll wear bells.

**ELLIS AT CLEVELAND.**—Yes, I have heard that soft hands and soft brains generally go together, but what do you mean? I hope I haven't done you harm, Southernly, sorry to say. You want more of Jean Paige. Here, boy, page Jean.

**ALFRED P.**—The largest lighthouse in the world. It's called the "Men's Vistas." One hundred and sixty-five high and the walls are eight feet thick. Priscilla Dean can be reached at Universal Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Looked up the February Shawlend for a colored picture of her. Yes, Doris Kenyon in "The Harvest Moon."

**GRACE.**—What do you mean my family? All the family I have is the office dog, and a cat. Why ask me how to keep your hair light? But I asked one of our blondes and here's how: Try the juice of a lemon, strained, in your last rinsing water and then dry your hair in the sunshine. Kitty Gordon is in vendvaglia. She sang "Alma, Pensive" the other night. Where do you get your ideas? Jane Cowl is playing on Broadway, Walter Law in "Stolen Honor." Herbert Hayes, at the Elms, now.

**MUSKOGON.**—Glad to hear from you and enjoyed every word. Write me again.

B. E. Z.—Eugene O'Brien is about 36; Anthony Moreno is 22; Norma Talmadge, 23; Richard Barthelmess, 25; Natalie Talmadge, 17; and Anita Stewart, 24. Anna Nilsson is not married to Jay Coombs—now. Oh yes, Eugene O'Brien drives a car.

A. M.—Of course Gale Henry is a woman named America. Marguerite Clark is playing in "Easy to Get." You can get a marriage license in either Connecticut or Pennsylvania without establishing a residence. Ina Dana is playing in "Portal, Bedroom and Bath."

**Dorothy Gains; Dot W.; Sanss; C. M. L.; Polly R.; Violet K.; Maud R.; Grace H.; Elsa R.; Lillian N.; Cecilia M.; Florence B.; Miss Wait; Gisela D.; David E. W.; Ivan W.; Marcia; M.; Myrtle B.; Ruth B.; C. R. H.; Alice H.; Baby Doll; Francis B. Admire; Gerald B.; Anna H.; Louise M.; and Wilfred—Sotty to have to part, but I'm surprised, but I'm happy you have. The questions have been answered elsewhere.

**IMA NUSS.**—There's a harp without pedals, but you were without strings. Victoria Forde in "Western Blood." You say you can tell the players with their moustaches. I can't tell some of them without. I can't see where David Powell looks anything like Lew Cody, so you must have a keener observation than I have.

**Dick Barthelmess Fan.**—He is a star, and not married. Billy West and Ellen Mumford in "Candy Girl." Of course I take my whiskers to bed with me, that's one of them—the other rests over the floor of the bed. Do I sleep with my mouth open? I never looked to see; but since you asked me, the last time I went to sleep I will wake myself up and just before waking I'll see how my mouth sets.

**MARY N. C.**—No, I just don't happen to know any anybody literally as you know.

**ALBERT P.**—Sure thing, send along the cigar. I can smoke any kind at all. Wasn't it Fannie Rice? Yes, Fannie Rice used to be in her fard use for you. I think they say her husband is doing it now, too. Robert O.—Ann Little was born in Sisson, Cal., 1894; educated in Chicago and Los Angeles; rides and swims, and is 5 feet 4 inches tall. She has grey eyes. Helen Holmes isn't playing now.

**HAWTHORN.**—"As unto the bow the cord is, so unto the man is woman;" and so on. That is the beginning of Hawthorne's wooing. Not Norma Talmadge. Edna Mayo isn't much wooling tonight, but the rapid growth of the finger-nails indicates good health.

**CHARLIE.**—Anxious One; Joe H. E.; Eve; G. A. H.; M. A. Lonesome; Buffalo Bare; Catherine C.; I. K.; Movie Nazimova.—I have read yours carefully, all, but you leave me nothing new to say. Better luck next time.

**BERNICE C.**—Yes, Pollyanna has been a very big success. You never can tell from the looks of a reel how far it will make the business jump. The steamer Lévia- than burns from 1,000 to 1,200 tons of coal in 24 hours. Naomi Childers is in Los Angeles.

**LYVETTE.**—Yes, I liked your stationery, and I liked your letter. May Allison was busy. Those people that get the best mail at the office are: Earle Foxe can be reached at the William Brady offices, New York City. He is now playing in a stage play.

**HELEN L.**—You can reach Clara Young, Elliott Dexter, Charlie Chaplin, Antonio Moreno, Viola Dana and Charles Ray at Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Childers is in the West, you know. Mahlon Hamilton played in "Daddy-Long-Legs." Kitty Gordon was born in England.

**W. C. S.**—Science, parisis and always here. You say there is more squeak than poetry in nine-tenths of the soles. You write a mighty clever letter and I want to hear from you again.

**CLEOPATRA.**—Afraid of me? Woman of the Nile, how can you say that? Yes, Norma Talmadge is happily married. You are quite right. It remained for the silent drama to put the real noise in amusing devices. It's the Indus River is in Northern India.

**KATHERINE D.**—And here you write me all about the dirrle in Charlie Ray's left cheek. I never heard of such a thing. The least, Yes, Nazimova really did the dance in "Stronger Than Death." It wasn't a fake. My favorite drinks are buttermilk and soda syrup.

**ELSA L.**—Who is the Chesterfield of the movies? I will have to think that over. Why don't you write me who the di—ah, no, the Chieselsfield of the movies? Hardly—think Norma Talmadge will play opposite Eugene O'Brien again.

**ANTONIO MORENO ADAMS.**—How did you like him on the cover? I agree with you when you say a party without women is called a "stag" because it resembles stagnation. They come high, but we've got to have them.

**SIXTEEN.**—No, you're not too young to write me. I don't go to bed with the candle burned and get up the keds—whatever they are. You ask where is my neck in the picture atop? Can't stand the high cost of collars (36¢, ca.), so I grew a beard. Edwin Arden was born in 1864 and died in 1918.

**Navy Nurse.—Thanks for the picture. You look like Phoebe Snow. Write me some more.

**U. KNOW.**—Please tell me what it means.

**L. H. L.**—Best thing for you to do is to write to Pathé, 125 W. 45th street, New York City.

(Continued on page 120)
How you can earn big money in Commercial Art, Illustrating, Designing or Cartooning, without being a “genius,” and without being “gifted” or “talented.”

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The Answer Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

MICKEY.—The great philosophers live under different conditions; Diogenes lived in a tub, Seneca in a palace, and I in a hall-room. Well, it’s no disgrace to be poor, I’ll admit, but it has other disadvantages. Yes, I read every letter that comes in to the answer department.

MR. SMY.—So, you play a harp. Nothing like it. You must be an angel. The oldest harp in the world is preserved in the Louvre Museum in Paris. It was found in an Egyptian tomb and is nearly 4,000 years old. Katherine MacDonald was announced as the American beauty, but some call her a colorless rose. Ruth Clifford is in Universal City.

ANNIE P.—Don’t you refer to Helen Yoder?

A. D. B.—Remember that conscience has no more to do with gallery than it has with politics. Gloria Hope. Like—- but, oh, how different.

NAZIMAVA FAN.—I believe somebody else’s is preferred to somebody’s else. A werewolf is a man transformed into a wolf. A mythic creature like werewolves, dragons, etc. Yes, Constance Tal- madge has bobbed hair, and so has Viola Dana. Your letter was very bright. You show there is one pleasure that angels can’t enjoy, and that is relieving the poor of distress. Well, in spite of this handicap, I would say, as long as there is an angel when I cross the Styx. But do angels have beards? I never saw an angel with a beard. And come to think of it. I never saw an angel without a beard.

G. T. R.—Thanks, old boy, for the info.

BODY.—You ask why is the letter A like a honeysuckle. Because a B follows it. Awful! That’s right, write me and tell me what you like and want and don’t like about our magazines. We want to please you all.

ADA W. P.—Why, of course, you must typewrite your script before sending it to any company. Synopsis form and not in scenario form. Dolores Cassinelli in "Tarnished Reputations."

B. BETTS; VERONICA K.; MISS. G. A. C.; ELA H.; ALEONORE H.; ISADORA B.; L. S.; DOROTHY I.; DONAHUE. M. A. DETTOR; RAMONA; S. M. H.; MISS DETROIT; ISABELLE; HEADING SOUTH; MARGARET W.; MAE; RABBIT; FRED M.; WOODROW W. WORSHIPER; HOPING; L. MANSFIELD; MISS RUBY R.; BILLIE D.—Awfully sorry, good friends, but yours did not awaken in me an inspiration. You must give me a clue or a cue, you know, or ask something that I have not already answered.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUES.—Hurrah, another new club! It is the Ruth Roland Club, and prospective members should write to Miss Shirley Moorhead, Box 311, Roanoke, Va., and send 25 cents for a list of names. It’s lots of fun and the more the merrier.

ZAM SAM SUM.—You sound familiar. So you write me from Anvers, Belgium. You are traveling some. You’ve got the right idea about afternoon tea. While you have been away, every barroom has been turned into a tea-room, and when one meets a friend, one invites him into a tea-room, where they sit in the hot chocolate, soup, glass of lemonade, or some dark bitter stuff that they call Nearbeers. When you taste this latter, you realize that they who named it are very poor judges of distance.

MISS H. T., CHRISTCHURCH.—Yes, you can get a list of the addresses of film companies by sending a stamped addressed envelope to me.

(Continued on page 122)
Ancient June Brides and Trousseaux

(Continued from page 68)

wear later on, or when the white becomes soiled.

There is an air of efficient practicality about her which gives her words a certain weight and you inadvertently wonder how she had come to know of conserva-
tion.—economy. Later you realized that she feels even a goodly income no excuse for extravagance.

"The traveling suit warrants a greater expenditure than anything else, I think," she said. It can be worn so often later on and adapted to practically every month of the year, with or without furs or an underjacket. I'd purchase a very excel-

2

The New Way

SPEND NO MONEY:

Ladies Diamond Solitaire Ring

Examination FREE

This diamond himself. Beautifully set in platinum, will be sent FREE of charge, if written for, with 2 stamps, or postage charges prepaid, for your examination under delivery at

week.

we would not make it pass.

As to blouses—they too would be sim-

ple and generally good, chosen for wear and not sheerness.

A few dresses are always necessary and with a purse description and consideration I would say that georgette crepe frocks are the best to buy,—perhaps one of crepe de chiné—for they are cool and can be worn without a wrap in the warm weather and under a coat on the coldest day. Beading is attractive, I know, but it is not es-

pecially practicable as most of it is machine-
down and when the beads begin to fall off others quickly follow and soon the flock loses its appearance. Moreover you’ll find that when you’re paying for beading and embroidery you’re not paying for good lines and it is the lines of a coat, suit or dress which decide your appearance.

"And lingerie—would you suggest lawn or silk?" I asked her.

Again she smiled as she replied:

"Here, it is very difficult for me to re-

member the slim purse. Always I find the

She threw up her hands in mock dis-

—-the last rays of the early spring

sun sifted thru the rose taffeta hangings
of her boudoir window and brought to life

scenery of highlights and shadows and

a canary

in the standing wicker cage by the window

piped his song:

"I wonder if it is weakness when you have to run

away from some departments when you’re

in the shops—I generally feel that all the June
brides know just what pleasure can be de-

By the complete, modern, practical

with a 

longer.

I offer you, for 15 cents, a wildflower

in the long-continued neglect of their

beauty.

And its like is that Marion will go on

wondering for some time, for we left that
day very conscious of her youth and more

—her youthfulness and youth goes hand

in hand with wonderten.

A SHOOTING STAR

FLORA—What sort of stuff did that new

with your request. You learn at home

quickly and easily. Improving in speed with

the very first lesson.

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and Who Can Get Into the Pictures and Why?"

Enrolled in 5 aves in states for mailers.

Name

Address

121

PAG
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 120)

PORT.—Thanks for the verse, but it would have sounded better in prose. Sorry you have had so many troubles other than the trouble of the verse. But that's the joke of it, misfortunes never come singly they are always married. Wanda Hawley and Harrison Ford in "Miss Hobbs.

D. W. GRIFFITH.—You say you want Dorothy Gish to go back with Griffith. They are all at the same studio, so what do you mean? You like Claire, don't you? MCDOYELL, Pauline Stark, Viola Barry and Margaret Loomis. They're nice girls, I'll admit. You also desire Griffith with his easy pictures, and you want clear photography, and not so much "art." And this is just where you and I part company—to speak figuratively.

BETTY C. B.—Thank you, Betty, my hat is off.

MUGGS.—Batter up! You ask why Ruby de Remer makes such a fuss about marriage, why Marguerite Clark is getting older, and why Charlie Ray is always smiling. Three strikes and you're out. Come around when you are feeling better.

MRS. L. T. M.—I thank you for your thoughtfulness and generosity, dear madam, but this is not big for me—much too much. I wear 9 1/2.

A WOULD-BE AMERICAN.—Are you going to be one? They claim that emeralds are among the rarest and most valuable of precious stones nowadays. One was sold in London recently for $3,500 a carat. It is spelt Sylvia Brewer now. You can reach Ralph W. O. G. inC. 1920.

KOKID.—Those were fragrant thoughts of yours, excellent free-lance author. You say "it's some time since I wrote you but I keep in touch with you thru your brilliant magazine which is eagerly looked for every month—aafter a casual glance thru the fine illustrations I rush straight to your department which, in my opinion, is the star item—no flattery intended, but it's a sinkup so hard, for most of your answers are decidedly clever and interesting, and its hard to believe that you are 29 not out of school now (and even less grown). Some of your replies carry a bit of 'sting,' but no doubt it is deserved in some cases, I want to thank you for all this and the rest, old man.

Bill Farinum. He rings true. Speaking of figures, you would name Olga Petrova first, Kitty Gordon second, Rosemary Thelby third and Grace Guarnier fourth. Well, you show very good mathematicians. Lytell as Ly—long i—tell. You say "for a pretty girl with an ugly name I give the score to Sally Crute." Wee wee.

JONIE OF 'EM.—I'm glad to know you. Have a seat. You say you don't want to be an actress, because you don't like to use your voice. I tried not to deter you—lots of pretty mouths are spoiled with red paint. Now you want to be a Mary Robins, don't you? Don't say you do? You have a future before you—either writing or drawing. Come in and see me again.

JOEY B.—Yes, indeed, Mary Pickford played the entire part in "The Hoodman.

QUESTO-LIBAN.—Do you? You say it is rumored that Jimmie Young has been married three times. You ask it is the Young appeal or the youthful name which will keep "The Crickets." I only know of One. Yes, Syd Chaplin is Charlie's brother, but they don't get well on together. You ask "Is Douglas Fairbanks single, undoubled or double. The latter, I should say.

Gloria Swanson
Gaston Hair-Lustr
Wallace Reid
"Hermo" Hair-Lustr

Hermo Hair-Lustr

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MANAGEMENT

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Subscriptions and advertisements are payable in advance in the currency of the United States of America.

Address all communications to west edition, 1200 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

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The price of this publication is $3.50 per year in advance, payable in advance.

The postal rate is 10 cents per copy in the United States, and 50 cents per copy for all other countries.

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The publication of a new edition of this publication at intervals of not less than two weeks, and the publication of this edition after the thirty-first day of March, 1923, is authorized by the owner and publisher.

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MISS SAN ANTONIO.—Them 2 my sentiments. You say that Society is now one polished bored, formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored. Well, I get at my desk at 8:30, and I am usually grated with about three to five hundred letters a day. I'd feel as bad as I was on vacation if I didn't get them. At the end of some days I'm taken out of my cage on a stretcher. Yes, Florence Hardy is playing in "The Ugly Duckling." 

JOSEPH D.—You want to know if Owen Moore is the same one who played in "The Three of Us." No record of stage plays, buddy.

CRITIC.—Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. I answered this to you. Cheer up, we cant all be a success at first. You know Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian dramatist, was an awful failure even in his own hands and gave them away. Doun't be discouraged.

AMAR.—Marie Walcamp is married to Harlan Tucker. Of course I will be glad to get the foreign magazines. Better join one of the correspondence clubs. Mem- ory is what my age is.

An Old Reader.—You certainly said what you wanted to say, and I am very sorry if I said Norma Tahmagne played in "The Virtuous Vamp" instead of Con- stance. I am sure I would take no credit from Constance. Perhaps, my good lady, you did not know that the printers were on a strike here in New York, and our ma- terial was made up many months in ad- vance. However, I hope you will write me again.

PEGGY W.—So you would like to see what I looked like. Ha, ha! That's one on you. Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado in 1864. He went to Hollywood and is 6 feet. Brown hair, blue eyes. That's about all. Time is short and space is short.

BUS.—Hello, Bud. No, we have never had a picture of either the Barrymores on the cover. Don't know about that pri- vate stock. It's a general thing that people live longer in hotter climates. No, I dont bet with you. Gambling is simply picking our own pockets. Mae Marsh did have the bug, but she is looking fine. Miss Sydney Drew is on the coast. Betty Blythe the opposite Lew Cody. Don't men- tion it.

CLOPEATV.—Vamp, the little lady, etc. Nothing has happened to Florence Finch— are there? Sometimes Pearl White wears a wig. It's a trick. Can explain it here. Shirley Mason is taking "His Harvest" in Santa Anna, Cal. Nothing has been reported missing as yet.

ERNESTINE M.—Thank you, if you say my department is the very last thing you read in the magazine. I don't know whether you are with me or again. Be that as it may, the ins and outs of the world at the beginning of this department. Zsa Zsa Gittins is—let me see, about 22 years old. Magic pen—or, it's a March.

SUNNY SOUTH.—Don't know when I will see Al St. John. He has never been in to see me. Yes, thanks, I am very fond of canned fruits; they are sealed to pre- serve for future lunches.

GIVE.—I agree with you, and the reason why so many married women of genius are unhappy in their domestic relations is because they choose unwisely. What could be expected from the mating of the eagle with the dove? I don't know. Why, they simply won't mate. Alice Hollister of Kalem fame is coming back in Goldwyn's "Millionaire."
Wrinkles
Gone!

New Wonderful Way—

Charm of Youth Restored

There is a new, successful method for the eradication of wrinkles. It is the method of Dr. Leif Heller, who has, in connection with the Heller Laboratories, found a treatment which will correct this fault. This treatment has been used in Europe for over 20 years and is now being introduced in this country. It is a process which has been found to be free from all danger and which produces a striking result.

The treatment consists of three steps: the first is the application of a special cream to the skin, which softens and lifts the wrinkles; the second is the application of a special preparation which causes the skin to become smooth; the third is the application of a special lotion which gives the skin a healthy color.

The treatment is painless and requires only about 30 minutes. After the treatment the skin becomes smooth and soft and the wrinkles disappear. The treatment is repeated every three weeks.

The results of the treatment are very striking and the skin becomes smooth, soft, and beautiful. The treatment is recommended for all persons who desire to correct wrinkles.

The treatment is performed at the Heller Laboratories, 265 5th Ave., New York. The cost is $12.00 per treatment.

The Heller Laboratories

265 5th Ave., New York

WONDERFUL RESULTS

Wrinkles and age lines

eradicated. Thenceforward the skin will be soft, smooth, and

beautiful. The treatment is recommended for all persons who desire to correct wrinkles.

The treatment is performed at the Heller Laboratories, 265 5th Ave., New York. The cost is $12.00 per treatment.

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A FEW DAYS

And All Your Wrinkles Gone

Congressionally Recommended.

You will be delighted at the change for the better in your complexion when you adopt the Hel- ler method of treating wrinkles. It is the method of Dr. Leif Heller, who has, in connection with the Heller Laboratories, found a treatment which will correct this fault. This treatment has been used in Europe for over 20 years and is now being introduced in this country. It is a process which has been found to be free from all danger and which produces a striking result.

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The Heller Laboratories

265 5th Ave., New York

Guaranteed

Get Full Particulars FREE

Cost is $12.00. For free information, apply to the Heller Laboratories, 265 5th Ave., New York, or to your nearest Dr. Leif Heller office, where you will receive full information and the name of the nearest office.
Dor M. B.—You say, "I am writing a story under grave circumstances, so to speak. In one part of the story the hero is obliged to ride head downward on a horse thru the desert at night. I've hung over the footboard of the bed for hours at a time in order to get the sensation, but I don't get it so I can't write it on paper. What shall I do?" Consult Emerson and Loos. If not successful then try Fairbanks.

JANET—You make me laugh. I try to write so that I will not excite the envy of my friends nor the malice of my enemies, but I don't always succeed. You ask "Why is it you always spoil a man if you love him?" I don't know; he used to be fine, but now he does nothing but grin into the camera and ripple his muscles." George, George, what have you been doing?

JENNY—Your letter was very interesting and I should like to know more about you.

BRIAN—Why, no, you're not a foreigner because you live in Hoboken. Not exactly. You say you heard some one say the phrase "no better than barny barns and berries." They were speaking of the canines, Emmy Wehlen in "Lifting Shadows." Conway Tearle, Frank Keenan, Thoms Meighan, and a bevy of Gal. Alice Brady on the stage and Constance Talmadge in New York. No to two and three. I think it a good pair.

MRS. A. C. R., AUSTRALIA—My dear Missus, I had to pay 6 cents due on your letter. Don't write a scenario; write it in story form. There isn't much demand for scenarios because most companies have their own writers.

BOO BOO McLENNAN—Charming name you have. Belgium's national hymn is "Who'd have believed such self-willed darlings," England's "God Save the King," and Italy's "Cantico Di Pace." Max Alisson was born in Georgia, weighs 125, stands five feet five, has golden hair and blue eyes.

AUDREY WYNNE—Your letter was a gem and I enjoyed every word of it. You know that the best portion of a good man's life are his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love. You sound very much like that, Wallace Reid and Wanda Hawley in "Double Speed." Margaret Clare and Yvonne. Lewis Codic Absmitter—I enjoyed hearing from you, too. Olive Thomas played in "Footlights and Shadows," released thru Seterick. Seterick is a name set of whiskers. They are not useless luxuries because I often find them handy to dust off the desk with in the morning.

BROAD VIEWS

Scenario Writer—I have tried to air my views in that scenario you are reading.

Editor—Airing them is not enough; allow me to suggest that you fumigate them.

WHAT CAN'T BE CURED, ETC.

Bing—Does that connected actor suffer from an empty head?

Bing—No, he doesn't mind it at all.

WHEN MISFORTUNE REIGNS

BELL—The director gave his wife a diamond necklace.

NELL—She should save that up for a rainy day.

HARD TO RECOGNIZE

Friend—Did that company produce your scenario?

Writer—It must have been mine, because I received a cheque for it.
The Screen Time-Table
(Continued from page 91)

FAR MARKET, THE—MD-7.
Alice Brady—Realart.

Earle Williams—Vitagraph.

Hobart Bosley—John Cumberland.

Marguerite Clark—Paramount.

Grind Prod.—All Star.

HAUNTED SPOOKS—F-5.
Harold Lloyd—Rolph-Pathe.

HEART OF THE HILLS—MD-7.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

HER KINGDOM OF DREAMS—D-6.
Anita Stewart—First National.

HIGH SPEED—CD-7.
Edward Earle—Hallmark.

HOLD YOUR HAND—MD-7.
George Arma—First National.

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LASHLUX.
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A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send the “Free Leather-Talent Test” or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether you are suited for taking up this line. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send $1.25 postpaid today. A large, interesting illustrated booklet in Movie Acting is FREE. FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sts. W., Jackson, Mich.

YOUR MANUSCRIPTS are very valuable and if properly handled mean MONEY TO YOU.

Write us before submitting them to any one. Send for reading matter. Correspondence solicited.

THE UNION MUSIC CO. 432 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio

—back to the Good Old Card Game

What with the war over, the little old bonds tucked safely away in the tin box, the boys home, and the Boshwick on the run, isn’t it time we got back to normal and proceeded to enjoy life in a useful, healthy, good old-fashioned way? Before the war—remember those peaceful home evenings—the good-natured jocks, the jolly little round card games. Now’s the time to get back to those good old days, and you’ll need game cards to start the game rolling again. Your own pocketbook just requires them. Therefore—as long as you have to buy a new pack, let us furnish it. We have on hand cards which are the STAGE PLAYING CARDS, each card having the portrait of some popular player on its back. There are 52 cards and Joker, tinted in pastel shades ofクリーム、brilliantly and Guide, good—designed for, flexible, nicely finished, look and handle, $1.50 a pack. These cards are not only useful but they are ornaments to any living room table and in offering them to you, we feel sure that you will take advantage of the unusual opportunity.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO. 175 Duffyield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TREASURE ISLAND—MD-9. Shirley Mason—Tournier Prod. 2355 Hovey St., Chicago.

MacLean & May—Paramount.


All Star—Paramount.


WHAT'S YOUR HUSBAND DOING?—C-7. MacLean & May—Paramount.


VERSETE—OH, YES! While Nazimova was at work on her latest screen production, “Stronger Than Death,” Charles Bryant’s adaptation of the novel by R. W. Lee, the brilliant Metro star received an application for a position in her company from a man to whom she hands the palm as the most versatile person of the world. The writer of the epistle, according to his own appraisal of his accomplishments, could double in any department of the stage or screen for a chameleon.

Here is his letter:

“I, Elmer F. Gilmor, do hereby apply as a man for small parts with your Company. I am known Amature. I have three years experience such as Barker, ticket agent, black face & Irish. I have up to date Swede & Irish jokes and can go through small character I can and repair costumes scenery and can Managhetti Mecanical scenery.

“I also say that I guarantee good satisfaction, all through and would mention that I can make up for Commie black face and amm all a round athletic can do head and hand springs, shoulder springs & front knocks. I enclose a letter head for which you can see with what company I was with the time I been out three weeks ago. She had had luck at brandon hall.

“We burnt out.

“I lost five times to day. Only own I black wig & 1 Swede outfit which I had not the company. I had taken them along they might be gone. I have been getting $12 per week but would work for less. I assure you we get know fall out. I also say I can get for you a young emotion woman who will work cheap for you and would say she is a morall Girl and banjo player at that and she can sing Commie.

“I remain yours in Honestiy Industry & solerity.

“Mr. Elmer F. Gilmor.”

The Russian star was sorry, but she could find nothing suitable for the extremely adaptable Mr. Gilmor in “Stronger Than Death,” and she so informed him in a courteous reply.

CLUBBY

By La Touche Hankow

When prhi-torus husbands find
Their wives inclined to cook their grub,
They take them back into their own hands,
And used a club!

And so, when modern husbands find
Their wives worn out, or sick, or sick,
They do as their forebears of yore—
They use the Club!

—American Weekly
THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — un failing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical geni have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Don't lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

First Prize
Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathé, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record. A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

Second Prize
Movable Camera and three packages of film (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoes trip — pictures of your family or friends — living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

Third Prize
Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

Fourth Prize
Sheaffer "Giftie", Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

Fifth Prize
Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

Sixth Prize
Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

Seventh Prize

Eighth Prize
Same as Seventh Prize.

Ninth Prize
Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.

Popularity Contest Awards

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Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELISIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARThELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GLISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest began on December 1, 1919, and closes on September 30, 1920.

2. There will be ten ballots as follows:
   - December 1919 ballot
   - January 1920 ballot
   - February 1920 ballot
   - March 1920 ballot
   - April 1920 ballot
   - May 1920 ballot
   - June 1920 ballot
   - July 1920 ballot
   - August 1920 ballot
   - September 1920 ballot

3. The result of each month’s ballot will be published in each of our magazines the second month following each ballot.

4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.

5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

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Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.
Bleaching
a hear’tound Necessity

Your skin requires daily protection from sun and wind. Keep your white fresh and rich with Marie Antoinette Skin Bleach. You’ll marvel at the magical transformation of your skin. Delicately whitens, yet removes foreign matter to remove and also remove TAN. SALTINESS. The white is beautiful. You win fabulous praise by your skin’s wonderful appearance. Bleach it sensorially and you return it at your full value. Our Dr. “Antoinette’s” use to seek wonderful results. If your skin becomes furred or money returned.

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Write the Words for a Song!

Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, compose music for them, and guarantee to secure publication on a royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a songwriter of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Mail your song-poem on love, peace, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems submitted are examined free.

BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS
105F Fitzgerald Building
Broadway at Times Sq., NEW YORK, N. Y.

CINEMA SERVANTS!!!

Marion Davies, star of Cosmopolitan Productions, tells an amusing story of the last Cosmopolitan feature in which she worked. Miss Davies says that in spite of the serious nature of the picture she owes it many laughs.

It seems that one of the scene shifters was in Palmer days the butler to a British peer, and while he was not engaged to see that polite usage be kept sacrosanct thru the picture, he might as well have been.

During the rehearsal of a drawing-room scene, the ex-butter judicially watched two cinema flunkies who had been screen dukes in the daytime. An accident happens to a guest, and one of the flunkies, after the approved habit of our stage flunkies, gave a broad hint of mirth. The quartet made the rounds of the picture.
$1,000 and Film Fame for a Scenario Like “April Folly” by Adrian Johnson

One of the world-famous producing companies has just made this generous offer for a story suitable for one of its stars—Miss Marion Davies, and asks you to see the ADRIAN JOHNSON photoplay “APRIL FOLLY” and pattern your story along similar lines.

TO ENOUGH NEW WRITERS

The express purpose of the contest, as advertised in all New York papers, is to encourage NEW WRITERS and NEW IDEAS. The Cosmopolitan Productions agree to buy all scenarios submitted which are suitable for production.

YOU NEED THE ADRIAN JOHNSON SYSTEM

A mastery of the Adrian Johnson simple, practical, successful system of photoplay writing will admirably equip you to successfully compete in creating a character, which will be numerous in the future, and will prepare you for entering the fascinating and profitable profession of screen writing as a Free Lance or Staff writer.

All Adrian Johnson Students, entering the above contest, may submit their stories and scenarios through our school and avail themselves also of our service bureau in criticizing them.

THE ADRIAN JOHNSON SYSTEM

Comprises a course of 20 lessons, covering every phase of photoplay writing, reduced to absolute simplicity and accuracy so that the person of average intelligence in any walk of life can master and apply it, and capitalize his or her spare time in “RED HOT DOLLARS” and win for themselves fame and a place in the desirable field. We supply 2 complete Directories of Successful Photoplays for study and as patterns. We give you a Dictionary of Studio Language, technical terms of the profession. In short, we bring the studio right into your home, acquaint you with its inner secrets.

WE CRITICIZE YOUR PLAYS

Our advisory board, headed by Adrian Johnson himself, is made up of directors, producers, stars and writers. It gives you prompt and constructive criticism of your scripts.

WE SELL YOUR SCRIPTS

Our Sales Bureau is an expert organization of play agents with ENTREE to all producers, stars and directors who buy plays. It is of inestimable value to you.

JUST AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE

You need not be a “genius” or “born writer,” or anything but just what you are. If you have average intelligence, a story-telling ability, and a creative imagination, even in embryo, we can teach you to write photoplays. Obscure unknowns are jumping into fame and financial independence daily.

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Our FREE SOUVENIR book, “A Fascinating Career,” illustrated with nearly 100 photographs of Stars, Directors, Studio Intendants, Screenwriters, etc., is yours for the asking. Ask for details of our own Cash Prize Scenario Contest just starting.

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239 American Theatre Bldg.
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Name
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Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players. These portraits are 5½" x 8½" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, attractive and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to hang where you and your friends may see them often.

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These portraits are not for sale. They can be secured only by subscribing to the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic or Shadowland for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the Magazine, Classic, Shadowland, or all three during the coming year. Subscribe now and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order to-day and we will mail the portraits at once.

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Magazine $2.50 $3.00 $3.50
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Please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits. Enclosed find $.............................. in payment.

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Address ......................................

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Powerful Rack and Chest, Military Shoulder, Classic Leg and a HEALTHY STOMACH

All of the above can be obtained by following the instructions in my book, Strong Arms, which contains a complete course in physical culture that will develop all parts of your body in perfect proportion. The exercises are illustrated with 30 full page half tone cuts and are so arranged, that $5.00 will make you strong.

Prof. Anthony Barker, D. C.
Studio 338
127 West 42d St., New York City

NAZIMOVA "PINCHED" FOR SPEEDING—SEES HUMOR OF THE SITUATION.

Nazimova vouches for the truth of the matter, which is that she didn't want to do it and didn't mean to do it. So many motion picture stars force their way into the newspaper columns by the simple expedient of "stepping on the gas" along one of the tempting stretches of asphaltium in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

Nazimova would be the last person in the film world to go joy-riding. She is opposed to fast driving as a reckless menace to pedestrians as well as to the motorist. Therefore it was the humor of the situation that appealed to her most forcibly when one day she was "pinched" for speeding.

The Russian star was at the wheel of her rakish roadster on this particular day. She started out from her residence in Laurel Canyon to pay a flying visit to a friend, who was ill in a Los Angeles hospital, before she left for a week-end at San Diego. Her car was rolling along on high when she was astonished to see a khaki-uniformed officer drive his motorcycle across her path and hold up his hand.

"Why do you stop me?" she asked, curiously.

"You're speeding—thirty-two per," he said.

"Why, that's not fast! Anyway, I am hurrying to visit a patient in a hospital." The motorist "cop" laughed. He laughed again. Then he laughed once more.

"I've heard that one before. Third time today. Must be aotta people bedridden just now," the officer yanked out his note-book. "Gimme your name.

"Madame Nazimova." (With a hearty ain.)

"Madame Na—who? oh, never mind. Let's have your number. You can tell it to the judge."

And so Nazimova was "pinched."

DREAMS A-PLAY

By YVETTE D'AVENGER

Dear Dreams! we would find you! With roses, we'd wind you, And merrily bind you To Dawn, Noon and Night! But where are you hiding Or slyly abiding, That all of our chiding To naught can bring? Oh, is there no road to your world, Golden-white? Pray tell us the way—by Day, Noon, or Night! 'Tis just over yonder, Where fairy folk wander; See Shadowland's gateway! Where sits the Dream Queen. Each youth and each maiden, With laughter is laden; They're carrying homeward some smiles they have seen! Dear Dreams! we have found you, a-play on the Screen!

STARRY EYES (To Anita Stewart) By Lee Burt

In your look dawns glad surprise, Starry Eyes—Starry Eyes. In their depths youth's dreaming lies, Starry Eyes—Starry Eyes. I would have you keep that look; Wiser far than lore of book, Fresher than a mountain brook, Starry Eyes—Starry Eyes.
Do You Want to Be Known from the Atlantic to the China Sea?

Do you wish your name to circle the globe and become a household word?
Did you ever stop to think of how it came about that a bunch of golden curls, belonging to a once unknown young girl, has become an important part in the history of the world to-day? There is no village, hamlet or township which does not know Mary Pickford. There is no foreign land which does not love her. Into the almost impenetrable jungle she has gone. Up into the cold regions of the frozen North she has ventured.
How did she reach this stage of international fame?
THRU PUBLICITY! The power behind the throne of every motion picture king or queen.

THE WINNERS OF THE
1920 Fame and Fortune Contest

will have two years' publicity thru the medium of the world's leading magazines, The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland. Thus the name and personality of the winners will be kept before the eyes of the public. Even as the twenty-five Honor Roll girls of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest have become well known to the public thru publicity and their appearance in "A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN," which is now being released thru the Murray W. Garsson Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York City, so the Honor Roll girls of the present contest will have an opportunity to display their talent in a five-reel feature drama which has been procured for this purpose.

Send in your photograph. Every one's chance in this contest is equal.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from The Motion Picture Magazine, Classic or Shadowland, or a similar coupon of your own making.
Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted.
Photographs will not be returned to the owner.
Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.
Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Send as many as you like.
The contest is open to everyone, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.
Contest closes August 1, 1920.

——— MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON ————

Name. 
Address. ........................... (street) ........................... (state)
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any. 
When born. Birthplace. ........................... Eyes (color).
Hair (color). ........................... Complexion. 
Do you want to take part in the Five-Reel Feature Drama? 

133
RIMES OF A MOVIE FAN—CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By FRANK E. COLEY

Now, the one of whom we parlery is a harlequin of quite distinctive quality and grain.

Who has features that are plastic to fantastic,

Odd emotions, plus a wanton hat and cane;

And a patch of fur that's famous. Who could blame

Should we linger here, like gamins at a treat?

Thus to tarry would be pleasant, but at present

Why, our topic is his copyrighted feet.

Yes, his feet, feet, feet!

His delightful, skilful, frightful, wilful feet!

Ho! the plot grows thick and snarly when complete.

Let's those unleashed dogs escort him on his way;

If their master flushes trouble, why those double.

Acting feet are knee-deep in it, so to say.

Full of ginger, pep and chilli, ranging willy-nilly, helter-skelter, up and down the street,

While the other's headed yonder, one will wander

En sence inverse—those Bolshevistic feet!

Oh! such feet, feet, feet!

Such amaz, antic, crazy, frantic feet.

To authority they render but a slender

Portion of respect, and grudgingly at that.

Do we laugh? We do, and more so when the torso

Of inflated dignity becomes their mat.

When they trip the grave and haughty,

then those naughty

Ones and we are in accord that's quite inappropriate.

And colliding with the copper—How improper!

Why, we have a special spasm at his feet.

At his feet, feet, feet!

His unlawful, fearful, awful, cheerful feet!

HOW IT IS DONE

By MARJORIE CHARLES DRISCOLL

The hero—six feet at the least,

Straight nose, strong muscles, trousers creased.

The girl—some curls, a pretty smile,

A close-up every little while.

The villain—mustache black as ink,

A vast capacity for drink.

The vampire—earrings all of jet,

A snaky point a criterion.

Long love scenes—make 'em slow—don't hurry.

The story? Oh, well, we should worry.

TRUTH AND TRASH

BY LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

When they were sweethearts, Cupid reigned

In all his glory,

And Harry breathed to Emily

The old, old story!

And now, when Harry comes home late,

With pretenses hoary—

"Business detained him"—tis, you know,

The old, old story!
How You Can Have a Charming Personality

If you wish

It is not necessary to be a great beauty or to possess a brilliant mind or to wear stunning clothes in order to have this power of fascination. How many times in your own experience have you watched a really lovely woman surrounded by men, the very center of attention? How many times have you seen a self-made girl, one who has achieved in the world of letters, in the political world, in the world of the stage, the most friends and courted girl of your acquaintance? Can't you recall the first time you saw Emily Drake, who, apparently without effort became engaged to the most eligible young man in town? You looked at her and remarked cuttingly: "Why, she hasn't even clothes. She's only a plain little thing." How did she get him? Oh, yes! Emily was a plain little thing; she wore a shirt that was sober, but she had that something which is greater than beauty, or brains or clothes. She had the charm of an attractive personality.

Cultivate winsomeness

So often I have seen possibilities in some woman, some young girl, that needed only a hint to bring out all the best qualities in her. Ladies of finesse have felt the urge going up to some woman and said: "I know a secret which will completely change your whole life! Will you let me tell it to you?" But I couldn't very well go along and suggest a Cain, could I? But, oh! I do so want to share my knowledge with the host of good girls and women in this America that I love. I want to let you go the path of my experience.

Irene Bordoni

The Exquisite French Actress Now in America

See what this lovely woman has to say about Madame Juliette Far's Course in Instruction.

"One who wishes to make a success in any profession, or even in her own social and home life, will find that very much indeed depends upon her appearance, her poise and the general way in which she comports herself. Secrets that are imparted by Madame Juliette Far in her course, "Winning Personality for Women," are such as any ambitious woman will find of untold value."

Mail the coupon for free book

How to win

You should adopt some of those secrets of the French women. They are easily acquired. Remember, I refer to win -one way which the most modest and respectable person may use. And I am sure his his looks you, dear reader, command attention, to become winsome— to succeed in your undertakings.

How to hold men's interest

Men are so apt and masterful, are "boys born with a tail" that only women who truly wish to do so can please— if you know how! After all, all our affairs are the same. It is one of the most thrilling habits that stands in the way of your having a true winning personality. If you only put the proper rules into your heart you can improve amazing.

You no longer need to envy other women. You have it in your power to attain admittance, command attention, to become winsome to succeed in your undertakings.

The French woman's allure

This ability is native born with most French women and is the result of their secret of aristocracy. What they have done and do is possible for you, also. It does not require any great amount of time. It takes only two things, the desire to please and the capacity to work with a will. If you wish to succeed, must come from you. The possibilities I can give you, if you will let me.

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DON'T BE A KANGAROO

The Kangaroo has more power in its hind legs than any form of life on earth, but its upper body and front legs are physically small. What a terrible deformity it would make as a human being, and still so many of us would end up the same way.

The average farmer works all day with his back and feels satisfied that he is taking wonderful care of himself physically, but still he usually grows old before his time with a flat chest and a curved spine. A few minutes daily attention would prevent this, but he never gives himself this attention until it is too late. His legs are over-developed while his chest is crowded in and his vital organs cramped out of place.

THE WRONG METHOD

The average physical director teaches his pupils to develop their arms, as they respond so readily; and claims that the rest of the body will develop at the same time. Don’t be misled by false teachings. Don’t let your arms resemble the kangaroo’s hind legs while the rest of your body remains that of a weaking.

THE RIGHT WAY

The perfect athlete of today also has these large, powerful arms; but with them goes the broad shoulders, the full chest, the strong sinewy legs of a well proportioned body. His step is springy, his eyes show fire and his personality shows that he is brimming over with life.

The experts of today claim that Arthur Hyson’s methods are without doubt the shortest and surest to bring about this result. His pupils are found among the leading wrestlers, gymnasts and all round athletes of today. Invariably they have also proved a marked success in their business career.

His new book, “Physical Perfection” contains numerous full page photographs of himself and some of the athletes he has trained and developed. It also explains all about his new method and system.

IT IS FREE

Do you crave a perfect well-proportioned body and assurance of success? Do you wish to have the vim and pep which makes you the center of attention no matter where you go? If so, send 10 cents at once, stamps or coin, to help cover the cost of wrapping, postage, etc., and you will receive a copy.

TEAR OFF COUPON—NOW—before you forget it.

Arthur Hyson
Dept. 103. 164 Fulton St., New York City

Dear Sir: Without obligation on my part please send me free a copy of the "PHYSICAL PERFECTION," for which I enclose 10 cents.

Name.

(please print or write your name plainly.)

Street.

City. State.

Fragment of Verse

. FROM A LOST ERA
(Roughly translated by an anonymous poet)

I’m not a guy with grouchy eye,
But some things make me sore.
To see the stuff and all the bluf,
And all the stuff that’s as sure.
They pull now in the picture shows,
It makes you think you’re stung.
Film business had a lot more “pep”
When the movie world was young.

Taint the “our bits,” not less of wits,
You mind, when sitting there.
The lengthy ways of marshmallow plays,
Of saccharine and glue
They give you now. It makes you think
With introspective glow,
Of other plots and other days, and other players.
So—
I’ll reminisce down Memory’s road,
Love-garlanded, and strong
With roses sweet and immortal,
Forget-me-nots, and sparkling wells,
When the movie world was young.

The old “A. B.,” o’er land and sea
Their patron numbered wide,
And Griffith “shot” full many a spot,
He owned the countryside.
The Walladals showed its first phase.
How grateful hearts were wrung!
The maidens’ sighs for his dark eyes!.
When the movie world was young.

Good old “T. A.” way out Bronx way,
To lights, had added pictures,
To boost his game, and Edison fame.
Among the cinema fixtures,
Old stock “legits,” there, shaking mits,
Said, “Now our anchor’s slung.
The feathered nest! Oh, heavenly rest!”
When the movie world was young.

The “S. and A.” and “Selig” play
Had animals and actors,
To take your choice made one rejoice.
Their circulation factors!
Their circus stunts and lion hunts
Were thrilling and dramatic.
With shootings loud, the cowboy crowd,
And all the plots that bore.
When Broncho Billy grabbed the girl
And to the saddle swung,
And led a chase, with grim-set face,
When the movie world was young.

Kalem, Vitagraph, Pathé,
In films, they were reared.
The Kalem raid and Griffith, “fae”
Were mentioned side by side.
The redskins blossomed in Fort Lee,
The cries of vengeance rung—
The stockade’s rout; the supers’ bout!
When the movie world was young.

Our own Blanche Sweet, with tripping feet,
Adorned the landscape fair.

The Gishes too, their salary drew.
They were a comely pair.
And Mary Fuller bloomed in state,
Her reign had but one hate.
The Pickford point was not worn out
When the movie world was young.

Sweet Alice Joyce was one first choice,
With admirers by the score.
And Blackwell days!—Box-office raise.
The audiences rose.
The curly hero, huyen maid,—
Idols to whom they cling.
"Two’s worth while being a photo star
When the movie world was young.

The Keystone cops did many flocs,
With Charlie running strong.
The custard pie found many an eye,
When Normand was along.
With Bunny “funning” in the East,
Arbuckle in the West.
The movie fans increased in hoards,
Life for them was a jest.
Coveting baubles; “breakaways,”
Full many a “gag” was sprung—
Dumb-waiter ropes: comedians’ hopes!
When the movie world was young.

From old Falstaff, the Vitagraph
Went down the list of “drummer,”
To Lean and Sylk and most dread
The actors used the hammer
As well as strutting for the Kliegs.
A motley crowd among,
You never knew what part you drew,
When the movie world was young.

From Egypt’s queen, to Sadie Green,
The girls could daily shift,
And hero’s eyes replaced black signs
And mustaches adrift.
The eye-reel plot was full of hop,
The villains neatly hung,—
Kiss—Fade—Embrace. All out this way!
When the movie world was young.

All planets in their natal blush
More wondrous fair appear.
Their sparkling rays of new-born days,
Our hearts toward them yearn.
But later, when their cycle’s round
Grows slower, colder, strained,
We turn our eyes to other fields.
Our interest in them wane.
So all the later movie crowd,
Commercially inclined,
Told they may descend in first place,
With love thoughts are not twined.
Their posterettes and smug vignettes
May country-wide be sung;
They cannot raise the loving praise
Given to stars in those dear days
When the movie world was young.

__THAT PEEVISH DIRECTOR__

By HARRY J. SMALLY

We were working on a picture, and the butler’s part was mine,
Says I to me, “Here’s where I make a hit!”
But, coming down a stairway that was high and wide and fine,
I slipped and fell, and on my eyebrow hit! I basted ey’ry arm I had,—was skinned from there to here,—
A bunch of bumps and bruises on my face.
The director was a kindly cuss,—he hurried in my ear:—
“You careless hick, you’ve gone and spoiled the scene!”

They removed me to the hospital and there I lain and died.
And, later on, I reached the Happy Land.

I laid:—“This is a lovely place, I’m glad to get inside
Instead of down below!”—you understand!
When I listened to the music of the harps and things about
I heard a voice that sounded harsh and mean,—
Lo! I there stood that blamed director and he said to me, “Get out,—
You don’t belong in here,—you’ll spoil the scene!”
There's no two ways about it!

No better cigarette can be made than Camels!

Get the idea at once that Camels and their refreshing flavor are unlike any cigarette you ever smoked—that's why men call Camels a cigarette revelation!

You should know why Camels are so unusual, so delightful, so satisfying. First, quality, second, Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos which you'll certainly prefer to either kind smoked straight!

Camels blend makes possible that wonderful mellow mildness you hear so much about—yet all the desirable body is there to any smoker's absolute satisfaction! And, no matter how generously you smoke, Camels never tire your taste!

How you'll appreciate, too, Camels freedom from any unpleasant cigarette aftertaste or unpleasant cigarette odor—a cigarette revelation all by itself.

Compare Camels puff-by-puff with any cigarette in the world at any price! At once you'll know why Camels popularity steadily increases.
This superb 21-Jewel, thin model Burlington is sold to you direct at the rock-bottom price. This masterpiece of watch manufacture has twenty-one Jewels of Sapphires and Rubies. It is adjusted to position, adjusted to temperature, and adjusted to isochronism. Send the coupon today for free book on watches.

$350 a Month

You pay only this small amount each month for this masterpiece, sold to you direct at the rock-bottom price, the lowest price at which a Burlington is sold.

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19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
338 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Can.

Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $3.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Send this Coupon for Watch Book

You do not pay a cent until you see the watch. Send the coupon today for this great book on watches and full information of the $3.50 a month offer. Don't delay.

Burlington Watch Co.,
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Dept. A126, Chicago, Ill.
INSURE THEIR HAPPINESS

Make Their Tomorrows as Free From Care as Their Todays.

A Prudential Monthly Income Policy

is the Rainbow After the Storm.

On the First Day of Every Month a Prudential Check Can be Put into the Hands of Those You Love.

Hundreds of American Homes Know This Day as

PRUDENTIAL DAY
THE NATIONAL PAY DAY

Your Life and Memory Can be Made a Constant Benediction to Those You Leave Behind.

Insure in
An added charm of Florient Talc is the color of the powder. This is most unusual and distinctive—just off the white. The rare Oriental fragrance and delicate fineness of the powder itself also explain the popularity of Colgate's Florient—the new superfine Talc.

Florient, you will remember, gained first place in an International Perfume Contest. As the pure delight of its fragrance won favor—so will the grace and beauty of the new box in which Florient Talc comes to you.

COLGATE & CO.  Est. 1806  New York
Beautiful features can be marred hopelessly by a faulty complexion; but a skin free from blemishes, blackheads, sallowness, fine lines or tendency to furrows—one absolutely clean, clear, glowing with natural color—a perfect complexion—makes one truly beautiful regardless of minor facial defects.

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ATTRACTIVE WEEK-END BOX, 50c.
Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling throughout the world. Mailed postpaid, in U. S. A. from laboratory if not easily obtainable.

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Hear the newest dance music at any Victor dealer's. Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

Victor Talking Machine Company
Camden, New Jersey
Overheard in the Lobby

"MY LORD BUT HE’S HOMELY, GERT"
"SAY NELL, IF I COULD FIND A MAN LIKE HIM—HONEST HE MAKES ‘ME SICK OF THESE ‘HEROES’"

WHERE’S YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, JIM
MINE’S SO WET.
HE’S IS SO LIKE YOUR FATHER
WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE FELLOW"

"Say Dad — if I had a pony like that
man’s little boy— and you had
a horse and we had some rope"

"Tell you what, ma, I wouldn’t
have missed that picture
for a farm—the whole
family comes hereafter
whenever Will Rogers
comes to town — "

A new type of star—so new that at first audiences
gasped. That man a hero! That homely, awkward man!
Will Rogers has gone straight to the hearts of
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humor — that great-hearted tenderness that made
Abraham Lincoln the most beloved American.

It was Goldwyn that discovered Will Rogers. Quick
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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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Subscription—$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00; in foreign countries and Newfoundland, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address. Do not subscribe to the Motion Picture Magazine thru agentsunknown to you personally, or you may find yourself defrauded. We cannot be responsible for manuscripts lost in the mails, and it is therefore wise to keep a copy of all material submitted. We pay contributors on the fourth of the month following acceptance.

Published by Brewer Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation
Eugene V. Brewer, President and Editor-in-Chief
E. M. Heinemann, Secretary

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Address all communications to

Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers. In the event of failure to obtain copies, a notification to us will be appreciated.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation
STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list, for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By JUNIUS

-Astor.-"Tay Bainter" as "East Is West." The story of a quartet of little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

-Belasco.-"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric. George Scarborough and David Belasco's highly colored Chinese melodrama, with the wild Miss Ulric. One of the big hits of the season.

-Bijou.-"The Ouija Board." Crane Wil- bur's thriller built around spiritualism. Real spooky in a fake sense, solve a murder and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge....

-Broadhurst.-"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which pulls the wool over our eyes as to how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as spirit medium whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

-Central.-"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and John Murray. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

-Century.-"Florodora." The much- heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with new production, distinction and humor. Miss Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly, and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "Florodora" Here is a revival that really revives.

-Cort.-"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live. Abraham Lincoln cannot fail to inspire you. Our Lincoln is not an American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

-Comey.-"My Lady Friend." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the role of the young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

-Elling-.-"Breakfast in Bed," with Florence Moore. A rather amusing farce satirizing the movies with vaudeville's lady clown, Miss Moore, working very hard to put it over.

-Empire.-"Declasse," with Ethel Bar- rymore. One of the big things of the dramatic season is this clever play by Zoe Akins. Whether or not it has the basis of truth, it is brilliantly written and is well played by Miss Barrymore.

-Forty-Fourth Street."-"Looking Here," with Cecil Leon. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Leon and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

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This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled pianist in a short time. A plain, unpretentious method written especially for the beginner. This method includes all of the material covered in the full-size book. All music free. Read today for full particulars. Send today. 

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Hippodrome.—“Happy Days.” Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge “Hip” tank.

Hudson.—“Clarence.” Booth Tarkington’s delightful comedy, built about the war, is a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Little Theater.—“Beyond the Horizon.” by Eugene O’Neill. This powerful drama was produced at a series of special matinees and proved so successful that it won a theater all its own. A gripping study of a human being crushed by environment, told with compelling force. One of the biggest native dramas of years. Richard Bennett heads a remarkable cast.

Lyric.—“What’s In a Name?” The most beautiful musical entertainment, with the possible exception of the Ziegfield revues, yet seen on Broadway. Colorful new art stage designs, remarkable use of lights and gorgeous costumes lift it into the realm of the exquisite. Intelligently written and put together, too.

Morocco.—“Sacred and Profane Love,” with Elsie Ferguson. An absorbing—if loosely conceived—drama by Arnold Bennett which marks the return of Miss Ferguson to the speaking stage. It is the story of the remarkable love of a keenly mental author—s for a musical genius who slips into the clough of drugs. Miss Ferguson has many admirable moments and Jose Ruben contributes some brilliant playing as the drug wreck.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfield 9 o’clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlikely to be found anywhere else. Mlle. Spinelly, a Parisian favorite, is now in the cast of the roof revues. Mary Hay stands out and the entertainers include Fanny Brice, Carl Randall and W. C. Fields.

Nora Bayes Theater.—“Lassie.” A charmingly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing’s “Kitty MacKee” Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Playshouse.—“The Wonderful Thing.” A human play built around a poverty-stricken but blue-blooded English family. In which Jeannie Eagles comes as a wealthy heiress and wife of the eldest son. Pleasant drama.

Pantages.—“Three Shoehorns.” A musical comedy of Dixie, staged by the Cubans, who produced “The Better ’Ol.” Rather dull and not inspired. Anna Wheaton is the featured member of the cast.

Republic.—“The Sign on the Door.” A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

Thirty-Ninth Street Theater.—“Scandal.” Miss Hamilton’s daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading roles in the excellent footlight production.

Lenox: N. Y. and Lenox’s American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew’s Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplays features plus a de luxe program. Superb theater.

Pantages.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Radio.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

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This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast serving cost ninety per cent.

Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Percentage of water</th>
<th>In Quaker Oats</th>
<th>In hen’s eggs</th>
<th>In oysters</th>
<th>In tomatoes</th>
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The cost of your breakfasts

Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

| Cost per serving | Dish of Quaker Oats | 1c     | Serving of meat | 8c      | Lamb chop | 12c   | Two eggs | 10c     |

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"The Blue Flame," with Theda Bara. A lurid melodrama with the famous Theda in the dual role of an ingenue with and without a soul. It is breaking box-office records, proving that every one wants to see Miss Bara "in person.

"Apple Blossoms."—The ambitious and much-heralded opéraetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably. Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

"My Golden Girl."—A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeanette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

"Mauna's Affair."—Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy—a study of that deadly human specie, the hypochon- drac who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Ida St. Leon scores and important members of the cast are: Effie Shannon, Arthur Edeson, Katherine Kaelred and George Le Guerre.

"The Little Whopper."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasingly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Brownne, who does excellent work. Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

"The Cat Bird," with John Drew. A leisurely little play by Rupert Hughes, dealing with an elderly ecologist.bett straightens out the romances of several people according to the principles derived from his studies among the flowers and insects. Mr. Drew returns to the York stage after two years as the ecologist. A suave evening's amusement.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright and highly amusing comedy by George Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Ed- dinger. One of the most realistic of the sort.

"Aphrodite."—Highly colored and lav- ish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louy's exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal role of the Golden Courtesan, Chrysis, with scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male role.

"The Fugitives of 1920."—G. M. (Bruno Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but pretty girls.

"The Royal Vagabond."—A Cohanized opera comic in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music.

"The Girl in the Limonante."—A daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the even- ning. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

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J. M. Lyon & Co.

New Departure for Scenario Writers—

Screen Service Bureau will help you make a success of your stories. No charge for writing your synopsis. If your work is salable we will sell it.

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SCREEN STORIES SERVICE

175-177 Daffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Letters to the Editor

Here is a New Jersey reader who would enjoy a correspondence with fellow-readers. Certainly such a correspondence would prove mutually interesting, especially with another Doug Fairbanks fan:

**Friend Editor**—I have been reading your magazines for many months, and like all human people, I really enjoy them. The Letters to the Editor are especially interesting to me. In fact, they are the first things I turn to.

It so happens that I am new in this town and, therefore, lonesome and friendless, so if someone would write to me, why, they would be doing much to cheer me up. I am eighteen years of age and work in the daytime and you, perhaps, can imagine my joy if I should come home some night, tired and weary, to find a note from some fellow-reader waiting for me.

Do you think Doug Fairbanks is beginning to show some signs of life lately? His latest, "Till the Clouds Roll By," was great and good, but I have to make about this universal laugh-creator is that there is not enough of his work upon the screen. Why doesn't he make more pictures and quit staging? When he was under the Artcraft banner we saw a lot of him, but now that he is on his own he has slowed down much.

Well, I have now said my say, so I'll give someone else a chance. Here's wishing you and your three magazines the best of luck. May you enjoy it as only one worthy as you can.

Very truly yours,

**STANLEY G. LEHMANN**

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Send no money. Just send this to the Tires

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Perfume Drops

Rieger's famous ornamental perfume

$3.50, Garden Queen ($0.00). American Rose (8.50). Sweetheart ($3.50). Rosebud ($2.50). Send airmail now, and we will ship you samples at the rate of $1.00 for 5 cents, $2.50 for 1 cent, $3.50 for 1 cent, and $4.00 for 1 cent. All orders shipped by express.

**Send $1.00 for Five 25c Bottles**

Paul Rieger & Co. (since 1872) 163 First St., San Francisco

**A Wife Too Many**

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason—that on their entrance half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their feet would be the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery.

**CRAIG KENNEDY**

**The American Sherlock Holmes**

**ARTHUR B. REEVE**

The American Conan Doyle

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Send me all available pre-publication set of Arthur H. Brem in 10 volumes. Also send me, absolutely free, the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes, if the books are not satisfactory, I will return both sets within 15 days at your expense. Furthermore I will send you 0.50 within five days and 2.90 a month for 15 months.

M. P. M. 7.20
COMPANY—never embarrasses the pantry shelf stocked with National Biscuit Company products. Many a welcome repast awaits in N.B.C. BUTTER THIN BISCUIT—thin, tender morsels with the taste of rich creamery butter; N.B.C. GRAHAM CRACKERS—golden squares of nourishing goodness; NABISCO—queen of dessert wafers; UNEEDA BISCUIT—the world’s best soda cracker; and any others of the N.B.C. family that may grace the larder.

Sold in the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Advertising is said to be influenced by public taste, yet it would seem to be belittling to no small degree the intelligence of the cinema audiences when the cheaper of two films is advertised more prominently than the other. Such conditions are curable, but only by all of us expressing our opinion when similar instances come under our observation. The letter printed below was originally sent to the Answer Man, but because of its general interest, that venerable sage has passed it on for publication in this department:

DEAR ANSWER MAN—I’m going to start right out with a plea for the right sort of advertising. To see some of the titles which printers twist the names of our well-known favorites into. Then, too, it never seems that the good picture gets the right advertising, and I’ve seen some of the worst examples just recently. For instance, in three-foot letters “ROBERT WARWICK in THE MAD LOVER,” and underneath in letters about five inches high, “also an appealing story, Little Women.” I saw the program and found that “The Mad Lover” was the kind of a picture which drags the industry back and keeps the photoplay in the spotlight of adverse criticism. “Little Women,” on the contrary, was a picture which does every one—young and old—good to see. It makes you weep a little and laugh a little, and over all is the wonderful atmosphere of home life. It leaves you with a feeling that you want to make your own home life happier. Don’t you think those are the plays which are worth while? Now another instance. “Choosing a Wife” adapted from the famous book, “The Elder Mrs. Blossom.” Also on the same program, “Eyes of the Soul,” an Artcraft with Elsie Ferguson. The height of the letters was somewhat similar and the result the same. “Eyes of the Soul” is a picture which will bring Elsie Ferguson back to the place she held when she first came to the screen in “Barbary Sheep.” But apart from that fact it is also a picture which I am sure will live in the memory of all who see it. “Choosing a Wife” fell flat mainly, I think, because of its typically English cast—all of which are strangers to us—at least to us Australians. Of course, I know that it was a noble story of a woman’s sacrifice, but it was the inferior of the two productions, according to the general opinion, and it was billed to the greater extent.

I cant remember all of the instances I would like to quote, but in every one of them the picture which should have been on top was almost like an “also ran.” This is, I think, unfair, because, aitho some of us knew what to expect when we went to see “Eyes of the Soul” and “Little Women,” there were probably many others who did not.

To see such pictures as I have mentioned and others, like “The Squaw Man,” “Prunella,” “Les Miserables,” “The White Heather,” etc., is to educate oneself not only to the sorrows and joys of life, but also to educate one to the technical side of the profession. “White Heather” has a series of scenes, paintings one could almost call them—in which one of the characters, played by Jack Gilibert, looks for a missing witness. I have never seen such wonderfully lighted scenes either on the stage or screen. The shadows in the foreground and the soft light in the back-

(Continued on page 14)
In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

This is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is it a nothing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write who really want and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Misted ideas the past has handed down to us? You probably know that a mouse could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and dives down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario writers, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them. And do you know what these writers are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at bar chairs, following the plow, or teaching in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are the Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creative gene you or a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Perhaps you say: "I have never heard of a sighted gift" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people who apparently are all right. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing, a second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of arithmetic, any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to sketch a story or a situation, a story piece sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the person who has often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seeking all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whispering wirl—-the homeless and pavement of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. One of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could some home and tell the folk all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody started by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" If so says you can't?

Listen! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, published, and made into movies. How many of the stories you can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queenes live and work and earn and, without any special experience, learn to write. To your own amazement, that their simplest Ideas as furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless goldmine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How and if you can be a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN?

This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. YOUR copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. IT'S YOURS. Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—story and play writing. The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular Job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain? Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—BUT THE ONE WHO WILL TELL YOU.

So why wait any more time wondering, dreaming, waiting? Simply fill out the coupon below— you're not buying anything, you're getting it ABSOLUTELY FREE. A book that may prove The Book of Your Destiny. A Magic Book through which men and women young and old may learn to turn their spare hours into cash!

Get your letter in the mail before you sleep to-night. Who knows—it may mean for you the Dawn of a New To-morrow! Just address The Authors' Press, Dept. 143, Auburn, New York.
$1,000 and Film Fame for a Scenario Like "April Folly" by Adrian Johnson

One of the world-famous producing companies has just made this generous offer for a story suitable for one of its stars—Miss Marion Davies, and asks you to see the ADRIAN JOHNSON photoplay "APRIL FOLLY" and pattern your story along similar lines.

TO ENCOURAGE NEW WRITERS

The express purpose of the contest, as advertised in all New York papers, is to encourage NEW WRITERS and NEW IDEAS. The Cosmopolitan Productions agree to buy all scenarios submitted which are suitable for production.

YOU NEED THE ADRIAN JOHNSON SYSTEM

A mastery of the Adrian Johnson simple, practical, successful system of photoplay writing will admirably equip you to successfully compete in contests of this character, which are becoming numerous in the future, and will prepare you for entering the fascinating and remunerative profession of screen writing as a Free Lance or Staff writer.

All Adrian Johnson Students, entering the above contest, may submit their stories and scenarios through our school and avail themselves of our service bureau in criticizing them.

THE ADRIAN JOHNSON SYSTEM

Comprises a course of 20 lessons, covering every phase of photoplay writing, reduced to absolute simplicity and accuracy so that the practical application of intelligence in the walk of life can master and apply it, capitalizing his or her spare time into "RED HOT DOLLARS" and win for themselves FAME and a place in this desirable line. We supply 2 complete "Directors" Copies of Successful Photoplays for study and patterns. We give you a Dictionary of Studio Language, technical terms of the profession. In short, we bring the studio right into your home, acquaint you with its inner secrets.

WE CRITICIZE YOUR PLAYS

Our advisory board, headed by Adrian Johnson himself, is made up of directors, producers, stars and writers. It gives you the counsel and constructive criticism of your scripts.

JUST AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE

You need not be a "genius" or "born writer" or anything but just what you are. If you have average intelligence, a story-telling ability, and a creative imagination, even in embryo, we can teach you to write photoplays. Obscure unknowns are jumping into fame and financial independence daily.

A TRULY WONDERFUL BOOK

Our FREE SOUVENIR book, "A Fascinating Career," illustrated with nearly 100 photographs of Stars, Directors, Studio Interiors, Scenes, etc., is yours for the asking only. Ask for details of our own Cash Prize Scenario Contest just starting.


COUPON


Please send me the free souvenir book, "A Fascinating Career."

Name.__________________________________________

Address.________________________________________

Dear Old Answer Man:

I can hardly believe that you are the same old dear who, years and years ago, would ungrudgingly give me occasional bits of information regarding the players on the screen. How many times have I read your verbal chastisements to curious ones who had intruded if so and so were married, and if so, to whom? How mysterious you were in those days!

Now, however, conditions are apparently changed, and the various satellites have descended from their throne chairs of illusion, and acknowledge, nay, even shocked from the hitherto the fact that they have entered into the state of matrimony. Ah me, how times have changed!

I remember the first issue of the Motion Picture Magazine. I uncared a very early issue the other day and compared it with your present publications. Ha, ha! comparisons are odious. Nevertheless, you deserve much credit. You were a brave little band to start out on an unknown journey. Can you recall in what light players of the stage regarded players of the screen?—Contest is putting it mildly! And for a time it seemed as tho the art of the photoplay was going to sink into oblivion.

In those early days I was a little girl of twelve, and desperately in love with Alice Joyce. After the appearance of your magazine, I would search thoroughly each month for a picture of my idol, and if one were not there, my disappointment was keen. Each photograph I pasted on the wall of my bedroom, and when a year had elapsed, the wall-paper was entirely covered with Alice Joyce.

One day I saw her on Broadway! To steal cartoonist Webster's pet phrase, "The thought never crossed me; the wonder was mine!" I followed her all over town, into the subway, out again, into department stores, out again. I thought she was the most perfect person ever created. Oh, if we could only retain the same illusions and delusions in regard to our fellow-man after we have passed the puppy-dog stage! But alas! once those illusions have been shattered, they can nevermore be restored.

To prove what an antique I am, I will also recall to you the days when the movie-bag was considered the Brighton "L" instead of their motor-cars. Anyone passing Elm Avenue around six P. M. could often see Clara Kimball Young, William Shaw, M. E. Costello, Lillian Walker, Wallie Van Nostrand, Adele DeCarle, Kenneth Casey, and a score of other old-time Vitagraphers, waiting for the train. Very seldom one would see them without a bundle, and sometimes two or three. I wonder if at that time they realized that a few years hence the motion picture industry would be one of the largest in the world, and that instead of riding on the elevated, they would be saying "Home, James." It is said that when a person begins to reminisce, they are in the throes of old age, so I shall desert 1911 for 1919 and the Answer Man. I don't know whether you are a he, a she or a they, and it matters not; but I do know that you are the most facetious, capricious, sarcastic, obliging, supercilious, humorous old darling that I have ever lived since the time of dear old Bill. Keep it up, my dear, and you may yet live to see your name go down in the annals of the twentieth century.

One of your old admirers,

HALLY CHALLENGER

316 West 93rd Street,
New York City.
Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELsie FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a “crush” on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest begins on December 1, 1919, and closes on September 30, 1920.

2. There will be ten ballots as follows:
   - December 1919 ballot
   - January 1920 ballot
   - February 1920 ballot
   - March 1920 ballot
   - April 1920 ballot
   - May 1920 ballot
   - June 1920 ballot
   - July 1920 ballot
   - August 1920 ballot
   - September 1920 ballot

3. The result of each month’s ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.

4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.

5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.
June Mornings

Bubble grains on berries
Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

June Evenings

Whole wheat steam exploded
For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tidbits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.

June Afternoons

Airy, nut-like confections
For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-like confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Prof. Anderson’s creations
In Puffed Grains every food cell is blasted by a steam explosion. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Thus digestion is made easy and complete. Every atom feeds.

The grains are toasted, crisp and flimsy. They taste like nut-meats puffed.

Never were grain foods made so inviting.

But remember the great fact. Every clement is fitted to digest. They are ideal grain foods which never tax the stomach.

In summer serve at all hours, and in plenty. Keep all three kinds on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 10)

ground proved the art of the director. Perhaps the majority of people who frequent the motion pictures do not care for these things—that is, perhaps, because they have not been favored with them often enough. I did not in the past, but times have changed and now I find myself seeing things in the light and shadows that make a play seem far more wonderful.

And before closing—one word about the incessant cry of the industry being in its infancy. Such things as I could further mention in connection with lights and shadows are not the result of an infancy. Assuredly no. The business is in the heyday of its romantic youth when it sees gold in all things, and also that there is beauty in sorrow as well as pleasures. And by this I do not mean that in about as many years again it will be a decrepit, aged thing. Far from it. I believe that it will grow until it reaches a certain and perhaps ideal height and then mellow with age, maybe, but never again become trashy or cheap.

With best wishes,
HARRIET H. DURR
16 Ivy Street, Prahran, Australia.

There have been criticisms galore offered in the hope of rectifying practically the very things our reader mentions, yet they go on and on—apparently, too, they always will—yet we can hope:

DEAR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE EDITOR—I am looking for staunch supporters of a new law I should like to introduce in Congress immediately—if not sooner—and when you hear my troubles I am sure you will rally round the flag.

As I am a reasonable person a little thing like the heroine running thru a Kansas rainstorm with her hair hanging in straight, clinging strands about her ears and a couple of minutes later climbing on a show wagon, with said hair all curled up again—a little thing like that doesn’t phase me—I stick to the story.

But I must have a law quickly or they will have to lock me up in a padded cell, against more than one feature picture in six months containing the following plot developments:

1. “Be mine, be mine!” “But there is something that I must tell you first.” “Tell me nothing but that you love me!”

2. Hero from the outside of the house sees shadowed on the curtain, the figure of the heroine in another’s arms.

3. A heroine who is the innocent cause of some misfortune to the hero—his brother—or sister. He loves her, ignorant of her identity, but she thinks he would hate her if she knew. Always she is desperate in her fear of his discovery.

Of course these things are adjusted before the fade-out, but I ask you if it not become unendurable? Three times in six months I have seen detail number three on the screen—once it was Elsie Ferguson in “A Society Exile,” then some other play the name of which I have forgotten and now Clara Kimball Young in “The Forbidden Woman.” And worst of all, this last play contains all three of these moth-eaten details. A perfectly beautiful picture it is—as a picture with a fair plot and excellent players, but everything is spoiled by such rot.

And in closing I want to say that I take the trouble to rave because I love pictures and hopefully go on once more.

Sincerely yours,
MAUD FAUX.
AGENTS WANTED
Make $10.00 next Saturday. Spectator for Ford selling like wildfire. Used by Ford Motors and dealers. Only 100 copies per town. 3 months or replace. All styles, sizes, and colors. No risk. No holes to bore. Sell ten to twelve a day easy. Splendid profits and opportunities. Write for free information. Address Perrin Company, 1655 Haywood Ave., South Bend, Ind.

Agents—$60 a week selling guaranteed hardware utensils. No experience necessary. One to ten months or replaced. All styles, sizes, and colors. No holes to bore. Sell ten to twenty a day easy. Splendid profits and opportunities. Write for free information. Address Perrin Company, 1655 Haywood Ave., South Bend, Ind.

Agents—$100 a week selling guaranteed hardware utensils. No experience necessary. One to ten months or replaced. All styles, sizes, and colors. No holes to bore. Sell ten to twenty a day easy. Splendid profits and opportunities. Write for free information. Address Perrin Company, 1655 Haywood Ave., South Bend, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED

COINS AND STAMPS, ETC.
We Buy Old Money. Hundreds of dates worth $2 to $500 each. Keep all old money you can find. We pay cash. Get paid for both the price. We give our agents to sell from handsome display cases. We have a pleasant work. Write today. Mail requested. Mail your coin today. You may have valuable coins. International Coin Co., Box 135, Philadelphia, Pa.

FARM LANDS
Landseekers. Big opportunity in Michigan. Hardwood land $15 to $50 per acre. 10 to 100 acres down payment; $1 per year per acre. Good land in grains, stock, poultry or fruit. Big illustrated plan. Free. Send $1 for free. A-1242 First Natl Bank Bldg, Chicago, Ill.

FEMALE HELPS WANTED
Ladies to do Postcard Titling, Photo Coloring, etc., for us. Experience unnecessary. No canning. Guaranteed prices. Days' work. $5 to $10.00 per day. Address: Fournier Co., Dept. A-1412, First Natl Bank Bldg, Chicago, Ill.

Make $10.00 next Saturday. Spectator for Ford selling like wildfire. Used by Ford Motors and dealers. Only 100 copies per town. 3 months or replace. All styles, sizes, and colors. No risk. No holes to bore. Sell ten to twelve a day easy. Splendid profits and opportunities. Write for free information. Address Perrin Company, 1655 Haywood Ave., South Bend, Ind.

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MAIL ORDER BUSINESS
$30 a Week. Evenings home. I made it with a small Mail Order Business. Started with $21 capital. Free Booklet, $1 postage, tells how or send the for Sample & Plan. A. M. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

MUSIC

MUISCAL INSTRUMENTS
ROYAL DEEP, MELLOW, SOULFUL—$25. Credit, easy terms for wonderful instrument. Order now with Mr. Gustav Henning, 215 11th St., Miami, Florida.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE
Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 565 Lewis St., St. Louis.

PARCIALT

Patents. Send for free book. Containing valuable information for inventors. Send sketch or description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt services. (Twenty years experience in the Patent business.) 1109 Talbot Bldg., Washington, D. C.
The luxury of Being Certain

To be able to pick a good show every time is magic—until you know how. But millions are doing it right along, experiencing this luxury of being certain. How? Simply by looking for the key word in the theatre advertising — the brand name, Paramount. No theatre that has the entertainment-sense to book Paramount Pictures lacks the advertising-sense to mention it.

Listed alphabetically, are some of the latest Paramount Arclight features. Don’t miss them.

JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
Directed by John S. Robertson

"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

CECIL B. DEMILLE’S
Production
"MALE AND FEMALE"

CECIL B. DEMILLE’S
Production
"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

"EVERYWOMAN"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

GEORGE FITZMAURICE’S
Production
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

WILLIAM S. HART in
"THE TOLL GATE"
A William S. Hart Production

GEORGE H. MELFORD’S
Production
"THE SEA WOLF"

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR’S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

MAURICE TOUREUR’S
Production
"TREASURE ISLAND"
CONTENTS

JULY, 1920

THE GIRL ON THE COVER
Cover portrait of Blanche McGarity by Leo Sielke, after a photograph by Conex, San Antonio, Texas.

Some early day will find another star shining—brightly, too—in the cinema firmament. And San Antonio, Texas, will boast of being her native heath—poets will sing praises unto her golden curls and unto her art as well as her beauty. Blanche McGarity will have won the laurels of success—and the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest will stand as the mother of her stardom!

READ
The interview with delightful "Connie" Talmadge—it will appear soon with exquisite pictures.

WATCH FOR
A new puzzle to be announced very soon—with worthwhile prizes.

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Some early day will find another star shining—brightly, too—in the cinema firmament. And San Antonio, Texas, will boast of being her native heath—poets will sing praises unto her golden curls and unto her art as well as her beauty. Blanche McGarity will have won the laurels of success—and the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest will stand as the mother of her stardom!
Mavis Talc

During the sultry summer days MAVIS Talc is as soothing to the skin as a cool breath of mountain air.

Mavis Toilet Water

Refreshing—fragrant—delightful! A summer luxury that has become a necessity because it brings unusual comfort.

These MAVIS preparations create summer comfort.

Talc  Perfume  Rouge
Toilet Water  Face Powder  Sachet

Irresistible!

Have You Heard the Mavis Waltz?

A beautiful melody that expresses the fragrance of Mavis. It will be mailed to you for six cents in stamps to cover packing and postage. Hear it on the Emerson Record No. 10152, on sale at all phonograph shops.
WILLIAM S. HART

"Bill" suits him somehow with his rough-and-readiness and his inscrutable expression. He is eminently the son of the West—and his characterizations ever mirror the most worthy emotions known to man.
Only recently has the silversheet reflected the delightful image of the petite Constance, a recruit from the legitimate stage. With her first Realart picture, "Erstwhile Susan," she made a place for herself in the ranks of the silent host and we hope she will remain indefinitely.
It was in "Stella Maris," with Mary Pickford, in which she played the rôle of the wife, that this daughter of Buffalo first came to the cinematic fore. Now she is with Will Rogers in all of his Goldwyn productions.
“Dick” is now a star. And more, a Griffith star. When we reflect upon the characterizations with which he built the stellar foundations — such things as his Yellow Man in “Broken Blossoms,” and his beachcomber in “The Idol Dancer,” we feel his stardom will not be a mushroom growth, but something strong—which will stand.
ALMA RUBENS

Apparently Alma has forsaken the flannel shirt, red tie and riding breeches of the cowgirl. And after seeing her in her Cosmopolitan pictures in which she enters upon a new phase in her career, we vote her even more beautiful than of yore.
We really don’t know much about Salome except that she is credited as being very beautiful. But knowing that it seems apropos that Hope Hampton should appear as a modern Salome in a story by that name. Her days are now spent before the camera in preparation of “Rio Grande.”
DOROTHY DALTON

Dorothy was kept busy last winter in "Aphrodite," the spectacle in which she startled even blase New York, but not so busy that she deserted the silver screen for even a brief space of time. Her next release will be "This Man--That Woman."
THE possibilities in every woman’s face

The soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin—of course, you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, admired—

And unless your skin is right, nothing is right. Haven’t you often felt that? What use to wear the prettiest frock, if your skin is pale and lifeless, marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes?

You can make your skin noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it—learning its possibilities—then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs, you, too, can win the charm of “a skin you love to touch.”

Is your skin pale, sallow, lifeless? Begin tonight to give it the special steam treatment and see how quickly you can rouse it to freshness and color.

One or two nights a week fill your washbowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury’s Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into your skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse your face well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

The other nights of the week wash your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury’s Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water.

You can feel how much good this treatment is doing your skin

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for the care of the skin. You will find special treatments for each different skin condition in the little booklet that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.

Get a cake today—begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury’s Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

“YOUR TREATMENT FOR ONE WEEK”

A beautiful little set of the Woodbury skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury’s skin preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

“Your Skin You Love to Touch,” telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury’s Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1307 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1307 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.
WHAT yardstick do you use to measure the acquaintances you meet on life's highroad?

Particularly popular nowadays are the income yardstick, the social ruler and the fine manners tape measure. I know men who judge their friends by the amount of polish on their shoes, women who approve or disapprove of others according to their ability to adjust a hair-net correctly; but I know very few who seek to know the soul beneath fine feathers or rough mackinaws.

Today is the age of surface values; never before has such false virtue been placed upon worldly acquisition.

"My dear, her father made a million in oil" is the open sesame to popularity, power and adulation.

But few have the slightest inclination to meet, even in passing, the individual whose sole recommendation is "She has the kindest heart in the world."

And yet when we come to Life's rough crossings, is it the friend with the sympathetic soul or the family-tree that stands by us? Which quality will help us in our hour of need?

The other evening I went to a picture show. The play was as sweet as the air of "Home, Sweet Home"; the celluloid reels revealed very little action, no pistol shooting, no rough riding, but depended upon pure heart-throbs of true-to-life characterization. It chanced that at my right sat an old man, unkempt, wearing worn and soiled garments. Instinctively I drew away from his filth toward the modishly clad girl at my right. At the splendidly acted climax, when thru force of unhappy circumstances, two people who loved each other dearly were separated—never to see each other again, her voice still prattled on about the new suit she had bought and the number of card parties she had been invited to that week. I glanced at the dirty, rough old man, wondering if he too were bored. In amazement I saw two tears trickle from the corner of his eye and lose themselves in the grey-black maze that served as a beard.

I had found a man with a soul and a girl with none; had I my choice I would choose the old man for a FRIEND!

What would you do?

Think it over... and perchance your eyes will find other worth-while souls.
The Long Dis
By ADELE WHIT

and where the walls and ceilings were covered in a shirred silk of a pale blue. And Madge herself was wearing a velvet frock of a baby blue, for she had just come upstairs from the studio, where she was busy on her new picture.

Before I left she had luncheon, consisting of a Huyler’s chocolate soda and a chicken salad sandwich which her maid had brought in to her.

She had returned from California, having gone there to do two pictures, cherishing all the time Goldwyn’s promise that she could return to New York for good upon their completion.

“It’s so silly, being married and living in California most of the time when your husband is a Wall Street man and just has to stay in New York,” smiled Madge.

“Of course, I know I’m frightfully old-fashioned,” she sighed, “and I know it isn’t ‘smart’—that it isn’t being done—but, you see, I’m in love with my husband, and we have been married—three years,” evidently hopeless over her apparently unnatural state.

I
t may some
day fall to my lot to inter-
view a more
“difficult subject”—
that is not, I sup-
pose, an impos-
bility, but it is de-
cidedly an improba-
bility, for Madge
Kennedy is elusiv-
ness personified. She is charming and
she is sweet—and yet you realize quite distinctly that it is not her charm, and
not her sweetness which captivates you.
And you try in vain to fathom the secret
during the entire time you spend with
her—then leave unsuccessful—unsuccess-
ful, I might say, yet still captivated.

It was in her suite of rooms at the
studios that I talked with her—in her
suite of rooms where the dull grey fur-
nishings were stencilled in black; where
the floors were cov-
ered in a deeper grey
I remembered how she had rushed frantically back and forth between Los Angeles and New York in the last year, coming on between pictures when it proved possible, and, knowing her husband, I knew how he had always gone out to bring her back, even tho her mother was with her, and he should at one time have been in bed with tonsillitis. You see, they really are old-fashioned.

"I told them," said Madge Kennedy Bolster, waving her hands in mid air, "I told them that I'd give up pictures forever: I'd do anything the courts could make me do if I broke my contract, but I'd break it; I'd do anything unless I could stay in New York. And I must say," she added, "that they were perfectly lovely about it. I know you should never, under any circumstances, confuse your personal life with your business, but there was nothing else to do, you see.

Anyway, they said if I'd go back to California the last time and make two pictures, that I could come back to New York and stay—so—I'm here—for good! No more commuting between Los Angeles and New York for me."

She laughed. "I'm still

It does not seem just apt to call her a comedienne, for we have come to think generally of a comedienne as one—well, one given to making puns; one just a trifle noisy: one not overburdened with poise, perhaps—and she is none of these things. Left, a snap taken of Madge at the Grand Canyon, and, below, her husband, Mr. Bolster, and mother—also at Grand Canyon commuting, tho. I'd miss not doing it, as you can imagine. We live up in Westchester County, and both Mr. Bolster and I come in every day. In pleasant weather we drive in, but more often we come in the train. Always, I expect, I'll be dashing madly for trains."

She reminds you—more than anything else, for it is not just easy to liken her unto anything more definite than a will-o'-the-wisp—of a well-bred young miss. I had the most difficult time getting her to have her luncheon when I didn't take any. She is gentle, too—very gentle—and it is her gentleness which you carry away with you more than anything else. She is most considerate of others. Her maid had walked over to get her luncheon, and said Madge:

"Frieda refused to take a taxi—Frieda is very considerate of the family funds—far more careful of them, I'm afraid, than is the family."

And Frieda stopped sorting skimpily-emptied pairs of tiny white gloves long enough to smile indulgently and say:

"I didn't mind the walking, madam."

I know Frieda would never think of calling even such a ridiculously young matron as Mrs. Bolster ma'am.'zelle. She just wouldn't do it—and then, too, I rather think Madge gets a secret joy out of being called madam.

(Continued on page 95)
The first thing you notice about Jack Mulhall is that he has learnt how not to act, which shows that he is a very good actor indeed. For not acting is the most difficult thing any one is called on to do.

For instance, have you ever met some one who was looking up to you, admiring you, seeing you thru a haze of romance? Were you not incited to pose just a little? It is a safe bet that you were and that you yielded to the temptation. Every one in every walk of life is tempted to act under certain conditions. Think, then, how difficult it must be for an actor to act like himself when every one he meets from outside the profession is expecting him to be something different, a sort of cross between Jove and the devil, without even a little dash of the human being thrown in! This must be the acid test of a man's art. He is a really good actor when he has learnt how not to act when he doesn’t want to.
By ELIZABETH PELTRET

fire-bell could, of course, be heard all over town. The idea was that each member of the volunteer fire department was given a day of responsibility in turn. If the bell happened to ring on the baker's delivery day, he had to unhitch his horses, and, leaving his wagon wherever it happened to be, take them to the engine-house, hitch them to the hose-wagon and then go to the fire. By that time the fire had either, gone out of its own accord or the house was reduced to ashes. The latter was what usually happened. All our fires were beautiful."

We were sitting in the charming drawing-room of his home in Hollywood. He was looking rather wan and tired, having suffered for the past week with pleurisy, which he had contracted while playing the part of a life-guard during a cold spell at Laguna Beach, a resort near Los Angeles. This alone would not have affected him, but it was assisted by much hard work and a wind machine. The pair, in his side had been so sharp the day before that he had found it difficult to breathe, but he had refused to go to bed, because he knew if he did he would not be able to get up for a week or two.

Mrs. Jack Mulhall, a pretty blonde, who was known in her Biograph pictures as Laura Bunton, sat opposite on a piano-stool. Next to her sat her mother, and in my lap sat little Jack, Jr., age three, a beautiful, lovable child, with dark hair and big, dark eyes. ('He has a sweet, serious way of looking at you and talking with you, and his favorite pastime is extracting screws from wherever they may be.)

But returning to his proud young father: When he was eleven years old Jack Mulhall moved from Wappingers Falls to New York City. From there he moved to Passaic, New Jersey. At Passaic, when he wasn't at school, he was at the theater, doing any odd job that a boy of fourteen could do—"supering," rustling props, etc. This was at the Whitehead Opera House, with the Bennett Molton Stock Co. He soon became a member of the company and was with it for two years. Then came vaudeville with James K. Hackett in "The Grain of Dust."

"I went from vaudeville to the screen," he said, "and was glad to get there. I was so busy thinking how pleasant it would be to be booked for life, with a salary coming in every week all year around, that I didn't have time to miss my audiences. The company (Continued on page 103)
Clara Marie Horton has graduated from the ranks of the silversheet children into those of leading lady. In "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," with Jack Pickford, she has endowed her work with all the charm of budding maidenhood—of sweet sixteen.
Ann Arrives --

Always Ann wished for a theatrical career, but Father May did not take very kindly to the idea, even when she won laurels at the dramatic school. It did not take Ann very long to arrive, as it were, either. "Lombardi Ltd." found a place for her on the silversheet—then she did "Paris Green," and evidently Charlie Ray liked her work, for she's with him again in his first picture under the First National banner.
That Glad Girl

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

Once in a while Fate—or is it Fortune?—steers a simple soul—
an individual blessed with complacent, inherent faith in the goodness of his fellow beings—out into the open, lets him loose for an all-too-short while, and gives the rest of us who aren't, perhaps, quite so prone to optimism a chance to see what a real altruist is like. And sometimes a writer like Frank L. Packard blossoms forth with a "Miracle Man"; sometimes an era has its Jane Addamses or its Helen Gould Shepards, and once in a coon's age filmmod chances to develop one of those real folk who have ambitions other than for million-dollar-a-year salaries and high-powered limousines.

And it just happens that right now in Hollywood—and, particularly, in the Brentwood studio—the goddess of Happenstance has smiled, and little ZaSu Pitts is "just plugging along," making everybody around her smile, even tho they may have a toothache or the contrary California sun may be cloud-hidden.

ZaSu—this slip of a gangling girl, with a name that sounds like some brand of lithia water—is actually one star in the picture colony who has permanently forgotten—or, perhaps, never really realized—that she is an actual "personality" who has a chance to pick her own leading men and to tell the prop boys what color she wishes the wall-paper in her dressing-room to be.

She's been a full-fledged star now for half a year. Yet there is, in her voice, the same plaintive quality as of yore. Her eyes continue to sympathize with stray dogs and mistreated wives, and her laugh yet retains that sweet-something that authors are wont to term girlishness.

And praise be!—the diminutive, frail ZaSu Pitts person still gets a real thrill at sight of a pretty dress or a new swain—and she positively refuses to be bored when some one chances to mention those happy days she spent back on the farm near Santa Cruz, California.

ZaSu in real
ZaSu Pitts Cant Vamp, But She Can Be Happy

life is precisely what she is on the screen. Temperamental elbows that flop and make you laugh; rolly-rolly eyes that google themselves almost out of their sockets; odd, dry little laugh with the lips turning down at the corners; dancing feet that she simply can't make behave; long, artistic fingers that draw circles in the air when their owner happens to get excited when she's talking.

She converses in a drawn-out, dry little way, saying funny little things in a nonchalant manner, keeping a perfectly straight face until you laugh — and then she chortles a suppressed "ha-ha" in a high little voice and puts the back of her right hand over her mouth so that you can't tell whether she's laughing or merely telling herself to keep still.

She flits about Hollywood in plain little dark-blue silk dresses that rustle like the falling of autumn leaves, and queer little hats ornament her hair. And she never will take them off because, it happens, she's always just forgotten to smooth the rebellious locks and she's sure that all her hairpins are loose!

And once in a while she dissipates terribly! Goes to the Thursday night dances at the Hollywood Hotel — where all filmland convenes — and gets a mad "crush" on some good-looking male newcomer. Which lasts perhaps half an hour, during which time ZaSu cuts all the dance dates she may have previously made in order that her terpsichorean desires may be fully satisfied with this latest flame — whom she usually promptly forgets as soon as another Prince Charming wanders by.

Nobody, having viewed her in either "The Other Half" or "Better Times," would ever surmise that perhaps the Pitts feet might be light and adept at tripping off a jazzy fox-trot. Another surprise, for ZaSu, carried away by the existing musical moment, forgets that she ever learnt to walk and makes our professional stage terpsichoreans look like brass monkeys.

ZaSu, at the instant of this interview, was dining at the Studio Club in Hollywood, a tall-pillared, Colonial manse, where a number of other young women in pictures reside. She was all thrilled, she informed me over the 'phone, because

(Continued on page 98)
Confessions of a Studio Mail Clerk

WHY do they do it? is the question I ask myself more times than can be counted as the letters pour into the studio, day after day, week in and week out. Monday is the worst day of all, because it brings Sunday's accumulation.

If I only counted them there would be no cause for remark, but my duties extend a little further—decidedly further, to be frank. Because of the volume of correspondence from all over the world, it is necessary, in order to simplify work at the studio, for me to open certain of their letters! Open them, as I said, and—altogether in the line of duty, I hasten to add—read them.

Now don't think these "confessions" merely the result of eavesdropping, or rather the interception of letters. Or that letters of a strictly personal nature to the stars are perused in a ribald spirit. Far from it. After having read several thousand letters weekly for a number of years, one is able to separate the effusions of youth from the sober, thoughtful offerings of the mature. Also one's sense of humor enables one to exercise his discretion. Besides, I couldn't remember the name of a writer if I were paid a million to divulge it. So your secret is safe.

It seems only right at the outset that I should explain how it is that these letters are opened first by me and then passed on to the addressees. Let us say, for instance, that Miss Bennett's mail some morning amounts to four hundred letters and the winsome star is away from the studio for a day or, maybe, several days. Perhaps on location with her husband-director, Fred Niblo, or with him at Santa Barbara or Coronado for a well-earned rest before beginning her next production.

Instead of allowing these letters to lie unattended to, augmented each day of Miss Bennett's absence by some more hundreds, it is a matter of studio efficiency for me to open these letters, separate requests for photographs from offers of marriage, place in one pile letters from Australian compatriots acclaiming her "the fairest daughter of the Antipodes and the most gifted," and in another the miscellaneous epistles in which are found the "curiosities," some pathetic but most of them amusing.

For instance, an old lady living in Bath, England, wrote a beautiful letter to Miss Bennett, paying tribute to her sweetness and modesty, judging by what she had observed in her pictures; then she said the...
star was just the young woman she had been looking for since her husband died and left her alone. With no hesitation and no doubt that Miss Bennett would snap at the offer, the old lady asked her to come to England and serve as her companion. She assured Miss Bennett that her board and lodging would be of the best, and the salary she would give her—small, it is true—would be ample for any well-bred girl's simple needs. As an extra inducement she said that since she had gone into mourning she had a great number of silk dresses, including a dolman with jet fringe such as Queen Victoria wore, that the new companion would be well-

Quite the most ambiguously phrased request for a picture came from a girl, who said, "I am making a collection of the most notorious actresses. Please send me yours." Top, Enid Bennett uses every spare minute in signing her pictures; center, Doris May reading her morning's mail while waiting to be called for a scene; and, below, again—the guardian of the letter-boxes carries some of the answers to the fan mail to the post
come to make over in her spare moments.

The writer expressed no thought of what Miss Bennett would have to sacrifice to gratify her

she has booked passage for a trans-Atlantic voyage.

It is hardly necessary to say that many proposals of marriage have come to Mrs. Fred Nihlo, most of them apparently in good faith, too, tho I could not but think that the fellow who described himself as a lighthouse keeper, (no, not in Greenwich Village), off the coast of Maine, must have written his letter to while away the tedium of a long winter's night. He seemed sincere enough, just the same, and described his lonely, sea-swept abode with considerable poetic imagination. I believe a photograph was sent to keep him company—something he needed badly, for, as he explained, he had only one night off every two months, when he would go to a village to see a picture. The poor fellow, it seems, would gamble with himself that it would or it wouldn't be an Ince production starring Miss Bennett. He even said that if it so happened that he did not see his idol, it meant that he would be deprived of seeing any picture at all.

And so it goes: letters which come in greater volume than any stage favorite ever received for the simple

(Continued on page 105)
The Sins of Saint Anthony

By GRACE LAMB

ANTHONY OSGOOD was dubbed "Saint." His qualifications were that he did not drink, pursue light women, or gamble away his substance in comradeship with the midnight oil. His further qualifications were that he had made a microscope the mistress of his time, heart and whole-souled attention, had written a book on the mysteries disclosed thereby, wore square-toed shoes and long hair and had an air of general detachment from all other things terrestrial. On these scores it was generally conceded that Anthony was a saint.

Somehow or other, in the midst of his microscopic distractions, he had got himself engaged to Persis Meade. He fancied, when he was not peering into weird little vials and baking things in weird little ovens, that he was in love with her. He was not, perhaps, dead certain about it, because he had not, up to the present, had the time to apply to the matter a microscopic test. Nevertheless, he very much liked to have Persis about. Much more so, in fact, than any other living person. This, he might have thought, was love.

On the other hand, it is a fact that few women care for saints, particularly when the man they love is the saint wearing the halo. It doesn't give them many opportunities they may have with, say, a sinner. One can't mother a saint. A saint is self-sufficient. One cannot pour forth a warm compassion on an empedestalled, lofty being. One cannot redeem, uplift, nor sanctify. A savor is gone out. Persis felt these things.

Persis was a material young person. She had few pale nuances of thought—or feeling. She wanted the warm, red roses of love and none other. The pallid and passionless lilies were not for her.

At first, Anthony had piqued her interest. Everybody said he was clever—she liked that. All the girls, too, rather raved and wondered about him. They said he was so "different." They wondered what he would be like if he should fall in love. Wonderment is a dangerous thing. It doth contain a spice. Persis began to wonder over-hard. Persis had rather an adorable way of wondering. The result was a solitaire ring from Anthony and rather a frigid salute upon a pair of red, red lips. Persis privately confided to her best friend that a scientist was not her idea of a lover . . . but, she thought, Anthony might learn.

Anthony did not learn. He was preparing a second volume on microscopy, and it required extra hard research and some steady plugging. It is awfully hard to successfully and satisfactorily combine love and microscopy. Both are such demanding subjects.

Persis suffered. Microscopy went on apace.

About this time Persis, who was patriotic, began to have a flourishing correspondence with an overseas officer thru the medium of the Red Cross. It became not only flourishing, but fervid. Persis began to shy from the scientist. The letters, cold from the seas and the far lands, seemed to her to hold more of pain and passion than the abstracted and per-

His further qualifications were that he had made a microscope the mistress of his time . . . wore square-toed shoes and long hair and had an air of general detachment from all other things terrestrial.
functory "Yes, my dear" of Anthony.
She began to feel a dislike for his square-toed shoes and strange
hair-cut and heavy goggles. He looked, all at once, an an-
tiquity—and a queer
one. It occurred to
her that she had made
a mistake. She took
to reading "In Fland-
ers Fields" and
dreaming of khaki
and croix de guerres.
She pitied herself,
and thought that she
was throwing herself
away. When she
wore a new gown,
Anthony never no-
ticed. He never told
her she was beautiful.
He never wrote her
poetry nor hinted at
lyric things. It was
all rather flat.
Shortly thereafter
the overseas officer
made a personal ap-
pearance, which
turned out to be as
perfidious as his epis-
tolary wooing. Per-
sis fell for him com-
pletely, but happened
to fall, one night at
her father's home,
j ust as Anthony came
in the door. It was
awkward.
Anthony was a
scientist, not a drama-
tist. Therefore, he
made no scene, which
was, subconsciously to
Persis, a bit disap-
pointing. He just
walked out—and
straight to the apart-
ment of Jeanette
Adair, a sensible girl
who did sensational
dancing in musical comedies. He
had known Jeanette for some time, having originally met
her with his sister. He
didn't know, couldn't
have told, why he left
Persis in her officer's
arms and walked, almost
without deviating from a
straight line, to Jeanette
Adair. It was, he might have admitted, had he
been thinking, which, for
once, he was not, the
first illogical thing he had
done since—well, since...

He told Jeanette all
his troubles. She said:
"Tony, are you in love,
with this girl?"

THE SINS OF SAINT ANTHONY
Told in short-story form by permission of Paramount Pictures, from the scenario of Elmer Harris, based on
the Saturday Evening Post story by Charles Collins. Directed by James Cruze and starring Bryant Washburn.

... The pretty models his friends went about with, for
instance... one of them left a chiffon undergarment in his stu-
dio one day and the shock of the discovery left him dazed for
many days thereafter

that I am, Jennie," he
said; "why... I believe
that I am—madly."
Jeanette drew back be-
yond the pool of light the
lamp on her quiet table
gave out.
"You'll have to change,
them," she said, at length,
"quite considerably."
Anthony looked eager.
Persis persisted. She said that she saw him in his studio with his housekeeper and that the woman was half dressed. and also absurd. Eagerness did not accord with his appearance. "How?" he demanded. "Can you ... can you help me?"

"I think so. I have met Persis. Of course"—a wistfulness crept into the girl's voice—"I would not want you changed, Tony; I should not like you changed. There are so many, many men who walk about and never have seen the stars. So many men who wear cropped hair and Broadway clothes and live Broadway ideals. I like your funny hair and funny clothes; the funny way you do things; the way you never seem to see or hear a woman when she speaks. Those are the things I like about you—best. But Persis wouldn't."

"What would Persis like?"

Jeanette looked thoughtful. Tony was a man, after all, she thought, a little sadly. At once he wanted desperately what prior to this he had accepted—scientifically.

"She would like a smart hair-cut," she said, "smart clothes, a hint of hidden things, a bit of spice. Let her think that your eyes are opened—that you see—not microbes, but women. Preferably, one woman. Put yourself in the to-be-sought-after class. Feign indifference, complete. Then sit back—and wait."

Anthony proved not so bad a pupil. He gave up his quarters at the College Club. He learnt to dance, and did it rather well. He made the tonsorial improvements and they were astonishing. He gave a house-warming in his new bachelor club, invited the worst male gossips he knew of and created such juicy scandal that...not any more than, in her case, one man ... Fifty-fifty ... surely that was fair ... it was all in the game, anyway—why bear grudges? And surely Persis would not be so gauche, so naïve as to try to reform him? Somehow, she found herself deposited in a taxi with a
last vision of a very correct and debonair Anthony floating away from her in the opposite direction.

The next shock came in the event of Anthony bringing Jeanette Adair to a country club dance and having her give for the benefit of some nebulous charity one of her famous sensational dances. It was sensational. Jeanette saw to that. It was, moreover, directed unmistakably at Tony. At least the direction was unmistakable to the watching and furious Persis.

Tony, undoubtedly, was going to the devil. She heard some facetious soul murmur something anent the "sins of St. Anthony" and went home and cried. She tried to console herself with the idea that, at any rate, Tony was rather poor and the overseer officer was, reputedly, both wealthy and certainly ardent. Still, she hated to let anything slip away from her . . . And she loathed, with a venom and a fury, the Adair woman, with her living limbs and her somber, brooding eyes . . .

Tony began to feel a sense of elation at his success. He never would have thought that he could have played a game like this . . . and got away with it. It gave him a thrill no microphone ever had. It was juggling in living tissue. The results went ahead of the experimentation.

He was not only teaching Persis things, but he was, himself, learning things . . . the pretty models his friends went about with, for instance . . . one of them left a chiffon undergarment in his studio one day, and the shock of the discovery left him dazed for many days thereafter. It was all very strange and very heady. Persis . . . Jeanette . . . women everywhere . . . with flower faces and sylvan limbs and tinkling laughter . . . a new world of old delights . . .

It occurred to him, one day, that Persis was not, after all, the only exponent of her sex. On the night of the same day it occurred to him, likewise, that Jeanette could thrill his aesthetic nerves with her dancing; that she was possessed, even as Persis, of the dear frivolities, the lift of laughing hours, and that she could, too, sit and talk microbes with him, eyes level, mouth straightly grave. He didn't think much of the two discoveries, the two occurrences . . . not at the time . . .

This was because a new possibility of sin presented itself to him in the shape of a wooden manikin used by a pal of his across the way for a model. The wooden manikin was quite a fixture and a dearly beloved one in the studio building and was called, by the artists, Angelina Rose. The present owner of Angelina departed on an extended trip and Angelina became the temporary property of St. Anthony.

He made the most of her. She was an adaptable creature. In the first place, he gave it out, and it was otherwise press-agented about, that St. Anthony had got himself a housekeeper in the rather desirable person of a retired and world-weary artists' model named Angelina Rose. The report, reaching Persis very carefully adorned with innuendo, provoked more than the proverbial tempest in a very animated little tea-pot. Persis stormed and swore that she had been betrayed by

He went home and found Jeanette there at the task she had made a weekly rite. She bid it from him as he came in. "I'm growing too regular at this," she said and laughed.
the gods she had never had. Anthony, petulant, said he had found it necessary to his comfort to have some woman about to cuddle and make much of him. He intimated that he had, of late, got used to it, and that he needed it all the time.

Persis said she should suppose he would marry, a habit which respectable men had. Anthony, laughing very gently, said he knew that; but then, his dear, dear Persis, he was not respectable. She ought to know that by this time.

Persis let loose another flood-gate of tears and openly reviled Jeanette and her "disgusting dancing." Curiously, Anthony felt a realistic ire rising. He told Persis that he did not know what she meant by that and that it was a subject that might better be dropped between them for all time.

Persis persisted. She said that she had seen him in his studio with his housekeeper and that the woman was half dressed. Anthony said yes, that she generally was, if that. Persis said "Oh!" very loudly and outragedly, and nearly fainted. The faint was unproductive of any result. Tony's scientific sense told him that it was quite uncalled for.

He left, airily.

He entered his studio airily, too. His nerves were tingling.

On the threshold he paused. The glow of his lamp made a little pool of light, and directly in the center, enthralled, sat Jeanette. She was bending, very absorbedly, over something, and Anthony perceived the something to be a very old and very decrepit sock of his own. He perceived, too, that Jeanette's white fingers were expertly darning it and that she was humming a little, quiet song and that the whole place seemed pervaded with a peace, a charm it had never had before, that Anthony had never known before. He felt reticent about speaking. His voice would be vandalism in this sanctuary, made sanctuary by Jeanette and her labor of—of—he caught himself up ....

Jeanette saw him first. In the soft light her cool cheeks grew steadily, deeply scarlet. This was the most sensational thing she had ever done. She caught her breath and her low laugh was unsteady.

"I hope you don't mind," she said.

"Mind!" Tony was amazed at the inadequacy and oddity of his own voice. "Mind! It's ... it's ... Jane, do you like this sort of thing? I didn't suppose ..."

"You haven't been supposing, Tony," said the girl, "about me. How are you coming on with Persis?"

"Oh—oh, yes, Persis. Fine. I'm coming on fine. I—I wasn't thinking of that ... just then ..."

Jeanette went on darning. "What were you thinking of?" she asked, and then regretted the question.

"I was thinking that I have been searching all my life for realities ... in science ... lately in women and making believe and fun. And then, tonight, unexpectedly, just this little scene. The lamplight, you, what you are doing, this talk pro and con, the peace, the satisfaction ...." Tony rose, abruptly, "I feel, somehow, like working again," he said; "I haven't felt that way for a long time. Not since, (Continued on page 111)
On her last holiday, Mary Miles Minter posed for the camera-man in and about the great house she has just taken in Los Angeles. Here are the results.

The Manor of Mary
HARK, ye all who have ever built castles in the air! This is the story of a temple in the skies, than which you would find nothing more beautiful, nothing more splendid, were you to look the world over. The owner is Burton Holmes, traveler and lecturer of renown, and the temple, albeit Japanese, perches high up above the hurried life of Manhattan; to be exact, it occupies the fourteenth and fifteenth floors of a tall building overlooking Central Park, in the heart of New York City.

Burton Holmes is a man whose life has been crowded with the romance of travel, and who has brought the glamor and thrill of the mysterious East, the undaunted heroism of Belgium and France, the grandeur of the Alps and the art and splendor of modern Italy home to us. He has, so to speak, gathered up the world and spread it before his American audience, toil-weary people, many of them, whose horizon is limited by their daily surroundings, and whose only traveling is done by subway and trolley. Top, a portrait study; center, about to make a flight to secure a bird's-eye view and, bottom, the living-room of the Burton Holmes home.

A Temple in the Skies

just beyond those hills, to people that are destined never to cross them—is indeed a great thing; and the man who does it a great man... It was in an awed and reverential mood that I rang the bell in the little foyer that led to Burton Holmes' apartment.

The door was opened immediately by an elderly Japanese servant who bowed me in, and presently I found myself in a most magnificent and unusual room, sitting on a low couch, opposite Burton Holmes.

Now it behooved me, as the interviewer, to get out my pencil and pad, and to inquire of Mr. Holmes in brisk and businesslike tones: his age, place of birth, religious preference, education, was he married or single, how many children, if any, what did he think of motion pictures, what were his opinions of the league of nations, soviet government, prohibition, what were his recreations, and how much money did he make a year? To my shame it must be admitted that I did not ask these questions. As a matter of fact, I asked none at all. I just sat and stared and stared. Such magnificence!

The walls were hung with costly Eastern embroideries, and paneled with Japanese screens. Cushions of rich, Oriental brocade were heaped on the couch we sat on; brocade draped carelessly over the
back of a huge Indian wicker chair. Tables, tabourtes and shelves everywhere were crowded with priceless antiques, which Mr. Holmes had collected on his journeys; vases, curiously wrought incense-burners, colorful Oriental figures, inlaid metal and wooden cabinets, lamps everywhere, and Buddhas. There was an abundance of Buddhas of every size and description. A large gilded Buddha with hands raised in benediction stood in a corner; on a table in the background sat a large and dignified Buddha Gautama; several smaller Japanese Buddhas of venerable age were there, and a few Siamese and Burmese Buddhas with their peaked head-dress. They hovered on a shelf above the door and guarded the entrance to the room. A balcony ran the length of one side, and there, next to two ivory elephants and several ferocious looking Chinese lions sat the gods of the left hand and the right hand, who preside over the gate of any well-ordered Chinese estate. The room was two stories high, and pillars supported the ceiling which was divided into squares by wooden cross-beams, and each square bore a fanciful Japanese design of gold inlaid on a wooden background. And you could look into the room beyond, which was the library, and ...  

But here my thoughts were interrupted by the cheerful voice of Burton Holmes. "Looks like the setting of 'The Son-Daughter,' doesn't it?" When I said that with all due respect for Mr. Belasco I preferred his home, Burton Holmes laughed and told me that he had bought the two floors he occupied, the house being a cooperative one, and had had them laid out by a Japanese architect, and the design executed by Japanese artisans and craftsmen, and that they represented a temple.

He then proceeded to tell me some interesting facts about his life and work, and with some difficulty I shut all the Eastern splendor out of my mind, and focused my attention exclusively on the tall, pleasant-looking man with the humorous grey eyes, and the charming and persuasive voice.

He had gone abroad for the first time at the age of sixteen, accompanied by his grandmother and his trusty kodak. His second trip was made in 1890—he was only twenty then—and he returned with excellent pictures, and delivered a lecture at the Camera Club of Chicago, his (Continued on page 100)
Few people have the courage of their convictions.

Few, when given the golden opportunity for which they have so earnestly longed, will not stand around and regard it fearfully—observe it closely on all sides and from all points of view so that there may not be any hidden source of fear; or study it, and deliberate upon it at great length. It is familiar to their sight, for thousands of times have they consecrated their strength and desire upon the obtaining of it—yet here it is—and they view it as if it were the first time the vision of their eye had ever come in contact with it.

Deep within the heart of youth there is implanted the seed of ambition. In some, the seed ripens quickly and fills all the corners of the soul. In others, because of environment; of the daily round of the monotony of their surroundings; of the heavy veil of darkness surrounding them, the seed lies dormant, and yet at some passing circumstance, there stirs the pang of life within it. Individual traits are characteristics of humanity as a whole. When we first started the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, while the returns were flattering enough, there was lacking in them the spontaneous enthusiasm so essential for the success of such a tremendous undertaking. The readers of the three magazines; i.e., The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic, and Shadowland, were, it seemed to us, a bit sceptical about the sincerity of the contest. They had, perhaps, heard or read about so many fame and fortune contests in which the participants had come out with the worst end of the affair. With the publishing of the several Fame and Fortune Contest monthly honor roll winners, and the enormous amount of publicity given to the contest, the readers began to gain confidence in our intentions, and the photographs began to pour in by the hundreds. As the time has progressed, the photographs increased in their numbers. They are, at the present writing, pouring in by the thousands daily. The evidence that our readers have every bit of confidence in our sincerity has caused us to respond in every way possible. We are going to produce a five-reel feature drama in which we expect to use not only the members of the honor roll, the final winners, but other contestants as well. So that the opportunity may be given to as many as possible to enter into the threshold of fame. We did this in a small way in our last year's contest thru a two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which has...
New Fame and Fortune
Honor Roll Resplendent
With Beauty

proved such a tremendous success, that the
Murray W. Garsson Foundation Film Corpora-
tion, of 130 West 40th Street, New York
City, has sold the greater part of the United
States.

Send in your photograph at once.

Below is the new Honor Roll which is quite
as promising as previous ones have been.

Miss Marguerite Hungerford, of 4002 Char-
lotte Street, Kansas City, Mo., has given us a
new idea as to what Missouri might be like.
She has brown hair and eyes, and has had no
dramatic experience whatever. However, by
looking at the picture, we can easily see that
she's a born actress.

Don't ask us to pronounce it, but Marjanah
Hale, of 20 Elston Street, West, Somerville,
Massachusetts, is a beautiful young artist’s
model. She has grey-blue eyes, brown hair,
and an olive complexion, and is an amateur classic
dancer of unusual ability.

From the Harrington Hotel, Washington,
D. C., comes this portrait of Fay Brennan.
She has brown hair and eyes, and fair
complexion. Evidently there are other
things in Washington worth seeing be-
sides the White House!

We have with us Miss Elenore Dell
of 3rd and Montauk Streets, Bayside,
L. I., N. Y. She has blue eyes and
brown hair, (think of it, girls), and an
olive complexion, and is now appearing
in the chorus up on the Ziegfeld Roof.

Little Baby Ruth Higgins, 20 Lib-
erty Street, Morristown, N. J., is an
early aspirant for stardom. Altho you
can never tell what will happen later
she now has light brown hair, dark
brown eyes and fair skin.

Leo Niedzisiki, 1215 Twenty-third

Top, Elenore Dell,
of Bayside, Long
Island, N. Y.; cen-
ter, Ruth Higgins,
who hails from Mor-
ristown, N. J., and
bottom, Leo Nied-
zisiki, of Bay City,
Mich.

Street, Bay
City, Michi-
gan, is the first
male honor
roll winner.
He weighs
149 pounds,
is 5 ft. 6 in.
and has brown hair and eyes, and
plays all musical instruments. We
are glad to print his picture and
hope other masculine portraits will
come right along.

Announcement for Fame and Fortune
Contestants

The Judges' Committee will sit on July 1st and 2nd,
between the hours of ten and four, at the offices of the
magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to inter-
view personally all contestants who can make it conve-
nient to appear before it.

Tests will be taken before the motion picture camera
at Roslyn, L. I., N. Y., on the following Saturday, Sun-
day and Monday of all those contestants who seem quali-
ied to be chosen for the final honor roll.

Photo by Otto Sarony
Joe Martin would seem to stand forth as the greatest and most convincing argument the Darwinian theory has ever known. It does not tax the imagination to think of Man having evolved from the like of Joe.

There is no star more fastidious than Joseph Martin, Esquire, the Universal ape. And he is often guilty of artistic temperament too, and never works later than four o’clock—never!
Their First Love

Jane Cowl and Ethel Barrymore have, in their absence from the screen, scored a great success on the stage.

Above, Jane Cowl in "Smilin' Through," and right, Ethel Barrymore in "Declasse".

Photo by Abbe

Photo right by Ardea
NOT every woman would talk business ere the half wane of the honeymoon.

Alice Joyce Regan did to me. She talked work with the quiet enthusiasm and entirety with which she characteristically approaches any subject. One could not conceive of Alice gushing, no matter how deeply her enthusiasm were touched. But there is a look in her wide-apart eyes and a mannerism with her hands . . . expressive thereof . . .

We talked of work, her own, and that of others. She always goes, with a deep interest and appreciation, to see Charlie Chaplin and Blanche Sweet. "We may not always like the way in which they do things," she said. "We may think that, given the same opportunity, we would not do the same thing the same way, but we are always interested, always intrigued, always eager to go again, and then again . . . that is the test."

Miss Joyce has been doing interesting work herself the past three years or more. First of all, methinks, she was known on the screen for her amazing beauty. Then, of late, people have begun to speak of her in a different sense . . . one hears everywhere of her emotional development; her added depth; her new color; the general strengthening and difference of her work. One hears, everywhere, a "Why?" What has caused this thing? Has she suffered greatly? Known great happiness? What is it all about?
and light-wise and self-wise. Then, the whole profession has grown, too. There have been aids quite from the outside. The whole is probably productive of the result you speak of."

She paused, "a moment, then said, "Still, I am very dissatisfied. There have been a great many handicaps. I have had bad direction, almost always, for one thing. I have had poor stories, which is, I know, a general plaint. I prefer to do comedy-drama, and you know how little I do of that. I liked doing 'Dollars and Cents' better than any other thing I know of."

"And yet," I said, "despite all this, how you have come thru—risen up, as it were."

"That is because I have made the best of things," said Miss Joyce, "and then, too, there are compensations. The hours, for instance, are better here than any other

By

GLADYS HALL

It is love that makes the world go round at all," said the Honeymooner. "Without it... she shrugged her shoulders... "there wouldn't even be life." Above, an informal picture; center, as a cinema bride, and bottom, a picture of her taken with her husband, James Regan, Jr., directly after the ceremony

"Have you a habit of doing that?" I asked.

A very bad habit of it, and it is a bad one. I always have to have some one else come along and jog me up and out of myself, or I should just stay put. That is one reason why I live in New York City. If I lived in Brooklyn or a suburb. I know that I should take to a wrapper and staying in evenings. I have those tendencies. Living in New York, where so much is up and doing, one must keep abreast of the tide, or sink. I keep abreast."

Embarking, as she was and still is, on a new and yet (Continued on page 102)
THERE are many varieties of great adventures—in your nursery days, taking possession of two chairs, converted into a ship so that they might rock back and forth, with the rugs upon the nursery floor the dashing waves—this, in your child's inventory of things, was a great adventure—

Then, during the school days, came other great adventures which set the blood tingling with the pure joy of being alive. There were play battles in which, with tin sword and paper hat, you led the neighborhood ranks to victory in imaginary but nevertheless frightful wars—

And, as the years pass by, we are more and more apt to find the great adventure episodes of life becoming fewer and fewer—problems, bit by bit, tear away the gossamer—illusions fall and lo, less and less is left upon which to construct the happiness of everyday.

Not so with Rod la Rocque—great adventures still glorify his days—he cherishes illusions tenderly, in a sense—he believes entirely, absolutely in the gossamer and would permit none to destroy it.

The day he came blustering into my office it was raining—raining hard, and lowering clouds hid the blue of the sky.

"How is it out?" I asked, expecting full well to hear a groan of despair.

"Great!" he ejaculated. "It's raining cats and dogs and everything is as muddy as the dickens—you don't mind it, do you?"

"I don't want to be starred until I've really done something which will stand," he said. "I like playing leading roles and if ever I do achieve something worth while and an offer of stardom comes along which means something besides the title, I'll be darn glad to have it." Below, with Corinne Griffith in "The Garter Girl"
And somehow—all of a sudden—I didn’t mind it really. I thought it would be rather fun splashing thru the beating rain and then enjoying the dryness and warmth of the restaurant where we were to lunch.

He had a perfectly huge umbrella—one of the family kind—and it would need to be of the substantial sort to well cover him, for he is large—tall and with great, broad shoulders—the screen pygmies him, really.

It may be because he has not lived to the years when one is said to stop and reason why—it may be because of this that he has nothing of a jaded aspect of things—perhaps his unutterably wholesome and healthy aspect will leave him later on—if it does one finds it in one’s heart to wonder what will be left for it envelops him quite completely.

What are we to think of the pictures of him taken while he was young—always very much on the move—playing fairly always because not to play fair is small and he is big

“Life,” he says, with a boyishness and a corresponding seriousness manifesting itself in his dark-brown eyes, “life will not be one whit more attractive than you take the trouble to make it.”

I asked him if he didn’t credit circumstances, think some were a victim of them—if he held any regard for the fatalist’s theory.

He laughed—and it was not a cultivated laugh, but just loud enough to be spontaneous. “Fatalism be hanged!” he said. “I certainly do not believe in that. I think sometimes circumstances get the best of us, but most of us have a fair chance to get enough out of it all to make it worth while. There are some unfortunate devils who always seem to get left—those are the fellows who need the lift you can give them.”

He has never been in love—he explains it by saying that he has a great many friends and sort of doesn’t have time.

Now and then I’ve met dandy girls whom I make up my mind to see again,” he told me, as he finished ordering the most substantial luncheon and grinning at the stolid waiter so that even he melted a bit and you felt sure things would come on done to just the right turn. “Every time I plan to see them again something comes up and the first thing you know they’re out of my life.”  

(Continued on page 102)
A dip every morning before starting for the studio is an excellent thing according to May Allison—and she practices what she preaches as shown by the picture at the left.
Some of the most beautiful homes in Los Angeles have as mistresses, young girls—very young and very beautiful. It would be so with this, the center of cinematic activities. And numbered among these girls—very young and very beautiful—is May Allison—now the proud owner of one of the most attractive homes of which the suburbs boast,— M  
Mistress May
"All film stories should tend toward altruism," remarked Raymond Hatton. "They should quicken our imaginations and lift us from the grey monotony, pointing to the poetry and romance of living."

Raymond Hatton might have been a horticulturist, for his leisure hours are spent in planting things and watching them grow. He might have been a poet, for he possesses that rare spiritual quality that is able to discern beauty amidst any environment. As it is, he is an actor, which is not surprising, for all the modes of artistic expression, acting embraces the widest scope for the imagination, and it was the great Napoleon who said, "Imagination rules the world," which includes horticulturists and poets as well as actors.

There is a peculiarly personal element, what the French call 'intimacy,' about Raymond Hatton's acting, reflecting, as it does, his own mental comprehension of the temperament, the very soul of his characters, that makes them stand out clearly and distinctly and causes them to be remembered even when the fabric of the pictures that formed the background has drifted into vagueness.

Recalling several of his roles which are thus engraved upon my memory, I think of him as the brave French Count in Mary Pickford's "The Little American," with his wistful love-making, his manly stepping aside for the successful lover, the loyalty to his country against fearful odds. Then, there was his marvelous acting as the weak and vacillating French King, Charles VII, in "Joan the Woman," which shone out brilliantly from one of the strongest casts ever assembled, including the great Farrar.

In "The Whispering Chorus" he saved the man from utter depravity by the simple and powerful device of always wearing a flower. No matter the depth, always there was the posy in his coat, and when at the last he paid his penalty, the crushed rose softened the fate of the electric chair. It was a fine touch!

"How did you happen to think of it?" I asked, as we talked over his past, present and future in motion pictures.

(Continued on page 93)
THE Bishop opened the little box and the dimly lit room was assailed by the sweetness of crushed violets, whitely olden, by the reminiscence of a tiny handkerchief, monogrammed and edged with lace.

"I'm going to tell you this, my boy," the Bishop said, to his grandson at his knee, "to prove to you that you are wrong . . . that I have not forgotten the hour of thrilling sweetness; to prove to you how well I know that romance never dies . . ."

As the Bishop spoke his eyes closed, and from afar off there seemed to penetrate the quiet study the strains of an old-time polka; there seemed to hum upon the expectant air the whirr of crinoline, and light laughs, hushed these many years, made mellow the late hour. Dreams, unforgotten, brushed away the present with reverent, reminiscent fingertips, and all the years dropped off, like noisless petals . . .

"I was the young Rector of St. Giles," the Bishop said, and to the boy at his knee the narrative voice seemed to come, flavored and colored, straight from that flaming, bitter-sweet hour of fifty years ago. "I had been made so," the vibrant voice went on, "by my patron, my good friend and my leading parishioner, Cornelius Van Tuyl. I felt a great friendship and a vast respect for Van Tuyl. He represented to me the very best type of man doing the world's work. A banker, he was an artist as well, and an ardent, warm sympathizer and lover of all humanity. I knew that Van Tuyl was fond of women. I had heard hints of things . . . but I felt so deep, so firm a faith in him that I discounted all the evil and believed only that whatever he did he would do finely, honorably, with good intent. He was my friend.

"Many of my parishioners spoke of me as a radical. Perhaps I was. I was very young. They thought me too tolerant. They thought my standards too broad, too comfortable. I did not stand with a flaming sword at the gateway of Eden, and they felt, no doubt, that I was not earning my salary. But, oh, humanity . . . the manifold sorrows . . . the manifold tears . . . the promise and the pain . . . the little hour of triumph and the long night of defeat . . . these are things that were ever with me, that hurt the blood in my veins and knocked, importantly, at the young heart of my pity. Women . . . fragile . . . men, vastly struggling. All that sort of thing. And the good God bending, so very close, compassionate . . ."

"Well . . ."

"I had ideals of love, too. Safe, sane, lovely thing, I felt, to be the shining bridge across which one walked from this world to the next; a pleasantly flowered thing; a grave, a sacred thing; to make man and woman one, and as one, nearer to God. Your grandmother, God bless her, made this true . . ."

"Then, one night, Van Tuyl gave a great reception. It was quite the most splendid affair of the season. I can see it all now; smell the smell of the flowers with which the old house in Washington Square was so elegantly decorated; hear the swish of the ladies' perfumed skirts; catch, in my
Ah, me, the plaudits of the crowds that evening! The men flocked about her begging for her favors as bees hum, hungrily, above and about some most fragrant flower, and to all alike she gave the poignant sweetness of her smiles, the favors of her fluttering, bird-like words . . . so sweet . . . so sweet...

had gone mad, over her. The music of their careless laughter . . . Ah, the charm of it, the sort of throb of it! As of something about to happen . . . instinct warns us . . . something about to happen . . .

"The reception was in honor of La Cavallini. Of course, we had all heard of her, and most of the guests had heard her. New York."

Her progress from her apartment to the opera house and back again was, each night, a progress of triumph. She had sung her way into the tissue of the city's heart and the homage it rendered was overwhelming.

"I felt no curiosity of her. Those things, colorful, well enough in their place, were beyond my sphere. My sphere contained souls, not voices; the needy, not the replete. La Cavallini was a name to me, without substance.

During the evening I heard remarks about her. One man said that she should not be here, among the other guests; of the small dignities I had acquired. And, oddly, I felt both strong and weak, both reticent and desiring. The world and its work faded away, that I knew. It became, suddenly, a cascade of black curls, white shoulders . . . how ivory white! . . . and red lips . . . ah, red . . .

and such a voice as struck my naked heart and made it quiver grievously . . .

"I remember how I tried to draw the shreds of my personality about me.

"I told her my name, and it meant nothing to her, nothing at all. She laughed at it, and aped it in her pretty, broken English.

"'Tome, ees it?' she kept saying. 'Tome . . . ah, now I know . . . Thomaso . . . yes . . . mi frien?'

"She told me that she had had a very dear friend by that same, sweet name, Thomaso . . . a rag-picker, he was; she told me, with golden laughter, like the shivering of autumn leaves.

I buttoned up my dignity. I felt, I recall it well, a certain desperate need of maintenance.

"'Madam,' I said, 'I am the Rector of St. Giles.'

'She told me they never heard of meenisters in Italy. How she laughed at me that night! With what a childish, with what an ancient
wisdom of pity at my youth. My guiltlessness! Ah, yes, she, being she, must have felt for me an unfathomable pity even then... even then.

"All at once waves of warm fevers began to run over me. I became aware of myself as never had I been aware before... I became aware of life, all about me... colors... rhythms... I wanted to talk to her... to tell her things... all sorts of things... and oh, I wanted to ask her things. I grew incoherent and I didn't want her to go away. I didn't want to lose sight of her, touch of

her, sound of her. I had never wanted anything before, never really. That, at least, that much was clear to me.

"I remember my voice, how roughened it was, how husky, how different from the cool, commanding voice of the Rector of St. Giles, when it said to her:

"'But I must see you again, please... please..."

"And I remember the first foreboding in her eyes... deepening as she took her hands and kissed them, one by one... I think she must have felt for me then...

Ah, well, but I anticipate...

"The next day she drove with me. 'On your most b-e-a-utiful Fifth Avenue,' she said. She broke an engagement with Van Tuyt to go with me, and my transport frenzied me. Romance... romance was touching me... with blood-red fingertips..."

"Then, on a day, here in this same study, she came in and took tea with me, and I told her that I loved her and she told me that she loved me. I held her in my..."}

"Meestaire Tom... don't... don't... ah, it is because I love you so I say this. It ees you who 'ave taught me what love is... and it ees not this... don'... don'... God, He 'ave sent you to make good an' pure the world... an' me... an' me..."
...ness of gesture peculiarly her own, and said, ‘I t’ink I hav’ been made for vone leetle moment ... this ... an’ then I go away ...’

‘And I cried out on this. I held her again and asked her to be my wife, but she drew still further away from me and told me that could never be.

‘Love is not like this,’ I cried out. ‘Love means the comradeship that comes with years of work and play together, of growing old together, of heaven reached together ... but together ... always together ...’

‘To me,’ she said, ‘love mean vone leetle moment in a long, long time ... vone leetle dream, so still and white, vone leetle kiss that mean the all of life. You have taught me this, my frien’ ... there is no more than that.’

‘I pleaded with her again. And again. And then she said to me, so sadly, “All the wor’ know vy I may not ben your wife, my frien’, all the wor’ but onlee you, it seem.’

“And then it came to me ... the things I had heard at Van Tuyl’s reception, the whispering, hidden things. Something terrible smote me to pain, and then from the pain a sweetness came, and I said:

“There, darling, there; dont cry. Please dont cry.

You’ve been fair, and brave, and honest. I know. I understand. You have, and those are the things that count, the fine things, the things I’ve always believed in. It was all so long ago. You’ve done so much since then. Darling ... tell me ... what is the matter ...? Rita ... it was long ago, wasn’t it? Wasn’t it?’

“Yes ... yes ... of course,’ she told me. ‘Oh, don’t talk about it any more. It hurt me ... here ... where my heart beat for you ... take me in your arms an’ kiss me ... kiss me ... lik’ you did ...

“Something was hurting me, tho. I couldn’t place it. And her eyes ... her eyes evaded mine. The subterranean whisperings of that evening began to creep toward the surface of my thoughts. I grasped her shoulders. ‘Rita,’ I said, ‘tell me ... not ... not, Van Tuyl! ...’

“She recoiled from me then, and her face, as white as her ermine, stared at me like some living gardenia. ‘No ... what you t’ink? You don’ ...’

“‘Rita ... tell me! Then let me call him. He is upstairs, taking tea. Let me call him as my oldest friend and we will announce our engagement. Darling, forgive me, but this thing must be straightened.’

“She begged me not to tell him. She swore it was all right, but that she wanted to wait. But I couldn’t wait. I had got past my power of waiting.

“I sent for Van Tuyl.

“I told him Madam Cavallini was my promised wife, that she had told me of her past, and I asked him if he were a part of it. Thru it all she pleaded with me to believe in her; she implored me with her dark eyes, with her white hands, with her warm words ... but I had to know ... a terrible insistence was driving me on ... and on ... and those things ... those things that I had heard were coming back and coming back and forming a whole that sickened my soul ...

“A place called Mille-fleurs, they had said, there Van Tuyl had lived with the famous Cavallini, a paradise on earth, the two of them ... Impossible! Intolerable! Ah, how things are intolerable to youth! Utterly intolerable it was to me ... my patron, my more than father, my friend, the pillar of my Church and the woman who had become the blood within my veins, the fire in my heart ...

“Van Tuyl was grave, correct, taken aback. He told me that he feared I was making a crass mistake. For him- self, he
said, the inference was not without honor in dishonor, but for Madam Cavallini he felt that the mere suggestion from me induced my most abject apology. They would both forgive me, he said, because of my distraught condition.

"I did apologize. Very abjectly. To both of them. I said that I had been a perfect fool; that they were right, I was mad. I sobbed in the abandonment of my self-abasement. 'Oh, darling, forgive . . ."

"And then Rita raised her little hand, her little white hand, and her voice came to us like the flutter of a bruised bird's wings:

"'I love you . . . and I must spik de truth.'

"Van Tuyl said, grimly: 'Be quiet, Madam.'

"'It is all lies,' Rita said, ignoring him, ignoring me, all lies we tell you. Meestaire Tome. I was 'is mistress till de night I meet you. I love wit'im at Millefeuers an we call it Paradise. He is not de first. But oh, my frien', Meestaire Tom, he is de last . . . you make dat so wit' me. I know now. De oder t'ings . . . day are so many weeds, wit' their bright colors and strong scents . . . but now . . . a flower grow . . . so holy-white, so still, so filling up my heart with white perfume; my eyes are wet all night wit' holy tears . . . my frien', forgive . . . forgive . . ."

"'I don't know just what I did then. I gave a cry, I know, because, afterward. Aunt Susan asked me what was the matter with me in the library, and I rushed at Van Tuyl and tried to kill him. And all the time I felt that within me my tormenting heart and soul were fighting and warring like demons, and I knew that her heart was breaking, and I didn't believe that it was, and I thought she didn't have a heart, and bells raged within me, unspeakable, intolerable . . . the dark-red, violent hells of romance in violent youth . . ."

"After a while I was alone.

"She had left me her pearls. I had given her my cross. I groaned aloud and cursed my folly and my wisdom, my weakness and my strength.

"Later that night Van Tuyl came back and tried to talk with me. He told me that Rita had, the other day, said her farewell to him, and he to her. His golden hour, he said, was passed. He tried to tell me, with all the sweetness I know now he must have felt, of his love for her and what she had been to him . . . a beautiful, joyous romance, as she was to us all, as she was to the world, spilling her fragrance, holding her heart, keeping fast her precious, invincible soul . . . He didn't solace me, then; not until afterward, when his grave love of her, his reverence for her particular quality, seeped into my wound and helped to heal it.

"Late that night . . . very, very late, I went to her apartment. It was a wild, white night of wind and snow and sleet. I had walked for hours upon hours, thru hells and heavens, thru tortures and raptures, thru fires and waters. I had walked and walked, battling for the immortal salvation of her soul. Then I said to myself that I would go to her, no longer—ah, no longer as man to woman . . . that was dear and dead and tombed . . . but as the minister of God to a soul in dire need of its salvation. As such I should go to her. Oh, God, I prayed, her soul, her precious soul, on the brink, on the brink, to save her soul . . . to give her eternal peace . . . to make my love of her a God-love . . . this was my prayer . . ."

"Love . . . what it does . . . how it lifts . . . While I had been fighting my bitterest fight she had risen above me, beyond me . . . her beautiful flesh lay crucified . . .

(Continued on page 113)
A generation or more ago on the wilderness of the Guadalupe River in Texas, the first white woman came with her husband and children to dwell among the Indians. Shortly thereafter her husband died and she was left alone with her children. With an unwavering determination and a High-as-Heaven Courage she won thru.

She was the little great-grandmother of Blanche McGarity.

During the Civil War a young man was caught as a spy and sentenced to death. During the time between his capture and the execution of the death sentence, the young man had sung and danced his way so warily into the hearts of his captors, that his sentence was commuted and he was retained as Chief High Entertainer to the army.

He was the grandfather of Blanche McGarity.

In New Orleans, about the same time back, a young and very beautiful girl was Queen of the Mardi Gras, and belle of the olden city.

She was the grandmother of Blanche McGarity.

For a generation or more the McCoys and the McGaritys, Irish both of them, have figured in the history of Texas. They have been pioneers, Irishmen, fighters, conquerors. This is the stock of which Blanche McGarity comes. Her heritage is one of determination, of indomitable grit. She has it.

For a generation or more the McCoys and the McGaritys, Irish both of them, have figured in the history of Texas. They have been pioneers, Irishmen, fighters, conquerors. This is the stock of which Blanche McGarity comes. Her heritage is one of determination, of indomitable grit. She has it.

"What I will to do," says the little girl with the ingenuous curls and the pioneer spirit, "I do."
tentatively, "Suppose, in this game, you should be temporarily worsted, meet with defeats, disappointments, what effect would it have? What would you do?"

"I'd get up and go at it again," she said. "I'd fight."

She would.

It began, this determination of hers to be an individual via the stage, at the age of four, when, posturing before her mirror, she would "make believe" at being a nun, a fairy queen, a carnival girl, a ragged boy, and it has never wavered, save for the fact that it began by being the speaking stage it is now, unalterably, the screen.

I asked her what she would do if the speaking stage presented itself as an oppor-

"All my life has been a pro-

log to this one thing, this career," she said. "I have builded and builded for this thing and no other. The one thing I have greatly wanted is to be an individual, to be remembered. I believe that I shall be." Above, a new portrait: center, in a Texas flower field, and below, in a character pose

this thing and no other. The one thing I have greatly wanted is to be an individual, to be remembered. I believe that I shall be.""What do you consider your special qualifications?"

I asked.

"Self-belief, I suppose," she said, considerably; "I have never credited myself with any superlative beauty nor the drama of a Bernhardt, and yet, if you know what I mean, I feel my own potentialities for both. I believe in the limitlessness of the individual will."

This last was said with a modesty and withal a conviction, a certain poised purposefulness not to be gainsaid.

I said, wonderingly, because of her surface fragility, her youth and belying fairness, "How did you come by this self-confidence of yours?"

"My ancestors," she said. "We are Irish, on both sides, and pioneers. That is one reason. The other is the way I was brought up. Really, I owe everything that I am or ever will be to my mother. My will was never broken. I was allowed, always, to express myself, to feel that I could and must, and I responded, and did. My mother and I have been pals, just two girls together, and always together. I have hardly ever had a girl friend, nor ever felt the need of one. We talk everything over, we read (Continued on page 104)

By JANET REID

enity and she said she would stick to pictures. She does not believe in divid-
ing one's allegiance. "I believe in doing one thing," she said, "and do-
ing it well. Concentration is every-
thing, on an idea, on a career." She added: "All my life has been a pro-

log to this one thing, this career. I have builded and builded for
The girls pictured above were photographed between the scenes of the 1919 Fame and Fortune production, "A Dream of Fair Women." Four of these girls, the final winners, are already on their way to stardom. They are, reading from left to right, in the front row, Anetha Getwell, Virginia Faire, Blanche McGarity and a little further back with hat in hand, Anita Booth. Many others in the group, too, although not winners, have secured excellent engagements.

Do you compare favorably with these girls? If so, send in your photograph if you have not already done so and perhaps you will smile from these pages when the 1920 photograph is published—who knows?
Lois Weber will soon be at work in her new studios which are being erected with every modern device and convenience for the making of better pictures. Above, studying the site and plans.

Domestic hours are well interspersed in the life of Directress Weber and her efficiency behind the megaphone in the studio fails to interfere with her efficiency in her well ordered home. She declares that in the new woman we find the same woman known to the ages, and the above pictures would seem to prove the verity of her statement.
Irene Returns to the Cinema Fold
By BETSY BRUCE

“Mr. Lewis is very lovely to work with,” she told me, as she loosened the great folds of the beautiful seal coat she was wearing and threw back the chiffon collar. “At first I thought he would be rather hard to please—exact—im— but he wasn’t—not in the least. Once he selected the cast, everything went along smoothly.”

“He uses the process of elimination in selecting his casts.” Again the efficient masculine voice undertook its share of the conversation. “He sees any number of people for every rôle and then eliminates them one by one until he has decided upon the most attractive person—the most capable—and altogether the one best suited to the particular rôle he has in mind. Miss Boyle is very well cast and does remarkable work in the picture. You must see it.”

I said I would like to and asked Miss Boyle if she had ever been on the stage.

“Never,” she said. (Continued on page 99)

HER press agent came in first. In fact, I didn’t know she was in the building—Irene Boyle, I mean. It was while we were talking about her in the Edgar Lewis production, “Other Men’s Shoes,” which marks her return to the cinema fold, that he nonchalantly remarked that she was downstairs talking to the advertising director. Of course, he mentioned it casually—press agents never have ulterior motives—and I immediately said I’d like to meet her. I knew every one would be interested in her, remembering her work in the old Kalem days.

Well, she came. I was glad of Mr. Press Agent’s motive, ulterior or otherwise.

“Isn’t it funny,” she said, chummily hitching one of the office chairs in which she was seated towards my desk, “I just love offices and the hubbub of the business world. The studio has some of it and I do believe that’s why I just had to come back to it all. I grew awfully lonesome and quite impossible when I stayed at home. I just have to be in things.”

“Miss Boyle is a very ambitious person,” volunteered the press agent, efficiently, “and a very hard worker. Nothing is too much trouble for her if it will make the picture more realistic.”

“What are you doing now?” I asked, in interviewer fashion.

“Resting, shopping, reading contracts and having hundreds of pictures taken,” she smiled.

“She just finished ‘Other Men’s Shoes’ the other day,” interposed the P. A.
"I THOUGHT that I came to the Northland to lose a woman," David Raine said somberly, "and now I know I came to find a woman. There's no escaping life—and they are life, the flame of it that warms—and burns—"

Father Roland spoke with a patient gentleness that, one sensed, had been learnt by years of resolute, difficult schooling. "You are still young, lad. The sap runs keenly in a green branch. God knew what He was about when He sent you to the Great Woods away from the cities."

"Would you like to see her?" David asked. He touched his breast. "I have carried her here since that day when the Weeping Lady left the picture in the train on the edge of the border. I shall carry her here till I find her, or till I die. She is—she is very wonderful." His voice shook.

The man in the rusty priest's robe shook his head, almost, one would have said, with terror. "I have not looked at a woman's face for many years," he sighed, "but—I have seen one always before me. You are right, my son. They are a man's whole life, the keen joy of it, the keen pain, and always the meaning of it all."

The eyes of the younger man went toward the door at the end of the great room, locked now, but unlocked once a day for the old priest to enter. He had seen the inside of that room for one stolen instant, seen the child's high-chair, the woman's rocker, the toys and the small, faded red satin slippers on the table, and he knew that in that moment he had peeped into Father Roland's soul. But there is a silent pact among men not to ask questions or pry into the soul's affairs, so he said nothing. He was sorry for Father Roland, yes, of course, but he was sorrier for David Raine.

There was silence in the cabin on the Harp o' God. Outside in the blackness the wind swept up the ravine with the wailing harmony that explained the name, and very far away, on some silhouetted hilltop, a coyote defied the stars. The priest stirred restlessly and threw another log on the fire, filling the cabin with dancing shadow-flames. "And so," he questioned, "so you think you must leave me tomorrow and push on, eh, Davie? I wont try to hinder you, but I shall miss you. It's been a month, hasn't it, since we joined forces in that stalled Transcontinental?"

Raine nodded. "I was at the end of my rope..."
then. I thought Life hadn’t anything more for me,” he
laughed, in sheer incredulity, “and then I found you—
and her! Queer, isn’t it?” His face clouded. “But it
seems hopeless, with nothing to go on but the photograph
of a girl and an address that is dead. If we’d found
Tarvish, he might have known something about her.
But with the settlement of Firepan Creek in ruins and
the last settler buried, I’m where I started from. Still,
I shall go on tomorrow”—he set his young jaw dog-
gedly—“and I shall find her. I know it! If I didn’t,
Life would be too cruel.”

Father Roland smiled faintly at the youngness of the
belief that God owed David happiness and the world had
been made solely for him to find it in. “I had hopes of
Tarvish,” he said slowly. Before David’s amazed eyes
his face grew oddly fixed as tho it were a mask fastened
before his thoughts. “I—you see, I knew Tarvish years
ago, before he went to Firepan. He was a young man
then, and handsome, and I—loved him.”

David Raine thought of the strange scene he had wit-
nessed a week ago when they had laid the twisting body
of the man they had found hanging in the tumble-down
cabin in a shallow grave, and this priest had stood over
it with cold lips, refusing a prayer to the dead man.
Afterward, out of sight but not of earshot, he had stood
in a copse of evergreen, shaking as he listened to Father
Roland speaking to the roudn of clay. “I am glad you
never told me, Tarvish,” he had said—or had he dreamed
the whole grotesque thing? “Glad, because I would have
killed you and thrown away my chance of ever seeing her again
after I lie where you are lying, in my grave.”

But his own

affairs elbowed all other things out of his mind. In his
breast pocket was the picture he had picked up on the
train where the woman in the black veil had left it, and
somewhere out in this great white country where the
shadows lay blue on the snow and the fir needles gave
out sharp, strong scents in the sun, somewhere out yon-
der was the girl of the picture, with her dark, wistful
beauty as clear-cut as a cameo. Others might not have
thought her beautiful, might have been carping about the
cleft in her small, eager chin, the fulness of her lips that
curved crimson like rose-petals in the olive oval of her
face, but to David she was all perfection. It was as tho
he recognized her at the first moment as some one he had
been seeking thru long, lost years.

Early the next morning David said good-by to the old
priest with his secret room and his secret grudge against
a dead man, and set out along the trail, “Baree” at heel.
He had found the dog in Tarvish’s cabin and spoken to
it kindly, whereupon it had adopted him as master and
sworn eternal fealty with great thumps of his bushy
tail. The air was like new wine, heady, intoxicating.
He strode thru the dazzle and glitter effortlessly, should-
ers back, head lifted to let the wind sweep his face.

Back there, only the matter of a few nights and days
away, the sky was sooty with the smoke of the city, the
air stale, the sunshine shut out by towering granite walls.
Back there, giant winches sang an endless song of steel,
lifting great buildings toward the sky that more and still
more men and women might live cramped lives above the
streets of selling. Back there were little perfumed shops,
restaurants, theaters, all built for the woman who had
been his wife to live a painted, tinsel life of pleasure.
Back there, the other man was probably taking his
place.

Suddenly David laughed. It was incredible, but he
did not care! The agony he had thought to carry thru
the rest of his life was gone and the past seemed as
unreal as a dream in a fevered night. He was young,
and he would take Life by the throat and throttle it and
make it yield him what he wished. It seemed to him that
his search for the girl in the picture would offer no dif-
culties, but if it did, he would surmount them, crash thru
them, leap over them.

Thus David in the
hopeful morning. By
evening the mood of
exultation had faded.
He made his
camp in a

And then, lifting his eyes,
David Raine knew why he
had come to the Northland.
For, crossing the bed of the
brawling stream ahead was
a girl, small, dark with
clouds of black hair all
about her face and a sug-
gestion of swaying branches
in the way she moved from
stone to stone.
sheltered hollow and brooded over the pitch-pine embers late into the night while common-sense reasoned with him. The girl, it argued, might be dead. She might not live in the Canadian Northwest at all; she might be married—but at that David swore a great oath, kicked his embers together and dragged his blanket over his head.

He had decided to strike for the Stikine River country, because that was the address written on the photograph, a slender clue, but the only one he had. Accordingly, for three days he traveled eastward, "Baree" galloping at his side, seeing sometimes the footprints of wild animals in the snow, catching swift brown glimpses of disappearing deer, frightening coys of birds from the undergrowth, but meeting no one of his own kind. His provisions began to get low, but he was so totally inexperienced in the ways of this wild, new country that he did not know enough to be frightened by that. A rifle shot provided a rabbit for "Baree" and David ate the last strip of his bacon, the final handful of his meal without a qualm.

"We'll be coming to a settlement today sure, old fellow," he told the dog, cheerily, as they started out again. But the day passed and not a feather of smoke stirred in the still air of the distance. By the next noon David did not walk quite so springily.

"Perhaps—this is what I came to the Northland for," he muttered, with wry lips, "I suppose I needed an eternal big licking for my sins." He took the photograph out of his pocket and gazed down at it.

"Where are you, dear?" he asked the face that looked out at him. "Have I made a mistake? Aren't you up here at all? Girl, on my soul, I don't believe I'm ever going to see you. Father Roland is five days back, and there's no one anywhere near. I expect it's going to be good-by after all." He flung back his head with a gallant gesture. "It was a chance and I took it—you're worth taking chances for, and if I've lost out I'm not going to whine . . ."

He became aware that "Baree" was tugging at his coat and saw on the smooth, white surface before him the great, sprawling signature of a bear's paws. The trail was fresh. Not so much as a grain of snow had fallen into the indentations at his feet. The dog shuddered pitiously.

"Hush," whispered Marce O'Doone and he felt her trembling against him, "they've followed us! I thought all night I heard them and when it grew light I saw, so Tara and I brought you in here,"
She lifted her vivid face to him, as a flower to the sun. "Did you not hear me call you Sakewawin last night?" she asked. "It is an Indian word, David, and it means . . . " "Yes," he prompted, "yes—what does it mean, dear?" "It means—possession," said, proudly, Marge O'Doone.

...and eye him with bright, anxious eyes and ran back along the trail as tho offering a suggestion. But David shook his head, tho he unslung his rifle. "Who's afraid, 'Baree'?" he challenged. "We're going on."

And then, lifting his eyes, David Raine knew why he had come to the Northland. For, crossing the bed of the brawling stream ahead was a girl, small, dark, with clouds of black hair all about her face and a suggestion of swaying branches in the way she moved from stone to stone. His heart lifted wildly and his lips grew dry. The girl of the picture—was she a mirage of his desire? But no—for with a lovely sweeping motion she stooped, lifted a stone and sent it splashing into a nearby pool and her laughter splattered like cool, flashing water-drops on the silence. Dream girls do not laugh like that.

He moved toward her, stumbling on blind feet, and as he did so she disappeared! The trail curved sharply, and a clump of firs shut her away from him. When he rounded them she was gone, but at his feet lay a line of footprints of incredible smallness beside the blunt tracks of the bear.

The white world grew black before David's eyes, the trail plunged sickeningly as he ran and he muttered broken words aloud, not knowing that they were fragments of old, half-forgotten prayers. "Baree," quite evidently believing that he went to his doom, scrambled along beside, uttering mournful sounds. Together they panted about a great boulder and came full upon the girl they sought, al-

(Continued on page 96)
Mind the Little Things
By DORIS DELVIGNE

"YoU must build up your hero so that every young man in the audience pictures himself as that hero. You must build up your heroine so that every young girl will feel herself the heroine, wish herself the heroine—or understand the heroine's feelings. Unless you can do this," and Jeanie MacPherson smiled whimsically, "you are not in sympathy with your public.

There's nothing masculine about this little French-Scotch girl who has interested the dramatic world with her craftsmanship. She's not a blue-stocking with emancipated ideas, nor has her contact with the biggest men in the motion picture world given her that swaggering independence which is supposed to adhere to begoggled authors. She is the most utterly feminine thing you ever beheld. She loves pretty clothes—her taste is fastidious.

"So many people don't succeed in writing because their motive is all wrong," she continued.

"It is not a question of evolving a new plot," smiled little Jeanie MacPherson. "We are using the same plots and dramatic situations over and over again. It is the way the little things are worked out." Above and below, two portraits in "fly- ing regalia," and, center, at work out-of-doors

"Theirs is a desire to gather in some of the huge sums purported to be paid for screen dramas. No one can hope to become a great writer who begins with that false motive. All of us have to work—work again and then again.

"And the biggest mistake of all is to wait for the great idea! Stories are not evolved in that way. And if there's one point I'd like to drive home more than anything else, it is mind the little things. It is not a question of evolving a new plot. We are using the same plots and dramatic situations over and over again. It is the way the little things are worked out. A motion picture script used to read, 'John and Mary love each other. They stand by a table and he declares his love.' Today I would show John looking furtively, then extracting a rose from his pocket—the rose she had worn and loved, and in his very expression and the fondling of the rose the audience knows that John loves Mary. In everything one must find the symbol. That is the great secret of the picture art—finding the symbol for a thought."

(Continued on page 94)
PERSONAL opinion is a peculiar sentiment. Very few of us think precisely the same and yet oftentimes we are such cowards that we dare not tell the other fellow we don't agree with him. Often we smile and smirk and accept our friends' opinions as our own just that we may not be judged queer.

It is the fad at present for the various film critics to approve of all that certain top-notch players, directors and companies create. They lavish colorful adjectives each month with a fulsome pen. I have my own private opinion that an actor who can do no wrong is at a frightful stage of the game. Think of the utter boredom of never having to exert one's self to better one's work. Imagine how little incentive there would be to live, to do, if everything one did was rated perfect. If a great actor fails to make me feel with him, be glad with him, sorrowful with him, then he has failed, in my opinion, but as much, nay even, than if he had never won laurel wreaths galore. And so I found "HEARTSTRINGS"—FOX a complete failure so far as the story or the work of William Farnum were concerned. "Heartstrings" tells the story of a violinist who sacrifices everything to make his sister happy. Thru five reels we watch him wade in mock sentimentality. He believes in turning the other cheek not only once but forty and nine times that his sister's betrayer may smite him on the other. Farnum has done virile, manly work on the screen. This servile picture that he presents is neither becoming nor a good work. His meek and lowly spirit was not admirable; it was irritating. He could have finished the whole picture beautifully and satisfactorily by smashing his sister's betrayer's face in the first reel ... but then there would have been no picture—would there?

THE BROKEN MELODY—SELMZICK

Here, on the other hand, while Eugene O'Brien has very little better material to work with than every other star has had at some time or other, he makes "The Broken Melody" such a realistic thing, such a human picture that it holds one as would the life history of some dear friend. The tale deals with two young lovers,
both of whom are ambitious for fame. Like so many, the man thinks that love can wait, and al-
tho it hurts his conscience to leave the girl, he seizes his oppor-
tunity to study art in Paris at the expense of another woman. The
girl deprived of her great love, finds her solace in work and gains
time as a singer. But fame does not satisfy those of great hearts:
and so one day the man comes back and finds the girl . . . even
as he had left her . . . waiting for him. Frankly, Eugene O'Brien
startled me with the reality of his interpretation of this artist's role.
He made no effort to portray the man . . . all hero: but he
showed his human weaknesses, his vain endeavor to overcome them,
his egoism which would not be stifled and in the end the emptiness
of his success with an understanding subtlety and power that was
little less than startling. Did I once consider Eugene merely a
handsome picture? Let me be the first to admit my error. Lucy Cot-
ton is not only likeable but shows a commendable power for expressing
true-to-life emotion as the girl, while Corinne Barker is a positive
delight with her human interpretation of the rich woman who
wanted Eugene for her own amusement.

ON WITH THE DANCE—
PARAMOUNT

In my opinion "On With the Dance" strikes closer to real life,
that is New York life, and real motives than any picture has yet
dared show. My sympathies, however, were entirely with the little
wild-cat wife who rebelled at her street-car existence . . . when
she had been fashioned for limousines . . . and not for her smug
husband who smugly loved another girl who could help him
more with his career. The lesson which the picture teaches very
clearly, namely, that there is a mate who will bring out the best
in us, is most satisfactory . . . and quite believable. Mae Murray
was perfectly irresistible to me. She was the most delightfully en-
ticing little vixen I have ever seen on the screen. Compared to her
delicious "devilishness" I found the goody-goody interpretation of
the "old Alma Tell irritating, to

say the least. John Milner was at his
best . . . David Powell for the first
time in his career . . . guilty of just
camera-acting.

THE RIVER'S END—REAL ART

This Marshall Neilan production from
the book of James Oliver Curwood is a
mighty fine thing. Filled with action, ad-
vventure, revenge and love it never over-
steps the boundary of possibility. This
(Continued on page 107)
In spite of bitter opposition, perhaps the first attempt at extending the field of the motion picture was the introduction of the movie into the church. Above, a photograph of the West End Presbyterian Church in New York, showing how people have come to feel about the movie, and, right, the motion picture compartment and repair room aboard the U. S. S. Bridgeport.

More than keeping pace with the phenomenal growth of the moving picture theater, the non-theatrical movie field today is a cardinal factor in the youngest of America's big industries. A few years ago three-reel shows in ill-ventilated, small rooms were the sole outlook of the movie. Today, motion pictures are shown not only in the largest and most elaborate temples of amusement yet devised, but also in churches, private homes, schools and a host of other non-theatrical places.

In spite of bitter opposition, perhaps the first attempt at extending the field of the motion picture was the introduction of the movie into the church. Seventeen years ago the Rev. Adam Chambers installed a projector in his church—the Harlem Baptist, in New York. Today more than 2,000 churches in the United States are using motion pictures regularly in a variety of ways, from giving the kiddies wholesome amusement on Saturday afternoons to teaching Sunday-school lessons and even to preaching sermons.

The war, too, has been one of the great factors in the development of the motion picture, and particularly in the non-theatrical field. The movie was at once recognized as an indispensable part of every war machine, for it is universally popular and offers almost the only recreation to soldiers in a battle area on account of the small, inexpensive equipment necessary. True, there were many stage entertainments given soldiers, but these were mostly in the leave areas.

Besides, the war developed many new uses of the motion picture, and not a few of these have survived the conflict. One of the most interesting of these cases is the introduction of the motion picture in Siberia and Russia. Cinema entertainments were part of the United States War Department's program in every land where there...
On Broadway

CHAPMAN

were American soldiers, so the doughboy took with him into Russia and Siberia his newsreels and projector. In a few months a film-distributing service was established in Vladivostok thru the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which acted as agent of the War Department, and shows were given several times a week in forty-five Siberian camps. As the film service to the northland grew, the shows were given not only for Americans, but also for Russians and French, and many of the films shipped from New York to Vladivostok carried titles in three languages. Cessation of hostilities and withdrawal of troops in Siberia did not mean the withdrawal of the motion picture.

The Siberian peasants have shown insatiable interest in the motion picture, so it is being used in a great campaign for educating the poorer classes.

Taking anything to a rural district of Siberia is a hard job, and the "camionette," which was developed during the war for quick transportation of motion picture equipment, is now being used in the northland. The camionette is a projection outfit, including generator, film library and screen, mounted on a motor-truck. Some Siberian localities have proved inaccessible even to the American motor-truck, and reindeer and dog-sleds have been resorted to, and one instance is known where apparatus was floated down a river to its destination on a slab of ice.

Motion picture producers are assured a promising future market in the land of Slavs, for, as has been remarked before, peasants are actually infatuated with the novelty. This infatuation has resulted more than once in attempts to delay even by force the progress of itinerant shows.

Nor is the land of the midnight sun the only place where motion pictures were introduced during the war. "Way down the map, in Constantinople, Christian and Turk have been working side by side showing pictures in refugee camps. Again the camionette has been called into the scheme of things, and its territory, first war-torn French roads, then the snowy routes of the north, has been broadened to include desert tropics.

Here in America as well the non-theatrical field has been well developed. Churches, which once advocated closing theaters on Sundays because they detracted from church attendance, are now using pictures themselves on Sunday as well as on every other day of the week.

The commercial photographer in many cases is displacing his "stills" with the perforated celluloid. At

(Continued on page 113)
Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS

INDIVIDUAL dressing-rooms are the latest fad with the folk of the shadow-screen. In fact, most of the companies are presenting their stars with tiny bungalows situated on the studio lot and these have become very popular. Both Mildred Harris Chaplin and Anita Stewart have the cutest bungalow dressing-rooms. Each is a quaint Queen Anne cottage, embodying a kitchen, bath, reception room and dressing-room. Long French windows, with low iron rails and trailing vines make the exteriors very attractive. The Selig studios, where they work, are so very far from any restaurant that the individual kitchens are necessities. The cottages remind one of Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel" cottages, for they nestle in groves of eucalyptus trees. Both stars are delighted with them and Anita hates to leave hers, even to go East for the summer months. Of course, she'll return in the fall—again laden down with exquisite creations, destined to make ravishing her productions. She is busy working on "Harriet and the Piper," the story by Kathleen Norris, now that she has finished "The Yellow Typhoon." And, talking of scenarios, Ethel Gillette, daughter of an ex-governor of California, has been engaged to write stories for Mildred Chaplin. She is, too, a close friend and excellent results are expected from the congenial combination.

Oliver Thomas is expected to arrive here any day, and, of course, Husband Jack Pickford is all anticipation. He has had the home all prepared for her, and she is to stay long enough to make one picture anyhow. Jack really wants her to give up pictures and settle down, but Ethel doesn't see things just that way.

Conrad Nagel has been here some time now. He came out originally to play in "The Fighting Chance," the Robert W. Chambers story, and Famous Players-Lasky have signed him as a leading man with a long-term contract. So watch for Conrad in their new pictures.

Bad news! Good-by, for a time at least, to slapstick and water scenes, hose-squirting and cheese-spearin' stunts. Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle has just signed a long-term contract as a legitimate star.

The stork visited the Beverly Hills home of Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond, the other day, and left a baby girl, who will be known as Mary Joanna. The parents declare that she shows no signs of moving pictureitis yet—however, time will tell.

New stars have appeared in the firmament—Wanda Hawley and Bebe Daniels both now number among Realart's stellar lights, and the best sort of stories are promised for them.

And Richard Barthelmess, too, has graduated into stardom. D. W. Griffith has promised him starring vehicles and Dick's many friends in sunny California are as delighted over his good fortune as he is himself.

The Minter home has been the scene of much gayety lately. Mrs. Shelby has given three musicales in honor of Margaret who supports Mary now, and
"They'll be here in
fifteen minutes—
and my nails aren't
fit to be seen!"

THE telephone bell rang.
"I'm so glad you are at
home. We'll be right
over," said a voice. "Good!
" she cried. Then her eyes fell to
her hands. Her heart sank.
Such battered looking nails!

She knew, too, that no amount
of magnificence and good grooming
on formal occasions would
efface the impression made by
once appearing careless in an off-
guard moment.

Have you ever been caught in
such a predicament? Does the
unexpected occasion always find
your hands at their loveliest?
Exquisitely cared for nails, that
so unmistakably tell to the world
their story of personal fastidious-
ness.

It is the simplest thing always
to be sure of your nails! Just
a matter of giving them the same
regular attention that you do
your hair and teeth.

Do not clip the cuticle. When
you do so it is impossible to avoid
cutting the sensitive living skin,
too. The skin tries to heal these
cruel little hurts and growing
quickly, forms a thick, ragged
cuticle. It gives to your nails
that frowzy and unkempt look
that makes you self-conscious
every time people notice your
hands.

But you can have nails so
charming that it will be a plea-
ure to display your hands!

The Cutex way keeps the cuti-
 cle smooth and unbroken—the
nails in perfect condition. Make
a habit of Cutex. Then you will
never know the mortification of
ragged hangnails and clumsy
cuticle.

If you wish to keep the cuticle
particularly soft and pliable so
that you do not need to manicure
so often, apply Cutex Cold Cream
at night on retiring.

Get Cutex at any drug or de-
partment store. Cutex, the cuti-
cle remover, comes in 35c and
65c bottles. Cutex Nail White,
Cold Cream and Nail Polish are
each 35c.

Six manicures for
20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two
dimes and we will send you an
Introductory Manicure Set, not
as large as our standard sets, but
large enough for six complete
manicures. Send for it today.
Address Northam Warren, 114
West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address
Northam Warren, Dept. 807, 200
Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon, with two dimes today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

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some musicians have gathered at the house on Wednesday evenings. It is the house formerly occupied by the Pickfords, you know. Mary came of age—that is in California, but it will be three years before she's of age in New York, according to state laws and the terms of her contract with Mr. Zukor—on April 1st and, of course, there was an especially big party with Mary a very pretty and very charming hostess.

Wallace Reid has been traveling north, taking a vacation and doing a lead in “The Rotters,” which was shown here at the Little Theater. He has been simply idolized in the California towns visited by this company. They call his motion picture company “The Road Show” around the studio lot, for they are nearly always off on location. Seldom does the handsome Wally see his home-town for more than two days at a time. He enjoys the out-of-door life, tho. Too bad “The Rotters” can’t take Mr. Reid back to New York when it goes on tour thru the principal cities of the U. S. A. Every one knows he would make a great hit, for he’s really dandy in it.

And, of course, every one has been talking about the marriage of Mary and “Doug.” A great many people resent the upheaval which is being made about her divorce, for with different divorce laws in every state in the Union it’s difficult to know just what to do. Every one agrees that they want Mary to be happy. For the last few years she has worked very hard and undoubtedly the proposed trip to Europe will do both Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks a world of good. At present, they are, both of them, finishing their new productions so that they may set off with a clear conscience. It is probable, however, that they will work while on the other side.

Ruth Stonehouse and Helen Ferguson are working at the same studio again. When they met at Metro, each about to begin on a different production, it brought back the old days at Essanay. Then Ruth was a star and Helen an extra girl, worshipping at her shrine, but Helen has come right along and is doing very fine work, so they say. Of course, she and Ruth are having fine times together.

The other day I encountered an extra weeping bitterly on the Goldwyn lot, and she explained that she had to make up all over again, because Hayes Hunter, a dynamic director for the drama “Earthbound,” has all his people hysterical with the wealth of imagination he injects. Even the men on Mr. Hunter’s set go all to pieces. Visitors, who stand afar, are sometimes convulsed by the director’s antics, but those in front of the camera tell me they never have been so moved or impressed. The story is tense and spiritualism plays a strong hand in its fashioning. Naomi Childers walks about like a forlorn “widder,” weeping disconsolately.
PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why the leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO.

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children
Pearl White left New York a few weeks ago for a tour of Europe and a rest. It is expected that she will gather material for several Fox features, also select costumes for forthcoming plays.


John Bowers has been loaned by Goldwyn to play opposite Mary Miles Minter in her next Realart picture.


Grace Darling is starring in "The Hidden Path," Burton King's first independent production.

Marguerite Courtot is playing the leading feminine role in another Pathé serial, called "Velvet Fingers," an original story by Bertram Millhauser.

Constance Talmadge's next picture for First National will be an Emerson-Loos original story, "The Perfect Woman." 

Jack Mulhall, one of the most popular of the younger leading men of the screen, has been placed under a long-term contract to play leading roles in Paramount-Artcraft pictures.

Bryant Washburn's lifelong ambition for a bit of slapstick is gratified in "What Happened to Jones," the Paramount-Artcraft film version of George Broadhurst's comedy.

Robert C. Bruce, director of "Scenes Beautiful," for Educational Films Corporation, recently made an extensive stay in Japan and Java, where he made a number of subjects. Mr. Bruce's next tour will be to foreign lands.

Amanda Hawley's first Realart production will be "Miss Hobbs," by Jerome K. Jerome, which Annie Russell played on the speaking stage.

"Eustee" Keaton, long identified with screen comedies, plays the role of Bertie ("The Lamb") in Metro's all-star production of "The New Henrietta."

Tsuru Aoki is visiting her native home, Japan, and will be away several months.

Ever since "Stella Maris," in which Mary Pickford carried off the honors of her career, she has longed to duplicate her London slavery of that picture. In "Hop o' Me Thumb," the play Maude Adams made famous on the stage, the make-up leaves nothing of the beautiful Mary, but gives, in its place, a cockney laundry drudge, pitiful and comic. The picture is being renamed "The Duchess of the Suds."

Joseph de Grasse and Ida May Park will direct Bessie Love in "The Midlander," her first Calabash production. Truman Van Dyke will play opposite Miss Love.

David Butler, "the cheerful boy of the screen," will appear in "Smilin' All the Way," adapted from the screen play by Henry Payson Dowst's story, "Alice in Underland."

Harry Von Tilzer, "the song hit," has written "When the Harvest Moon Is Shining," dedicated to Doris Kenyon, star of "The Harvest Moon," from Augustus Thomas' stage play.

Agnes Ayres is being starred in a series of special features in Alarshall Neilan-Albert A. Kaufman productions.

Priscilla Dean's next picture will be "Marana," a story of the Fiji Islands by Ralph Block. As Marana, the young star will have an opportunity of displaying the latest fashions in South Sea feminine adornment.

The screen rights to "Wedding Bells," one of the stage hits of the season, have been secured for Constance Talmadge.

Carmel Myers, who ran away from the screen a year ago to enter musical comedy, soon will be seen again in the film world under the Universal banner.

William Collier, Jr., has been engaged to play juvenile parts in Paramount-Artcraft pictures.

Lewis Stone, one of the most distinguished actors on the screen today, has been signed by Thomas H. Ince for the principal role in "Beau Revel," the first of a series of specialts by Louis Joseph Vance.

Peggy Hyland, brightly charming as ever, was in New York for a few days and entertained our entire editorial staff at dinner at the Hotel Commodore, the night before her sailing for England and Egypt, where she will make pictures for Samuelson Films.

Little Virginia Lee Corbin announces that she is signing with a company to produce pictures under her own name, when her Fox contract expires in August.

Eddy Polo, under his new contract with Universal, is to make ten two-reel stories of life under the big top. The actor, who is an old-time circus performer, plans to build stories around incidents in his career.

Eugene V. Brewster, of the Brewster Publications, is one of the judges of the Hope Hampton prize contest, now running in several of the magazines. The prizes are offered for the best essays of five hundred words or less, answering five questions based on the photoplay, "The Modern Saloon."

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet and playwright, has completed his first story for Goldwyn and filed for France.

Anita Stewart's next starring vehicle is "Harriet and the Piper," a Kathleen Norris story, that became popular thru its publication as a serial in the Pictorial Review.

Ethel Clayton, who has signed another long-term contract with Famous Players-Lasky, will go to London this fall to make two photoplays in Famous Players-Lasky's London studio.

Alice Brady's last Realart production, "A Dark Lantern," was made at the Essanay studios in Chicago during her long stage engagement.

Norman Kerry will act as Marion Davies' leading man in her next screen production.

Shirley Mason's fourth picture in the Fox series and her third supplied by Pearl Doles Bell, is "The Little Fugian," from which the little star will appear in Oriental characters.

Edward Earle, remembered for his excellent work in the O. Henry stories, has the leading male role in the Charles Miller production, "The Law of the Yukon."
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Artistic design and finish
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Each instrument accompanied by a guarantee bond
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America's Eminent Band Master and Trombone Virtuoso says: "I attribute much of my success and pleasure in music to the remarkable qualities possessed by the famous Conn Ltd. Instruments. They are used in my Band by my leading Artists. I can't recommend them too highly."

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Mention the instrument in which you are interested and we will send a special booklet and beautiful photo of it, free.
The film colony of Hollywood has gone in for "ouija spirituality." Among those who claim to receive messages are Gloria Swanson, Betty Blythe, Edith Roberts, Scona Owen, Ann May and Jane Novak. Antonio Moreno says it's all bosh. "They're not messages," comments Tony, "they're warnings."

"The Yacoma Yillies," a Saturday Evening Post story, has been purchased by Thomas Ince as an ideal starring vehicle for his team of "double delights," Douglas MacLean and Doris May.

Bruce Gordon, a young English actor, new to the American screen, appears opposite May McAvoy in J. Stuart Blackton's latest production, "The House of the Telling Bell."

**Louise Lovely** is again seen supporting William Faversham in "The Joyous Troublemakers."

Louise Huff has signed a five-year contract with Selznick pictures and will appear in screen plays prepared especially for her.

**Ruth Stonehouse and Eugene Palletto** star in the cast of a picturization of the stage farce, "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," a Loew-Metro release.

**Albert Capellani**, who is responsible for many Nazimova productions, will do five special pictures for Cosmopolitan productions. The first of the series will be "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill.

Marie Walcamp and her company are back from the Orient, where they have been making a serial for more than six months.

**William Faversham** makes his first screen appearance in "The Man Who Lost Himself," from the story of that name by Ernest Stackpole.

A world-wide hunting expedition, whose footage will be cameras, and whose objective is to secure unusual still and motion pictures, will leave New York early in May for a four-years' sojourn in the Pacific Islands, the Far-East and India. T. Kimmwood Peters, an expert on photographic matters, is to head the party.

**Eddie Ring Southerland**, appearing with Thomas Meighan in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," is the nephew of Tom Meighan, of Blanche Ring and of Charlotte Greenwood.

**Betty Blythe**, whose reputation is still the household word among the first screen fans, portrays the rôle of La Ficelle in "The Wilderness Fear" with William Faversham.

**Percy Marmont** is another Englishman who has decided to make his home permanently in the States, having recently purchased a house at Whisttome, Long Island, in the midst of the "actors' colony" of that suburb.

**Helen Ferguson** plays a leading part in Jack London's story, "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," to be released under the title of "The Mutiny."

**Mona Mansfield**, who appears in Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," will play the leading feminine rôle in a new production for American Cinema Corporation, under the direction of Willard North.

Elaine Hammerstein's next picture is "The Point of View," a screen adaptation of the play of that name.

**Little Harriet Thomas**, age six, makes her first screen appearance in support of her big sister, Olive, in "The Flapper."

**Margaret Loomis** has signed a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky. Her first work under her new contract will be with Thomas Meighan in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

**Gaston Glass**, who plays a prominent part in "Humoresque," a Cosmopolitan production of Fannie Hurst's story, was a pilot in the French air service during the war and first came to this country on a mission for the French government.

**Charles Ray** has just completed the purchase of four of James Whiting Riley's best-known poems of American country life: "The Old Swimming Hole," "The Girl I Loved," "Home Again" and "Out to Old Aunt Mary." Mr. Ray declares that the acquisition of these American classics represents the culmination of a long-time ambition to screen the works of the Hoosier bard.

A coming Roscoe Arbuckle production will be "Harry Cobb story, "The Life of the Party."


**Harrison Ford** will be Wanda Havley's leading man in "Miss Hobbs," her first Realart production.

On Sunday, April 25, **Clarine Seymour** died after a serious operation. Altho a recent star, under the D. W. Griffith banner, she had won many friends and her death had a saddening effect on the entire film world. Miss Seymour's last picture was "The Idol Dancer," in which she played with Richard Barthelmess and scored a great success.

**Dagmar Godowsky** will vamp opposite Owen Moore in his next production, which is being made in Cuba. Nell Craig is playing leading lady.

**Mary Pickford** will make three pictures in Europe this summer, two in England and one in France. An American director will have charge of the productions.

**Marshall Neilan** plans to star **Wesley Barry** during the coming year. Among the subjects in which Wesley will be seen on the screen, is an adaptation of Booth Tarkington's famous "Penrod."

**Mae Murray** and David Powell will be seen in an original story by Ouida Bergerie, entitled "Idols of Clay."

**Olive Thomas** plays the rôle of an English settlement worker, a Broadway star and the wife of a society man in her next picture, "Jenny." Her next picture will be made in California, where she has journeyed to spend a short time with Husband Jack Pickford.
All makes of phonographs are not alike. Phonographs differ because of different methods of reproduction. Each make has its method.

But time has brought many advancements. New-day phonographs bring all that is best.

The House of Brunswick has introduced several dominant betterments. First came The Ultona, our all-record reproducer. It brought a phonograph that would play all records at their best. Previously, each phonograph favored only its own make of records. That meant limitations or bothersome attachments to the record.

At a turn of the hand The Ultona presents the proper needle, the proper diaphragm. No makeshift attachments are necessary, no compromises in tone results. The Ultona brings out all the shadings of reproduction for transmittal to the amplifier.

Here, again, is a new conception. We introduced an all-wood, molded, oval amplifier, connecting directly with the tone arm, with no cast metal throat between.

This brings full tones, non-metallic. It conforms with acoustic laws. It brings a new naturalness, greater reality. Our aim is for finest tone.

So we ask you to hear The Brunswick first—before you decide. You'll recognize instantly its betterments. Your idea of tone will change. You will realize that great advancements have taken place.

We suggest also that you hear Brunswick Records, which likewise bring improvements. You'll want to add some to your collection. Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

The nearest Brunswick dealer will be glad to play this super-instrument for you—so that you will know by comparison that it offers new delights.
REMARKS, friends! It doesn't take long for June to come around, and here's the one that reminds us of the brides. For, regardless of the mighty pain to love, it is; and 'tis the pain of love, that pain to miss; but, of all pains, the greatest pain, it is to love and love in vain. To the brides: May your voyage thru life be as happy and as free as the dancing wave on the deep blue sea. I almost wish I had one for myself.

I WOULD BE—You say you can't understand why Richard Barthelmess never writes to you. Poor Richard! Richard, Richard, wherefore art thou? You will like him in "The Idol Dancer." Clarine Seymour is simply beautiful, yes, and more than that, a wonderful actress. She sometimes reminds me of Anita Stewart.

HELENE MACK.—Well, clothes may make some players, but it breaks many of them. Natalie Talmadge is playing with her sisters. You think I ought to have a wig. That isn't all I ought to have either. Mary Miles Minter in "Nurse Marjorie."

DENK!—Yes, send a stamped addressed envelope for a list. June Evidge is very athletic and was a professional equestrienne in the New York riding academies. Stuart Holmes and Frankie Mann are playing in "Trailer Girl."

MOVIE STRUCK LILA.—Yes indeed, actions, looks, words, step from the alphabet and spell character. Why, Louise Glaum is playing in "Sea," a Houdkinson. EXCISE.—You say you have only three theaters in your town and they show only Metro pictures, what shall you do? Why, go see the Metro and be content. Many people are worse off than you are. Well, if you must be a pessimist, be a cheerful pessimist, dont let your face grow long, nor your disposition sour. Monte Blue is with Famous Players in Los Angeles, now.

T. BARTHOLOMEW—You can reach Roscoe Arbuckle at Los Angeles, Cal. Everybody knows Fatty out there, and it's mighty hard for him to hide. Trick stuff, you know. Alice Brady is playing in "Forever After." You still think that "Revelation" was the greatest picture you have ever seen. A good many think the same as you do, and our chief classes it as 100%. Yes, Constance Binney in "The Test of Honor."

Nell Shipman and Al Whitman. Your five minutes are up, ring off, please.

Peggy.—You ought to write direct to Norma Talmadge. Sorry I can't help you.

QUESTION NAIRE.—Oh, I wouldn't say that. More than one wife at a time is polygamy, and, says the wag, only one wife at a time is monstrosity. Mahlon Hamilton and Harrison Ford are not married.

Meighan is Happy now.

BLUE EYES.—No, I cannot undertake to describe how these tricks in Keystone. comedy. On the contrary, you of course know that the players do not jump off thirty-story buildings, and that steamrollers do not run over them. In most cases you will find that is done by the substitution of dummies. Yes, it is true Pearl White has gone to France. No, no, no picture of mine will ever appear in the magazine.

S. O. S.—Well, I'm here. Don't let a little thing like a tattoo stop you from getting into pictures. Yes, Betty Compson. No, child, I have an excellent disposition. I never murmur without cause, and seldom have cause to murmur. —Dorothy Gish. Peggy. —No, that's all I ought to have either. Mary Miles Minter in "Nurse Marjorie."

MAY H. E.—So you have a new mole stole. Pray, what might that be? You ought to know something about the mole since you are wearing one. They are not blind, as many people suppose. Their eyes are hardly larger than a pin-head and are carefully protected from dust and dirt by means of enclosing hairs. Julia S. Gordon is under the direction of George Baker for International.

H. S. G.—You see when a face appears chalkly white on the screen it is either a case of too much light on the face or too much powder in the make-up, probably the former. You think Roscoe Arbuckle is just right, and you would like to marry her. Rosemary, step forward—here's a proposal. Eileen Percy is to play opposite Tom Mix for Fox. Eustace F.—New subscriber, hey! Good! Always glad to hear from the newcomers. This department is for you as well as anybody. No relation. I'm quite alone in the world. I believe it is reported that Anita Stewart wears a gown in "The Yellow Typhoon" with over 10,000 beads, and it costs quite some pennies.

ELSIE G.—Yes, Ruth Shepley has played in pictures. Broadway Eyes.—I don't know where you can get pictures of the players for nothing. Most people are willing to pay for them and then can't always get them. That was Mahlon Hamilton. I believe most diamonds are secured from the Transvaal and India. That's where mine came from.

MOLLY O.—No, Molly, I have never been in love yet. I have taken particular pains not to because I fear that if I fell into a woman's arms I would fall into her hands, and I love my liberty too much for that. Yes, Clara Young is playing right along. Perhaps you refer to Frances Kaye.

CATCH ME.—Let 'er go! No, I don't do my own washing, but I do some cooking. I'm quite sure it was not Bernard Shaw who said, "A mother's a mother all the days of her life, father's a father until he gets a new wife."

KRANE.—Oh, joy! Heap much thanks! Do you know that you are a very promising letter-writer? Write me all about it. You want more of Eugene O'Brien on the cover and something about Harold Lloyd. Would like to have seen the play you played in.
Remember when you played pirates as a youngster and dug for buried treasure? That was the quest of adventure. It's just as keen today. You're always looking for it "just around the corner." And you'll find it at the nearest theatre where Selznick Pictures are shown.

That's why

SELZNICK PICTURES

Create Happy Hours

At Theatres Where Quality Rules
SUSIE.—Don't expect that everything you read in this description is bright, I do not have the time to polish it up. So you didn't care for Pauline Frederick in "A Hungry Heart." You say the book calls for a petite and childlike type. She played the part of Lizzie. Clever letter you write. Run in again some time.

SUSIE, SNFF, SNAFF.—My hall-room is heated with hot air. Of course, I report to suit my thermometer. "The Birth of a Nation" was filmed from Thomas Dixon's book, "The Clansman." Eugene O'Brien was Bruton and Frances Kaye was Elizabeth in "Come Out of the Kitchen." 

LITTLE FAL.—Come, cheer up! I'll promise to do better. Your verse was very clever. No, I'm sometimes troubled with flies, abloom nothing here for them except my bald head, which they utilize as a skating rink. Do you know that a fly walks, in proportion to his size, thirteen times as fast as a man can run? This summer I'm going to feed my flies and see if they have any appreciation for a humane act. I shall feed them on fly-paper. Seena Owen will play opposite Bert Lytell in "The Temple of Dawn" and Cheo Madison will also play in the cast.

JIMMY D.—Why, the Lee children are playing in vaudeville. Yes, I find that some of the players are so thoroughly subjective that nothing really interests them but themselves. Edward Earle played in "The Law of the Yukon."

R. 33774.—Put on your brakes—you're speeding. Of course, that Conan Doyle assures us there will be no old maids in heaven. That's pretty hot for the old maids. But perhaps he didn't mean it that way. If not, how about the old maids with wild minds? Arthur Howard is playing with Eugene O'Brien in "A Fool and His Moneys."

WAYNE C. K.—We were the first publication to adopt a gallery of players, also to write chats and interviews with them. In fact, we were the first magazine devoted to motion pictures. We fought the first battle and paved the way for the twenty or thirty who now thrive or that are buried on the road that we built. Write to Antonio Moreno in English, not in Spanish. He speaks better English than most of us do.

SHOCK ABSORBER.—You in again? Once and for all, and finally, Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado. Honest to goodness, he was. Yes, I saw him trying to trip the light fantastic in 'Broken Melody.' Hon-dini in "Terror Island."

COAXER.—Why, Richard Barthelmess was born in New York, but he raised in Hartford, Conn. He is 5 feet 7 inches, weighs 135, dark hair and brown eyes. Carlyle Blackwell at the Friars Club, New York City, and Mary Anderson, Los Angeles, Cal. You're very welcome.

HARVEY F.—You write a clever letter. Marjorie Daw was Mary Pickford's bridesmaid. You bet she's a sweet girl. You say I'm a whale of a writer. I never saw a whale, and I don't want to be one. They tell me they carry a ton of oil in their tongues. What oily speeches I could make! Paramount produced "Treasure Island," and Maurice Tourneur directed it. JAZ SEE.—Awfully glad to hear from you. Well, the best way to reduce is to exercise, whether you want to reduce weight, expenses or doctor's bills. Yes, Crane Willbur's "The Outing Board" is a big stage success. I really don't know what has happened to Marie Eline, the original Thanhouser Kid.

RUTHY-WILLEY.—You ask if my car is the theater, is it proper to ask my escort to keep my glasses, fan and purse?" If the young man doesn't object, no one else has the right to. I should be delighted. Marguerite Fox can be reached at Seitz Studios, 13th Street and Park Avenue, New York City.

BILLIE, R.—Mollie King played in "Women Men Forget." Oh, yes, I have dined at the Commodore, and dined more recently with Peggy Hyland and some more. She's a very sweet little body. Mary Charleson in "Crossed Roads." You must write again, won't you?

LIGHTNING RAIDER.—You should have answered that letter. The instrument on which the photo-playwright plays is that strange thing, the human heart, but how few of them know how to play it. Oh, I love them all. You want more of Peacock White. Have a good time.

OLD NAVY NURSE.—Good-night, Nurse! Come right on to Brooklyn, I will be glad to see you. My birthday—so long since I had one—forgotten, but you can send the present anyway. I'm not used to presents.

DOUGHNUTS.—Haven't heard about that new studio. There's always a rumor that a studio is going up in Supernuk, or Turnpike, or Thirteenth. Don't believe all you hear. Madison Kenned is in New York.

SABAT.—Ye gods! You want pages and pages about Ruth Roland. You say "she's pretty good." I'll say so, too. You can reach Wallace MacDonald at Vitagraph studio, Hollywood, Cal. Yes, I saw Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with John Barrymore. He gave a marvelous performance, and you all ought to see it.

LITTLE VIRGINIA.—My whiskers—well, it will soon be time to put them in cedar for the summer to keep the moths out. Want that right. You know the moths fairly ruin them in summer. Oh, so it's the little delicate twist to Eugene O'Brien's mouth that you admire. Can the twist of a man's mouth win him public favor? Yes, Katherine MacDonald is beautiful. So was Venus de Milo.

GEORGE B.—And you censure me. Go to it. Lay on, Macduff! However, I'll refer you to eleven pages. Yes, I rather liked Dorothy Dalton in "Black Beauty." White and I liked her immensely in "Aphrodite." She has a wonderful voice, and, of course, everything that goes with it.

FADY.—You must send a stamped addressed envelope if you want an immediate reply, the stamp clipped to the letter wont do. You know it takes a lot of time to address so many envelopes, and lots of saliva. Very interesting letter just the same.

MC., RICHMOND.—All players read the letters they receive. In Denmark, the engagement ring is a plain gold band which is worn on the third finger of the left hand. On the wedding day, the bridegroom changes the ring to the third finger of the right hand. Rather a good stunt to cut down the eternal H. C. L., isn't it?

ELSIE M. B.—If you are going to write an open letter about me for promiscuous flirting, I'd just as leave let the whole thing stand. Lon Chaney was the cripple in "The Miracle Man."

SWEET SIXTEEN.—You want an interview with Ralph Graves. He was over the other, day to have luncheon with us, and I find him a very interesting, cheerful and unusual young man.

WILMER WATER FAN.—Nothing doing. Wisdom consists in employing the best means to accomplish the most important means. Of course, I looked at the book penciled "The Soul Spinners" with Herbert Rawlinson. No, Viola Dana is not playing in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," as announced, but Ruth Stonehouse and Eugene Pallette will have the leads. Run in again.

G. T. R.—You certainly want to know a lot, and a lot more than I know. You end by saying "Yours until Fannie Ward grows old." You'll then be mine forever. You call me "Hughie Apollo." My sincere thanks. Mary Pickford is playing in "Op o' my Thumb," and she portrays a little English girl of London.

GRACE L. K.—Thanks for the pressed orchid. I think it is the most aristocratic flower. You know, in South America they grow a species which takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty simply by letting down a tube into the water. When not in use, the tube is coiled up on top of the plant. Convenient—what? You refer to Guy Coomb's "Flower of Dusk." No, Tom Forman is not married, but he nearly was.

BUTTERFLY.—I had to pay six cents due on your letter. In these H. C. L. times, six cents isn't much, but why should you make me pay it? Be a little more considerate on the part A. M. (Continued on page 108)
KODAK

as you go.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City
Mary Pickford and William S. Hart

Head Contest

Votes in Greatest of Popularity Contests

Arrive in Avalanches

Little did we know what we were starting when we announced this contest in which the readers would decide for themselves which were the most popular players of filmdom. We expected a great interest, but nothing to compare with the enthusiasm and consistency with which the hundreds of votes have come in—arriving in daily batches resembling avalanches.

No part of the world is silent in proclaiming its favorite—votes come from Japan, South America, England and Australia and from every town and hamlet in America. This proves that our readers are more than movie fans—rather photoplay students, cognizant of who is who and more, the why and wherefore of things as well.

And so the contest with the twofold interest rushes on. If you haven't sent in any votes for your favorite do so now. Not only do our readers have the opportunity of boosting the player who pleases them the most on the screen, but an opportunity of winning one of the beautiful prizes depicted and described on a nearby page as well.

Here are the last-minute results at the time of going to press:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mary Pickford</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pearl White</td>
<td>11,456</td>
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<tr>
<td>Norma Talmadge</td>
<td>9,675</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alla Nazimova</td>
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<td>Constance Talmadge</td>
<td>4,850</td>
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<td>Viola Dana</td>
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<td>Lilian Gish</td>
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<td>Shirley Mason</td>
<td>1,612</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary M. Minter</td>
<td>1,551</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ethel Ferguson</td>
<td>1,411</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ruth Roland</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marguerite Clark</td>
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<td>Theda Bara</td>
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<td>Anita Stewart</td>
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<td>May Allison</td>
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<td>Baby Marie Osborne</td>
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<td>Geraldine Farrar</td>
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<td>Vivian Martin</td>
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<td>Olive Thomas</td>
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<td>Irene Castle</td>
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<td>Gloria Swanson</td>
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<td>Priscilla Dean</td>
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<td>Pauline Frederick</td>
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<td>Marguerite Fisher</td>
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<td>Bebe Daniels</td>
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<td>Mae Murray</td>
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<td>Marion Davies</td>
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<td>Dorothy Dalton</td>
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<td>Marie Prevost</td>
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<td>Mine. Petrova</td>
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<td>Ann Little</td>
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<td>Marjorie Daw</td>
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<td>Alice Joyce</td>
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<td>Wanda Hawley</td>
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<td>Jane Novak</td>
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<td>Katherine McDonald</td>
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<td>Betty Compson</td>
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<td>Juanita Hansen</td>
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<td>June Caprice</td>
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<td>Mae Marsh</td>
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<td>Mildred Reardon</td>
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<td>Clara K. Young</td>
<td>148</td>
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<td>Carmel Myers</td>
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<td>Virginia Lee Corbin</td>
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<td>Edith Bennett</td>
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<td>Kathryn Williams</td>
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<td>Lina Cavalieri</td>
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<td>Bessie Love</td>
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<td>Mary Garden</td>
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<td>Ruth Stonehouse</td>
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<td>Blanche Sweet</td>
<td>100</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dorothy Phillips</td>
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Louise Lovely          | 50    |
Marguerite de la Motte | 50    |
Catherine Calvert      | 50    |
William S. Hart        | 8,200 |
Wallace Reid           | 6,902 |
Richard Barthelmess    | 5,700 |
Douglas Fairbanks      | 5,050 |
Eugene O'Brien         | 5,700 |
William Farnum         | 5,452 |
Charles Ray            | 4,803 |
Antonio Moreno         | 4,451 |
Douglas MacLean        | 3,901 |
J. Warren Kerrigan     | 3,350 |
Tim Mix                | 3,352 |
Charles Chaplin        | 3,052 |
Elliot Dexter          | 2,451 |
Thomas Meighan         | 2,350 |
Ben Alexander          | 1,854 |
Tom Moore              | 1,552 |
Rod La Rocque         | 1,300 |
William Russell        | 1,151 |
Kenneth Harlan         | 952   |
George Walsh           | 952   |
Harrison Ford          | 854   |
John Barrymore         | 848   |
William Duncan         | 802   |
Bert Lytell            | 802   |
Ralph Graves           | 700   |
Tom Forman             | 651   |
Harry Northrup         | 548   |
Robert Warwick        | 548   |
Conway Tearle          | 500   |
Louis Bemmison         | 500   |
Francis McDonald       | 451   |
Cullen Landis         | 382   |
Monte Blue            | 300   |
Robert Gordon          | 300   |
Sessue Hayakawa        | 249   |
Charles Meredith       | 200   |
Jack Pickford          | 200   |
Earle Williams        | 200   |
Eddie Polo             | 152   |
Eddie Lyons            | 152   |
King Baggot           | 98    |
Mahlon Hamilton        | 98    |
Frank Keenan           | 51    |
Monroe Salisbury       | 51    |
Roscoe Arbuckle        | 51    |
Francis X. Bushman    | 51    |
Jack Dempsey           | 51    |
Jack Holtz             | 49    |
Bryant Washburn        | 49    |
Will Rogers            | 49    |
Emery Johnson          | 48    |
Percy Marmont          | 48    |
Joe Ryan               | 48    |
Lee Moran              | 48    |
The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post-card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duftield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Drama
Drama
Drama
Educational
Society Drama
Western Drama
Melodrama
Comedy Drama
Spectacular Production

Superfine .. 12
Medium .. 6
Very Poor .. 1

EDITORIAL STAFF
Critique
A Fool and His Money—MD-6.
Eugene O'Brien—Select.
ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ATOMY VIRGIN—D-7.
Grace Davison—Pioneer.
Davis Kenyon—De Luxe.
Sessue Hayakawa—Haworth.
Low Cody—Robertson-Cole.
BELOW THE SURFACE—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
BILL HENRY—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
BLACK IS WHITE—D-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
BLUE HESSIAN—D-10.
Eric Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
Nazarova—Metro.
BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Griffith Prod.—Gish and Barthelmess.
Tournier Prod.—All Star.
CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES—D-7.
Edmund Breese—Hallmark.
Anna Lehr—Hallmark.
Marlon Davie—Cosmopolitan.
COFFERHEAD—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.
Violet Heming—Paramount.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.
DAWNS DAZE—MD-8.
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Goldwyn.
DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-3.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
DAWNS DAZE—D-7.
Bremer-Gordon—Blackton Prod.
DESTINY MACHINE—D-8.
Mary Wickes—First National.
DOUBLE SPEED—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount

(Continued on page 128)

"Tonight I'm going Decollete, thanks to Electric Massage!"

DOES your figure permit you to wear the prettiest of evening frocks? Then resolve that this embarrassing condition is going to be changed!

In the privacy of your own boudoir soothing electric massage brings back the roses of youth into your cheeks, keeps your hair and scalp in fine, healthy condition and develops your figure into one of graceful lines and girlish contour.

The woman of fastidious tastes, young or old, realizes that beauty is but a natural reflection of health. Wrinkles, "crow's feet," eyes that have lost their youthful sparkle, obesity and other unwelcome facial blemishes are, to a great extent at least, brought on by what we term "the strenuous life." Muscles are sure to become weary and congested unless they get relaxation. And complexes are certain to suffer unless properly taken care of. Home electric massage is recognized as the building-up process nearest to Nature's.

The Star Vibrator should be your "beauty parlor." Used and endorsed by stage and screen celebrities for beauty helps, and fatigue, nervous headaches, insomnia. Ideal after motoring, golfing or bathing. Keeps your skin at its best! On sale and demonstrated free of charge at most drug, department and electrical stores. Or direct from us. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn. (Canadian Price, $7.50.)

The STAR VIBRATOR
For Wrinkles, "Crow's Feet" and Dull, Colorless Complexions!
Popular Players Puzzle Closes

Winners Are Announced and Prizes Awarded

The closing date for the Popular Players Puzzle Contest was set for March 15th, but owing to unforeseen delays in the readjustment era following the printers' strike, the March Magazine did not, in many instances, reach the readers until after that date. Therefore, all puzzle solutions which were received up until the last day of the decisions were included. Our readers, feeling sure that something would be done, sent their answers into the magazine offices in scores and it proved a most difficult task to finally decide who was deserving of the awards—especially in one or two instances where more than one reader had the same number of errors. However, we announced that in a case of this sort the solution submitted in the most original or decorative way would be given precedence and this was done.

The winners are as follows:

First Prize—Mrs. P. Hirschfeld, of 374 Wooley Avenue, Astoria, L. I., N. Y. Mrs. Hirschfeld's solution was perfect and she has been awarded a check for $10.00.

Second Prize—Miss Mildred L. Miller, Box 885, Crested Butte, Colorado. Miss Miller came second with four errors and she will receive a year's subscription to all three of the Brewster Publications, which are the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland.

Third Prize—Miss Clara Leav, of 1604 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Miss Leav's solution had five errors and she will receive a year's subscription to two of the Brewster Publications, which she may select.

Fourth Prize—Miss Ida Warstat of 253 Thomas Street, St. Paul, Minn. Miss Warstat's solution also contained six errors, but with the originality and decorativeness in submission being considered, Miss Leav was given precedence. Therefore, Miss Warstat will receive a year's subscription to whichever one of the Brewster Publications she selects.

Fifth Prize—Mrs. G. H. Rice, of 110 Broadway, Ocean Grove, N. J. Mrs. Rice was one of the many contestants whose solution contained six errors. However, her answer was unanimously considered the most worthy of the award because of the unique way in which she submitted her solution. Mrs. Rice pasted heads of the actors who were used in the puzzle in their proper places, in this way telling the story. She will receive six months' subscription to one of the Brewster Publications which she may select.

The story should read:

Long ago on a May (Doris) day when the world was Young (Clara K.) there lived a Little (Ann) girl of Sweet (Blanche) disposition and Fair (Elina) to look upon. Her thoughts were as pure as Snow (Marguerite). One day she left her home and wandered into the Forrest (Alan) beyond, in search of the enchanted Castle (Irene). As she walked she turned the Paige (Jean) in her Storey (Edith) book and read about St. John (Al). Dressed in her simple frock of White (Pearl) and looking very Pretty (Airline) she thought she would search for the fairies. She met a Mann (Frankie) who later learned was a Porman (Tom) of some Mason (Shirley) men working on the building of a house near her own. He was one of those good Fellowes (Rockcliffe) whom everyone likes of Steele (Vernon) will and Reed (Florence) like form, and the fading sun cast a Ray (Charles) of light about him.

She saw him Standing (Wyndham) against one of the trees with its beautiful Green (Dorothy) leaves as he whistled a Kane (Gail) from one of the branches. Before she had come upon him he had been hunting and two animals lay in the grass at his feet. One was a Hart (William S.) and the other a Fox (Eagle). He seemed to have killed Moore (Tom) than he could Carey (Harry) and was evidently in a Huff (Louise) about his lack of strength. He seemed Hale (Creighton) and when he laughed at her and offered her a drink, he brightened up as tho of a Caprice (June) turn of mind.

Now the child realized she was lost, so she asked the man to take her back home. Because of his great Love (Bessie) of children, he said he would and they started to Traverse (Madaine) the distance. They wended their way toward the Marsh (Mae) and finally over the Hyland (Peggy). The little tot was a good Walker (Lillian) and they both were happy. Soon the big Stonehouse (Ruth), the child's home, loomed up before them. And when the little girl's mother met them in the Hall (Ella) and clasped her child in her arms, there was great Re-Joyce-ing (Alice).

This contest proved so very popular with our readers and we have had so many requests for more puzzles that there will be another published in an early issue. Watch for it!
The Creed of Raymond Hatton

(Continued from page 38)

"No one is wholly bad," Mr. Hatton replied, simply. "The love of the beautiful is somewhere in him, needing only to be awakened. We have to concentrate on a few vital points in building up our roles, but the whole character of a man is revealed in the flashes on the screen. This is necessarily accomplished through suggestion—a stroke here, a stroke there, a little filling in, and before you is the man—if the strokes have been true and telling ones.

During his years with the Lasky Company, Mr. Hatton has proven his versatility, that much-coveted jewel in the actor's crown, for not only has he played dramatic and emotional roles with his exceptional skill, but comedy as well. It is easy to laugh with him, for he has an inexhaustible strain of merriment and he plays comedy with a deftness and lightness that makes it all very plausible and human.

"I love it, too," he confessed, with a smile. "Sometimes you let yourself go in comedy, as you never do in heavy roles. I would like to work on a schedule of two dramatic pictures, then a comedy, for that would indeed balance one's moods very satisfactorily.

Raymond Hatton comes from Iowa, having been born in the little town of Red Oak, but when he was ten the family moved to Des Moines and shortly afterward he announced his ambition to become an actor. His father, a surgeon, the thoroughly surprised and somewhat disappointed, gave his consent to Raymond joining a road company, and the lad became an actor-in-the-making. During the following years he played every kind of rôle, laying the foundation for his splendid characterizations which have made him conspicuous in motion pictures.

Mr. Hatton is now one of Goldwyn's featured players, with stardom looming just ahead. Probably the first picture to place him among the astral lights will be W. L. Loake's charming story, "Septimus," with its theme of sacrifice, which George Arliss made famous on the stage. Should this be his first medium, it will afford ample opportunity for those qualities of gentle wistfulness, subtlety and simplicity with their profound appeal and dignity, in which this actor excels.

"I am making my first picture since going to Goldwyn's," Mr. Hatton was saying. "I met Mrs. Hatton and me at the luncheon-table in the Mary Louise Tea Room, overlooking the city from its twelve-story height. It is with Will Rogers in 'Just a Little,' a strong play with a deep undercurrent of faith, I play Paul Benedict, the half-demented but dear old inventor, a sympathetic rôle which I am enjoying. Rogers is a splendid fellow and one of the fairest men I have ever known, clean and fine, too. His little boy, Jimmy, is in the cast and he is a clever kidde—the other day he said to Bill, 'Father, how high is high?'"

"I find children are good critics in our work, for they are less biased and arrive at the truth quickly. I frequently ask the opinion of girls or boys and their comments are always helpful. Did you ever notice how graceful and expressive a baby's hands are in their movements and how surely they tell its wants? We could all learn something of geometry by studying them."

The Hattons were in a gala mood for they were to spend the afternoon pur-
Porraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players. These portraits are 5½" x 8½" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, attractive and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

Mary Pickford
Marguerite Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart

These portraits are not for sale. They can be secured only by subscribing to the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic or Shadowland for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the Magazine, Classic, Shadowland, or all three during the coming year. Subscribe now and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order to-day and we will mail the portraits at once.

C.O.U.P.O.N

Date..........................

Brewer Publications Co.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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TRADE MARK REG.

Bath with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriance to your bath—cools, refreshes and fortifies. Bathasweet beaches the shaggy, rough, and smooth. Bathasweet makes the shaggy smooth and the rough, smooth. Bathasweet imparts the fragrance of clean linen and the fragrance of five rare flowers.

Perfume for baths $1.00 and $2.00 at all drug and department stores or by mail. Send 3¢ for stamp for sample.

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DEPT. M- F, NEW YORK CITY

chasing the linens for their new home which is being built—"smack up against the Hollywood foot-hills in Benchwood Cañon, with the most gorgeous view in the world spread out before us," as Mr. Hatton described it.

"This is the first real home we have ever had," he went on, "and we are like a couple of children in our enthusiasm, for we talk about it all the time. My brother-in-law, Paul Bullen, a resident of New York City, sent us the complete plans for a Christmas gift."

"It is of adobe with walls two feet thick and hand-colored tiles for roof and floors," Mrs. Hatton took up the story. "There is a large living-room across the entire front of the house and three huge fire-places."

"And a fussy little kitchen with a roomy jam-cabinet—she is an expert at preserving," laughed Raymond, with a proud nod across the table.

"Raymond will have a chance to try his ideas at gardening. When he returned from location up north the other day he bought fifty rose-bushes and several rare and marvelous fruit-trees," teased his wife, merrily.

"Best of all, it is to be a—home!" said Mr. Hatton.

"Yes, a real home!" echoed Mrs. Hatton.

It was during a season in summer stock up in Oregon a few years ago that the Hattons first met, and three months later they were married. Mrs. Hatton had acted in pictures from time to time and now, under a new contract, she will appear in the Goldwyn films under the name of Frances Hatton.

She loves her work, her chief interest is centered on the career of her talented husband and she has an unfailing faith in his ability to climb to the greatest heights.

She said, "I want him to have plays that bring out his broad sympathetic, his great emotional depths, and his sincerity, and I believe he will have this opportunity in his new pictures."

"All film stories should tend toward altruism," remarked Mr. Hatton, "I have lingered over our dessert. "They should quicken our imaginations and lift us from the grey monotony, pointing to the poetry and romance of humanity. There too there must always be something uplifting and helpful and, tho we do not make pictures to preach sermons, yet the greatest lesson of life may be taught thru the medium of the screen."

Who will question that it is this very idealism that is needed to perfect the great art of the motion pictures?

Mind the Little Things

(Continued from page 73)
The Long Distance Commuter

(Continued from page 31)

The talk, having drifted into matrimonial channels, stayed there—it would, in the course of natural events, with two women holding the conversational reins—and we came to talk finally of the great number of divorces.

"I don't think it will always be so," said Madge. "I think it is unnatural that it should be so. It's the times we have been thru—they have been such difficult times for all of us. People were unsettled and made foolish mistakes—boys mistook a great loneliness for love; while the girls—so many girls mistook the glamour of the uniforms for something more deeper and finer—and a hunger for Romance whispered 'yes'. People really aren't any more fickle than they were in bygone days. It's the times. Everything will be all right again, I'm sure.

And when she finished talking you, too, felt gladly sure.

She says she wouldn't think of doing stage and screen work at the same time.

"How do you think," she explained, "I'd like to get a few pictures abroad—I work very fast anyway—and then go back on the stage for a few months. But I wouldn't consider doing both. The only thing it would get for me would be the money and I think money is a frightful mockery if you aren't happy—and I wouldn't be happy for I'd get tired and everything would assume enormous proportions. It just wouldn't do for me—not at all.

You are inclined to believe that Madge knows with a same surety how things affect her. She's one of those people you might expect to be almost a clinging vine in their utter femininity and then you find she doesn't cling. She's sweetly self-reliant and she takes time to reason out the why and wherefore of things.

The silversheet portrays her very truly—not only in appearance but in manner as well; sitting there, telling me about how they stopped off at the Grand Canyon on the last trip across the continent, with her feet turned slightly in—Kennedy fashion—she was the same comedienne we all know thru her pictures. And when she is amused at what she is telling you—or what you are telling her—her eyes smile far more than does her mouth. She sits down in their dark brown depths one sees merry highlights . . .

And it does not seem just apt to call her a comedienne, for we have come to think generally of a comedienne as one—well, one given to making puns; one just a trifle noisy; one not overburdened with poise, perhaps—and she is none of these things. Whenever I think of her—and I shall probably think of her often, for she is not a personality which one meets to immediately forget—rather, I think, the memory of that visit in the pale blue and grey room will linger—I'll think of her as the young matron, happy in talk of domesticated affairs, marveling at many things and believing in everything and every one—a young matron, individual enough to admit a love for her husband—even when it isn't "smart" and isn't being done.

A DOUBLE RETAKE

Flo - I hear your handsome director who has just been divorced is now to marry a divorcée.

FAB:—Well, he always was strong for reprises!
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DOLORES CASSINELLI, Soren Bent, Says—
"1 find
Multimask Veils
as easy to this that knoweth it shall wear on no other."

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339 Fifth Ave., New York

We Had With Us—Ralph Graves!

A two weeks' vacation is a rare thing for the cinema folk—perhaps that's why Ralph Graves beamed so the day he came over to the magazine offices to lunch with us at Le bohème. Yet somehow I shouldn't be one whit surprised if he always beamed that way.

Griffith—the great D. W.—had told him to take a fortnight's vacation and he was going to spend it with his mother in the little Western town which he calls home.

No hectic weeks amid theaters and cabers; no fashionable resort with its foibles and forced gaiety—none of these things for this six-foot specimen of American manhood—rather home and a real rest,—with books—good food and a good talk wouldn't do.

And he'll come back rested and ready to undertake the stellar roles Griffith has planned for him, for he's to be with Griffith himself now,—no longer leading man to Dorothy Gish.

He kept the conversational ball rolling thru lunch, the entire learned (well,—er, they think they are) staff waxed enthusiastic and every one interrupted every one else in the endeavor to express an opinion. He is very witty, this Griffith, and cognizant of the fact that the things people are both doing and reading, cognizant of them, I might say, with an understanding and an enveloping sense of things, especially humorous things. You'll think he's perfectly serious in what he is saying until you catch a twinkle in his eye—that then becomes your cue.

To Griffith he is very grateful—grateful for helps along the way and teachings most valuable. On his part he is very appreciative—appreciative of him as both a great man and a great artist. Too, he voices his gratitude and his appreciation in a way which harkens to that of a tribute.

When he spoke of Griffith's greatness as a man, I queried:

"He is then a great man as well as a great artist?"

Ralph Graves smiled and his smile said that he was about to say something which he had proven to himself.

"I don't think they are," he mused, "that it is possible to achieve greatness in material things unless you are possessor of what might, for the sake of old simplicity, be called a spiritual greatness. Man reflects himself not only in his actions but also in his work, especially when it is a creative work."

"You don't then," I persisted, "believe that a man not personally worthy can do great and worth-while things?"

"Not consistently," he emphasized. "Once, perhaps, by accident but not consistently. Only those with something of greatness are constructive and one must of necessity be constructive in order to construct—greatness always is achieved by construction."

No person will ever step upon his beliefs. They are of him a part—and his beliefs today are not revolutionary to those who have that little Western town. His taste of life has strengthened rather than destroyed them because he has never lost his perspective.

I asked him what he knew of the art of a perfecting for a failing perspective and he answered without a moment's hesitation:

"A spell out and away from it all—in wild places. Far away where a man can't be reached by a long walk and respite from the thing which threatens to consume you—those things and good substantial food—the kind you used to eat when you were a kid at home.

And because it seems a prescription worth remembering I pass it on.

When he came into my office, he spied a proof of an interview with himself lying on my desk. I handed it to him and as he read he exhibited the lost art—the art of blushing—for he blushed an honest-to-goodness schoolboy blush.

And when he finished reading it,—every single word of it with an interest not even tinged with remorse he looked up with a broad grin as he said:

"Gee, that's fine but it's much too good. I'm not nearly like that. Why, that," he ejaculated, "is just like what my mother thinks I am."

He had to leave early in the afternoon so that he might return and pack in order to catch the midnight train. We watched the minutes pass, he wasn't going to miss a single, solitary day back home.

It was good to have him with us, there at our luncheon table and in our offices—he was a delightful guest. We of the editorial staff were never so appreciative before—never wet our opinions hardened to with a greater interest.

And we hope—when he returns from home and mother and gets a few minutes to himself in his new capacity, to find that we may have him with us again—there at our Round Table. We are glad that we have had with us—Ralph Graves! A. W. F.

The Courage of Marge O'Doone

(Continued from page 72)

Marge O'Doone brushed the dark hair back from her face impatiently. Her eyes, on David, were hortile and defiant. She has grown to be one to count on. "I'm going to the Nest when you are. I'm back to the Nest you may as well turn round right now and tell Brokaw and Uncle Hauck I won't come! And if you try to make me, I'll tell 'Tara, and he'll kill you!"

The huge grizzly stirred and growled softly. She slid one arm across his mouth. David sat down limply on a nearby rock. Things were behaving very queerly before his eyes. "I suppose," he said, "I suppose I don't understand, and God knows I wouldn't hurt you for the whole world."

"You could just try to say about the—the Nest and everything—"

So, Marge O'Doone, gentled and no longer at bay, told David of the evil building on the outskirts of a lumber camp three miles to the northward that the loggers called the Nest, and of the little, humpbacked man with a nose that twitched as he talked who sold whiskeys and called himself her uncle. "There was a woman—she was big and had a black mustache like a man," the girl explained with childlike candor; "she said she was my aunt and sometimes she would beat me when I would not wait on the men. But she is dead now, thanks to Le bon Dieu. After she died Uncle Hauck wanted me to go with Brokaw, but I hated him and so I unchained 'Tara and made my way away. I hid in a cave—she called this cave"—she waved toward an opening in the rocks—"for two weeks now."

David Rainie had the woman like this, a woman who could look at him without showing that she knew that she was a woman and he was a man. Her smooth face between her soft curly hair was of a warm pallor, with the sharp, full red of her lips against it like a stain. Her very unconscionableness was like a cloak

(Continued on page 114)
Mind the Little Things

(Continued from page 94)

"Browning's. Poems" whisper to a beautiful copy of "Jeanne D'Arc."

And Jeanie herself was clad in a faultless tailored pale blue linen frock, with the daintiest of net undersleeves and neckruffle. She had tossed the big white picture hat of organdy on the already crowded desk when she came in. She is ultra-feminine, even down to the immaculate little white slippers. Her hair parts on one side and falls into soft waves which are absolutely natural—the sort of curly hair one saw years ago—like molasses candy—always shiny—brilliant with life and marcelled by Mine. Nature.

I had asked her if she'd rather originate than adapt a novel to the screen; one felt this girl was something of an authority.

"Frankly," she replied, "I would rather originate. Authors naturally find it difficult to realize that we do not slice into their stories in order to find what we can take out—that is a misunderstanding, but one always cherishes one's brain child. I do and you do. But in trying to preserve that which is good in their work we must tell in picture symbols what is taking place. We have to put over some motive or idea—we must utilize an entirely different set of tools. In order to save the main situation we are sometimes obliged to work out a new play.

"When I did The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," John Fox said, "Good Lord, there's nothing left in it but the pine." And witty Eugene Walter retorted, "You're wrong, it's a Redwood!" If authors attempted to put their own books into continuity they would discover just what difficulties we encounter."

"Just how do you work out the theme?"

"Always I get some idea," she answered, "perhaps just a small idea. Then I let the situation tell me about the characters. Characters will come and talk to you. If you want them to do a certain thing they will sit right up there on your desk and yell at you and say, 'Entirely illogical. You know I'd never do that! Day by day they take on new freshness, and finally at the end they are actually human beings. I can't tell them what to do—they tell me what they are going to do.

"I write a very detailed continuity," she told me. "That's why Mr. de Mille can work so fast. Nobody has to stand around waiting. I have written in every gesture, every emotion. Of course, some directors won't have that—they want the barest suggestions in their script and that is why many stories are haphazard—the director just can't remember the continuity of the story and the characterizations at the same time."

"And one can't drive the brain, either," she continued; "one must take time for recreation, but not too much time."

"Your recreation?" I asked.

"Flying," she told me. "I would say generally, learn to fly! The analogy between flying and flights of fancy is obvious. You may give people rules about flying, let them collect a library on the subject, but ultimately—to fly well, you have to discard teachers, books and theories and just fly."

She was talking in riddles, and yet when you learn that she does actually fly, you understand—on the Mite Field she sky-soars about, exciting Hollywood citizens. She has her license now, polishes up her machine, tightens it, loves it—with it she is just like a little girl with her doll. And it is not a far-fetched comparison that... of Jeanie MacPherson to a little girl.
![](image)

**That Glad Girl**

(Continued from page 3)

In the very latest male admirer was escorting her to her favorite downtown cinema. And, moreover, her voice, as she announced that she’d just bought a new sweater, trembled with emotion. And, when I saw her in the club half an hour later, she was sitting, half frozen and wrapped in a portentous cape, curled up on a divan as the subject of a gossipy gesture, reading a book, writing a letter and diving into a paper sackful of apples. "Howdy!" she chirped in her characteristic little high vocal waver. "M in ‘n’ sit down."

As she finished the process of masti- cating the apple, it occurred to me that here was a situation the scenario writers always impose upon their screen ingénues. All ZaSu needed for a perfectly perfect picture, was a blonde, curly wig and a pout to look like Mae Murray.

"Apple?" she chocked, as she tried to swallow her own mouthful. "Gwan, have one. They’re the sweetest thing in life.

Having been thus advised that all is not sugar that is saccharine, I commence to rack my brains for new angles. The theme of the new scenarios and the eternal triangle presents itself. I take on a serious mien as I put the question.

"If they can vamp, let ‘em vamp!" as- ked ZaSu, and I’m sure she some discus- sedly. "I don’t reckon I could. When I see a girl all rigged out like Astor’s pet horse I just sniffle and think, ‘Poor thing! I wonder if she’s happy’!

ZaSu doesn’t care for either she-vamps or he-vamps, because either makes her think of a bad dream. She knows the pleasure of getting a perfect diamond, embedded in gold platinum. Ring in hand, and your money will be returned at once if not completely satisfied. Come in without an appointment, and I let you know why ZaSu is just the place for any bank in Boston.

**WILL YOU BUY DIAMONDS?**

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and manufacture them. Lists number of book, shopping weights, diseases and values from $15.00 to $590.00. Signed by ZaSu, an authority.

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Shake Allen’s Foot-Ease into your shoes in the morning and notice the difference in your walking comfort during the entire day.

The Government sup- port of $800,000 per year for the bread for the feet to the tribes during the war.

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**FREEBIE MAIL**

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Irene Returns to the Cinema Fold
(Continued from page 68)

"I came into the picture field with no experience whatever—that is, of a theatrical nature."

"She used to pose in hats for the fashion magazines," quoth the P. A.

"That was when I was in a seminary at Washington," he explained in answer to my look of inquiry. "Two or three of us would pose in the latest imports from Paris. It was quite a thrill for us when we saw our picture in the magazine even tho they were for hire. I went out—er—but I'm afraid I couldn't get on a part. While one's happy doing that sort of thing it isn't just the sensible thing to do, I'm told."

"I am always inclined to choose the most pleasant thing without giving the preference to the most financially attractive," she added, while I confess I might have been happier doing the sort of thing she did.

Irene was born with a personality—it was never necessary for her to adopt one. We didn't talk about anything else—but had I met her in some softly shaded tea-room I'll wager we would have chatted of romance, giving it a rosy glow, of the latest love-story, of clothes perhaps, and certainly of something gossipy. And there would have been ridiculous concoctions of an indistinct nature with a waiting companion impatiently waiting for our order while we talked on, oblivious of his presence—it would have all been very different, feminine, and maybe just a bit frothy. For there could have been no press agent ever mindful of keeping the talk in stereotyped channels.

Still—he was a nice press agent—and if it hadn't been for his motive—not ulterior, of course—I should have never known Irene was in the magazine offices.

For You, Also

Teeth that glisten—safer teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

You see glistening teeth wherever you look today. Perhaps you wonder how the owners get them.

Ask and they will tell you. Millions are now using a new method of teeth cleaning. This is to urge you to try it—without cost—and see what it does for your teeth.

Why teeth discolor

Your teeth are coated by a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It dims the teeth, and modern science traces most tooth troubles to it.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush fails to end it. As a result, few people have escaped tooth troubles, despite the daily brushing.

Active pepsin now applied

The film is albuminous matter. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be daily applied, and forced wherever the film goes.

It is the film-coat that discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now they remove it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a film combatant. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Millions of people have watched its results.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste is made to in every way meet modern dental requirements.

Two other new-day methods are combined with this. Thus Pepsodent—

in three ways shows unique efficiency. City

Watch the results for yourself. Send the coupon for a 10 Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

This test will be a revelation. It will bring to you and yours, we think, a new teeth cleaning era. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern methods. Approved by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

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Don't pass a drugstore that sells Blue-jay if you ever suffer corns.

Blue-jay stops the corn pain. A simple touch applies it. And soon the toughest corn will loosen and come out.

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You Have a Beautiful Face—But Your Nose

In this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks." therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which it is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper’s "Texas" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. It pleasant and does not interfere with one’s daily occupation, being worn at night.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A Temple in the Skies
(Continued from page 47)

home town. Somehow, he admits, he was never good for any kind of work, to his mother's sorrow, and in 1892 he quit his job, and went to Japan. On his return he decided to lecture again. He hired a hall and sent announcements to all the people on his mother's visiting list and in the Blue Book of Chicago. This lecture was a huge success. He says: "They all came out of curiosity. They wanted to see what that 'lazy Holmes' had up his sleeve."

Out of this venture he made $700.00, a pretty fair start for the ambitious youth he was. He kept on with his interesting work of traveling, taking pictures and lecturing and was rewarded with some success. But the year of 1897 was the most important one in his career: Stoddard, then the greatest lecturer on travel, retired from the lecture platform in order to write books and left the field exclusively to Burton Holmes. He stood in Mr. Brown both a manager and friend, the alliance with whom has been and still is most successful.

In the course of this conversation I found out that Burton Holmes is really one of the pioneers of the motion picture industry, and that he has been producing travel pictures ever since 1897. This was interesting, for he was not only the producer, but also the exhibitor of his own pictures. How did he happen to take to the then little-known art of "film" picture making, and how did the audience receive his first offering? Well, in Paris, in the year of 1897, Oscar DePine, his friend and companion and partner, had bought a motion picture camera and developing outfit from the only firm then in existence, Gaumont. He was a Demeny-type machine, with 60-millimeter film (the width of the present-day film is 30 millimeters), and it was large and cumbersome, but portable. They had both been just a trifle awed by the imposing appearance and complicated mechanism of this new-fangled machine, as compared with the still camera they were used to, and had put off trying out the contraption. Finally, in Rome, the open space in front of St. Peter's Cathedral had been chosen as location for the test picture. Now the thing was to get motion into the motion picture. They waited until at last an old man came along, driving a few goats across the square, the very thing they were looking for. The innocent and unsuspecting goat herd was "shot".

As for the first showing, this took place in Chicago, the scene being laid in the Presbyterian Church at Oak Park. Mr. Holmes said: "The audience, who had never seen a moving picture before, sat in a stiff and uncompromising attitude, as if to say 'Amuse us, if you can, but we warn you, we will be hard to please.' Then the little 50-foot film was run off. It occupied exactly 25 seconds, but how it changed the audience! Neither 'Broken Blossoms' nor 'The Miracle Man' has received more sincere and enthusiastic applause.

Since those days, Mr. Holmes has taken moving pictures in almost every known country, and after using them in his lectures has carefully kept the films. Therefore, when three years ago his connection with the Paramount Company was formed he had a ten years' supply of travel film to put at its disposal. He has a laboratory in his apartment with cutting and assembling pictures and all his own films. Oscar DePine, his faithful friend, who used to operate the lantern slide for him during his first lectures in 1892 and
Favored by the Stars

BONCILLA Beautifier is a constant delightful note. The skin responds immediately to treatment. Blackheads vanish in the complexion comes rarely smooth and satiny.

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Prepared from Mrs. Boncilla’s famous formula for

CLEARS THE COMPLEXION
REMOVES BLACKHEADS
LIFTS OUT THE LINES
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Gives the skin a velvety smooth and soft texture.

You can now take these treatments you a simple application of this wonderful product.

In a few minutes after applying your soothing, lifting sensation that assures a a work of youthful restoration. It is to

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preference, it acts on the muscles of the

truth. Selig excelled in "in-cute" black art. Came a day when the master and all his pupils, Burton Holmes included, went to

witness the first public performance of Witty Selig; (it did me good to hear the venerable Colonel referred to thus). But an

accident happened. Selig was about to

produce a bowl of gold bell from under a silk handkerchief. But when he drew

forth said handkerchief from an inner pocket of his dress suit, he whisked the

rubber cover off the bowl of fish con
casted there. I went into details about what followed. Suffice it to say that he

covered himself with water, not with glory. But the effect on Burton Holmes

was decisive, he chose travel as the less perilous enterprise.

Having found all there was to find, our interview was ended and I took

leave. I stood again in the little foyer that leads to the temple which is Burton

Holmes’ abode. The little place was fur

ished in Indian style, and Mr. Holmes

started to explain the different curios... "and those beaten brass panels on the wall

are from a temple in Benares. The... TEMPLE in Benares? What did this suggest to

my moving-picture-trained mind? Of

course I knew the entire story, for wasn’t

I a graduate of a thousand thrillers? Those brass plaques were stolen, and the

Hindu priest had tracked them to New York, and to this very apartment. He was

even now haunting the Holmes thresh

old, trying to gain admittance in the guise of a hurter, an itinerant pedler, or

But Mr. Holmes simply said: "Well, they haunted me at first—but they stopped it, as soon as the bill was paid.

Oh, shattered me! But my reply

was cut short, for just then the elevator

came.

REHEARSING MAKES PERFECT The director was speaking of the many matrimonial adventures of one of the stars.

"Every time she gets divorced, she lands another husband," he remarked.

"According to that," replied his friend, "her life is like a reenactment after another.

"He Deposits $500 a Month!"

"See that man at the Receiving Teller’s window? That’s Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $500. I’ve been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

“Three years ago he started at Browning’s at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn’t save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

“I said, ‘Billy, I’m going to give you something worse than a loan—some good advice—and if you follow it, I’ll let you have the hundred, too. You don’t want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?’ Of course he didn’t. ‘Well,’ I said, ‘there’s a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools do wonders for you—I know, we’ve got sev

erals. 1. C. S. boys right here in the bank.’

“Up in 1921 Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary. Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his depart

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ager. And he’s making real money. Owns his own

home, has quite a property beside, and he’s a regular at that sporting club. He just

shows what a man can do in a little spare time.”

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Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of MEN and WOMEN, develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

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day

2000...
Sixpence

(Continued from page 53)

uncharted sea of matrimony, I inquire what her reactions to the new state, with a man outside the profession, going to be—and his.

She told me that she still has a tv year contract with the Vitagraph, with which she will finish.

"I shall always want to do something for which she said, "I have the afternoons playing bridge and my evening at dinner dances. That sort of thing does not concern me. But I should like to be able to work at pictures only a part of each year. I am afraid that combining career and a successful home life cannot be done, if one must work steadily. I simmer down to a mere question of physical vitality. Tonight, for instance, my eyes have been slightly hurt by the lights today; I am tired and fit only for bed. That is no way to go home for an evening with one's husband."

"Dont you think children complicate the dual possibility most seriously?" I asked.

"I suppose so," said Alice, "but I love the complicity, if it may be called so, of Alice."

"How do you manage with her now?"

"She goes to a little Concentration School here in New York at present, from nine until one. The rest of the day she plays out on the streets. But Mr. Regan and I are thinking of taking a place on Long Island for the summer so that she may be out of doors steadily.

"Speaking of complications, personally, led us to speak of the complication of life in general. Miss Joyce thinks the main complication is the lack of self-knowledge, that we are all groping," she said, "half blinded, half in the dark. Then, unless we stumble on it suddenly, or unless we have so much experience that all other considerations are burned away and we know just what to do by elimination, we stumble on. I only know one young girl who really knows herself, what she wants, and that is Blanche Sweet."

"Do you you know yourself?" I queried.

"Oh, no, no."

"Well," I said, with a grin, "what do you think is the most worth-while thing in this kaleidoscopic affair of living?"

"Just the seeking, I suppose," said Alice, with her rather pillars of granite, "the seeking and the hoping to find."

"Do you," I protest on, with what I took to be a most sublime and willy cunning; "do you think that love is worth all the import it is given, in rhyme and reason?"

Ah...then there was a light!

"Indeed I do," said the Honeymooner, "it is love that makes the world go round at all, without it, " she shrugged her shoulders... "there wouldn't even be life," she said..."

The violet-handled, gray limousine, marked A. U. R. 56, stopped at the Knickerbocker hotel and I alight and went my way, leaving Alice to await Mr. Regan.

I had many thoughts, because Alice Joyce is a widely interested person. She is confused, intellectually, to no narrow groove of thought. She thinks apiece. I thought of the subject of getting into a rut and her admission thereon. I thought of the courage it would take her to make the step out she has; of her love for her work and her love of life. It came to me that, in picking up the sixpence, she will never miss the honeyed moon!

A Temple in the Skies

(Continued from page 47)

home town. Somehow, he admits, he was never good for any kind of work, to his mother's sorrow, and went to Japan. On his return he decided to lecture again. He hired a hall and sent announcements to all the people on his mother's petition and was rewarded with a success. He was the year of 1897 was the most important one in his career. Stoddard, then, the greatest lecturer on travel, retired from the lecture platform in order to write books and left the field exclusively to Burton Holmes. He found in Mr. Brown both a manager and friend, the alliance with whom has been and still is most successful.

In the course of this conversation I found that Burton Holmes is really the pioneer of the motion picture trade, and that he has had pictures ever since 1897. This

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The Romantic Irish
(Continued from page 33)

supplied our make-up, towels, lunches and even our clothes, and paid us five dollars a day. I remember the first day I was there. We were going out on location and when I saw the big Packard that was to take us—at that time automobiles were not as plentiful as they are now—I asked who was going to pay for it all. When I was informed that the company was going to pay for it and that it was the usual thing, I made up my mind that I would stay in pictures from then on.

This was with the Biograph Film Co., at the same time that Mary, Lottie and Jack Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron, Henry B. Walton, Marshall Nielan, Blanche Sweet and many other now famous stars and directors were there. He played leads for four years. There were no stars and forty dollars a week was considered a large salary.

"It was a rare thrill to us all when Henry B. Walthall received a raise to a hundred dollars a week. We used to gather around in groups and talk about it in hushed voices. A hundred dollars a week—ew-ew! How can he be such a money? He can't, that's all; it's impossible!"

Jack Mulhall laughed heartily at the recollection. How little a hundred dollars amounts to today.

It was during his engagement with the American Biograph Co., that Jack Mulhall met his wife and she was the first girl he met on his first trip to California. He was very young and must have been somewhat anemic-looking, because he heard her say to another member of the company, "Who is that pale, thin-looking young fellow over there?" Four months later they were married. During the next four years they worked six months of each year in California and six months in New York.

"I wish we had some of the landmarks we had in New York," he went on. "They were great. We would look at apartments in the Bronx and one of these landords would show a very pretty apartment for $5.00 a month. I would say, 'I know where I can get one just as good for $24.00.' He would say, 'Very well, you can have it for $23.50.'"

Jack, after the first week of their marriage, left for a few minutes before and wandered upstairs. Suddenly there was a crash and the consensus of opinion was that Jack had fallen downstairs (this sentence should be punctuated with a dash after Jack). However, we were greatly relieved to find that it was just the cook closing the cellar door.

"That is the sort of thrill I am having all the time," said his father. Mrs. Mulhall had captured the baby and was holding him in her arms.

"He's a great little rascal," said her husband affectionately.

Jack, the Irish ("You had to be to live in Wappingers Falls," he said)—the romantic type of Irish, who have high hopes and make them come true, is not an anemic-looking fellow, but hard work, that is always colored with splendid enthusiasm. He has dark eyes and hair and looks six feet tall. He doesn't believe that moving picture stars need be temperamentally.

I am not sure how, but he is afraid of being well known. He has said, "A man has a right to be invisible when he knows that must have his lines letter perfect; when his voice is very good one night and very bad the next; unless, however, he must make every look and every gesture tell; and when, after rehearsing a part for four, five, or he may play it once or two weeks and then have to look for

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another engagement. All of this puts a strain on the nerves. But the actor of the screen is under no particular strain. His hours are seldom irregular and his salary is sure. Unless he is a director he hasn’t much to worry about.

"Mrs. Mulhall and I have been married for five years. I won’t say we have never quarreled once. On the contrary we have. I don’t think two people with any will at all could live together without having occasional arguments. And, if they could, think how they would bore each other. But Mr. Mulhall would consent if he were married to a woman who always agreed with him—this with a merry twinkle in his eye.

The pictures in his house are, for the most part, Maxfield Parrish prints, beautiful and fairlike. A few other pictures, all too few, he says, that she has neglected her work of late—were painted by his wife. They are delicate and fanciful. "I love that sort of thing," he said.

Jack Mulhall has managed to keep the romance and, one fancies, much of the restlessness of his countrymen—and one cannot help but be glad.

Sure—and it does your heart good to see this smiling son of old Erin Isle, by his own fireside, with his pretty colleen wife and bairn. It is a picture you carry away with you to remember often.

The Little Master Builder

(Continued from page 65)

everything together, we go everywhere together. We are inseparable. Neither he nor Dad has ever said to me, ‘You can do this,’ or ‘you can’t do that.’ They have always appealed to my logic, to my own reasoning processes. I have been as free as air.

"Do you think that method would work in all cases?" I asked.

"I think it all depends on the mother," said Blanch. securely.

"You have never felt undecided, have you?" I asked, “never have vacillated from one ambition to another, one ideal to another?"

"I have concentrated," she said, simply.

"I have always known that I wanted to act, and I have deliberately let nothing interfere. I studied for it in high school, public speaking and all that, and I have read all that I could manage to read on the subject of acting. It has occupied me exclusively."

"I have never had a beau. Most people think that it’s very funny, even queer. They say I have been tied to my mother’s apron strings, or that I couldn’t have one, or that I have been kept under my parents’ thumb or something of the sort. It isn’t true, of course. I have been as free as air all my life. I have never felt any need of that sort of thing, that is all. I have had mother, and Dad, their love has been enough, and I have had my career. I am completely satisfied. I do not believe that I shall ever marry. I couldn’t do two things, and I certainly couldn’t give up the career for which my whole life and all my thought has been preparation and waiting and building. She said, as addenda, sweeterly. ‘Anyway, there is no love like mother-love, don’t you think so?’"

"It must have taken courage," I said, "way down in San Antonio, far from the cries of things, to believe in the Big Chance coming to you.”"

"It did," she said, "but I never lost faith. I knew, I knew, just knew that some day sooner or later was going to be the crest in me and"

(Continued on page 112)
reason that the motion picture star appears before a public so vast that he or she is known to all quarters of the globe simultaneously.

Of the ordinary letters, there is much to be said. Requests for photographs, autographs, and the matter of course, and it is not unusual for Miss Bennett to be asked to send her own picture and, as often happens, the request to slip in a little story, too; it is never occurring to the writer that to do this, Miss Bennett would have to journey to another studio, to assume the favor of a lady she does not know.

Quite the most ambiguously phrased request for a picture came from a girl who said: "I am making a collection of the most notorious actresses. Please send me yours." And from the girls who want articles of Miss Bennett's apparel she gets a steady stream of supplications. Often they specify what they want—usually a gown or a wrap she has worn in a photoplay. Sometimes it is only a small article, such as a long-sleeved shirt, or an apron, or even a hankerchief as she used in "Stepping Out." The girl who paints a touching story of the desire for a new dress to wear to a party, and chooses one of Miss Bennett's as a matter of course, is the most difficult to deal with. I never knew why she had placed her letter in the "urgent" pile or to let it rest among the odds and ends.

Long experience has taught me that a woman will not scruple to lie in order that she may adorn herself for conquest. Came one not long ago, which told with striking effect the approaching fall of a sweetheart, whose intentions the writer had reason to think were serious—so much so, in fact, that she felt that with a certain dainty evening frock she had seen Miss Bennett wear, a proposal would certainly be forthcoming—or she would know the reason why! Oh, Eve, Eve!...

Once again I must be excused from telling what Miss Bennett did. How should I know?

Letters to Mr. Charles Ray are no less in number or lacking in the element of surprise; but whereas the major portion of Miss Bennett's correspondence is from amateurs, Miss Bennett's is from genuine gender. Mr. Ray's letters come mostly from his own sex. The fact that it is generally known how much Miss Bennett is flooded with proposals, but girls have no timidity in letting him know the favor with which he is regarded.

A more serious tone, for the most part, characterizes his correspondence. Instead of sentimental alliances, business propositions are more frequent. This is probably because Mr. Ray has been seen so often in pictures as a country boy who achieves independence thru perseverance and hard work. I have seen too many letters offering to make him a partner in a country store to remember all the circumstances connected with them. I do recall, however, one particularly from Kansas who described himself as the proprietor of a general store in a small town, with a great deal of business growing to such proportions, that it was more than he could handle. He confided that his son and mainstay had left him to go to the city, and he was left, as I remember, in which the old man reproached him for his desertion and told him never to return. Rather than have his son lose his job to the city, he enclosed a photograph of a young man scarcely older than Mr. Ray, and I must admit it would have passed for the star himself, of course he begged the actor to come and rehabilitate the business as he had been doing on the screen or, failing that, would write to the son in Omaha and use his influence in bringing him back to his home. Mr. Ray had been convinced that such a letter from Mr. Ray would work wonders. "Like the lady in Bath, it never occurred to him that the agent's work on the screen might hold inducements over life in a country store." Nor did the obviously sincere and worthy father question the wisdom of his son's interference in the affairs of parent and son. I am quite sure that Mr. Ray did not ignore this letter, his tenderness of heart enabling him to feel in some measure the father's distress, but experience has taught all the stars that they must be guarded in expressing themselves in matters of so intimate a nature.

On one occasion a Canadian soldier wrote to a star at this studio—there is no need to mention names—regarding a pathetic case. He had been discharged from the army because of incipient tuberculosis and was then in a hospital. He gave facts and names to verify his story and ended by asking for a little money.

It was sent with a letter which later turned out to have been too cordial, for seemingly, Mr. Ray was not of one of his star's kindness. This was made known some months later, when a telegram came from a business connection of the star's in New York, asking advice in the case of the ex-soldier who had called at the office and requested the loan of enough money to get him to a doctor. His justification was a line quoted from the star's single letter, saying that "it was a pleasure to help him." That, you see, is why a star's letter is often of the letters which plainly are written in sincerity, because of what may follow.

More than any player whose correspondence I am acquainted with, has Mr. Ray been mistaken for some one else. Not less than a dozen inquiries are made weekly in an effort to learn his "real name," as the writers evidently assuming that no one in professional life is known by the cognomen bestowed by his parents. In the case of Mr. Ray, however, it is not merely to be inquisitive that such questions are asked, but to make certain that he is some one known to them. To know that he had been a pupil of a Sunday school days, the little boy who lived around the corner, or the young man who helped grandma home after she had nearly been run over by an automobile. Often the writers do not leave the answer to Mr. Ray, but assert at the outset that he is the person they imagine.

A rather colorful element appeared in one of his letters not long since. It came from Cape Town and recited a long story which would have been worthy of Robert Louis Stevenson or Conan Doyle for its romance and adventure. Briefly, the writer (whose "nephew" Mr. Ray most certainly was) told of a mine which he and his brother had discovered thirty years ago and which, amounting to nothing at the time, had later yielded a fortune to its possessors.

The brother—Mr. Ray's supposed father, if you please—had left South Africa for America because of ill health and went to the city, where he had gone to work and in which the old man reproached him for his desertion and told him never to return. Rather than have his son lose his job to the city, he enclosed a photograph of a young man scarcely older than Mr. Ray, and I must admit it would have passed for the star himself,
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Marie Antoinette SKIN BLEACH

allowing for certain differences in dress. He cabled to South Africa, convincing the claimant for avuncular relationship that Charles Ray was just Charles Ray, without a share in a diamond mine. I know, for the cabler gram went thru my office and even a carded letter-reader like myself felt for the man’s disappointment. Now if I had only been able to make up to resemble Mr. Ray perhaps these confessions would never have been written!

No such letters have come as yet to Mr. Donnell. MacLean and Miss Donnell tho in volume their correspondence equals that of any of our stars. So firmly are they linked together in the reader's mind that should the envelope be addressed to Mr. MacLean the letter invariably refers to Miss May as well. If the children at an orphan asylum should write to Miss May to spend an afternoon amusing them, she must certainly bring Mr. MacLean with her. And there have been many of these requests lately.

In the nature of paying visits, come other invitations of a less exacting nature. The young twin was appealed to strongly in "33½ Hours' Leave," bid fair to become society favorites if they accept even a part of the invitation to dinners and week-ends at exclusive California homes. This is an unusual aspect of a motion picture star's correspondence and, I believe, in the case of Mr. Ince's youthful stars it is unique.

I notice a falling-off in the offerings of presents that used to come in great number to the stars. It may be that people are beginning to realize the plutocratic households maintained nowadays by their favorites.

Recently a charming remembrance came to Mr. MacLean and Miss May that would seem to show that the old order of things is passing, even while the spirit remains, for instead of something useless, came a collection of fresh-water pearls from a man in Arkansas, who had found and collected them himself. Six strung on a fine chain for Miss May and four, set in cufflinks, for Mr. MacLean. The donor explained that he had been saving them for his children, a boy and girl, who had recently passed on, and would the stars accept them as a token of his gratitude for the pleasure they had brought into his life? A real human document, I call that. In fact, in almost every letter that comes to the stars, there is a heart-beat. I suppose that is because motion pictures are first of all democratic and bring people to the theater who might not go to a stage play. There is something, too, in the intimate contact which exists between a screen star and his audience that does not exist even when the voice is heard on the stage.

Indeed, one woman wrote to the MacLean-May combination, saying that she was deaf and dumb, and therefore never went to the theater except when her favorites appeared on the screen. Then she could tell by the movements of their lips what was said and knew, she said, that "their words always expressed joyful thoughts."

And so it goes: letters, letters, letters. All kinds, written badly and written badly, expressed awkwardly and phrased with taste and understanding. Often I am reminded that if people were not interested they would not write at all. That's just it: they are interested in their stars more than in their writers, their singers and the makers of their laws. I might add—and the maker of some of these stars—for Mr. Ince gets his share of letters, too, tho his private secretary naturally assumes the functions of the mail clerk who goes thru the stars' letters.
But the secretary has "confessed" to me in order to make my own complete, so that I know what people write about to Mr. Ince. Aside from the business communications coming to a great studio, there are scores of letters from outsiders. Most of them seek information about scenarios or how to become a star.

Nothing surprises Mr. Ince—or his secretary. People and people's friends have been submitting themselves for stellar candidacy ever since he has been a producer, but he has always made his own discoveries. Testing his personal initiative to make the important choice. However, did Mr. Ince listen to others who think of themselves as candidates for stardom, chances, a substitute of star might be illuminating his studios at Culver City. For instance, the writer of this: "I am a boy of seventeen and as funny as they make them. I can crack all kinds of jokes and dance. On the corner in Baltimore, where my gang hangs out, they call me 'Comical Dutch.'

More of this brought out the fact that not only did he want to become a star, but desired to drop his comic mask. "Comical Dutch!" Mr. Ince to make him "like Charles Ray."

Now, I ask you, why do they do it?

The Great Adventure

(Continued from page 55)

He doesn't aim for especially great things and he considers super-ambition worse than not a sufficient amount.

He want to be starred until I've really done something which will stand," he said. "I like playing leading roles and if I ever do achieve something worth while and is a laud of stardom, the ability which means something besides the title, I'll be darn glad to have it. In the meantime—well, I'm satisfied."

And when he matrimony he doesn't want his wife to have a career—if she's in the profession he declared that he wouldn't mind her taking a rôle, and then—if she's an artist he wouldn't object to her painting and sketching in her spare time and if she's a writer he thinks it would be all right to write stories on the side, but he's darned if he wants to be more than a hobby. "One career is enough for any healthy family," he declared.

I learned he had spent the previous evening playing chess with his sister—he told it was a good deal about an evening at the opera—even the chess game held for him the spirit of an adventure.

His life has not been easy—one accepts that fact when one realizes that he has been on the stage since the age of seven—he worked his way up, every inch—for long periods he was away from his mother, sister and the home which evidently stands for a great deal in his life.

There is something about him tho, which causes you to think he will go on . . . building his happiness on the worth-while things . . . making of the things of today and tomorrow and the next day, great adventures, and will be keenly interested in the battle of life with a vim and enjoyment of the same—playing fair always—because not to play fair would be small— and he is big.

And some day he will take time to fall in love—I predict it, for did he not say he hoped he would—and it would, too, he knows how to live for him.

And that to him is going to be the very greatest of Great Adventures . . . he's that way—loved and he's going to grin, as he did so many times during that luncheon, and say as he said so many times, along with the grin—

"Isn't life splendid?"

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Dear Sir—Enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, “Muscular Development.” (Please write or print plainly.)

Name
City
State

108

Age

Answer Man
(Continued from page 88)

I. M. S.—He who serves well need not be afraid to ask his wages. Camille An- kiewich was Mrs. Rudder in “Stella Maris.” You are on the right track, but never forget that part of good manners is punctual observance of time; whether on matters of civility, business or pleasure.

A. S. W. — You make me laugh, and we are rarely so unfortunate or so happy as we think we are. You are semper fidelis. Sarah Kernan was Marie in “Hearts of Men.” Thanks, Walt, for you enter the Fame and Fortune Contest?

A. M. A. — If I didn’t put that period in, it would sound funny, wouldn’t it? Credit Walrond two children. Lloyd Hughes in “The Haunted Bedroom.” Put this in your little book, and read it over once in a while. The lessons life teaches. That is part of life teaches us wisdom; its vanities, humility; its cal- umnies, pity; its hopes, resignation; its sufferings, its affections, fortitude, its necessities, prudence; its brev- ity, the value of time; and its dangers and uncertainties, a constant dependence upon and believing in the great power of the soul.


GENEVIEVE D.—Children, you must not neglect your homework to write to me. Your lessons come first, and then the An- swer. Marcy, dearest, if you sent me that Eskimo Spitz, I don’t know where I would put him. Thanks, just the same.

ELLA FRIED—Yes, Chaplin seems to be as popular as ever in spite of what Rocheffonauld says, “Those who have but one sort of wit are sure not to please long.” Why not go to a Canadian university since you live in Canada? Yes, electrical engineering would be great for you.

CURT.—And let us hope that goodness will prevail when beauty fails. You want all I know of Olive Tell? That isn’t much. She’s very beautiful. No, you’re wrong on my identification. Theodore Roosevelt’s ancestry and religion, Dutch ancestry, Reformed Dutch Church.

JENNIE L.—Zippy, lippy, how do I know who is keeping house for William Ros- sell? We’ll have to move into the Carn-egie Library if I must keep a card index of housekeepers, kinds of perfumes play to use, the size of the clothes, who’s married to whom, etc., etc. Have a heart, Jennie.

U. E. M.—Yes, it is true they are selling alcoholic beverages in Cuba. Line for tickets to Cuba forms on the right. No, Grace George is not Alice Brady’s mother, but the stepmother of Manon. So you don’t like the idea of my having a big head. Can’t help it, child. Don’t ever ex- pect to get another. And it’s getting bigger every year.

M. J. T.—That’s pretty good advice you give me: “If you would relish your fish, labor for it; (and right here, let me say I do) if you would relish your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.” It take her with every night, Edward Coxen is direct- ing now. Savoir faire, I should say you have.

(Continued on page 117)

The July Classic

Vacation-time! The Play-time of the World! The time for letting down the bars of daily toil, —the time for the much-dreamed-of period of forgetfulness,—of relaxation. The time in which once again, Youth dances away the long golden hours of fragrant sunshine.

Vacation-time! —And whether you are spending it in a marble palace situated on the brink of some exclusive lake of cerulean blue,—or whether you are fol- lowing the provocative flashing of a trout’s tail up stream on some wooded mountain-side,—or whether you are indulging in the great outdoor sport (some fishing) which Freder- ick James Smith had with Bobb- harn the other night over the dinner-table. Bobbie tells us some interesting facts about the early days of the Photoplay.

We introduce Gladys George, who has been interviewed in her own home. You will be very much interested in this beautiful young newcomer to cinema fame. From all reports which have come to our ears, Friend James Abbe, the well-known photog- rapher, went over to the Mack Sennett Studios out on the Coast the other day... and hasn’t been heard of since. However, we have mysteriously received some very beautiful photographs, which will add a great deal to the beauty of the July issue of the Classic.

Have you ever paused to consider into what unknown limbo the plays and players of yesteryear have gone? We are quite sure our readers will enjoy the story which B. F. Wilson has written about these beloved ghosts of the past.

Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
May be due, a great deal, to the dextrous handling Lewis Stone gives to a dual role. Marjory Daw is joyously pretty and youthful, while Jane Novak is femininely pleasing as always. The story of the Canadian Northwest is well known to most of you. Marshall Neilan has chosen his snow locations with a keen and clever eye.

Why Change Your Wife?—PARAMOUNT

Cecil B. de Mille might be called the apostle of décadence. Surely no married couple would come to grief who heed his lessons. De Mille has an uncanny understanding of man and woman and he weaves this sex knowledge into silken photoplays that not only appeal optically but remain in the mind later on. In "Why Change Your Wife?" he preaches a sermon to young wives who do not try to keep themselves youthful and appealing to their husbands. Once, I might have considered the fight between wife number one and wife number two exaggerated, but women are queer animals after all and I think perhaps De Mille understands them better than I do. Gloria Swanson is certainly his finest bit of clay. She reflects his messages better than any mirror. Rebe Daniels is satisfactory but at a disadvantage compared to the glorious Gloria. Gloria Swanson is as refined and as rich as the almost impalpable flower of roses. Tom Meighan is more handsome than ever as the man who discovers that wives will be wives.

PINTO—GOLDwynn

Recently I have had no active desire to view Mabel Normand pictures until the other evening a couple of rabid Normand fans dragged me to see "Pinto." I found a bewitching Mabel with eyes that sparked more brilliantly than ever and a whole score of enticing tricks. She takes the part of a Western girl who knows nothing of women or Eastern culture and her mistakes when she is transplanted to New York form the basis for some very clever comedy situations. Mabel and Cullen Landis enact some extremely charming levee scenes and the whole picture sends one home in a pleased and happy state of mind.

A WOMAN OF PleASURE—PATHE

Altho this is a typical English melodrama with the usual terribly terrible villain, and the horribly heroic hero, I never lost interest in it from beginning to end. Blanche Sweet portrays a poverty-stricken English girl who comes upon a rich man's secret by mistake. In order to silence her, a villain may not testify against her husband, he marries her. In order to procure luxuries for her invalid father and herself she marries him. Then comes their forced trip to South Africa to quell a rebellion, the ultimate rescue of Blanche by the hero, and the death of her husband. The Zulu warfare was wonderfully well staged, Blanche Sweet was fragrantly lovely throughout and gowned in exquisite taste. Wheeler Oakman supplied the necessary masculine element with all his former zest. Wilfred Lucas was the horrible husband.

THE AMATEUR WIFE—PARAMOUNT

This is an example, in my mind, of a film that should never have been released. Irene Castle is completely miscast. She is not meant to be an ugly, demure duckling. Her greatest asset is her ability to
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play women, well-gowned, worldly-wise women. I don't know when a picture has irritated me as much as Irene Castle playing the shy French child of a chorus queen mother. Irene Castle in gowns and coats which even your grandmother or mine would have called old-fashioned. It was enough to try the patience of the most Job-like reviewer. Also in my mind W. T. Carleton—I think his initials are W. T.—is almost a total screenic loss. His personality is not pleasing on the silversheet. If there is any credit due the “Amateur Wife” it is due the woman who depicted the actress-mother, and—lack-a-day!—I failed to catch her name.

UNDER SUSPICION—UNIVERSAL

This is just another little story of mistaken identity and crooks—but it is so well, nay jollily, played by its chief performers that it is a joy to see. Ora Carew again demonstrates the fact that she is mighty good to look at and a clever actress as well. Forrest Stanley is pleasing as the misunderstood hero, while Charles Clary is again the screen's most versatile crook.

ALARM CLOCK ANDY—PARAMOUNT

Just another in the list of meek men characters especially designed to fit Charles Ray. And yet there is a great element of truth in the misfortune that befalls a mental coward and the great good fortune that comes to the man who dares. Charlie Ray is—always—uniquely clever in his delineation.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH—PATHE

This is a Harold Lloyd comedy that deserves especial notice because of the growing popularity of young Lloyd. If Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin doesn't get a hustle on, he will find himself displaced in the hearts of mirth-loving America by the clean, young comedy fun of Harold Lloyd. Here Lloyd is helped considerably by a clever child and an equally clever dog.

FLAME OF THE DESERT—COLDWYN

A Farrar-Tellegen film, which must have cost a mint of money and is a tremendous spectacle, but which bores one extremely. Geraldine Farrar is a great actress, capable of expressing all the passions that woman is heir to—but here she is so sickly sentimental, and smilingly the ingénue, that she annoys. Farrar is meant to be vivid, passionate, a creature of demands, a woman of character, but never a sugary ingénue. Countless close-ups of Farrar smiling a love-sick smile are the most tiresome details of the piece. Her gorgeous gowns are the best.

ANETHA

(Dedicated to Anetha Getwell, one of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Winners)

By Elton Johnson

Slim dryad from some ancient, tangled wood,
Thou shouldst have lived and loved when Greece was young.
Then Phidias thy charm and beauty could
Have caught and held in stone's eternity.

Thou liv'st today; sigh not for times long past,
Dead stone could ne'er express such fairy grace or life.
The silent screen will cause thy soul itself to last
And men to come will joy to see thee smile.
The Sins of St. Anthony
(Continued from page 44)
at your suggestion, I began this bagatelle. Why did you suggest all this, Jane?
The woman at his table smiled at him. Tony got the impression of an immeasurable
tenderness. Then she said: "To help you, Tony. You told me that you loved
Persis. I knew I would have to talk to you to bring her back to you. Do you want to
that is all."
Tony did not immediately answer. All sorts of things welled up within him, but
somewhere else did not formulate. He wanted to say incomprehensible, unexplored
thoughts and could not. He became, for the first time, acutely aware of the woman
before him. He knew that he had never been so acutely aware of a woman before.
She tried to keep back the tears and stifled the emotion that surged within her. She
appeared upon his mental horizon as a pale, shapely, nebulous figure of his own
imagination. She seemed to lack substance and reality. It was a very obvious little
materialist.
For a materialist, Persis had a very hard time of it about this time. Her overseas
father turned out to be an impostor who had seen Persis' father listed in Dun and
Bradstreet and cared for the result. Persis discovered this in time, and at the
same time, that she was, and always had been, really, a refugee from St. Anthony.
Ah, if only he were Saint Anthony again! Why had she ever complained? How
gladly now would she welcome the square-traced lines of the ancient city and the
little test tubes and the abstractions! All these had spelled love for her, for
Persis. This new Anthony... only the night before had passed the studio and
had seen, delineated plainly against the blind, the figure of a woman, plying a
needle. The figure of Anthony had been over the woman, with solicitation. Persis
suffered up to the limits of her little capabilities. She imagined she was having a
very bad time of it. He had been a delicate, vague "Me, Persis Meade," or
something of the kind. Being neither, but just a shallow, pretentious... could not
be. She was happy, she knew, was apparently a good and law-abiding citizen.
Persis then indulged in a fit of acute penitence. She invited Anthony to dinner
the instant that was possible. Persis scurried over the moment. "We'll forget the old minutes and
and everything, Tony," she said, sweetly.
Anthony refused.
A picture persisted in his brain and had seeped its way to his heart. It was the
picture of a woman with long black hair wearing a white gown. It was a picture of
a woman who could talk to him; who
would sympathize with him, when
he worked and when he played, when
he loved and when he lost.
She went home and found Jeanette there

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Producers and stars are searching the country for new, motion picture stories. The industry is face to face with a famine in good photoplays. More men and women must be trained to write for the screen if the industry is to survive. Literary genius is not a prime factor to successful photoplays. Learn how you can now master this new remunerative art more easily than you may believe.

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M. Fordyce of Texas has six stories since enrolling less than a year ago. Many of our members
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PAG
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The Little Master Builder

(Continued from page 104)

give me my opportunity. I thought maybe it would be a director. I did a picture in Texas, you know, with an Eastern company and the director was very kind to me, but ... his wife had professional reservations. All the best crises did come cut. I was bitterly disappointed. I just kept on having faith in my will to do, and then, one day I saw the advertisement for the Fame and Fortune Contest in the Motion Picture Magazine. And I knew I ran right down to Mother and Dad and told them the chance I was waiting for had come. I had them only the announcement of the contest. 'I'm going to submit my picture,' I said, 'and I'm going to try, I will because I want.'

"And I did."

The reliance of that last statement deserves a paragraph. It stood to me, as it does to her, admission of power of monument to the power of the individual will. She has planned and built for this very thing and now she stands, the product of her own effort, her achievement, with the Shining Lands of her Desire just across the way.

Specifically, she has come North to take the title part in "I, Walter Reed," a powerful dramatic, five-act story to be produced by Mr. Eugene V. Brewster for the 1929 Fame and Fortune Contest. All the best crises did come cut. I which, at one time or another, all of the 1920 contestants will appear. The part will give the little Texan winner almost every sort of an opportunity, the charmed newboy on thru a gamut of roles, including a poor girl, a rich girl, a weary one and one rejoining.

I told her that she talked somewhat in the manner of a Christian Scientist.

Blanche McCoory gave her odd little, sweet little, wise little smile. "A great many people think that," she said, "but I'm not. I have no particular religion, from a sectarian standpoint, anyway. I'm just a thinker. I've just a simple, everyday code of thought, but I do live up to the thought, which seems to me to be the main thing.

"I'm active in doing to others just what you would want them to do to you. I believe in being tolerant. When I tell a person I'm going to do a thing I'm going to do it. I try to hit it and I apply the same thing in my dealing with myself. I keep my promises to myself. The will of the individual can accomplish anything."

After talking with the little winner and the potential star of who knows what glories to be, one feels somewhat as tho a cool, strong, steady wind had been blowing over one, taking with it the cobwebs of turmoil and discontent, and, if anything further should be needed to complete a picture of a very real little person with very enormous possibilities, she said to me, not unswitly, "When I left Texas (Continued on page 26)
Romance

(Continued from page 63)

her beautiful soul above it ... mourning it ... for me ... 

"We talked and again I upheld her. I saw Van Tuyf's card and I accused her of a last arguement use of her lover. I said horrible cruel things to her and all at once, I know it now, I think I knew it then if I had thought at all, all at once I would have said. I had come as a minister of God to save her soul. I knew that I had come as a man to claim her flesh. I saw my soul leave me and I gave a deep and solemn sigh.

"It's all over, darling, darling," I said, and I took her by me, kissing her frantically: "it's all over. Before all else. I am a man and you are a woman. Love is not work, nor nor, nor comradeship, nor age, nor crossing bridges ... love is just feeling ... just this ... I love you! I love you, I say!" I think I must have shouted it in a sort of agony of abandonment. "I love you more than anything in the world," I said; "I love you more than any other happiness that I can have on earth ... love like this ... Rita, Rita ... and the whole glorious night is ours ... Think, my sweetheart, each hour, each moment ... the whole of life, the immortal night ..."

"I held her against me and her words beat against my inflamed mind like the white pelting of white roses ... "Mes- tante Toma," a word she said, "it is because I love you so I say this. It ees you who 'ave taught me that love ... and it ees not this ... don't have to make good an' pure the world ... an' me ..."

"But I couldn't hear her. I just kept on laughing and kissing her, and kissing her and laughing, and it was not so horrible as the other. And I kept saying, bodily, 'I love you ... I know I'm damned ... but I will have, had this night ... I'll have had it ... and then more laughter and more kisses and more white pleadings lost against the torrents of my madness.

And then, as waves beating, lashing themselves to fury, surged out beneath the indefatigable calm of a higher element, I heard her say, 'I cant fight you any longer. I have no strength ... but oh, before the sun rises, before the clouds and the moon are seen, I know your girl will be good an' pure and holy-white. I would be the woman you want me to be, the woman you demand, I would go so high, so nearly high, as nearly high as yours, who have been so sweet, so great ... .. dat woman you make or mar ... here ... tonight ... God send you here to 'elp the girl. Oh, ah, then, elope for love of me ... tonight ... my heart is yours ... forever an amen ..."

Oh, Gesu ... let me have my pal ..."

"And as she spoke the voices of the choir boys came in and intermingled. They were singing the old Lutheran hymn 'Ein feste Bernd,' and I felt as tho, all at once, I had seen her and I who had been very ill, was whole and well again. I looked at her ... and, as I looked, I looked up, and at all once our tears came, and mine, and I leaned against her and she mothed her, divinely woman, divinely love. And she told me then, what that new woman, then, that love for love unless, being greater than all, earth, it can still remember heaven. And the white violets, crushed and ineffably torn by their sweetness, sank against my blinded eyes and on my mouth.

"The next day she sailed away, wearing my cross upon her breast. She became greater than before and her name and many good works have been stainless ..."

The light in the study flickered and flared up. The Bishop laid his hand on the boy's head, and the boy looked up at him. "Thank you, Grandfather," he said. "Your story has decided me. Lucile and I will be married tonight." The Bishop started a bit. He had not expected this, then he looked at the young face beneath him and nodded.

Still later his granddaughter came in with the evening paper to read aloud to him. Among other items was the death of Madame Cavallini, with a biography of her fame, her charities, her impeccable years, the fact that she had never married. Long after the young people had gone to bed the Bishop sat alone with the odor of white violets about him and a tiny handkerchief, face-trimmed and monogrammed, close within his palm.

They Aren't All On Broadway

(Continued from page 77)

least one enterprising photographer has bought an aeroplane so that he may get actual moving bird's-eye views of large industries. Practically every big store and factory owns a projection outfit, and many of them maintain motion picture production departments. The motion picture has found many forms of use in factory and store. It can be made invaluable in instructing new employees regarding their duties. Salesmen make a few reels of film a part of their regular equipment so that they may show prospective customers pictures of the concerns they represent.

But the greatest of all uses to which a motion picture can be put in an industrial plant is the entertainment and education of employees. In the Edison lamp works of the General Electric Company at Harrison, N.J., where a million electric lights are made each week, lunch-hour entertainment have become as much of a fixture as have lunches.

Municipal governments, as well as works, have made use of the apparently inexhaustible versatility of the motion picture. There is scarcely a chamber of commerce in any live town which will not pay at least part of the expenses of filming that town's points of interest for some travel picture, and many cities have themselves organized production departments for the purpose of advertising their desirable qualities.

One large American industrial center put the motion picture to a novel use in avoiding labor trouble. It put the picture literally "on a soap-box" and thereby drew audiences from street-corner agitators. The "soap-box" movies called into use the cammoflette. A general Americanization series of films, which proved an excellent antitode for Bolshevistic propaganda, was made by putting those cammoflettes on street-corners, under trees, against the walls of school buildings, for a period of months. Unhitherto these pictures have been forgotten, but pictures momentarily did the city, and even the country, a great service.

More and more universal becomes the motion picture every day when it was confined to the Broadwayss of the cities is passed—it has in emergencies proven its power—it has come to stay.
The Courage of Marge O’Doone
(Continued from page 96)
about her, filling him with an aching tenderness, a very fierceness of protection.

But because he was a stranger to her, tho she was no stranger to him, he said only, matter-of-factly, “I say now, I’m awfully hungry—can’t get over the two days back on the trail. I wonder if you wouldn’t invite me to dinner if I intro-
duce myself—David, Raine from the States.”

By the time the meal was over they had traveled a long way on the road to friendship and the man knew almost as much about her as she knew about herself. Hauck and his wife were, she thought, no relation to her, but she had lived with them almost as long as she could remem-
ber. Before that there was a vague mem-
ory of faces, a woman’s tender and very lovely, a man’s strong and smiling, a dream of kisses, and a faint, far-away recollection of being rocked to sleep. At the Nest she had been treated callously, tho not brutally, until the last, when “Uncle” Hauck had bargained with his
crony, Brokaw, for possession of her.

She had always fed “Tara,” one of the two
bears the man kept in a cage near the

cabin, and when she saw the greedy light

of ownership in Brokaw’s eyes she had hurried out, unchained the great fellow and fled away into the clear, white dawn.

“All the same, we’ll go back to the Nest
now,” decided David, frowning; “there’s no telling what that man is up to. He

may be keeping property that belongs to

you. Besides”—his great hands clenched—

“I’d like to give him a taste of man-medi-
cine—the hound.”

Marge O’Doone looked at him with

glowing dark eyes of admiration and grat-
itude. In all her wild, untender years she

had never been taken care of and

protected before. But she shook her head

over returning to the Nest.

“You’re not afraid—with me?” David

asked, hurt.

“No,” she cried, “Oh, no! But I’m

afraid for you. They’re bad men. They

might kill you, and I—should not like that.” She crept closer to him, young

breast rising stormily under her tight-

pressed hands, gazing at him with virginal

eyes. David felt his soul rise mightily

within him, but tho his voice should be the

only said, cheerily, “Nonsense! Haven’t

we got ‘Tara’ and ‘Baree’? Come on, Marge O’Doone!” The name was magic

on his tongue.

In the Nest an oil lamp smoked softly

on the table, and thru the uncurtained

window they saw two men drinking sourly

without speech. “That’s Uncle and Bro-

kaw now,” Marge whispered, adding re-

spectfully, “aren’t they ugly? I hate ugly

things, and I love beautiful ones, don’t

you?”

In the woman who had been David

Raine’s wife such a speech would have

been arrant coquetry; in Marge O’Doone it was simple honesty. She was as clear

of soul, as wild and unspoiled as the

country that had reared her, thought the

man beside her reverently.

At the entrance of the stranger and the
girl the two at the table sprang up and the

little, twisted man dropped his glass, spill-
ing a smear of strong-smelling spirits

over the dirty table-cloth. His small, pale
eyes dwelt on the girl glancingly, on David
evilly. “’I hate them, but I got shamed out

and had to come back!’ he muttered, 

who is this?”

David took a step forward. He looked
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Gentle Reader, it is our privilege to announce the most interesting literary article of the month, written by Heywood Broun, one of the foremost dramatic writers of the country, who will frequently contribute to SHADOWLAND in the future.

There will be a story about the Theater Guild—that new and powerful force in the dramatic world,—by Frederick James Smith.

Gladys Hall, the well-known and popular interviewer, has visited Lenore Ulric—and gives us a very vivid story about this famous Belasco star.

Our cartoonist, Wynn Holcomb, is in Paris—and we will soon have some articles and pictures which we are sure will interest you. There's nothing like being right on the spot to get local color, says Wynn.

rather extraordinarily tall and a bit dangerous. The two men retreated, and Brokaw, a flabby, obese creature, touched his hip pocket. "I'm David Raine," the newcomer said distinctly, "and I'm going to take Marge & Co. people, pro-
vided—politely, tho his eyes had steely gleams—provided you will kindly tell us where they may be found.

Hauk chose to bluster. "She's my niece. What business is it of yours?"

"She's not your niece," said David grimly, "and you'll find what business it is of mine if you try to meddle with her again."

The two, drew aside and consulted. When they turned back their manner had changed. They were informal, almost effus-
ive. They proffered food, pushed the bottle of spirits toward David and leered at Marge with bared, yellow tusks.

"We'll be glad to tell you all we know," Hauck said slyly, "but the girl looks tired. No, up to your old room, Marge—why not? We'll entertain your friend here for you."

After she had climbed the steep stairs, heavy-eyed, she stopped at the top to wave her hand to her new-found friend. "Good-night, Sakewina."

Hauck started, and for an instant his face became convulsed with rage. He and Brokaw looked at one another signifi-
cantly, and David under the beetled lids caught their anger, but gave no sign. Whatever the cause, Hauck restrained himself and answered questions civilly.

The girl had been given them when she was not more than four years old by a man named Tarvish. "He had stolen her from her husband and when she was out of her mind with fever," he explained, with a malignant grin; "a pretty woman—you can blame him. Women were scarce in Frepan Creek those days—scarce enough, for that matter. And some men are flinchy about holding truck when they come home."

David listened, gazing down at the table. He could have choked the man for his relish of Tarvish's blitheness, but he must hear more. "The father?—O'Doon, what was he like?"

Hauck shook his head. "I never saw him. They say he became a priest after-
ward to save him going out of his mind. But he never knew what had become of his family. Me an' my wife brought Marge. She's got no kick coming. You'd better leave her with me, young fellow." There was veiled menace in the tone. David shook his head.

"I'm going—" He never finished that sentence, for, without warning, the world came to an end with a crashing blow on the head from behind. Over his limp body Brokaw nodded evilly at Hauck. "No half-way job, eh? We'll finish it! But first we'd better make sure we've touched on him, then afterward I'll take the girl and tomorrow you can come to my cabin for the money."

David staggered painfully out of a black void to find Marge O'Doon standing over him, shaking him frantically, while her tears dripped down on his face. "Oh, a
daughter afraid they'd killed you!" she quiv-
ered. "I was listening—I saw him hit you. They will come back—can you walk? Oh, your feet will go."

David staggered to his feet, wavered groggily and set his teeth. "Sure I can walk," he reassured her. A phrase from his old doughboy days came to his lips, "Let's go."

The memory of that flight thru the darkness was still clear to David Raine afterward, being mugged with wheeling rockets that whizzed across his brain, the snuffling of the great grizzly at

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'The Hoodlum' dear, with eyes so blue, Golden curls and a bright smile, too. To those whose lives are filled with sadness, Mary's plays allure with gladness. Come to the Palace, let's never longer tarry. For there'll see our own sweet Mary.

(The Palace is the name of a new theater here, recently erected. It is Mabel Normand very pretty in real life? Some one told me that she did (me, I mean!) was the very picture of Marget. It is not come into general use and is no longer a term of opprobrium. I think the stage, you protest. "It's the first time for me." I suppose so. Please give me the height, weight, waist measure and all of Kessie Love, Mary Miles Minter, Mary Thurman, Peggie Hyland, Mabel Normand and Lila Lee. If you can't give me all, please try to give me some.

ALFRED JENKIE.--I do not object to the use of the word 'Movies.' It has now come into general use and is no longer a term of opprobrium. I think the stage, you protest. "It's the first time for me." I suppose so. Please give me the height, weight, waist measure and all of Kessie Love, Mary Miles Minter, Mary Thurman, Peggie Hyland, Mabel Normand and Lila Lee. If you can't give me all, please try to give me some.

BILLY FARNUM.--Bill Farnum did play in "The Nigger." He is still playing. Well, I don't know a whole lot about silk, but Shantung silk is produced by a species of worm which lives on the willow trees of that Chinese province and differs from the mulberry tree silk worm. You know they work high, which keeps the price up.

PEARL WHITE FAN.--I believe you can get Pearl White's book "Just Me" from Brentano, New York. She is married. The Scarecrow is the monthly organ of the Scare Club. It has 16 very interesting pages--three cheers for the Scare Club.

WILL V. TELL.--You're right; you can do a duck for it will stand as much water as a sponge. Both Beatrice Dominique and Lilian Lang are Spanish. They say Larry Semon gets a thousand dollars for each comedy he makes.

ALFRED N.--Ah, ha! So if man is the lord of creation, then woman is the lady of creation. Say not so, Mrs. De Wolf Hopper will play opposite William Faversham in "The Man Who Lost Himself." It is directed by George D. Baker for Selznick. Address George Beban, Friars Club, N. Y.

MRS. W. W. HEALY, NEW ZEALAND.--Yes, you do. "Can you tell me how the soul departs out of our dearest friends?" Ask Theda Bara. What do you think I get paid for anyway? I'm not a 95 cent. I'm not unthankful. If I could answer that question I could get a job on the Christian Herald.

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THE MYSTIC ROSE—May it bloom forever. Glad to hear your opinion about our magazines. You write mostly about Peter White, and you say you enjoyed "Just Me," the book she wrote about herself.

MINTER LOVER—Nay, nay, madam, say no more, but the future holds well for you in all things will at least be credited with having good judgment. Harry Morey’s “The Gauntlet of Graed” was taken in Tennessee.

TO MITCH—Come, come, crank up, your motor has stopped. Dorothy Dalton is not married. So you think I look like a Bo-Peep? Never you mind, so long as I don’t act like one. Betty Blythe is married to Paul Scardon, her director.

MARY PICKFORD AMBER—Why, the Frederic der Grosse is now called U. S. Surou, Marguerite Snow is not playing now. Anita Stewart is out West. Frederick is—uh, you know. Irene and Broadwayland, Adele W. Fletcher edits the Motion Picture Magazine, and B. F. Wilson edits Motion Picture Classic, and Eugene V. Bennett edits The Weekly Picture. You have a very pretty maid, don’t you? I hope I am not as pretty as any of your pictures. Wait until you see her on the screen. She has a very lovely character.

G. F. ELIZA—What’s the idea of your sending me a comb? You are right, many a man claims to be a live wire just because the charges against him are shocking. Mary Miles Minter was 18 the 1st day of April, 1920.

DORIS NELA—That thing certainly did make a hit in Idaho. You have been to both places named. Yes, I have heard for a book-mark only when I am looking through reference books to answer puzzling questions. Yes, Louise Huff has signed up with Selznick for five more parts.

BUBBLES I. R. A.—When you feel blue like that, always compare past woes with present happiness. So you think Richard Barthelmess is a handsome fellow? These boys do. He is not married to Corinne Griffith, nor to anyone else. Thanks for the lots of love, but I only get it in letters. I, too. Yes, brothers and sisters. The four leads in the last Fame and Fortune Contest were: Blanche McCallary, Virginia Faire, (Brown), Anetha Getwell, and Anthea Booth. You’re welcome, and come again.

GAE-CLEO—A bushel basket of thanks for your kind remembrance. As Professor Syrus says, "To you is given the opportunity, unless I share in your fortunes as well as your misfortunes. I can’t give you any information about Truman Van Dyke. Anybody know? No, children, I wish I could write you personal letters, but I have all I can do to answer you here, so don’t expect too much.

DUQUESNE—CHOCOLATES. And what would life be without a letter from you every now and then? You write a very clever letter. You are the first to think Richard Barthelmess is conceited. I am afraid you have him wrong. But you do like Conway Tearle. Carmel Myers has returned to Universal, and he is in a musical comedy. Agnes Ayres has signed up to play in a musical on Neilan films.

(Continued on page 12)
The Money I Make out of people's fondness for pop corn

By H. D. MATHERS

I suppose I am like the average business man or merchant. I want to make money, but I want to see sure-fire proof of the cash money in any proposition before I take it on. "Paper profits" mean little to me. I can't put them in the bank or pay rent with them. What I want to see is the hard cash—and what I want to know is how much of the hard cash is net profit for me?

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Then I looked into what others were making with the Butter-Kist Machine. I was given the figures in black and white as actually reported by the various storekeepers who were running the machine. I was given names to write to. I was shown actual letters received from storekeepers, setting down their Butter-Kist profits. I was shown indisputable records.

I found that the size of the town made little or no difference as to the money-making ability of the Butter-Kist Machine. I saw that it paid in towns ranging from a population of 90 all the way to the millions of New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

I "go to it"

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For the first six months of this year I made $2,000.00. In 1918, I paid for the machine, bought $300.00 Liberty Loan Bonds, $50.00 War Savings Stamps, and lived well. On May 19, this year, I bought me a 3-room cottage on a fine lot and now own my own home and all made out of profits of Butter-Kist business.

H. D. M.

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H. D. M.

How it pays

I am so highly pleased with my Butter-Kist Machine that I just can't help "crowing" about it. In 1918 I made a net profit of $3,029 and would have made more but we were quarantined against Spinal Meningitis and "Flu" for eleven weeks in 1918. That is an average of $252 per month and many men, holding responsible positions, do not make as much.

For the first six months of 1919 I made $2,000.00. In 1918, I paid for the machine, bought $300.00 Liberty Loan Bonds, $50.00 War Saving Stamps, and lived well. On May 19, 1919, I bought me a 3-room cottage on a fine lot and now own my own home and all made out of profits of Butter-Kist business.

Three things have contributed to my success—First, I keep the machine clean. A dirty one is wasteless. I use only the best material—Third, I am courteous to patrons.

Anybody operating a Butter-Kist Machine is bound to make money if they will follow the above.

For the amount of investment, and the space occupied, I know of no business that will come up to or even equal the Butter-Kist; if you do please lead me to it. I am ready to go.

Write for free book

Mr. Mathers' success is not at all unusual. Indeed, many men are making twice as much with the Butter-Kist Machine. And the proof is in our free book, "America's New Industry."

This book will open the eyes of every retail merchant and theater owner. It is a startling revelation of the big money that storekeepers are making with the Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine. It shows letters written by the merchants themselves telling of the new profits and new trade the Butter-Kist Machine makes. It shows photographs of the machines in different kinds of stores. It proves to you in actual figures that the Butter-Kist Machine does pay $600 to $3,120 a year in extra net profits. Write for this book today. It is sent free and post-paid to every merchant who requests it.

With the free book we will also send full particulars of our easy payment plan. Write today. Mail the coupon or a post-card.

Mr. Mathers and his Butter-Kist Machine. He is not the only one making big money with Butter-Kist. Write for free book and read other amazing letters.
THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unflagging and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest — a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical geni have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest — if not do so now. Don't lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE
Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathé, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record. A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music, or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

SECOND PRIZE
Movietone Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip — in pictures — pictures of your family or friends — living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE
Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE
Sheaffer "Gifty" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot leak or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE
Bristol steel Casting Rod, agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE
Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE
Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE
Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.
Woman say Laramay stays on better than any other face powder.

UP TO the present time it has been almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on longer than it takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely and the first gust of wind or the first puff of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous, probably just when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has perfected a pure powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder, and it is designed to preserve to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations.

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking
To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, ill health or worry — to overcome blemishes and improve facial contours! There is nothing quite so good as plain Powdered AXOLITE

Effectively for wrinkles, crow's-feet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "lightens" and tones the skin and under-eye circles. No harm to your powder. Preserves to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations.

Professional Manicuring $1 Course Complete

After 12 years of scientific study and practical experience have simplified maneuvering so that any one can give a complete manicure by following my instructions. My simple, easy Professional Course is the only one of its kind. Mail $1 and complete set of all 28 lessons, professional book, and great professional box. Length of course 26 lessons. Dept 17, 293 Railway Exchange Blvd., Chicago.

Learn Photography
Good paying positions in the best studios in the country and a chance to get on the photographic scene. Write for Free Circular.

Talmadge stars in New York....with Constance Bennett. Two of the biggest Hollywood names, both of whom have a string of successes behind them, are teaming up in "The Sea Riders." (Vitagraph.)

I. A. M. CHECKERS.—I dont get your drift, snow again?

NOSY.—Yes, Eunice Bennett is married. Mary Pickford’s name is Fairbanks now.

MARION M.—Cant give you that list of serials you want. Oh, yes, you ought to see John Barrymore in “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.” It is a great piece of acting, and the play is cleverly done. Of course, it varied a bit on the book and conveyed an altogether different idea than the book.

TED H.—Edward Earle was born in Toronto, Canada, and he is five feet eleven inches, and weighs 160 pounds. Irene Huett, who formerly played for Griffith, is back at the Balboa studios, doing a serial. From “Blondes’ Chatterbox” is coming back to play opposite Eunice Bennett. Welcome back, Tommie! Remember, we used to think he looked like Crane Wil-.

WILDFOX.—So you are angry. Well, anger is a short-lived madness, a mental disorder that usually breaks out “Lady of the Lake,” but more often at the writing desk— as in your case. I enjoyed your tirade of abuse hugely. When you get over your sugary sentiment in food I have luncheon with me. Why, Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, 1896.

UNSUCCESSFUL.—Cheer up. Why dont you send your article to one of the other magazines? We are pretty well stocked up with articles, and besides we have our own staff who do most of our chats and interviews.

LILLIAN.—Most of yours have been answered elsewhere, and the others are unanswerable.

DOT BEEHINDER.—Why, the correspondence clubs are nothing more than organized groups of fans in different cities exchanging their views on pictures and talking about motion pictures in general. You can reach Mrs. Joseph Scheuck at 315 E. 48th St., New York City. From the looks of your letter I should say your upper story has rats in it. Do write me again, tho.

AMANDA C.—Certainly, I enjoy writing three answers. Labor is the father of progress, isn’t it? Constance Talmadge will be in a picture in “Widow’s Hope,” which is now playing on your screen. You say you would like to see Walter Hays in “Yocona Yallies”; Constance Talmadge in “The Sweat of Her Brow” is the most exciting of all this year’s releases; and Constance Talmadge in “Embraced Hearts.” Most of the early Saturday Evening Post stories, I believe.

THE KID FROM DOWN HOME.—How are you going to keep your ambition is to join the Paramount Co. What is that old saying about hitching your wagon to a star? Come over and see me some time, and Ill talk it over.

Free Trial

YOU may have any instrument with complete money back, for a month’s use. No obligation. Return it at our expense after trial if you wish.

Convenient Monthly Payments

Send Coupon for Beautiful New Catalog

This unusual powder is called Laramay (French, Poudre L’Amar). Because Laramay is so pure and because it stays on well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry large sixty-cent box and many do also carry the generous thirty-cent. When you use this harmless powder and learn how beautifully it improves your complexion, you will understand why Laramay is a quick favorite in the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. Women who have tried all kinds of face powder say they can not buy a better powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful Laramay that sells for twenty five cents. Henry H. Bower Dept. L, 16 E. 18th St., New York.

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"To Win, Secure a Satin Skin"

message from cupid

"To Win, Secure a Satin Skin"

SAFETY SKIN MODERNITY & REFINED. You can make mistake in selecting Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder, for your own toilet table.

As dew feeds the flowers, Satin Skin Cream brings new life and satiny smoothness to your skin. Usually described, by its friends as the "classest cream," Satin Skin is in a class by itself. Fragrant blossoms, herbal extracts and "nay of flowers, make Satin Skin cream what it is in quality. Without advertising Satin Skin has quietly won a large, become the standard for others, the admiration of all.

I. At night apply Satin Skin Cold Cream to wet skin.
II. Day and evening use Satin Skin Greaseless Cream.
III. Satin Skin Powder gives satin finish. Choice of 5 tints: SATIN SKIN LABORATORY, Mfrs., Detroit, U.S.A.

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What's What in America
by EUGENE V. BREWSTER
Editor-in-Chief of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Includes chapters on Christian Science, Osteopathy, Dreams, Phrenology, Stage Tricks and Occultism, and a section on Strike, Producing and the High Cost of Living. Cloth bound, 352 pages, mailed prepaid to any address on receipt of $1.50.

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Are you serious about developing your talent for drawing, send for this book. It describes the Federal Master Course in detail. Contains studio pictures of the Federal Staff. Shows how with Federal Training you can win success, and get all the courses for a small investment in the future. FEDERAL SCHOOL OF APPLIED CARTOONING 6720 Warner Building Minneapolis, Minnesota

Beatrice Retter.—Yes, and some people are so energetic and ambitious that they climb up the ladder of success while others always remain at the bottom and become "the elevator ain't running." Thank you, I'm not sprouting beautifully. And the longer I live, the older I get, and the younger I feel.

E. R. Fayettville.—You say don't see how any one could find fault with Geraldine Farrar on the screen, and that her status is too well established to need comment. You'll find some who won't agree with you. Nazimova in "The Heart of a Child." It took only forty days to produce this.

Dow.—Thanks, little one, for the generous fee. You say you like the part in Richard Barthes's "In the Photograph." You can see more pictures of him with a smile from the heart that will warm the general appearance of his looks and not chill them. Smile, Dick, smile. You want a picture of Norma Talmadge's husband. Why is this thus? Mr. Schenck, you're parked. Send us a photo and we will page you. Thanks again, and write some more.

Olive Thomas Admire.—You say a "woman is not necessarily ready to reproduce the life story just as my eyebrows are pencilled in and her figure is padded." Well, you can read all about Olive Thomas in the June issue of the Magazine and the March issue of the CLASSIC. Thank you, fair lady.

Mary P. —But we always have time to do what we really want to do. Lottie Pickford is playing "Lucky." Why isn't Conway Tearle married? Yes, three times. As I understand it, the Chinese people have a god for every disease, even the measles.

John M., Lynn.—I'm going to quote you a little—"Dear Answer Man: As I sit here—listening to the strains of The Hungarian Rhapsody—" with the snow falling—foot-deep blanket without—I wonder just what kind of a person you are— In appearance I mean, for one can guess your personality from the tenor of your answers in the Magazine. I really feel, that you must be one of the celebrities yourself, for you have a style more intimate than a mere machine with hosts of data-filing cabinets about him." You say that Albertus, a pupil of Diogenes, is your ideal, so I, whacking a will, will be compelled to become cynical to get into your good graces. You say you are getting disgusted with the world, but I have no idea whether you are or not. Some day I will see you, and I shall be able to make up my mind. Well, you say, "There is no place but religion for man to turn—on one side low jazz—even lower shimmer—on another ridiculous Christian Scientists and Spiritualists—they don't deserve the dignity of a capital. Oh, Mr. Answer Man, let us have a few retrogressives, for heaven's sake!" Do you refer to Gail Kane? She is releasing thru Pioneer Pictures Corp. now. Do you mean William Murray?

Kerrigan, Always.—Good for you, stand by your first love. Thanks a lot for all the nice things you say about me—"Your answers are so rich and refreshing, each a sermon in itself. Your answers to some are witty and rich, to others wise and to the point, while yet others show your sympathetic nature. Your department is indeed a jewel, and well might the Magazine's audience cherish it. While reading your answers I laugh until I cry, and am left astounded. It is a rare gift to be able to write with humor. I show him, and after reading he says it is a fine answer, but being an Englishman and not a movie fan, he doesn't grasp the point." I'd kiss your hand for all this. You know I kinder like to hear things like that—I must be getting vain. Why, Mrs. Drew weighs only about 145 pounds now.
MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS
HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Remove entire head root and destroys the hair root. No electric needle burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the root, giving growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

Don't let this slight discomfort stop you from enjoying all the refinements of life.

Dr. Margaret T. evolution
Solo Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment
Dept. H—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.
Established 22 years.

FASHION SAYS THE USE OF
DEL-A-TONE

is so necessary as sheerville gowns and sheer fabrics for
dresses are worn. It consists of freedom of movement,
unhampered grace, modest elegance and
correct style. That is why

"THAT'S ALL USE DELATONE" Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and permanent removal of hirsute growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is clear, firm and beautiful, with no pain or discomfort.

Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms.

Delatone will Delatone; 1 ounce makes 100 sq. ft. of

sweat shop wholesale.

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACEUTICAL CO.
Dept. LW, 333 S. Wasbaw Ave., Chicago, Ill.

V. W.—But the closer you get to some people, the more distant they are. You want to know all about Frank Mayo and Bert Lytell. I'll tell you later. Last time I heard of Yale Bos, his mother told me he was in vaudeville. Wasn't he a fine little chap when he left Edison? Your letter was very interesting.

USELESS.—Yes, and sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues. I never was, but I think I ever was as much as I did after seeing Alice Brady in "Forever After." Yes, I saw Theda Bara on the stage, but she really belongs in pictures. I used call you, but never do a thing unless you are opening cans.

JEAN E. S.; MARY M.; EMILY W.; MILD; MRS. J. OTTIS; DOROTHY; RENA; V.; BROWN; GREY EYES; BOBBY HATCH; V.; GLASS; STAGE STRUCK; DECIMA; SWAN.

KERY; BETSY C.; ANNA JOHNSON; D. E; W; A. D.; B. K; M. LUCE; FAN; N. L. H; HILDA K.; F. CONWAY; JEAN; M. YEATES.——Sorry to put you in the absorbs but you must do it to by not asking some-

thing new.

JEST ME.—I admit that I was wrong. So, since a fault confessed is half redressed, this public admission and my apology to you, milord, should make it square. Geraldine Farrar, Paramount Co., 455 Fifth Avenue, New York, will reach her. Christine Seymour had the lead in "The Girl Who Stayed At Home.

MARGARET B. HAPPY.—That's the only way to be, Marion. This was divorcé.

It is easier to get married than to stay so. It was Babette in "The Glorious Lady." Ah, you flatter me. Please dont. It's like wine—it goes to the head. Owen Moore in "The Desperate Hero." Doris Kenyon in "The Harvest Moon." You're entirely welcome.

JEAN AWFULIGHT, CHICAGO.—What do you mean some whiskers? There's nothing false about them. Teeth, do you say? My teeth are my own—I paid for them. You say Gloria Swanson is your favorite and you have written her seven times and no answer. Thanks for the 27. Well that is why I spoken dies; that is which is written and unless it goes into the wastebasket.

SHIRLEY'S BON.—You are as prolific of words as a dandelion. I like babbleton hair on some girls, but they must be short and cute looking. You want interviews with Viola Dana, Lila Lee, Nazimova, and Anita Stewart. I am patient—all things come to who waits.

ME.—A whole lot of thanks to you, dear, and may you live all the days of your life. Mary Pickford didn't stay single long enough for me to propose to her. Poised again. Yes, there are two lack Holts. You want an interview with William Scott, and you know it soon. I dont blame you one bit. You say "Blind Husband" reached the pinnacle of nastiness. Conval was in "Marooned Hearts" opposite Zena Keefe.

FRANK M., VA.—Nothing bores me write on. You say Mary Pickford comes first with you. Then come Talmadge and Vivian Martin. Of course, come over and see me.

FANNIE 20.—Bless your honest heart and may the bing of your hinges of friendship never grow rusty. Clara Young is in Los Angeles, and she is playing right along. Henry Walthall is out West too. Consecutive Taps.—The Love Experts.

AUSTRALIAN FILMS.—You say you cant get a copy of our new magazine, Shadowland. Many thousands have the same trouble, without you subscribe direct? Thanks for the stamps. Your letter was interesting.

The Modern Hair Remover

To remove hair from the face, neck, arms, under arms or body, safely, quickly and efficiently, in a manner which will not leave the tendinous skin—a depilatory agent—demands that the preparation be one which embodies scientific and competent compounding by an expert chemist.

DEPILIO destroys the life of hair, it penetrates and attacks that portion below the skin surface which would otherwise remain visible through the transparent outer layer. It is easily applied of the desired strength, and acts quickly and safely.

One size only at $1.00
Sold by all dealers or sent direct prepaid, in plain boxes, with protective wrappers.

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Learn to Dance!

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How to Remove Hair by Washing It Off

Satisfactory formula of absolute sunlight will El-Rado, keep on applying to the unhair until it is seen to become lifeless. This takes but few minutes; then the hair can be removed. After shaving a little talcum the skin will look up clear, smooth, and drowsy, accompanied by a delightful sensation of comfort and cleanliness.

El-Rado is guaranteed harmless, on matter where applied—face, arms or hands. It is sold at drug stores and bids counters in 10c and 1c sizes.

BILGRIM MFG. Co., Dept. N, 112 E. 19th Street, New York
LOCKWOOD ADMIRER— I hardly think any of Harold Lockwood’s pictures will be reissued. He has no relatives on the screen.

Thank you.

PAT OF DETROIT.—Your fault seems to be in that you take disappointment as a discouragement, whereas it should be a stimulant. Perhaps you need a vacation. You were born in Missouri. Mae Murray is not the sister of Charles. Jack Mulhall is not married. Ruth Clifford is still in pictures. Yes, she did marry hybrid. It is being reissued with Marie Dressler, Charlie Chaplin, and Mabel Normand.

Mrs. D.— I am afraid I can’t help you. You write, “Since you are the Answer Man, perhaps you can give me some suggestions as to how to exterminate the gum-chewers at the right of you, gum-chewers at the left of you, gum-chewers behind you, gum-chewers in front of you.” It is the most unkindest cut of all. I am a gum-chewer and if some people chew as others eat soup, my suggestion is that the management supply Maxen silencers.

PLUMENTUS PHILUM.—Hi! Help! Hissicus! You take such careful precautions to emphasize your relationship to the stronger sex, that my suspicions have been aroused and I really believe you to be a boy, young peroxide blonde. Avast! Begone! I am neither giddy, young, peroxide nor blonde. Yes, you can get in touch with Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn Co., Fort Lee, N. Y. She is not an old maid—she would be a bachelor girl, except that she is married to Harold Boles.

NORMAN L.—It was Emerson who said “The first wealth is health.” That is the only wealth I have. Elliott Dexter in “The Thanksgiving Tree” is worth $25 and a quarter for a lifetime. If you, or any of your friends can exhibit any of the precious you are welcome to it. We are going to sell it—send it out at 25 cents a month until $25 has been paid.

WRITE TODAY! Estate of B. E. Haverford Cycle Co. Dept. 292 Philadelphia

FREE! Repair Kit, Tool Case, and Booklet. 5-year guarantee and six months accident insurance. Take advantage now of our offer of the wonderful Black Beauty. Send or wire order to reader direct. Write for catalog.

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Niagara School of Music, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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18 Wonderful Features

The Black Beauty is built to the highest grade of materials by the world’s largest manufacturer of black bicycles, the


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20 LESSONS

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PLAY AS

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WILLIAM WALLACE

WILLIAM WALLACE

WILLIAM WALLACE

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Do a Jazz Music Master at Home—Play the Piano—A Little Lachmite in a World-wide Ring at 10 Cents

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The Little Master

Builder

(Continued from page 112)
Opportunity Knocked—She Answered

All the way from San Antonio, Texas, did this ambitious young girl come to take part in the grand finale of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest. She was unanimously acclaimed a winner by the judges, and her name and face became familiar overnight to every household in the country thru the medium of The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland. She is now as well known in filmland as any star who is backed by years of experience.

Do you think you possess the requisites for the screen? Are you ready to answer the knock of Opportunity? If so, cut out the coupon below, paste it on the back of your favorite photograph and mail it to us.

RULES FOR 1920 CO’ TESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from The Motion Picture Magazine, Classic or Shadowland, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted.

Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed prepaid with sufficient postage to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every one, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

---

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Name
Address
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any
When born
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Hair (color)
Do you want to take part in the Five-Reel Feature Drama?

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.(state)  

Eyes (color)  
Complexion  


The Screen Time-Table
(Continued from page 91)

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
ERIDWARE SUSAN—CD-7.
Constance Binney—Realart.
EVERYWOMAN—ALEGORICAL—6.
All Star—Paramount.
EXCUSE MY DUST—C-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.
FAITH—CD-4.
Peggy Hyland—Fox.
Alice Brady—Realart.
FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS—D-6.
Olive Thomas—Select.
Charl K. Keane—Equity.
Conway Tearle—Equity.
Earle Williams—Vitagraph.
Hobart Henley—John Cumberland.
GIRL NAMED MARY—D-7.
Marjorie Clarke—Paramount.
GREAT NIGHTS OF DEATH—D-9.
Griffith Prod.—All Star.
HAUNTED SPIRITS—F-8.
Harold Lloyd—Rollo-Pathé.
HEART OF A CHILD—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
HEART OF THE HILLS—MD-7.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
HEARTSTINGS—D-7.
William Farnham—Fox.
HER KINGDOM OF DREAMS—D-6.
Alta Stewart—First National.
HIGH SPEED—CD-7.
Edward Earle—Hallmark.
Gladys Hulette—Hallmark.
His Majesty—American—CD-7.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
His Temporar Y WIFE—D-7.
Rudolph De S.—Paramount.
HUCKLEBERRY FINN—CD-8.
Paramount.
HUMORIST—D-8.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
Clarine Scott—American—W. Griffith Prod.
Richard Barthelmess.
IN OLD KENTUCKY—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—D-8.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
ISLE OF CONQUEST—D-8.
Jubilo—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME—D-7.
Jack Pickford—Goldwyn.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
MALE AND FEMALE—D-10.
Swanson and Meighan—DeMille Prod.
MARY ELLEN COMES TO TOWN—CDM-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
MIRACLE MAN—D-9.
Crowson & Meighan—Tucker Prod.
MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
MY LADY'S GARDEN—MD-6.
Sylvia Breamer—Paramount.
OVEN MOORE—SELznick.
PINTO—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.
PLEASE GET MARRIED—F-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.
POPE'S ANNA—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
Naziemova—Metro.
Bert Lytell—Paramount.
RIVER'S END, THE—MD-10.
All Star—Marshall Neilan Prod.
SCARLET DAYS—MD-9.
Barthelness & Seymour—Griffith Prod.
SEIZING IT THROUGH—CD-7.
Zasu Pitts—Robertson-Cole.
George Walsh—Fox.
SHE LOVES AND LIES—C-8.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
SIX BEST CELLARS—C-7.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
Soldiers of Fortune—MD—SP-8.
All Star—Allan Dwan Prod.
Constance Bennett—Realart.
STREET CALLED STRAIGHT—D-5.
Naomi Childers—Basil King—Goldwyn.
Milton Sills—Basil King—Goldwyn.
SHE NEVER SAYS GOODBYE—SP—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
THIRD GENERATION, THE—SD-10.
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
Toby's Bow—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
William S. Hart—Paramount.
TREASURE ISLAND—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Curtiz Prod.
23½ HOURS LEAVE—CD-10.
MacLean & May—Paramount.
TWO WEEKS—C-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
VICTORY—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.
WOMAN OF STONE—SP—MD-8.
Priscilla Dean—Universal.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
WHAT'S YOUR HUSBAND DOING?—C-7.
MacLean & May—Paramount.
WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—C-8.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?—D-11.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.
Viola Dana—Metro.
WOMAN GIVES, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.
Geraldine Farrar—Goldwyn.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.
Bessie Barriscale—Swanson—Robertson-Cole.
YOUNG MISS WINDSOR—SD-8.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
READER CRITIQUE
BEHIND THE DOOR—MD-10.
Hobart Bosworth.
BLOOMING AGENT—C-7.
Madge Kennedy.
DOUBLE SPEED—C-9.
Wallace Reid.
EXCUSE MY DUST—CD-8.
Wallace Reid.
HUMAN DESIRE—D-8.
Anita Stewart.
Griffith Production.
IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge.
What's in a Name?

BUTTONS. Bobby Vernon or Silvion Jardiens—take your pick! The Christie Comedy hero has been called by all three, but, according to his P. A., the first two are aliases.

As a child Silvion had visions of himself as a Booth and spent most of his time outside the stage door or, when the doorkeeper slept, in the wings. His stage career for some time was limited to playing office-boys and little blackened slave lads, all of which wouldn't have given any of the big-timers much cause to worry for their laurels.

But unfortunately—or fortunately—one of the actors met with a mishap which left a vacancy in the cast. And another future plumber or paperhanger was ruined! Silvion Jardiens left the nickname of "Buttons" behind and became an actor and Bobby Vernon at the same time. Even his father admitted, with some reluctance, that Bobby was an actor, so 'tis said.

But alas for Bobby's dramatic aspirations when it was found he could make funny faces! Comedy was proclaimed his forte and he turned his back upon the gems of Shakespeare.

No Booth, however, ever had a more adoring retinue than that which follows the fun-maker about the Christie studios. There are children galore—and many dogs, homeless and otherwise, constantly in his wake. Perhaps that's why Bobby so often appears in the comedies with babies and small children. At any rate, he threatens to strike for more salary, because he needs so many ice-cream cones and lollipops for his support.

And as for the dogs, Al Christie says if two or three weren't following Bobby about the studios he would think Bobby was losing his popularity.

However, as far as the blasted Shakespearian hopes go, Bobby admits he has lots more fun cavorting about the studios than he could ever have delivering the orations of the Stratford-on-Avon genius, literary masterpieces tho they be.

And this ultimate admission of Bobby leads one to believe that he is in reality the flapper youth which he appears on the screen.

Alas for Bobby's "Boothie" aspirations when it was discovered he could make funny faces! Comedy proved his forte and the gems of Shakespeare were left behind.

Above, a new portrait of Bobby Vernon whose retinue is composed of children galore—and many dogs, homeless and otherwise. Center, Bobby ready for a plunge in the Pacific, and below, in a scene with Dorothy De Vere.
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ROSS CHEMICAL CO.
22 East 23d Street
New York

Real Beauty is in the Eyes

“VAMP”

LASHLUX means luxuriant lashes
How washing your face makes rouge and powder harmless

YOU should not blame your skin imperfections on the rouge and powder you may use. Modern cosmetics are usually harmless enough if applied to a clean skin. It is only by leaving them on—one application over another—that the damage is done.

Then they combine with dirt, oil secretions and perspiration in an impervious coat. This clogs and poisons the delicate network of pores and glands we call the skin. Coarse texture and ugly blotches are the result.

Wash your face thoroughly once a day with a pure, mild soap and you needn't fear rouge and powder.

Most actresses know this secret, which keeps their complexions fresh, clear and young in spite of the make-up used. It is really the oldest of beauty secrets, discovered by Cleopatra.

But—it all depends on the soap.

If you say “but soap is too harsh for my skin,” you either haven't found the right soap or have used it the wrong way. This essential cleanliness must be obtained with a mild, soothing cleanser, such as is yours in Palmolive. And the way you use it must be governed by the kind of complexion you have.

For this modern combination of the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used as cleansers it is as bland as a lotion. Its profuse creamy lather leaves the skin soft, supple and smooth.

Yet, while money can't buy a more satisfactory facial soap, the price of Palmolive keeps it within reach of all.

Why isn't Palmolive expensive?

Manufactured in small quantities it would be. Palm and olive oils are costly and come from overseas.

Enormous production and factories working night and day—ingredients ordered in gigantic volume—is what reduces production cost.

Thus we are able to keep the price of Palmolive to a very moderate sum—no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

You can therefore afford to use Palmolive for every toilet purpose. Keep it on the washstand for the sake of smooth white hands. Use it for bathing—it is the luxury bath soap. Sold everywhere by leading dealers.

Made by
The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U.S.A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Palmolive

Two kinds of faces to wash

For an oily skin

For a dry skin

When the skin is inclined to oiliness wash thoroughly with Palmolive. Use warm water for the actual cleansing, rinse with cold. Apply a little Palmolive cold cream, removing all surplus.

If the skin is dry apply Palmolive cold cream first. Then wash thoroughly with Palmolive soap, using warm water followed with cold. This supplements the natural oil needed to keep the skin smooth and supple. An additional touch of cream may also be applied after washing.