A Few Uses of Rit

Baby Clothes  House Dresses  Ribbons
Blouses  Lace all kinds  Serges
Romper Caps  Lingerie  Silk Vests
Camisoles  Men’s Shirts  Smocks
Children’s Dresses  Men’s Socks  Sport Shirts
Children’s Stockings  Negligees  Stockings
Collar and Cuff Sets  Night Gowns  Sweaters
Drapes  Pajamas  Tea Gowns
Dressing Gowns  Petticoats  Veils
Dresses  Pillow Tops  Waists

No matter where you may go, color in all its youthful attractiveness will be the dominant feature of every woman’s dress.

Even the kiddies will sally forth in soft pinks, dainty blues, rich yellows and ravishing rose hues.

Veil, blouse, skirt, stockings, lingerie; and for the children—dresses, socks, undies, ribbons—all may be washed in perfect color accord by the simple use of Rit. It answers conveniently and easily the season’s color demands.

Sometimes it is a choice bit of finery grown precious through long association—just wash it with Rit and renew its loveliness and usefulness. Again it is a waist or a pair of gloves or a dressing gown that needs the smartness of correct color. Then it is that Rit works the wondrous change. No staining of hands or washbowl. No dinginess or streakiness, but results that are ever soft, permanent and in true keeping with the season’s demand.

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Black  Tangerine  Light Blue
Pink  Canary Yellow  Dark Blue
Rose  Golden Yellow  Orange
Old Rose  Light Grey  Tan
Salmon Pink  Lilac  Brown
Red  Taupe  Light Green
Yellow  Mustard  Battleship Gray
Flesh  Lavender  Emerald Green

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"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

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WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

"EVERY WOMAN"
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With All Star Cast

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of the evening calls you out.
Whither away? To the theatre
that is showing a Paramount Picture,
of course.
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There's where the flame of romance
burns bright.
There's where the dusk is a thrill
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sails in view.
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only pick them right,
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Paramount Pictures
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Motion Picture Magazine
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Vol. XX   AUGUST, 1920   No. 7

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter.
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Subscription—$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba and Mexico; 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.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newdealers.

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc.,
A New York Corporation.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
F. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary

Principal place of business, 175 Duffield street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Also Publishers of the Motion Picture Classic, out on the fifteenth of each month, and Saturday, out on the twenty-third.

Address all communications to
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

CONTENTS

Gallery of Players.................................................19
Editorial..........................................................29
As Others See Him...............................................30
Thomas Meighan and his ideas.

Alice, the Efficient.............................................32
A chat with Alice Brady behind the scenes.

Stellar Sisters..................................................34
She Would and She Did.........................................35
An interview with Grace Davison.

The Perfect Woman..............................................37
The Marriage of the Muses.....................................42
Jerome Lichtenbruch

Romance and Helene Chadwick.................................44
Doris Lee

Ninth Honor Roll Galaxy of Beauty............................46

The Luck of Monroe Salisbury...................................48

Virginia Vacations..............................................50

Dreams Come True...............................................51

Another Star Comes to the Cinema Firmament...............52

The Flavor of Fame..............................................54
As manifested by Doris Keane of "Romance" fame.

Guilty of Love..................................................56
Youth Speaking..................................................58
Gracie Lamb

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.........................62
New photographs of Mary and Doug at Beverly Hills.

Every Inch an Actor............................................64

Midsummer Love..................................................66

A Soldier of Fortune............................................67
Audie S. Croghan

Madame X.......................................................68
NORMAN KERRY

A Crusader Against Provincialism.............................73

Helen Herself....................................................75

Across the Silversheet.........................................76
Adele Whately Fletcher

Doth Thee Like Quakeresses?....................................78
Richard Willis

True Facts About Censorship....................................80
Ellen D. Taitleau

Our Animated Monthly of News and Views.....................82
Truman B. Handy

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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 as homes of the rich and poor!

And what better service can the purpose of decoration for the homes of those picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become our world's famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the JANIS 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 $1.50 each, $2.50 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.

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LIST OF SUBJECTS

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<th>Mary Pickford</th>
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<td>Marjorie Clark</td>
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<td>Douglas Fairbanks</td>
<td>Francis X. Bushman</td>
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<td>Charles Ray</td>
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<td>Norma Talmadge</td>
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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

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

By "JUNIUS"

Astor.—'Tay Bainter in "Fast Is West." The story of a quaint 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.

Relaxed. "The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric, George Scarborough and David Barlow. A highly colorful melodrama with the vivid Miss Ulric. One of the big hits of the season.


Casino.—"Pretty. Be Good." Lively summer musical show with a tuneful score by Hugo Riesenfeld based on the famous French play and directed by the Rivoli, Rialto and Criterion screen theaters. Josephine Whittell is the life of the show. Captured French tuneful scores and Worthington Romaine makes his role stand out.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bennett and Sam Bernard in a delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sires of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effect and aid.

Century.—"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous sextet. Here is a revival that really revives.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see and you see not an exact copy of 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" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McOwen is a brilliant Lincoln.

Copley.—"My Lady Friends." 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 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.

Eltinge.—"Martinitique." A colorful romantic tragedy of the French West Indies, revolving around the exotic belles africaines—mulatto belles—of a certain part of the colony, the women personified by E. R. Hearn. The cast includes Josephine Victor, Vincent Coleman, Arthur Hohl and Emmett Corrigan.

Forty-Eighth Street. —"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely North West with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacFarland is a perfect example of the piquant French-Canadian heroine.


Greenwich Village. —"Foot-Loose." With Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Akin's well-done modern
Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned hero turned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glen Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Little Theater.—"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. This powerful drama produced at the Theatre 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 exquisitely intelligent written and put together, too.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfield 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Mlle. Spinelly, a Paris sensation, now in the vault of the two revues. Mary Hay stands out as the entertainers include Fanny Brice, Carl Randall and W. C. Fields.

Nora Bayes Theater.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesqueness of Six. Based upon Catherine Chisholm, Cushing's "Kitty Mackay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hosen contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing." A human play built around a poverty-stricken but blue-blooded English family into which Jeanne Eagles comes as a wealthy heiress and wife of the eldest son. Pleasantly conventional.

Thirty-Ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Frances Farmer and Charles Cherry have the leading roles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1918." A typical vaudeville in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly the inimitable "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

ON TOUR

"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

"The Ouija Board."—Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a lake house, solve a murder mystery and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Clio Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

(Continued on page 12)
The Chink and the Child

By MARY HUMPHREYS

The story of the D. W. Griffith production, "Broken Blossoms," in verse

When the London daylight dying,
Wraps the wharves in pallid light,
Then, hark to a murmur sighing
Thru the swirling mists of the night
On the sorrowful wind it hovers
And whispers of bygone years,
A story of love and lovers,
A tale of tears.

Then the Chinese poet in anguish
Waits the drooping lily-white child,
His sad eyes burn and languish,
His heart with love is wild
For the fragrant, black-bruised bosom,
For the face grown old with fears,
White as the white moon blossom,
And stained with tears.

She knows not that his glances
Pursue her stumbling feet,
Nor that her hair entrances
As with the opium sweet;
Her way has ever drifted
No hand has yet been lifted
To dry her tears.

He stands aghast and broken
At sordid life's decrees,
Nor may his love be spoken
In lyric melodies;
He asks but for dream caresses,
To swoon when her footstep nears,
To drink of the light of her tresses,
To drink her tears.

Thru lanterns swinging lightly,
Cheng Huan is floating home;
Dark the night is now, but wildly
Glistening as the white sea foam.
On his threshold—what is gleaming?
She! His heart in frenzy rears!
It is she—her face is streaming
With blood and tears.

Gently, so gently, he raises
The broken flower to his breast,
She clings with soft embraces,
He cradles her in a nest
Of love that stills her fears,
Her breath with his is blended,
He dries her tears.

With hands that shake and blunder,
With madness of rapture born
He rends rich veils asunder
Her white limbs to adorn;
Folded in blue and amber,
A robe of the olden years,
She breathes of his perfumed chamber,
Forgets her tears.

And all night long he watches,
And all night long he dreams;
To crown her hair he catches
The moon's celestial beams;
He pours impasioned numbers
In sweet unbecoming ears,
For all night long she slumbers
Away her tears.

O fountain of rainbow splendor!
O star of the golden dawn!
O humming bird, gay and tender!
More pure than the breast of the fawn
Are thy albaster bosoms!
O gem that thy lover wears!
O whitest of white plumb blossoms,
Bedewed with tears!

But now the dawn is grey, love,
And now the dawn is red,
The flowers of yesterday, love,
Have all their fragrance shed.
I seek fresh wreaths ere the cruel
Bright sun in his strength appears,
That the dew may flanit its jewel
To match your tears.

He brings the blossoms of amber,
With haste his footsteps burn—
Return not, O poet, to that chamber!
Oh, never more return!
Thy love no more hereafter
Shall count the fleeting years,
Her eyes are dead to laughter,
Are dead to tears.

He crushes the cold white body;
His frenzied kisses rain
On the piteous wounds and the bloody
Long stripes where the whip has lain,
And prostrate he whispers his passion
In sweet unbecoming ears,
Lo! Death in his grim blind fashion
Has dried her tears.

Then fare thee well, Sweet Blossom,
He swings the dagger high,
O welcome me to thy bosom,
And then—a long good-bye...
Above them inscrutable Buddha
Smiles at all human fears,
And the waxen candles splutter
And drop their tears.

When the London night is falling,
And the docks grow dim and grey,
Then, hark to a voice calling
Out of the river's spray;
On the sorrowful wind it hovers
And whispers of bygone years,
This story of love and lovers,
This tale of tears.
The 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest

THE LAST ROLL-CALL FOR SUCCESS

This is the last notice you will receive from the Motion Picture Magazine to submit your photograph for the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest being held under the auspices of the world's three largest motion picture publications—The Motion Picture Magazine, Classic, and Shadowland.

The Grand Finale of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest is drawing near, and only photographs mailed up to and including the date of August 1st, 1920, will be eligible.

If you have any screen ambition, if you desire an opportunity for screen success, send in your photograph at once, without further delay.

Remember That to the Victor Belong the Spoils!

For the purpose of giving the contest winners and final honor roll members a fair and immediate opportunity to prove their histrionic ability for screen work, we are going to produce a strong five-reel feature entitled "LOVE'S REDEMPTION." The cast includes Edwin Markham, the famous poet, and Hudson Maxim, the great inventor. Also Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, two of the winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, Dorian Romero, Edward Chalmers, Erminie Gagnon, William Castro, Seymour Panish, Alfred Rigali, The Schwinn Twins, Mrs. F. Mayer, Titus Cello, Clarence W. Linton, Lynne Berry, Dorothy Taylor, Arthur Tuthill, Joseph F. Murtaugh, Wm. R. Talmadge and Ruth Higgins.

Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster estate at Roslyn, L., and the taking will be continued well into September.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted, 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 one, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

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Writers—Have you a son, poem, story, or manuscript to sell? Submit MSS., now. Music Sales Co., 42 St., Louis.

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Write the Words For A Song—We write the music, publish, and secure a copyright on your subject. Send poems on patriotism, love or any other subject. Chester Music Co., Dept. 255, 928 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which will be sent 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, having made his living writing, is it not? Can it be possible there are thousands of people yearning to write, who really can 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 Missed Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day his wife has

ten thousand feet above the earth and 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, magazine and newspaper writers — they are coming, 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, now doing more clerical work, in offices, keeping books, riding driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barbers' chairs, following the plow, or teaching in the public schools. And in every city, town and hamlet at present in the United States, you will find a new profession — a new industry—writers. And all the time you can buy the very tools of the trade for 50 cents at any stationery store. Writers are born, said a wise man, but they have to be made. They have to be trained. And that's what the "Wonder Book for Writers" is. It lays the groundwork, tells how to start. It tells the writer what he should write, how to write it, what to look for, what to expect from his labors, and how to dispose of his work. It is the key to the writing business. It opens the door to the lucrative profession of writing. And it is all for the asking. Absolutely FREE.

This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. 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 enchantment that has come into your life—story and play writing. The lure of it, the beauty of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have the 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 BOOK WILL TELL YOU.

So why waste any more time wondering, dreaming, waiting? Simply fill out the coupon below— you're not BUYING anything, you're getting ABSOLUTELY FREE. A book that may pro 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 step to-night. Who knows—it may mean for you the wealth of a New To-morrow! Just address The Authors' Press, Dept. 148, Auburn, New York.
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 completed and he returned 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 n “Open Door” Booklet

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 7)

“My Golden Girl”—A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

“Shamrocks”—A pleasant ludeic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln’s familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

“Mamma’s Affair.”—Rachel Butler’s admirably written comedy— a study of that deadly human specie, the hypochondriac who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Ida St. Leou scores and important members of the cast are: Elie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Katherine Kael red and George Le Guerre.

“The Little Whopper.”—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Jules Franklin pleasanty heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Fer-

“Wedding Bells.”—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Ad-

“Girl in the Limousine.”—A decid-

“Nightie Night.”—Described by the pro-

“The Magic Melody.”—A “romantic m-

Lively entertain-

E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, in Shakesperean repertoire. These artists represent the best traditions of our thea-

Loew’s N. Y. and Loew’s American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily pro-

Loew’s Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Fea-

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a de-

Rivoli.—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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LITERARY ARTS AND CRAFTS

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
She smiled trustfully, and his desire for vengeance died.

Lionel Barrymore
Now a
First National Star
He is presented by Whitman Bennett in his personally supervised production and one of the most thrilling and powerful dramas ever screened.

"The Master Mind"
From the play by Daniel G. Carter
Directed by Kenneth Webb
The strange and mysterious story of a man who possessed psychic powers and could bend men and women to his will. Ruthless, terrible in his cunning, he spends years building up a plot for revenge, and with vengeance in his grasp, he is moved to sudden pity by the wistful and trustful smile of a girl. How you will thrill to this picture!

Watch for it!

A First National Attraction
Here’s cooling refreshment in their fragile strips and in the creamy goodness that lies between. Light as evening zephyr, they impart an added deliciousness to beverage, ice, fruit, or sherbet, and simplify the art of entertaining.

Letters to the Editor

With the majority of the men in the audience ex-doughboys or at least familiar with the doughboy garb, lack of detail may spoil the entire results of a picture. Here is a reader who protests against the lack of regulation uniform worn by Charles Ray in “Paris Green”.

Dear Editor—I had just settled down, intent on absorbing the April-May issue of the Motion Picture Magazine, when I ran across the last picture starring Charles Ray—“Paris Green.”

I do enjoy good pictures and I do pass the good word along when I see a Charles Ray picture, but why let another good man go wrong in that gesture of C. R. wears in the picture “Paris Green”? It’s all wrong.

Why didn’t they call in some doughboy who was over there, and who had a chance to get acquainted with hobnails and all the rest of the things. He would surely have been able to make some wise while corrections which would have made things more soothing to the nerves of the observers who were also “over there” and had the opportunity of getting into a pair of hobnails and under a pack.

Respectfully,

A Three Stripper—3rd Corps.
San Francisco.

Characters in cinema stories have always been particularly efficient in bridging all sorts of difficult gaps; have always been able to adapt themselves to circumstances with very little difficulty. Recently, however, these flaws in the story have become less and less. Nevertheless, there is a reader from an Australian reader who protests against the lark of regulation uniform.

Dear Editor—To the average person, it would seem incredible that a country girl, living on a farm, and “dreaming of the world beyond,” should be able to take a place as stenographer in a large bank and become private secretary and adviser (in three months) to the head of the firm and, at the same time, who was an elderly banker born and bred in the business. Yet we are to believe this and many other strange things in “Her Kingdom of Dreams.”

That the photoplay was interesting, there is no doubt. Also it was beautifully produced and acted, but it did seem a pity to have such a wonderful cast just to “come and go” much as a maikin parade might do. For instance, Spottiswoode Aitken is represented as Anita Stewart’s father, but after she leaves the farm he drops out of the scenery altogether. We are not even informed what happens to him. The next is Thomas Hold as James Warren, Jr., who dies before the story really starts. Then Tully Marshall—is it not a pity these splendid and worthwhile players should be cast for such small parts? Every player made his or her character very real, but the play was not convincing, and we all hope Miss Stewart will give us more plausible stories in the future, as “Her Kingdom of Dreams.”

Dear Editor—Was not quite what it should have been.

On the same program was Sessue Hayakawa in “His Debt.” In Australia we all greatly admire Mr. Hayakawa as he is not only a thorox artist, but also unique as Mary Pickford, Griffith, Chaplin, Nazimova and a few others are unique.

I take exception to some who think that
DR. LAWTON'S Guaranteed
FAT REDUCER
will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The fat-burner (not endorser to reduce weight) is the only formula between low and the Lawton Method
that actually and completely reduces fat.

Easy to digest. With that required exercise, slightly modified plan
and only rule of fat loss being: appearance of general health, plus further.

Andy fooded dieting. It is remarkable that only rules of fat loss are: appearance of general health, plus.

Bodily weight reduced from 213 to
192 pounds. The reduction and genuine method have been this time not with a great
number of fat people turning on. States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of
unhealthy disturbing fatty tissue without discomfort. Any thin man or woman can obtain those results whether

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Remember it is guaranteed. Offer limited, 10-14 daily.

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New York

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Practically no work, taking you in
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OF PHOTOGRAPHY
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Day or night classes. 2 months' course includes:
Instruction in Camera, Film, Photography, darkroom.
Includes take, Enlarging, developing, printing, and
Photography. Length of time, 2 months.
KICKERBOS obstacle 397+3170. N.Y.C.

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like to know if you are adapted to this work?
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or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting.
A novel, interesting and valuable work. Send
dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated book. Movie Acting included FREE!

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PURITY CROSS
FOR SUMMERING
Made of 5 Deviled Ham & Deэviled Ham with
Chopped Olives & Boned Chicken & Chicken
Creams a la Kings & Welsh Rabbit & Ox Tongue, etc.

Handy Side of Quality Sauces
Aside from its deliciousness, each Purity
Cream is a valuable economy
in terms of not trimmed meat.
Made by a Master Chef in a Model Kitchen

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You Can Be Beautiful Too

A perfect look is the dream

of every woman. No, oоr
feminine charm is as much

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On the subject of

Dr. Lawton's

fat reducer

will show reduction
taking place in 11 days
or money refunded.
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>
<tr>
<th>Percentage of water</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>In Quaker Oats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In round steak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In veal cutlets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In fish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In hen's eggs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In oysters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In tomatoes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In potatoes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The cost of your breakfasts

Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cost per serving</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dish of Quaker Oats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serving of meat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serving of fish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb chop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two eggs</td>
</tr>
</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.

Young folks need it as food for growth—older folks for vim-food.

Yet it costs only one cent per dish.

Serve the coattier foods at other meals. Start the day on this one cent dish of the greatest food that grows.

And while on the subject of superlatives, have you noticed that practically every serial now being produced is advertised as "the greatest serial ever produced"?

And before I close, I would like to know, Mr. Editor, why the following incident happens so many times. The heroine is pouring coffee and sees the hero for the first time. She forgets what she is doing, and allows the coffee to run over the cup and fall on the table. I may not have made this very clear, but I think you will understand what I mean. The latest case of this back-eyed incident, to the best of my knowledge, occurs in "The Hushed Hour," where Mary Anderson and Milton Stills look into one another's eyes and Mary spills the coffee.

Yours truly, A Constant Reader.

It has been said—and very truly—that it is differences of opinion which tend to make everything—of every nature—more interesting.

In answer to a letter recently published in this department anent screen heroines wearing hair-ribbons even long after their hair should be pinned to the top of their head, the letter below is written.

Too, it is interesting to know that Bill Hart did not err in everyone's eyes by his characterization in "John Petticoats," in which he portrays the native of the Middlewest who wears queer clothes and becomes terrified at the sight of an elevator upon his arrival in the Big City:

DEAR EDITOR—I am an old and ardent reader of both the Magazine and Classic, and almost always read "Letters to the Editor" first.

In the March issue I read a letter of Miss Avery Wingate, criticising Constance Talmadge for wearing a hair-ribbon in a recent picture, "Who Cares?" Miss Wingate writes that she is seventeen and has not worn a ribbon for several years. I am eighteen, exceeding Miss Wingate by a year, and yet very yet wear a ribbon to school sometimes, as do a number of my friends, and as yet no one has remarked that we looked freaky.

In the same magazine, in "Across the Silversheet," William S. Hart is criticised for his apparent timidity of the city in "John Petticoats," in which the writer says she has just visited the Northwest, and, to her knowledge, not even the most uncouth person there would be afraid of an elevator.

I always enjoy this department, but unfortunately I have always lived in the Northwest, and, although all of us are not that way, there are some who act quite as badly, if not worse, than Mr. Hart, and who dress equally as queerly. One old farmer I know, traded his daughter to a man for a fine cow. I think, too, that if the reviewer would see the picture again she would see that its geographical background was not set so much in the Northwest as in central Canada, and this makes a radical difference.

Before closing let me give three cheers for the Motion Picture Magazine. Its only fault is that it never lasts long enough.

Success to it always. Sincerely, STANLEY CLOSE.

No. 1218 Madelia St., Spokane, Washington.

Quaker Oats

World-famed for its flavor

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

THE MARCH OF VICTORY

1918

386
Be a kid again!

Fill your pockets with doughnuts—whistle for your dog—and beat it over the back-yard fence with Edgar.

Don’t miss Booth Tarkington’s new Motion Picture series.

Were you ever twelve years old? Did you ever hate your brother, de-spize your father and wish your teacher would be scalped by Indians?

The funniest, loneliest little boy in the world is the twelve year Edgar. Loved by everyone but understood by no one. Alone with his dog he faces an unfriendly world.

Edgar didn’t really mean to be bad, but of course he’d get in wrong when Freddie was teacher’s pet. And Alice the golden haired who made his heart go pit-a-pat only stuck out her tongue—

Booth Tarkington knows the American boy as no author who has ever lived.

And Goldwyn has made this picture just as Booth Tarkington planned it. No printed story could make boyhood so real. Only on the screen can you read a boy’s soul. His fantastic notions—his dreams—his ambitions are right before your eyes—

Go and take the whole family. Let the youngsters see you can laugh as hard as they! Don’t miss a single one of Goldwyn’s new Booth Tarkington “Edgar” pictures.

GOLDWYN MOTION PICTURES
A sweater for every frock
—now that you can wash them yourself

"I do believe that's another sweater, Betty! You have more sweaters than any other three girls I know.""I do believe that's another sweater, Betty! You have more sweaters than any other three girls I know."

"Well, as a matter of fact, my dear, it isn't a new one—it's just washed."

"That fuzzy, woolly sweater washed? I simply don't believe it!"

"Of course it's washed, goosey. In Lux suds just the same as your blouses. It does look new, doesn't it?"

Lux whisks into the most wonderful suds. You just swish your sweater around in them and squeeze the rich lather again and again through the soiled spots. There's not the least bit of rubbing.

Rubbing hard cake soap on wool is simply fatal, you know. Either you get the tiny fibres all mixed up and matted, or else you pull them so far apart they never can go back. And of course when you scrub the soap out again, you're scrubbing the pretty colors out, too!

The Lux way is so different. It's so careful and so gentle with the delicate wool fibres. You can trust the brightest Shetland, the fuzziest Angora to these pure suds.

Your newest gay golf sweater with its short sleeves and big checked scarf that tucks through the belt and floats away—don't let it grow loose and baggy, nor get ridiculously small and tight. Launder it the Lux way. It will come out soft and shapely, fit just as perfectly as the day you bought it.

Lux is so easy to use, so wonderfully quick. And it can't possibly hurt any fabric or color that can be trusted to water alone. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

HOW TO WASH SWEATERS
Use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water and then add cool water until lukewarm. Work your sweater up and down in the sud—to do not rub. Squeeze the suds again and again through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze the water out—do not wring. Spread on a towel to dry in the shade.
KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

In her last picture with "Doug," "When the Clouds Roll By," Kathleen forsook the dapper male attire and wore feminine frills—the well-cut suit, regulation hat and swinging cane were conspicuous by their absence. And here's hoping Kathleen will return to them only now and then.
Perhaps shadowland knows no greater or more efficient contributor of thrills than Ruth. However, the dangerous feats and hair-breadth escapes are all a part of the day's work and, in reality, she is "even as you and I."
CLEO MADISON

The silver sheet will again reflect the image of Cleo who is returning to the films after months of work behind the footlights and a period of rest. But even tho her first work was done on the stage, Cleo found herself hankering for the Kleig lights again and she has come back.
Everybody knows someone who is just like Helen Eddy; she's like a girl you used to know at school or the chum who lives down the street—yet she shines forth with a distinct individuality and every new picture in which she appears finds her adding laurels to her name.
BETTY COMPSON

Not so long ago Betty was one of the screen’s farceurs and today after scoring a great triumph in “The Miracle Man,” we find her quite the cinematic vogue—and, by the same token, heading her own company, with her first picture soon to be released.
SHIRLEY MASON

To Shirley fell the honor of bringing one of the most beloved characters of American literature to life—in "Treasure Island," she endows the adventuresome "Jim Hawkins" with a delicate whimsy. Now, however, she is an honest-to-goodness star, shining under the Fox banner.
Is your skin exceptionally sensitive?

Is your skin especially hard to take care of? Wind, dust, exposure; do they constantly irritate and roughen its delicate texture?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. Every night use the following treatment:

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse first with warm, then with clear cool water and dry carefully.

Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in the famous booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. 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, and for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week."
A beautiful little set of the Woodbury facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's facial preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first the little booklet, "A 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; and samples of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream, Facial Powder and Cold Cream.

Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1308 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1368 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

A booklet of the most famous skin treatments ever formulated
You will find complete treatments for all the commoner skin troubles, as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
The Psychology of Sound

Motion picture palaces are primarily meant for relaxation, for pleasure. Consequently, most of us enter a picture show in a receptive mood.

Our minds are not set in any one channel. We are not mentally prepared to breast the waves of passion, fear, hatred, laughter, love, sorrow, or gladness.

We take our place in the darkened theater.

Someone coughs.

Another similar sound comes from a far corner... another and another, until it seems to the careful observer that the whole audience is suddenly stricken with influenza.

Such is the psychology of sound, or carried one step further, of suggestion.

Should the organ play "Home Sweet Home" in these days of advanced rentals, sniffles—nay downright weeping—might be the sound suggested to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand people.

But not only in the theater is this sheep-like psychology noticeable; it is daily apparent in the lives of all of us. We follow the leader just as faithfully as any herd of animals. We think as our neighbors think; we do as our friends do. Because everyone else is extravagant, we are extravagant. We have no individuality, we live in a rut-like age.

And this very age is the golden mine of opportunity for those who will break away from this psychology of sound, from this sheep-like attitude and allow their inventive faculties full sway.

Assert your individuality.

Prove your power.

Today is the day to begin saving your high wages, contrary to all the laws of the crowd.

Today is the day to stop coughing and get to work, to discontinue growling with the mob about civic conditions and get busy and invent better ones.

Opportunity is ripe for the plucking by the man who can tear himself away from habit.

How many of you can resist the psychology of sound?
As Others See Him

gusto. One could not conceive of Thomas Meighan seriously complaining about his morning coffee or the three minutes of his egg. He is invincibly good-humored, I believe. Ten peaceful years of married life ought to be some testimonial to my hazard.

He was about to depart for Cuba two days after my talk with him and was working at top speed to finish his new picture, or the scenes laid here, in which he was, once again, taking the rôle of butler.

"When my fans go back on me," he said, "I can still battle efficiently, world without end, amen."

There is always a great deal to talk about with Thomas Meighan. He and the world move apace. He is one of the persons to whom all other persons are interesting, in some measure worth while, and all other things.

He is essentially a human being, too, in no wise dictatorial.

He is neither radical nor reactionary, but a nice admixture of the two.

He is as good a listener as he is a conversationalist. He feels that he has more to learn than to impart.

We ranged, rapidly, over a variety of subjects, catholic in topic and taste . . . Leonard Merrick's books for picture purposes; jealous wives; directors and their place in the scheme of things; what is required of an artist, etc., etc., ad finitum.

As to Mr. Merrick's books, I was pleased to learn that Mr. Meighan's next picture is to be "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." Ever since my first dip into those whimsical, delightful pages I had thought of it for the screen.

"I don't quite see myself as Conrad, tho," mused Thomas; "I always thought of Conrad as a sort of ultra type, the ultra type of Englishman. You know the kind. Bored to death with everything and everybody. About at the end of his rope, and turning to an attempted revivial of his youth as a sort of desperate last chance. Don't see myself doing that sort of thing."

"There would be something ingenious, I think," he said, "in a man, however far at the end of his rope, who would turn to that particular form of last chance."
By
GLADYS HALL

Only some one of simplicity and naivete and perpetual boyishness could do that.

"I suppose that's true. And there's another angle. I am very much against obvious casting. I mean to say, I think it's absurd to think that a villain must, necessarily, have fierce mustachios and a wicked eye. Or a hero the look of a Madonna and six feet in height. Human nature doesn't go that way. We will have taken a real step in humanizing the art when that becomes accepted."

I wondered, aloud, whether he thought it necessary for an artist to be a man, or a woman, or a man, of wide personal experience, or whether they are just "born that way."

"I don't believe it's experience that's necessary," he said; "it's observation.

"A man doesn't have to be a murderer to do a murder scene realistically. He doesn't have to be a thief to commit theft with conviction. He doesn't have to be a confirmed Lothario to portray a debonair heart-breaker. But he does have to be an observer. He has to have percep-

"A man doesn't have to be a murderer to do a murder scene realistically," said Thomas Meighen, "but he does have to be an observer. He has to have perceptions. He has to play on perception with imagination. He has to mix in and have contacts."

"That's an interesting view-point," I observed.

I asked him what he thought of the infrequently advanced theory that the director is superfluous in the case of a great artist. He was scornful.

"That is absurd," he said; "a director, like a play, is the thing. No man can see himself as another can see him. To work without a director, supposing such a thing to be even probable, would consume endless time in retaking, endless film."

(Continued on page 106)
Alice the Efficient

The are two kinds of people in this world—those not burdened with things to do who are always rushed at the last minute, never doing the little they have to do on time, and those with more to do than seems physically possible, who never seem so busy that they haven't time for just one thing more. It is to the latter class—the class efficient—that Alice Brady belongs.

Of course, she is efficient—otherwise her crowded life would not be such a well-ordered affair. And since the very beginning, when she sought a public life in spite of Papa Brady's opposition, she has never ceased, not for the slightest second, to ably prove her efficiency, not in a manner aggressive, rather in a wistful way, doing anything which she has decided to do with a quiet deliberateness.

Now, a tea-table, with soft lights, perfumed air and soft music, at just the hour when the hurrying throng stop for tea and waffles—all this is conducive to a good interview. Back-stage, with the hurrying attendants and its general and ever-present chaos, is certainly not conducive to such. The word back-stage has a strangely alluring sound; in fact, it really is alluring—that is, until you attempt to write the interview. It then becomes a Waterloo.

Neither is a studio interview greatly to be desired, and one or the other it simply had to be, with Alice still playing in her great stage success, "Forever After," and making eight Realart productions a year at the same time. In between times, as it were—when there are in between times, of course—she finds it both wise and expedient to have fittings for the beautiful things
she delights in wearing or to pose for new photographs.

Arriving at the theater before the matinee was quite over, I stood in the wings and watched her—her voice vibrated with tense and deep emotions, and all thru the great darkened house before her came the most audible sniffles. Alice had her audience—and having been of her audience not so very long ago and having been guilty of sniffing—quite audibly, I fear—I found sympathy in my heart for those vainly seeking their elusive handkerchiefs. Alice was pulling at their heart-strings—yea, quite tugging at them— even as she had at mine.

The final curtain rang down, the orchestra struck up the exit march, and Alice, comrade fashion, dressed in the Red Cross nurse's costume, her arm linked in the arm of her leading-man-husband, came off-stage.

In her dressing-room, she shed the nurse's uniform for a resplendent burnt-orange kimono while she prepared to take off her make-up, preparatory to dressing for dinner with Mr. Crane, whose dressing-room adjoined. To talk with her and laugh with her—for to talk with her is to laugh with her, Alice seeing very clearly the funny side of things and still rather...
Stellar Sisters

Of course we really don't know, but we hazard a guess that Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are the same as all other sisters the world over, borrowing one another's clothes and doing all sorts of sisterly things.

Viola marvels over Sister Shirley's muscle and learns that it was acquired scaling rope ladders as Jim Hawkins in "Treasure Island." Of course, that was before she signed her contract with Fox.
She Would and She Did
By LILLIAN MONTANYE

ONCE upon a time—this is not fairy tale stuff, altho it may sound like it—there was born on Long Island, somewhere in the belt of wealth and aristocracy, a baby girl who grew to young womanhood after the approved fashion of other young girls of wealth and social standing. She was proficient in music, languages, dancing; she excelled in swimming, tennis, skating, horseback riding; nothing in the way of outdoor sports was too daring or too strenuous for this type of young American womanhood. But, altho she had, seemingly, everything, she was not quite satisfied.

Grace Davison, the heroine of this story, was too sane and well-poised to cry for the moon, neither did she sigh for the goose that laid the golden eggs. What she wanted was a career. A movie career—nothing more or less.

All thru her young girlhood she had loved pictures, A movie meant more to her than a matinee in one of New York's theaters. Young as she was, she saw the possibilities of pictures and, with underlying purpose, studied them from every angle. When she finally announced to her family that she meant, if possible, to get into the movies, their astonishment can be imagined but not described. There were many family councils, many arguments, many bribes were offered, but Grace Davison was the daughter of an indulgent American father, and, as is usually the case, she had her own way. Not only that, she was given a certain amount of cash, to “squander,” as her father firmly believed, in the movie business.
from her list, one by one, and finally choosing, fortunately for her, she believes, John Stahl.

"Wives of Men" was chosen for her first production. Then came the selection of the cast. Not for a moment did Miss Davison consider starring herself. She was far too level-headed. "Whoever heard of Grace Davison!" she said. Some day they would, she determined, but she would attempt no more than a minor rôle until she had gained some experience. Besides, there was the business end—she must master that.

The picture was produced with Florence Reed in the starring rôle; and here is the end that is also the beginning of a story that sounds like a fairy tale. Not only did Miss Davison play her rôle with natural ease and skill, with the help of her director she mastered the detail and technique of production with astonishing rapidity. With the help of her camera-man, who was, she says, an artist in his profession, she helped to cut and assemble the film—and sold the picture to such advantage that she was able to finance her second picture.

"Father has not yet recovered from the shock," she says.

"Atonement," in which Miss Davison co-starred with Conway Tearle, was her second venture and proved as successful as the first, and recently, with Montagu Love and Stuart Holmes, she has completed her third production, a picture version of Lord Byron's poem, "The Convert of Revenge."

I talked to Grace Davison in her office in the early twilight of a winter afternoon—high above the ceaseless roar of restless, seething Manhattan—its beauty, its ugliness, its lure. She had finished her day's work at the studio and was consulting her wrist-watch now and then, as commuters do, for she must make the 5:22 or be late for dinner. A small niece, who was in town for the day, bobbed in and out the door, adding atmosphere to (Continued on page 102)
The Perfect Woman

By
GRACE LAMB

Jim Stanhope's young life, from the cradle to his majority, resembled nothing so exactly as a world of iridescent soap-bubbles, exploding, vanishing, one by one. Mostly a feminine hand did the exploding. There was the fat, blonde miss of three who wore the perky bonnets. She used to kiss him...then steal his cherished lollypop...and run away. How stickily he had sobbed over that, over her! There was the slender-limbed flapper of fourteen with the freckled nose and the long hair that blew across his face. He had bought her sodas and pop-corn and she had told the boy next door that he was an "E.Z. Mark." She had, in sooth, compared him to a cartoon, Vulgarian! There was the svelte Polline from the "Twentieth Century Mollies"...she had "busted" his heart, his pocketbook, his last, last soap-bubble—and married a millionaire with the gout.

At twenty-one Jim Stanhope was a woman-hater, a misanthrope, a (this he told himself, rather fondly) thoroughly embittered and disillusioned man.

When, therefore, he became junior partner in a huge shipyard, he employed a character reader in the taking on of his feminine employees. "I've been fooled...and fooled," he said; "I wouldn't trust myself. A curl'd do the trick to me." Poor, pretty, "busted" bubbles!

Another young life was Mary Blake's. Hers began without any bubbles whatsoever. She had never heard of bubbles. There were too many exigencies in life. There was food. There was heat. There was the necessity of sufficient apparel. There was one means to an end. The means was Man. Mary Blake learnt that lesson quite, quite early. Unromantically as well as unsubstantially enough, she learnt it from a peanut vender on the corner of the exceedingly dirty street she called her home. It came to her almost abruptly that all she had to do was wink a wicked eye and kick up her small, smart heels and she would have two gingham pockets filled with peanuts. Later on, there was the boy in the penny candy store. She had to give him a kiss in this instance, and in lieu of the kiss, (it was really only a begrudging peck on the cheek), she received a bountiful supply of bad licorice, cheap chocolate and delectable gum-drops. Still later, there was the "Candy Kid" who escorted her to the movies and filled her lean and usually hungry young frame with sixty-cent table d'hotes and "red ink."

At twenty-one Mary Blake was a man-hater, with a healthy contempt for the entire species. "They either do you," she confided to a girl chum, "or you do them. If you've got the looks, that's the way of it..."

"Wait," said the girl chum, with an uneasy smile, "until you love one of 'em."

"Not for little Mary!" chortled Mary Blake.

One evening Jim Stanhope was prevailed upon to address the employees of the shipping yard. He chose as his subject Americanism and anti-Bolshevism. The fact that the yards were infested with anarchists did not make his speech any the more popular, or personally sister.
go-by quick . . . those eyes . . . la, la!
“I’ve got a system that’ll beat the character reader at his own game,” winked back Mary. “A man is a man. They’re all cut from the original bolt. There’s never any difference in the weave.” She added, “hardly ever.” She was thinking of Jim Stanhope. He was probably Mary’s first real thought.

Mary did get the go-by. The character reader was a woman. Mary didn’t have a chance. Her amazing eyes, her slender youth, her bobbed hair, her make-up, “I am sorry,” said the character reader, firmly, “but you will not do here. We are . . . we are very conservative.” She marked down 100 per cent, inefficient and sent her in to Jim. Jim saw, at once, that he needed to gird himself. He stiffened and, without looking at her, suggested a course on character reading. “The only thing that counts, my dear young lady,” he said, piously, “is character. Character is a fundamental, without which woman is . . . oh, well, what is the use in wasting my time or yours? No woman has it, and you can’t be expected to. But,” he ended up, lamely, “I still suggest that you read up on the subject. And then—and then—come back.”

Mary gave him a look and a romantic smile. She knew how. Then she moved over to the door. Jim moved, too—to open it for her. He did not know what to say. He hadn’t felt this way—in—
He said, “I wouldn’t dare, you know—but I wish—I wish the character reader had passed you in—I mean, I wish you had some character—oh, you know what I mean! Good-day! Good-by!”

Mary procured three ponderous tomes at the library and studied character, the possession of which, she learnt, was indicated by a protrusive chin, a dome-like forehead, scanty hair and frumpish clothes. She consulted a character expert. Each one was a distinct blow to the little beauty of Mary. Character, she decided, was an abomination. She knew that she was nicer without character. However . . .

Two weeks later, being by this time, pressed by necessity, Mary presented herself again for inspection and reading. Her fair hair was skimming back. She held her head at an awe-inspiring angle, her skirts were full and long. She wore cotton gloves and a stiff collar.

The character reader passed her in, with a report of 100 per cent. on all desired qualities. Jim received her. He glanced at the card, then at her. Just for an instant of time, she had thought, he raised his head almost as tho he were looking for somebody—somebody who did not come. Then he said, “I’d like you to take a secretarial position to my mother. She is in need of just such a person as you.” He started his favorite eulogy on character, but somehow he couldn’t go on. His heart failed him. He wished that the character expert had . . .

The next day “Miss Mills” sojourned to the Stanhope mansion and took up her duties as private secretary to Jim’s mother. The peanut vender had not given her her impetus for nothing. She hadn’t been there twenty-four hours before she knew that this was the job for her, even had there been no Jim, but there was a Jim, and—well, it was the job, all right . . .

There were the sunny days when they did a few social letters in the morning, rode about and shopped, the while the rather gentle Mrs. Stanhope took her fill in telling of Jimmie’s baby days, his oddities now, the views he held on things, on women . . . “All women seem to have
disappointed Jim," his mother said; "he's sweet at heart.
I know, but he does say little things about the feminine
half of the world. It can't imagine why. I suppose it's
his money.

In the evenings there was dictation from Jim, with
Mother Stanhope sitting by. After a while there
came to be no other world than Mrs. Stanhope and Jim
and herself—\ldots\ the prim, secret days as "Miss Mills," the
secret, anything but prim nights, when, in the privacy
of her own room, Mary arrayed herself in crépe de chine
and fine lace and practised her wicked eyes, her romantic
smile. She didn't want to forget these things. The day
would come when she would need them, and Jim would
want them. She was sure of that. She was almost as
sure as a person could be that Jim had not forgotten the
girl whom the character reader had marked down as 100
per cent. efficient. He had a look about him.\ldots

It was in the very midst of one of these delightful
hours, when she was wearing the chiniest of the negligees
and winking the wickedest eye, that the anarchists
came to invade the Stanhope mansion. They had never
forgotten Jim's anti-Bolshevik speech. They left, as a
token of their regard, a smoking bomb. The butler found
it and yelled the information to the seven heavens.
In one of the heavens was Mary, and she heard it and had
no mind to be literally transplanted to a celestial region
until first she had savored the terrestrial one. She dashed
into the hallway, a slim and fragrant apparition, and col-
lided with Jim and with his mother.

They were quite naturally aghast. They had never
seen anything quite like this. The second thought, easily
the second, was that she was the anarchist who had dwelt
amongst them in disguise and had planted the bomb.

Jim started an immediate investigation. In doing so he
sternly crushed down his starting memories. He trod
meet with. His mother liked the girl, and she went so
far as to admit that she liked pretty Mary Blake even
better than she had liked the eminently proper but rather
sore-to-the-eye "Miss Mills." Jim was oldfangled. He
could not, he felt, have that slim thing with the bobbed
hair and the—um—the mouth a part of his daily regime
if he were to do anything more ambitious than sit back
and gape at her, a contented ninny. He stuck to it that
she must go.

Mary, resigned, (outwardly), prepared to make the
most of the week's notice. She wore the most amazing
clothes ever seen on a—well, surely on a private secre-
tary,\ldots and there wouldn't have been a shell on a pea-
nut if a peanut vendor had figured into her present
methods. Jim made a valiant struggle; even Mary
had to say that for him. He Chung to Schopenhauer
and his theories, as a drowning man would stick to the one
spor on an endless ocean. He quoted Schopenhauer to
her and backed up the Schopenhauerian theories with
facts he had gleaned from his own experiences and those
of his intimates. Mary confounded him in that she made
no effort to refute him—verbally. She just looked at
him, pouted at him, laughed at him, dragged him to his
feet and danced with him. She told him that the
world would be a drab and dreary place if it were not for
the girls, with their curls and their laces, their paint and
their powder, their wicked eyes and vivid lips,\ldots and
then she ran away from him and left him to spend the
longest evening of his life—alone—concealing, with a sort
of groan, the drabness and the dulness.\ldots

Mary worked well, albeit unconsciously, with the anar-
chists. On the very evening she ran away and left Jim
alone they were making their
second attempt upon him. This time they had very nearly all but succeeded—to the point, at least, of coming in upon him as he sat brooding in the library, tying him fore and aft and setting beneath his chair the smoking bomb he had, before, escaped. The bomb, they informed him, helping themselves to the contents of his cellarette, would go off precisely at midnight. They would help themselves freely, because, where he was going, he either would not need his small store or would be where there would be good and plenty of this particular commodity.

They left an old man to guard Jim while they emptied what they could find.

Into this situation walked Mary, fragile and resplendent. She had come in search of her bracelet. Mary had a knack for situations. She saw this one at once. The telephone wires were cut and there was only one thing left for her to do. She did it. She walked over to the old man, wholly ignoring Jim. She whispered a few words in his ear. She gave him a look, a laugh, a shrug. It was easy. Not for nothing had the peanut vendors been out in years. Not for nothing had she spent her evenings in the Stanhope mansion, clad in next to nothing at all and making the most of that nothing. The game was easy. A baby stare... the whisper saying she was one of them... the old man turning to show her how they had got into the house and then the smash! Mary seized the bronze vase on Jim's desk, made a well-directed blow, and the old man was prone upon the floor, seeing stars and then oblivion...

Mary winked at Jim. "Bring on the next," she said. The "next" proved to be middle-aged. He was easier than the old one. In less than ten minutes he, also oblivious, occupied the corner corresponding to the old man's. Grimes, the leader, came next. He was a bit more difficult, but by this time Mary was well primed for action and Jim's cellarette had not been without its effect. By the end of an hour the four men were disposed of and the butler had been dispatched for the police.

Jim knew that the girl, with her flimsy attire, her romantic smiles, her resourcefulness, her cool dauntlessness, had saved his life and the life of his mother, the servants, the home...

He knew that he was mad about her. But he knew, too, or thought that he knew, that all this on her part did not mean caring for him. These bold plays were for his money... nothing more... Had he no money, this girl would not have been in his home... part of her philosophy was being pretty as a means to an end... He didn't dare. He loved her too much to buy her, to run the risk of buying her... better let her go at her week's end and keep to himself the vague possibility that she might have been in earnest, might have been real and true...

Part of his philosophy was the philosophy of incompleteness. If, in his de- frauded infancy, for example, he had known enough to play half a game in lieu of the whole, there might not have been so many disappointing lollipops, so many unfulfilled kisses, so much of later-on, damaged dreaming. He had come to pride himself on the maturing of his cynicism. He even told himself that his thinking had become mellow—he was not going to run amuck, now, because a girl with a devil's laughter and a child's eyes had come into his office and applied for a job. He knew the very dregs of self-disgust. He had, he felt, about done with dregs. He remained firm. It was far, far better that she should go. Then he could preen himself. He could hug his self-victory to his breast and feel secure. He did not delude himself too far. He knew that the self-victory would be a lean, ill-nurtured thing.
Up in her room, with tears in her wide eyes and chills of sheer fright running down her spine, Mary was gazing at Jim's picture. If he could have seen her, he would have known that there was no mistake... tactics were laid aside... but he didn't see...

The end of the week, Mary went back to the shipyard and worked for Jim's senior partner, a man with two illion to match each one of Jim's. She did not go back, rather, he it said, as "Miss Mills"—she went back as Mary—Mary at her best.

She went back with the same idea in mind she had had when first she had heard Jim lecture on anti-Bolshevism. She had Jim in mind. She wanted Jim. Jim was her whole life. That Jim needed convincing, that she were forced to prove herself to Jim, did not make him the less desirable. Mary knew enough to know that to have to come across was a healthy thing. Jim thought she wanted his money. She would show Jim how much money meant to her—or didn't mean. And then—Mary threw out her chest, and went to it—

At the end of the month she rather casually permitted Jim to overhear a proposal on the part of the senior partner. "At least," the ardent suitor concluded his long and fervent declaration of undying passion, "at least, I can give you everything money can buy."

Jim didn't have any philosophy in that moment. It dropped from him and left him standing, naked, his heart in his trembling hand, his future hope in the balance.

What was she going to say? What was she going to say?

You've got me sort of—sort of—wrong. Love grows out of things. I have—a great many things. Love does that. You grub around and sort of muck around and you don't know very much of anything and you do things blindly and because you think you have to, and then, all at once, a great sun begins to shine. The fog all clear away. You see that this that you thought right, is wrong and vice versa. Like me... when I look back... now... on my childhood, I get all goose-flesh and cold. The things I did! The ideals I didn't have! I saw that it would be better to have nothing than to have everything by the means I had thought to employ. I have even made up my mind that I had rather be... be cleansed in—in the river, you know how I mean, washed far... far... beyond the reaches and clutches of the old ways than to live on as I wanted once to live. That is why I speak as I do now... You see, I love someone else. He doesn't love me. He doesn't trust me, or believe in me. Your money cannot buy me either of those things... They are the only things... I want."

The senior partner sighed and took his departure. He shook hands with her and at the door he said, "Any man who doesn't believe in you is a fool."

Jim came in by the other door. He took Mary into his arms, (as she knew that he would). He kissed her wicked eyes, her vivid lips, her clipped, rebellious hair.

Mary heaved a tremendous sigh and snuggled closer. With one free hand she rubbed off the make-up. "I want to be comfy," she murmured, "it's—it's been an orful struggle!"
About thirty-five years ago, when cabinet photographs and family albums were the rage in polite society, an enterprising young photographer made a series of pictures which, when shown in a machine of his own invention, gave the impression of living people talking and gesturing. These motion photographs were not called "moving pictures." They told no stories and made no pretense to be what they obviously were not.

However, the novelty was shown to the public, and traveling companies were soon formed to show these consecutive photographs. They were similar to stereopticon views, but gave the illusion of characters in motion. But the showing of these photographs was rather a deadly process, and the temporary interest of the public was maintained only thru the novelty of the exhibition. It was soon found that something would have to be done to hold the interest of audiences, if the new form of entertainment was to be a commercial success.

The added interest was made possible thru the invention of the celluloid film by George Eastman. With this discovery, the continuous film roll was made and the modern motion picture became possible.

One of the first motion pictures in the modern sense was exploited by Lyman Howe, who made several short films that told crude stories. Mr. Howe formed a company and started a traveling show. His performance consisted of a few reels of pictures together with a number of stereopticon views. But he
of the Muses

LACHENBRUCH

realized the barrenness of this sort of entertainment and sought the aid of music to help his show along. Much of the music which accompanied these pictures was composed by Mr. Howe himself. Other compositions had a topical significance, and their titles synchronized with the titular suggestions of the pictures. For example, in a scene depicting a domestic quarrel, some such song as "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" was played. The musical content of the songs mattered little to Lyman Howe, so long as the title of the song suggested the action on the screen.

In these early days of the films there were no symphony orchestras to accompany them, and the best that could be expected was a pianist who could play popular songs with vigor and rhythm. However, with the gradual development of the pictures themselves, performances of from thirty to thirty-five minutes' duration were given, and the time between the performances was filled out by the pianist, to whom endurance was a prime asset. This was the time when the pianists improvised, and when we heard them mooing over a few disconnected notes, then suddenly waking up, they would play a popular air.

Some of the players, however, developed into ragtime composers. Few had any technical knowledge of music. Some couldn't read a note. Among the best of the early film pianists who later became well known were Lewis Muir, the composer of "Waiting for the — (Continued on page 114)
If you and I were talking over a glass of tea—I might happen to remark that I think Helene Chadwick is in love.

For one reason, and that not the most important, she wears on a chain bracelet the identification tag of an aviator, an American who fought for France and won the Croix de Guerre with two palm leaves and the gold medal of the famous Lafayette Escadrille. Incidentally, the name on the tag is Lieut. William Wellman.

"I met Lieutenant Wellman in New York soon after he returned from France and before the United States entered the war. We were at a dinner party together," Helene might say if you should happen to ask her. "Afterwards, I heard that he was expected to live only a year. He had brought down seven German planes and then a German finally 'got' him. If he hadn't fallen in a forest he would have been killed. As it was, when he left the hospital the doctors told him to go home and enjoy himself, for he would live only a year. He is alive yet."

Helene Chadwick firmly believes that the important events of life are largely governed by Fate and for this belief she has much reason.

It seems that when the United States entered the war

Romance - - And Helene Chadwick

Lieutenant Wellman did everything in his power to return to the service. Finally, after undergoing a dangerous operation, he was made an instructor at an aviation field near San Diego. In the meanwhile, Helene Chadwick had come West to make pictures for Pathé. (It seems that Fate continues to favor a romance.) Now, his military career over, "Billy" Wellman, an author as well as an aviator, has become an assistant director on the Goldwyn lot, where Helene shines as a beautiful and particularly promising new star.

Could any one desire more material from which to fashion a romance? Certainly not; but

All photos by Evans, L. A.

Helene Chadwick was born in Chadwick, New York, a town named for her family, where her father was a prominent manufacturer
you must fashion it yourself. "It is too soon for me to talk about marriage," she said.

Helene Chadwick lives with her mother in a typical beach house—typical, that is, of the comparatively few beach houses built for permanent occupancy—on Wadsworth Avenue in Ocean Park. Her father died when she was a little girl. She has one sister who is married to a prominent physician practising in Brooklyn, N. Y. "My sister is six years older than I am," said this young aristocrat of the screen, adding, "but we look so much alike that we are often taken for twins. It must be because I look so old," laughing. More probably it is because her sister looks so young. Helene, (you see, this is an "intimate" interview), Helene, then, is one who could easily get away with the I'm-just-seventeen fiction, but she frankly admits to twenty-three. In fact, I think frankness and sincerity are her main characteristics, unless you would count intelligence as a characteristic, too.

She is intelligent, womanly, and, at the same time, a good comrade; the sort of girl you would speak of as the best-fellow-in-the-world in the complimentary sense of the term. The first thing you would notice about her is the absence of any high elation in view of her rather sudden rise to stardom, which came thru her exquisite work in the picturization of Rupert Hughes' "The Cup of Gold." The author himself wired her his congratulations, and when Goldwyn was casting for "Please Scratch My Back," he asked that she be given the leading part. His request was not only complied with, but she was offered a five-year contract, which she signed after thinking the

(Continued on page 106)
HAVE you ever watched a forest fire? Did you wonder at the rapidity with which it spread; there were only one or two blades of grass burning at first, and then the third and the fourth had caught, and so on until almost at once the slight curl of flame on the original blade of grass had become a tremendous wall of fire.

The interest which is being shown in the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, being held by The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, can be aptly compared to the forest fire. A feeling of great excitement runs thru the country as the contest draws near to its close.

Of course, there never has been any sort of contest without the terrific rush and drive which takes place at its finale. And this one is no exception to the rule, for so many contestants have put off sending in their photographs until the last moment. And as a result, every inch of space is filled to the utmost capacity by photographs of every size and shape. The mail clerk staggerers in two and three times a day, almost invisible under the bags of mail; the expressman is either always pulling up at the door to deliver packages of photographs, or is leaving the front of the building after having delivered them.

And the telegrams, special delivery letters and messages of every sort from anxious contestants, all desiring to know a thousand-and-one questions; when the contest will close, and if it is not too late to enter; they have only just heard from a friend of theirs who is in the contest and who is so confident of winning that she, (the person sending the message), thinks she has as good a chance, etc. And so it goes, and the committee in charge of the contest lean forward in their chairs, for all the world as if they were at a thrilling horse-race, and watch the entries as they enter the field, or see them pass each other on the way to victory.

The suspense, of course, has been increased twofold
by the announcement that we were going to produce a five-reel feature drama in which all the honor roll members, the winners, and other promising contestants would have every possible opportunity to show whether or not they have screen talent. The real reason for the production of this feature is the unusual demand shown by exhibitors all over the country for the two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," in which the winners and honor roll members of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest appeared, and which the Fine Arts Pictures, Inc., of 130 West 40th Street, New York City, have sold to practically every state. This means that everybody who is fond of going to the moving picture theaters is very much interested in the girls and men who are trying to win their way to success on the silversheet. You can, therefore, appreciate the possibilities which will be offered in the five-reel feature that we expect to produce this summer, and which will be the very best vehicle ever offered for the display of talent of embryonic moving picture stars.

"Love's Redemption" is the title of this five-reel play, and in addition to the winners and honor roll members of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, the cast will include the following:


Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster estate at Roslyn, L. I., and the taking will be continued well into September. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play, together with future honor rolls.

We feel assured that this feature will be as unique and interesting in every way as any five-reel feature which is produced professionally by any film company, for there will be no expense spared; the direction will be of the best; the play itself is a strong drama with a very unusual plot, which will hold the interest all the way.

We are, not without reason, proud of our list of judges who will decide upon the winners. These will include such world-famous personages as Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl (Continued on page 109)
The Luck of

By

wasn't a real bishop. He was the actor assigned to that part in the production of "Henry V." But let Monroe Salisbury tell the story.

"I was eighteen years old," he said, "when I got my engagement with Richard Mansfield, and the way I got it was as funny as the way I kept it. I was playing twelve parts a week on tour—heavy parts, too! Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet," Napoleon in "Madame Sans Gene," Armand in "Camille." The admission charged was ten, twenty and thirty cents. It happened that we were playing Portland, Oregon, at the same time that Richard Mansfield was and he happened to notice our billboard, one afternoon when he was out taking a walk, and decided to come in and have a good laugh. He got it, I suppose, but the

AT first the unciscence of "Father" showing up for the first time just when the Bishop of Canterbury was too drunk to be of any use, seemed an unnoticeable casualty.

"I was frightened sick," said Monroe Salisbury.

"Even now, I think of it as surrounded by a sort of haze, as something I went through in a dream. Even yet it was really funny, as lucky as one having been seen by Father in the face plate; the luckiest thing for me that could possibly have happened."

"Father," by the way, was a nickname given the great Richard Mansfield by members of his company. Also, the man who got droo-

Photo: Horace Matlack

A believer in reincarnation might fancy that he had, at some time, been a chief of one of the more advanced tribes, such an Indian as the Indians described in their legends from which Longfellow drew the material for Hiawatha. Left, a new portrait, and below, at his own fireside.
next morning I received a note telling me to

call on Mr. Palmer, Mr. Mansfield's manager,
in reference to an engagement for the following
season. This meant Broadway, of course,
everything that I had longed for.

But when, his season over, he reported to
Frederick Palmer for rehearsal, he was al-
ready beginning to get "cold feet." Mans-
field's temperament was, of course, proverbial,
and he had heard just about everything that
was being said on the subject.

"We rehearsed five weeks before Mr. Mans-
field came to the theater. During that time,
older members of the company would say,
'You're all right now, but
wait till Father comes!' or
'When Father comes, you
go!' I dreaded the coming
of Father more than I
dreaded anything else on
earth. Then, at last, when
we least expected him, he
came. I was playing the
Bishop of Ely and, you re-
member, the play opens with
a long dialog between Ely
and Canterbury, but Canter-
bury had been having a
good time and it was neces-
sary for the stage manager
to read the part. This in
itself irritated Mansfield.
Then I tried to act and

make an impression. As Ely, I had
one long speech and then nothing
else until I threw myself on my
knees before the king. During my
speech and during my long wait, I
felt absolutely certain that Mans-
field intended to fire me. I have no
clear recollection of having thrown
myself on my knees, but undoubt-
edly I did, because, when things
cleared a little for me, I was in that
position and Mansfield, as the king,
was making a gesture for me to rise. But I couldn't rise! I
could no more have moved than I could have gone thru the
ceiling. Up went Mansfield's hand again. 'Rise, Ely.' In
utter misery, I groaned, 'I can't!' and Mansfield laughed. That
was what saved me. Afterwards we came to be good friends
—as good friends as Mansfield ever became with anybody."

You might call that "Saved by Mirth" or "The Lucky
Laughter."

I saw Monroe Salisbury at the Mountain View Inn on Hol-
lywood Boulevard, where he and his mother have lived for
the past two years. It is a pretty, homelike place, and the
view of the Hollywood hills from the veranda fully justifies
its name. He has another home, too, his ranch, where he can
go and rest during unusually long vacation times between pic-
tures. But the ranch is too lonely for his mother. She likes
to have her friends around her during the long hours when
her son is at the studio.

In real life there is nothing of the wild and rugged West-
erner about Monroe Salisbury. On the contrary, he is rather
(Continued on page 104)
Virginia Vacations

Herewith are three new photographs of Virginia Faire, winner of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest. Most of her time is spent before the Universal camera, but every free day she slips off to one of the popular beaches where she vacations in the California sunshine.

Virginia couldn't be more happy to have the chance to photograph herself. In the water—dressed for success.
Not so very long ago, Mildred Harris Chaplin was just a little girl with wistful eyes and golden curls: a little girl who sat dreaming of the day when she would win recognition thru her beloved work—of the day when she would be a star.

And the dreams the little girl dreamed have come true.
Another Star Comes to the Cinema Firmament

for a certain little blonde lady who once upon a time used to accompany him on the piano when he appeared on the concert stage.

The bungalow is extremely tiny; its walls are literally covered with pastels and water-colors of Wanda Hawley's friends in the movies. Its dining-room is of wicker appointment, and wicker, too, comprises the living-room furniture.

In this nest has Wanda resided now for nearly two years. She will reside there for a few months more, and then she will move into her own big house, built atop one of Hollywood's panoramic hills.

She's graduated from the little-girl class into the big-lady coterie. Her dressing-room no longer is merely "on the row" at Lasky's, but rather in a specially built bungalow with hot and cold running water and a telephone and cretonne on the windows and everything.

"HELLO," inquired the voice up above me, coming from a rose-covered upstairs porch, "is that you? C'mon in—make yourself comfortable—my hair isn't combed—I've done nothing but answer the telephone—and paid three gas bills—and entertained visitors."

All excited, I glanced up. There was a girl leaning over the balustrade above my head—a girl with real—(I say real because most blondeness isn't)—blonde hair and pink cheeks and smiling eyes. And she was all breathless from her hurry, and all blushes because I'd caught her when her coiffure wasn't marcelled.

I entered the house. It was one of those typically California bungalows with just enough room to turn around in—the kind where the anatomy of an interviewee's drink of water gets tangled up with the rush-bottom chairs and the plush sofa. I glanced at the piano. Thereon I see a pencil manuscript. Curiosity prompts me to examine it. I find that a very famous musician has composed it especially.
By TRUMAN B. HANDY

Do you follow me? At any rate, permit me to introduce Miss Hawley as the very newest star of the season—the most novel of all screen novelties, the dernier cri in brand-new personalities.

As I cogitate and think of all the things I am going to ask Wanda, she appears. She wears a simple tan sweater with very full sleeves, a black-and-blue checked dress and very quiet, somber grey hose and shoes. Her hair is caught lightly about her ears. She enters blithely, as if she were really glad to see me.

(And this, may I explain, brings joy to the heart of the tired professional interviewer—to us who are used to spectacular entrances and carefully arranged stage settings, especially designed to produce on us the proper effect of dazzling and all that.)

Wanda is different from most stars. The fact that R e a l a r t h a s signed her for five years has failed to dazzle her. She's, oh, so pleased and all that, but at the same time, she says, she looks upon the venture with trepidation, lest she make a misstep.

When Miss H a w l e y's blondeness first enhanced a Fox play two years ago, everybody predicted that before long she'd have her name in electrics over a production. She predicted it herself, and when you ask her now, she admits that, Christian-Science-like, she "held the thought."

(Continued on page 96)
Flavor of Fame

being, in reality, blustery Long Island, with curled hair parted in the middle and a look savoring of the Continental.

A host of people, famous women of letters and the stage, came to my mind as I talked with her. She suggests greatness. There are a great many persons who, you know, are celebrated and, quite often, deservedly so, and yet, when you come into direct contact with them you think, "What is it that has made them great? How do they do it?" Not so Miss Keane. She has the atmosphere of the gifted of the gods. There is a flavor of the women of a generation or so ago who made the salons of Paris and London brilliant as well as notable and famous. One can imagine her intriguing in a court, playing the game of politics, achieving fame through literature, or winning to distinction via her chosen art, as she has. There is versatility, product of the mind. A touch, too, perhaps, of Mrs. Fiske. Summarily, there is the fine finish of the artist who has been successful and the woman behind the artist who has made her so.

On the subject of the woman and the artist, I asked Miss Keane whether she thought extreme youth could give the great in art, or whether it took years, the experience of maturity.

"There are cases, rarely," she said, "where there has been an excessively early, and full, mental development. And there has been suffering. Pain pushes us ahead to comprehension faster, I believe, than years.

Perhaps, fortunately, such persons are the exceptions."

Since Miss Keane came here from London specifically to give "Romance" to the screen, as so beautifully and for so long a time she gave it on the speaking stage, I was naturally interested to hear how pictures and the work thereof had appealed to her. I asked her whether, taking it all in all, she had been pleasantly or unpleasantly surprised by studio, methods of picture production, et al.

She said, "Most pleasantly. It has been delightful.

I asked her what appealed to her as the most essential thing in the consummate production.

She said: "The director's the thing! I can imagine a picture being made or marred, in the extreme, either way, by the director. I have been fortunate in having Mr. Withey for "Romance." The direction being the thing, the essentials of the director come next, and it would
By GLADYS HALL

seem to me that a director must have a natural sympathy, hand in hand with a native intelligence. He must be in tune with his star, with his cast. Otherwise, results must inevitably be stilted, abortive, ineffective. I positively could not work with a person with whom I did not feel a sympathy of effort and effect. There must be, too, a mutual respect of intelligence. There must be liking. My experience with 'Romance,' with Mr. Withey, has been very charming.

Apropos of a recent, very virulent attack on the screen, which, by the way, she characterized as absurd, I asked Miss Keane whether she thought the screen was pushing, or had a tendency to push, the stage to one side.

She said, "Yes, and it is a good thing."

This amazed me. I showed my amazement—coming, as it did, from so fine an exponent of the spoken drama.

"There are so many, many bad plays," explained Miss Keane, "they should be pushed aside, and pictures will do that. This means, however, that I believe absolutely in the indestructibility of the true in art. The good things will live on and on and nothing will obliter-ate them. The more fight they have, the fewer will sur-vive, and the ones that do will be the ones that, by their merits, should. This

"The director is the thing," she said. "I can imagine a picture being made or marred, in the extreme, either way, by the director." Right, in the character she portrays in "Romance" and, beneath, in one of the scenes in which she plays with her hus-band, Basil Sydney.

is as it should be. It will be a case of quality rather than quantity. How many of us who can ill afford it pay three dollars and more for an evening of bore-dom, if not downright insult to the intelligence? Too many, I fear. There will not be room enough, public enough, with the increasing ascen-dency of the pictures, and that they are ascending is an incontrovertible fact, for the many bad and extraneous things of the spoken drama today."

I asked her (Continued on page 107)
Guilty of Love

Fictionized by permission from the Paramount production of the same name

When Norris Townsend came into the room, Thelma knew that he did not mean to marry her.

Three months ago, if she had been told of the possibility of such a moment, she would have replied, "Then my heart would break." Which only goes to show how vain it is to speculate on the human heart.

What actually occurred to her were waves of anger, each one hotter than the one before, each one leaving her, personally, colder. Then she began to laugh. It all struck her, suddenly, as rather silly, rather dramatic, something like subtitles in a movie, something that couldn't, just couldn't be real. This man . . . and herself . . . her lover . . . and he was offering her money in lieu of her immortal soul . . . his father's money . . .

"I'll never see you want, Thelma," he was saying . . .

Despite her contempt, the girl could not help but pity him, the shame in his voice. So he did, at least, feel shame!

"You'll never see me at all," she answered him, and she didn't know her voice could sound so roughened, so shrill; "you'll never see me again—or the— or the baby—we—we won't ever need you—please go!"

Norris did go. To remain would be intolerable. He was facing not only the white misery of her face, but the white 'chalkiness of his own soul. How had he come to such a pass as this? How had he come to the pass where he would allow the woman he loved, the mother of his potential child, to pass from him into some oblivion where he could not, would not follow? Was this, then, what money did to one? Corruption. Cowardice. Was this duty to one's parents? Leaving one's own child—parentless. Thelma would care for him—of course. Thelma! But who, in the dark hours to come, would care for her? To whom could she turn? A governess, leaving his father's house in disgrace? And yet he could not go back. He dared not take a definitive step. What was the matter with him that he groiped for a solution and found none?

In her own room Thelma was packing. Each garment, simple, home-made things, was a memory. That dark silk, too small for her now, she had worn that the day she came to Morelands. The children, Norris' little niece and nephew, had run to meet her and twined their arms about her and danced about her and laughed, and, for the first time, it had come to her that she loved children . . . now, it seemed a portent . . . That voile, with the scattered roses . . . she had had that on the day Norris had first come up. She had been walking with the children in the park. Their arms were full of flowers. Spring flowers—and she had been dreaming about love . . . It hurt
her now, worst of all, to know that dreaming about love was over for her—there could be no more of it. She and he had bruised Love's wings, and Love could fly no longer in the bright skies of her dreaming.

Then, the yellow crépe—that was the night Norris had told her he loved her—had told her she seemed to him some great yellow butterfly in the dusk of the night, fragile, beautiful, dear to the point of pain—and she had loved him back—and all the world, the night and day, sun, moon and stars, had been remade. She hadn't felt, that night, as tho she had sinned against the beliefs of her childhood. She had remembered only the words the Christ had spoken. "Forgive her, for she loved much—" She had loved much—so much—and if the God who ruled heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, was a just God, He would know how very much she had loved—and to know would be to forgive—

No, she had greatly given, having greatly loved—

Then, this grey thing. She had been wearing it at Aunt Martha's the day old Dr. Wentworth came to them and told them of the position he had secured for her. He had brought her some blush roses, too, dear old man; told her they would look pretty against the grey. "I've always had an eye for color, Thelma," he had said, self-pleased; perhaps, now—but how hurt he would be, the old doctor—he had known her mother before her—had brought her into the world—

She had worn the grey, too, on the day Norris came to tell her that he was going abroad for Townsend and Townsend in place of his father. He had not said so, in so many words, but Thelma had known that his father was making him go because the family were beginning to suspect an attachment, and Mr. Townsend would not want his only son, his heir, to contract a marriage with his daughter's children's governess . . . But he had been so ardent that day; so regretful of even the brief absence; had protested so fervently that he would soon come back to her—that her arms must be about him as his were about her—that she was to hold her head high and never doubt him—

She had believed him. She had had to. The instinct of self-preservation had given her a garment of delusion and, after the manner of women, broken on the wheel of their own passion, she had worn it—

The days of his absence—she folded the little grey dress—and felt glad that no tears fell upon it—she had no tears . . . But those days! How drearily they had dragged! With what leaden footfalls!

Then the letter she had, at last, written him. How she had hated writing that letter! It had seemed such a concession to the fact she had loathed facing; his forgetfulness; his inconsideration. It had brought her face to face with the absoluteness with which she had trusted him, thought him "different." How many women, she wondered now, as she had wondered when she wrote the letter, had thought the man they loved "different"—only to find out—what she was finding out.

How, always, she had hated the sordid in life! The stripped reality! How she had drawn her skirts aside and stepped over the muddy places! Not disdainfully, never that. Just because she loved the blue heavens so, the sailing clouds, the riding moons and high, supernal stars. And now—this—thiis—to wade thru.

It had been so hard to write that, letter. She had tried to omit herself as far as possible. She had spoken only of the child, their child. She had reminded Norris deliberately; so painfully, that the baby could not, must not come without a name, a right. He would not, she knew, permit that. His child—and

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**GUilty of love**

Told in short story form by permission of Paramount Pictures, from the scenario of Rosina Henley, based on the play "This Woman—This Man" by Avery Hopwood. Directed by Harley Knobes and starring Dorothy Dalton. The cast:

Thelma Miller..........................Dorothy Dalton
Norris Townsend........................Edward Langford
Mrs. Watkins............................Augusta Anderson
Goddard Townsend......................Charles Lane
Aunt Martha............................Julia R. Hurley
Dr. Wentworth........................Henry J. Carvill
David....................................Douglas Redmond
Mary.....................................Ivy Ward
Bob......................................Lawrence Johnson

Then, this grey thing. She had been wearing it at Aunt Martha's the day old Doctor Wentworth came to them and told them of the position he had secured for her. He had brought her some blush roses too, dear old man, told her they would look pretty against the grey.
He didn’t love her, they argued. Things like this quite frequently happened to young men, and all that ever was expected of them was a cash settlement. No doubt the girl herself would think him a fool if he married her. A great deal more in the same strain—his revered father pacing the floor—the mother he had been trained from the cradle up to worship and obey, in tears and hysteria. He promised them to settle the thing—financially.

And then Thelma...

It was quite late that same night that Thelma sent for him. He had thought her sleeping before the early train he supposed she would take in the morning. Her message gave him both a hope and a fear.

If she had been a better actress! She was with the two children when the cablegram came and Mr. Townsend, from the other table, sat watching her as she slit the envelope and read, or consumed, the contents.

The letter had been written and posted. A period of waiting. Sick waiting.

He cabled. Cabled in his old way, with the old throb, not to worry, to hold on, he was on his way home and everything would be all right.

If only she had been a better actress! She was with the two children when the cablegram came, and Mr. Townsend, from the other table, sat watching her as she slit the envelope and read, or consumed, the contents. She hadn’t been able to prevent the color from suffusing her face on the sudden glad intake of her breath. She hadn’t been able to control her happy laughter afterward, nor the after-breakfast romp with the children in the sunlight. She had felt so happy! Everything had come so right!

Mr. Townsend’s possible suspicion did not occur to her.

When Norris came, a few days later, his father cornered him first and the boy told the truth, adding that he loved Thelma and intended to marry her.

Her mother fainted and her father stormed. They pictured his life to him as a ruin in vain.

The following morning brought Norris back again.

A different Norris! Thelma saw that at a glance. His face was set and his eyes were lit by a new determination. “I am going to see my son,” he announced, without preamble.
When he reached her room she met him with a revolver. Her face was the whitest thing that he had ever seen. In the recesses of the bay window stood a man in the plain black of the clergy.

"You are going to marry me," Thelma was saying, "here—now—or you and I, together, are going to die. I mean it. Don't for one moment suppose that I don't choose it. instantly."

In the early hours of the following morning, when Norris told his father of the amazing occurrence, the elder Townsend said that it passed belief. "It goes to show," he said, "what a woman will do to get the man she wants."

Young Townsend shook his head, his face drawn. "It goes to show," he said, "what a woman will do—for her young. I think it is a holy thing that Thelma did last night. I am almost afraid to look on her this morning."

His fears were spared him. Thelma was not there to be looked upon. In her place was a note saying, simply, that she had gone away and that, so far as she and her child were concerned, Norris Townsend had never been. There was no eulogy of farewell. There was no hint of any renunciation. There was a finality.

Six years later, with the gorgeous simplicity of the uttermost complexities, small David Townsend announced to his mother, one evening, "There's a man on our porch." He said it without complaint or any particular interest at all.

Thelma Townsend stepped onto the porch and confronted Norris. "How are you, Norris?" she said; and then, when he did not answer because he could not, she said, "I do not quite understand your being here."

Norris cleared his throat. "May I sit down?" he asked.

Thelma nodded. "Why not? It cannot be for long, tho. I am sorry, but David and I keep very punctual hours."

The boy nodded and snuggled closer to Thelma. "We have to," he said, with a small and charming dignity, "else mother might have fag."

Norris said, "What is fag?"

Thelma gave a light, dispelling laugh. "We have our little joke, she said. "I teach school here," she said, "and I preach the early-to-bed maxim, giving as a reason the fact that brain fag might result with the midnight oil. We have to conserve strength, David and I, for the great things we have planned to do in the world."

David joined in. "I am going to play," he announced; "mother and I and the tin bank are going to play together. I know quite a great deal about the life of a musician already."

Thelma gave a little, proud smile. "He has a marvelous ear," she said, "and a more marvelous appreciation. I believe in him."

Norris, in the greying dusk, winced. So this was what he had missed! Being a part of all this! These little plans, these earnest dreams, these brave endeavors! This sweet-eyed woman, this sturdy child! All at once his six years, search and all, seemed shriveled things. Money, yachts, motors, halls . . . and this! Inside the cottage the lamps were lit, the windows were framed in gay chintz, there were a piano and a comfy chair. A pile of David's toys lay in one corner. There were books and cut flowers. Norris groaned.

"Thelma," he said, "I have come back. I have been looking for you. I am here for forgiveness of the thing I did."

Thelma's sweet mouth hardened, ever so slightly. "This is unnecessary, Norris," she said; "we are, as you can see, quite complete, David and I. You did nothing so very terrible, after all. I am infinitely happier than I would have been had this thing not been. There could not be another David. Please leave us as you have found us. I am content."

"But you do not forgive me? You—of course, you do not love me?"

"Neither possibility need be discussed, Norris," the woman said; "all that belonged to the girl you found wandering in the park at Morelands. It is no part of me. I have a faculty for turning pages. I beg of you to leave this one turned."

David had left them, some five sense in the child prompting his departure, and Norris laid his hand on Thelma's arm. "Thelma," he pleaded, "when I saw that boy in the lane down the road—when he told me his name—when I heard of what you had been doing—you and he—together—oh, please, please, you, who are so tender to the child, so compassionate, so wisely understanding, accord the same quality of mercy to me, to your son's father . . . Thelma . . .!"

That evening, with their evening songs, Thelma said, nonchalantly: "Son, would you care to live, always, with Daddy? You and I together?"
Thelma shook her head. "The past is past, Norris," she said. "I do not believe in resurrections. I beg of you to go. There is no use in talk between you and me."

The following morning brought Norris back again. A different Norris. Thelma saw that at a glance. His face was set and his eyes were lit by a new determination. "I am going to see my son," he announced, without preamble. "This night thru I have seen the child's face, and he has seemed to be demanding me, seemed to be asking for me. You cannot deny my fatherhood. I have my right to him. I shall take it. I did not know—

you cannot condemn a man for qualities asleep within him. I was asleep when—when it all happened. Now I am awake. I demand my right. I will not be so penalized for my lack."

Thelma turned from him. "The boy is mine," she said, then, more fiercely, "all, all mine. You cannot have him. You disclaimed him once, even to a name for him, when he most needed protection. He does not need it now, nor you. Neither do I. The past is the past. You had no part in it. The present is the present—and it is mine—and has. Now go!"

Norris stepped over to her. "I am prepared for this thing now," he said; "I go and I take my son. I am within the law. You can come or you can stay. This is final."

Norris gave Thelma twenty-four hours in which to decide. In the morning, he said, he would call for her decision and his son.

That evening, with their evening songs, Thelma said, nonchalantly, "Son, would you care to live, always, with Daddy? You and I, together?"

The light on the little face pained her, while it shot her thru with a sort of joy. "I would like it, mother," he said, "I think a man in the house is fine, don't you? You wouldn't have to tend furnace then, nor shovel snow, nor run for the doctor yourself when I have bronchitis in the winter-time. There's lots of things a daddy can do. And then . . ." He paused, and gave her a side glance.

"And then, son?" she prompted, fingering the keys ever so gently.

"Well, all the other boys have daddies, mostly. I'd like to have one to show off, too. The other fellows show off about their dads something awful."

"I see," said Thelma. She did see. The ranking of her own bruised love and pride. The wistful little face at her side, the "other fellers" showing off their dads! A name, sometimes, was not enough.

In the morning, when Norris came for her answer, she gave it to him.

"I will go as David's mother," she said, "for David's sake, That is all." "That was all. For three months it was all. It might have been indefinitely all if David, once again, had not precipitated a third and last crisis by being injured, rather seriously, in a motor accident.

There was no limit to which Thelma would not go for David. Even tho that limit were Norris. They knew that it had bothered David because they did not act according to his observations, (and he had powers of observation), of other parents. They were not, they knew, giving him the requisite opportunities for "showing off" that the "other fellers" had.

When he was hurt, they did not dare to think how badly, they said, one to the other. "We must make him happy. We must—pretend—"

And so, across his bed, they gave smile for smile, and nod for nod, and played so sweet a game it almost seemed, sometimes, to be a truth.

One day, while he was sleeping, Norris took her hand across the coverlet. "Thelma," he begged, passionately, "please, please, my—(Continued on page 104)
“I can't cry,” said Bert Lytell, “when I'm angry.” And the director had smiled over closed teeth; a smile that spoke eloquently of the joys of murder. But after he had told me the anecdote of the butter-fingered carpenter of the bombing division, Bert Lytell went back on the set, where quiet reigned at last, and became Jimmy Valentine, repentant and in love, again.

The first thing you notice about Bert Lytell is this ability of his to “get under the skin” of a rôle, and it is on this very solid foundation that his steadily increasing popularity stands. That it doesn't pay to characterize; that the public wants a handsome leading man with a pleasing personality who will play his personality for everything it is worth to its last smile and gesture; that it is the one-type actor who wins the quickest and largest amount of fame: this is the statement you hear professionals make over and over again. And it really must be a rule, because Bert Lytell is here to furnish the necessary exception.

No one can ever say of him that he is the same in every picture. On the contrary, every part he plays is a distinct characterization. Could three impersonations be more unlike, for instance, than Tito Lombardi, “Beauty” Steele and Jimmy Valentine? And yet Bert Lytell is convincing in each of them. He is a star and he is also every inch an actor.

It is impossible to imagine him in any other walk of life, and it is equally impossible, he will tell you, for him to think of himself as doing anything else. He is one of those who did not choose the theatrical profession; the theatrical (Continued on page 100)
Midsummer Love

Love went off into the mountains with a photographer and the above pictures show the result.

Bessie aptly brings back to us our barefoot days, wading in the brook—the days when the sun and flowers called us out-of-doors—Midsummer Love.
A Soldier of Fortune

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

SOLDIER of Fortune!

This is indeed Norman Kerry’s own rôle, and it is but fitting that his greatest achievement, so far, in motion pictures should be the portrayal of the romantic hero in “Soldiers of Fortune,” that fascinating tale of adventure and romance by Richard Harding Davis. One is only sorry that the author could not have seen this tall, handsome youth playing the character which he himself so dearly loved.

For twenty-five years Norman Kerry has smiled cheerfully at the world, and it may be that this very optimistic, easy-going, cheerful attitude has enticed Good Fortune to shower her gifts upon him. At any rate, things have come his way so easily that he remarks, with his characteristic cheerful grin, “I don’t know yet what it is all about. I never worry; what’s the use? So many nice things are bound to happen; if not today, they will come tomorrow or the next day.”

Norman was born in Rochester, New York, and admits that his earliest ambition was to stay away from school. However, he graduated from St. John’s College and received the appointment in 1910 for the Annapolis Naval Academy, but the very thought of the strict discipline repelled him and he let it slip by.

His father was in the leather business in New York, which necessitated his traveling all over the world, and he frequently took the family with him, so that Norman and his sister were globe trotters from infancy. This served to increase the boy’s natural wanderlust, which he probably inherited from his mother’s family, who were Nantucket whalers.

After finishing college, he became associated with his father and traveled annually 50,000 miles for several years. “Sometimes I was in the Pullman, sometimes in the freight-car, and believe me, I found as much adventure and fun in the freight as the Pullman,” laughed Norman, stretching his six feet two inches into a more comfortable position as we sat on the edge of a deserted stage in the afternoon sunshine at Allan Dwan’s studio in Hollywood.
I worked my way to Los Angeles by taking care of twenty-six horses shipped by train. There I landed a job with their purchaser as a riding master.

"About that time I began trying to stage a vaudeville act, but my finances soon ran out. The actors in the sketch told me of motion pictures and I began to haunt the studios. I selected the David Griffith lot and for two and a half months I walked eight miles to the place each morning and waited about without a single person noticing me. I was still too timid to ask for anything outright.

"I remained in the background until one day I saw an actor pass in what was apparently supposed to be the costume of a chamberlain. I knew the costume to be inaccurate and I summoned up enough courage to approach him. The man was John Emerson, and he was costumed for the rôle of Alving in the film version of 'Ghosts.' He accepted my suggestions in good part. Emerson later withdrew from the rôle and it was given to Henry Walthall, who also played the son, Oswald.

"But that little suggestion proved to be the turning point in my career. A few days later Mr. Emerson sought me out: 'I am doing 'Old Heidelberg,' he told me, 'and I want you to help me.' It was in the nick of time, for I owed my landlady exactly eighty-three dollars. That launched me upon my screen career, and the fight to the point of directing 'Blind Husband' for Universal was no easy one. I was with Mr. Emerson for a long time."

Von Stroheim is of just as sinister dapperness off the screen as upon it. He bows with the ramrod stiffness of the Prussian. His antecedents are unmistakable. Thru the period of the world war these characteristics brought Von Stroheim much unwarranted pain. But the war is ended and he now smiles when he refers to "the physiognomy of mine."

I stumbled across the body of a woman. All sorts of horrible visions came into my mind—of innocent people hung because they had been found beside murdered people. I started running again. At the Brooklyn end of the bridge, a huge Irish policeman yelled to me to stop and demanded to know why I was running. I was so frightened that I told him all about the body, and he made me replace my steps. The woman proved to be an ordinary drunk and, after the policeman called a patrol, he let me ride as far as my place.

'I drifted West after that and some friends got me a job at Lake Tahoe as a life-saver. I never had an opportunity to save anyone and, with the end of the season,
Helen Jerome Eddy gets a few pointers in golf from her grand-father who has always been a devotee of the plutocratic white ball. And, incidentally, we believe this to be the first picture of a cinema favorite and grandfather ever published.

Herewith are three informal pictures of Miss Eddy taken at her Hollywood bungalow which prove that there is little difference between her real and reel self—thus we prove that we have always known Helen herself.

All photos Evans, L. A.
Across the Silversheet
New Screen Plays in Review

E
VERY now and then there comes to the silversheet some production which has enjoyed great favor upon the stage. It comes with heralding, no expense is spared in placing it upon the screen and it is anticipated with much pleasure. All this is true of "Romance," and yet we see it only to realize that it can never mean to the screen what it did to the stage.

There are ideal screen stories just as there are ideal stage stories—"Romance" has undoubtedly proven itself the latter, and because it is a story created thru words rather than situations, because it depends upon its clever and, at the same time, poetic dialog, we find the screen version constantly demanding spoken titles which intercept the action seriously, otherwise the major portion of the beauty would be entirely lost.

The story, briefly, for those who failed to see it upon the stage, tells of a young and earnest clergyman in the days of crinolines and candle-lit ballrooms, who falls in love with the beautiful Rita Cavallina, a prima donna making her début in America. She has not always been wise in her living, but she comes to love him too well to permit him to sacrifice his life mission that he may accept her in his life. So she sails for Italy, having regained her soul in the noble sacrifice she has made.

Doris Keane, who has played the rôle of Rita Cavallina for many years, both here and on the English stage, comes as a recruit to the camera and, therefore, it fell upon her to master the difficult screen technique at the same time that she created her rôle, and this would not be easy.

Basil Sydney, who has always played the rôle of Tom Armstrong, the young clergyman, with Miss Keane upon the stage, makes the most of a very difficult rôle. On the stage, he tells how he wandered about in the blinding snow, stopping now and then to pray. On the screen, he is, of course, portrayed doing these things, and the episode loses much in its transition. Norman Trevor, another stage favorite, plays the other leading rôle, that of Van Tuyl, and his utter ease and grace cause one to remember him after "Romance" has faded from the screen.

Alltogether, this United Artists production will be enjoyed, but it would seem another proof positive that a good screen story cannot always be made out of a good stage story—any more than a reverted case would prove true.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—PARAMOUNT

On the other hand, this picture, adapted from Robert Louis Stevenson's masterpiece, seems to have always belonged to the land of shadows.

John Barrymore has created a Jekyll and Hyde in this picture which will live for us always. He is the master of the most trying situations, and his transformation from the suave gentleman of culture and restraint to the fiendish creature—a human derelict run amuck—will probably stand as one of the masterpieces of cinema characterizations.

John Robertson and the producers
By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

have respected the intelligence of their public and given Stevenson's story to the silversheet as truly as it proved possible to do so. For this we thank them. The entire cast could be termed adequate, altho, looking back upon it, they seem quiet figures in a tapestry woven about John Barrymore. Nita Naldi, who plays the cabaret dancer, however, has won mention thru her vividness. Everywhere this picture is drawing huge crowds—crowds which are pleased when they leave the theater, and this alone should be a strong argument in favor of the higher art of the silent drama.

There is another screen version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde being shown, with Sheldon Lewis in the title role, and, while we haven't viewed this personally, we feel at liberty to criticise it because of the fact that the conventional ending has been injected.

The interest with which this work of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde has always been held would seem to speak for itself. Therefore, we find it in our heart to marvel at those who would improve upon him who is one of our greatest writers.

And again, we are grateful to the director and producers of the John Barrymore production for their belief in Stevenson.

THE FIGHTING SHEPHERDESS—FIRST NATIONAL

There was one thing, as we remember,
Doth Thee Like Quakeresses?

Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's new feminine fountain of fun, is three thousand miles away from the scenes of the Quaker meeting house in which she was trained and three million miles away from its traditions—a complete metamorphosis of the spirit that guided generations of the order in the application of the Scriptural injunction: "Let your conversation be yea, yea, and nay, nay."

In her Los Angeles studio the gay little Rolin merrymaker reverences her ancestors and boasts of her long lineage, running back to the founder of the colony of Philadelphia, whose benevolent justice made the aboriginal Indians his devoted friends.

But Mildred says times have changed; she lives in the twentieth century. The seventeenth, with its simple life, needed no sedative of foolery; people could perhaps be happy tho unfailingly serious. The twentieth, with its complex problems, its manifold worries and high cost of living, needs laughter. It must have the strain of the strenuous life relieved.

DOWN in an old country in Philadelphia a number of the founders of the Pennsylvania metropolis, who started on cry honest and noble careers, have been turning over in their tombs. The pious members of the Order of Friends were laid away to a supposed peaceful rest, only to have their long slumber at last arrested by the awful apostasy of one of their solemn sect. Mildred Davis, a lineal descendant of William Penn, a movie comedy queen! Above, a portrait study, and, right, with Harold Lloyd in "His Royal Elyness."
by the extreme reaction of slapstick or it will crack from the pressure.

So reasons Merry Mildred, and she is "comeding" with abandon—and no apologies.

She's proud to be a full Quakeress, but with true philosophic resolve she believes she's serving the common good quite as truly by preaching and practising the gospel of laughter as her ancestors did by hewing close to the line of the eternal verities.

Satan may have adopted the livery of the clown in the days of Penn and as such all his allurements merited the rebuke of immobile countenance. But Satan is a wily fiend. He goes about now with the men of the pessimist, fomenting wars and strikes and bolshevism, and it needs a new policy to thwart his crafty purpose to fill the world with strife and gloom and mutual suspicion.

So Mildred has put on the cap and bells! After giving her the once over, one is obliged to have a wholesome respect for Quaker blood; it produces what we like to think the best American stock, as the portrait of the little lady bears evidence.

If a look is not enough, the manner of her entry into the charmed circle of movieland speaks eloquently of her assets.

In 1916 the Davises moved to Tacoma, Wash., from the Philadelphia home in which they and their fathers had lived continuously for more than half a century. Mildred was still in curls and even then apostasy was in her veins, for she took up the study of stage dancing with a Tacoma teacher and soon acquired local eminence as a graceful, beautiful and proficient exponent of that art.

Then came the urge to move movieward. She sent her photograph to some of the producers and agencies in the film capital, with a simple appeal for a chance to try for the career it has provided for so many ambitious girls.

Don Meaney was the most alert. One glance at the portrait and he rang up the Western Union. Perhaps he had the luck to draw a less leaden-footed messenger than the others.

Anyhow, "Come at once," he telegraphed, and soon Mildred was on her way down to California and up to fame.

Thomas H. Ince, it seems, wanted her to go a little later to New York for a picture he proposed to make there. Would she wait?

Not she! She was fired with the purpose to put her mettle to the test, and so she went to another booking agency. There in the waiting-room were four rivals who are now famous as stars or leading ladies.

Mildred's heart sank. She knew these rivals by reputation. What chance had she against such an array of talent and experience?

(Continued on page 102)
I am disillusioned.

As I am sitting at my trusty Underwood, I am thinking over the events of the day and what led up to them. I keep on telling myself that, being in my right senses, I could not possibly have expected things to turn out differently, indeed, and I wanted to keep on believing. But then, who told me to investigate?

I might say the same now. For even tho I am a good deal older, and supposedly wiser, than in those days, I had hidden away in the remotest corner of my mind the last of my idols, the censor. I cherished him as the last of my beliefs. In idle moments my mind would dwell on him lovingly. My imagination, utterly disappointed by the bogey man and the rest, worked feverishly on a picture of the censor until he was so real to me I would have recognized him anywhere.

The picture was colorful and complete. There was a dimly lighted room, a garret by preference. This garret was dark, and musty with the smell of old books and old furniture. The paper on the walls, brown with age, bore a faded flower design of days long gone by; bookcases filled with heavy tomes, chairs and desk were of a long-forgotten period, resembling nothing I had ever seen before. The pigeonholed desk contained piles and piles of boresome and important papers, and, seated before it, quill pen in hand, was the censor himself. He was certainly a quaint figure. Old and withered and bent, in knickerbockers and frock-coat, an official-looking wig on his head, he would sit in his garret, day in and day out, surrounded by piles of manuscripts and films, cutting or crossing out paragraphs or scenes that displeased him. Finally, when he had fulfilled his duty to the utmost, he would affix an official seal to the film or book recommended by the board.
By
ELLEN D. TARLEAU

he was handling, and tie it around with red tape, of which there was always a large and tangled spool at his side ...

The more I thought about him, the more alive did he become. Of course, I should have let it go at that, but then curiosity prompted me to investigate, to hear the censor in his lair, as it were, and, as a result, I am disillusioned.

I found out that—there is no censor! By that I mean that there is no one man, cranky and old, who has the power to tell the public what is permissible for them to see, and what cannot, under any circumstances whatsoever, be shown, because it does not conform to his ideas of purity, or morality, or decency, or all the three combined.

But, instead of the grouchy old censor in a musty den, I met The National Board of Review of Motion Pictures. And the board occupies a suite of well-ventilated and well-furnished offices in an up-to-date business building on Fifth Avenue in New York. Such is reality!

Oh, well, coming to think of it, I would not have it otherwise, for isn’t it better to have a committee of clever, educated, broad-minded and public-spirited people judge the motion pictures we see and suggest changes or eliminations wherever they are necessary, than to have an old fogey, no matter how picturesque, rule out despotically anything that might—by the wrong sort of person, of course—be misconstrued?

The following are a few facts about the origin of The National Board of Review, its work and its aims:

In 1909, Mayor McClellan ordered every picture house in New York closed. This bold and autocratic order followed an investigation into motion picture conditions by the then Police Commissioner, General Bingham, even tho he found that, while there were some defects in subject matter and treatment, the majority of pictures shown were wholesome. But public opinion, the autocrat to whom even a mayor must bow, forced him to revoke this order soon afterwards. The motion picture exhibitors, whose business had been seriously damaged, appealed to Charles Sprague Smith, director of the People’s Institute, to form a volunteer, a disinterested and stable board drawn from persons associated with social organizations. This was done, and The National Board came into existence.

The manufacturers then recognized (Continued on page 119)
Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

ALMOST overnight, so suddenly has come the announcement, three new stars have blazed forth at Lasky. Of course, every film fan knows Margaret Loomis, Bebe Daniels and Wanda Hawley. They've all been signed on five-year contracts to star, and Wanda Hawley has finished her first production, called "Miss Hobbs."

And, incidentally, Gloria Swanson has won the stardom she merits, and after a short respite from her studio work, which will include a trip to New York, she will set forth upon her starring venture for Famous Players-Lasky.

Speaking of stars, too, reminds me that Ruth Stonehouse is with Metro in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." For many months she was off the screen. Metro is making numerous stars. In the first place, Emma Dunn journeyed here to make a film version of "Old Lady 31," her New York stage success. Then along came Miss Stonehouse, followed by Helen Raymond, the brilliant American actress who crossed to London during the war to create the star rôle of "Twin Beds" at the Apollo Theater. Richard Rowland saw her in England and persuaded her to join his film company. Here she is, and she's just finished "Dangerous to Men," with Viola Dana, and a leading rôle with May Allison.

A funny thing happened the other day over in the studios where Allan Dwan is at work on his forthcoming production.

Said Director Dwan to Niles Welch, the leading man:

"We'll begin with the love scene in which you kiss her passionately."

The cast had been called together for the first rehearsal, and Mary Thurman, the leading lady, was seen to blush, while Niles was decidedly uneasy.

"I beg your pardon," he interrupted, "but before I kiss Miss Thurman, I think you might introduce me to her."

These denizens of the West known as cowboys are getting...
Your nails tell strangers all about you

How you can keep them always well groomed

It is not only palmists who read your character by your hands. Wherever you go—whenever you appear in public, strangers are judging you by the appearance of your hands and nails. To many it is the one sure key to a person’s standing.

Carelessly manicured nails cannot be hidden. The loveliest gown, the most charming manner cannot affect the impression they give.

But there is a way to correct that impression. Your nails can be as lovely as anyone’s with just a few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week.

But it must be the right kind of care. Never cut the cuticle. The more you cut it the worse it looks. It grows thicker and thicker, the skin heals in little scars and hangnails form.

With Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover, you can keep your cuticle smooth and unbroken, the nails always lovely.

With a bit of cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail base. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle with a towel.

For clean, white nail tips, apply Cutex Nail White under the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For a brilliant, lasting polish use the Cake Polish first, then the paste Polish.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35 and 65 cent bottles. Cutex Nail Polish, Nail White, and Cold Cream are each 35 cents, at all drug and department stores.

Six manicures for 20 cents

For two dimes you can get a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, containing enough of each product for six complete manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th Street, New York. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 808, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today to Northam Warren
114 West 17th Street, New York City

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to occupy quite considerable space nowadays in Hollywood. We have another cowboy actor at Goldwyn by the name of Gaym Anderson who is making his debut with Will Rogers. And Buck Jones, the Fox "find," fell off a horse lately and has been nursing a broken arm. Jack Pickford, after watching the various cowboys perform, decided that he would like to know how to rope, and so Will Rogers is teaching him every day at the studio. They've been practising on "Billy Whiskers," the studio goat, which nobody seems to have succeeded in getting yet.

Milton Sills has been engaged for three of the George Melford productions, and I met him shortly after his return from Truckee, whence the company had gone on location to take the snow scenes for "The Translation of a Savage." As usual, Mr. Sills was accompanied by a good smoke, for he doesn't seem able to talk without that old briar pipe of his. He thinks this picture will be the most loved drama since "The Miracle Man," for, with one exception, the characters are sympathetic and lovable. There's the usual frozen North fight in which Milton got a few very hard knocks, but he came out a brilliant winner. He's stouter and really more handsome than when he played opposite Petrova and Clara K.

Elliott Dexter was at the Famous Players studio the other day and fit as a fiddle, scarcely leaning on the cane which he has carried with him since his illness and saying how well he feels. This is his second picture, the first having been done on crutches and a cane.

There have been a number of festivities in the colony, too, lately. The other day Kathleen Kirkham had a birthday party and then took her friends to the Blue Bird Café for dinner. Miss Kirkham's sister from the Middle West is still visiting California and, besides, Kathleen has living at her lovely Delaware Avenue bungalow a small niece and nephew, who have toys enough in the Kirkham nursery to stock a small shop. Miss Kirkham's husband spoils the youngsters, she says, but he declares that Kathleen can't pass a candy or toy shop without bringing home fresh specimens.

Helen Taft, daughter of William H. Taft, recently visited the studios and, of course, she was entertained by the different clubs and stars. She spent a half day at Metro with May Allison, and they had their pictures taken 'n' everything.

William D. Taylor is featuring Lewis Sargent, of Huck Finn fame, in a story by Julia Crawford Ivers, running in a popular magazine. Young Sargent comes of a large family, and it just happened that he was seen on the street one day when he was doing an errand for his father, who is a

(Continued on page 112)
Why Teeth Glisten
Millions of Them Now

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You see glistening teeth in every circle now. For millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. They are not only whiter, but cleaner and safer. And leading dentists everywhere are urging this method's adoption.

A ten-day test, which costs you nothing, will show what it means to you.

To end the film

The purpose is to end the film—the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is that 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.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film. So brushing has left much of it intact. Millions of well-brushed teeth, on this account, dis-color and decay. Few people escape tooth troubles, and it is largely because of that film.

Now a combatant

Dental science, knowing these facts, has long sought a film combatant. It has now been found. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste in all ways meets modern requirements. Millions of people have already tried it, and the results you see on every hand show what it means to teeth.

The vital facts

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has found a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Pepsodent accomplishes two other great results. But its all-important quality is this action on the film.

Mark the results in ten days

One cannot question the Pepsodent effects. They are too conspicuous.

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.

Compare the results with results you get now. Then read the reasons for them. After such a test, neither you nor yours will be content with old methods of teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

A new era in teeth protection

These new discoveries mark a new era in teeth cleaning. Tooth beauty comes through removing the cloudy film coat. But that also means vastly more. It means safer, cleaner teeth. And it doubtless will mean, in the years to come, a vast reduction in tooth troubles.

Dentists everywhere are urging people to adopt this new protection.

K.C.B. (Kenneth C. Beaton), the popular philosopher and widely read authority on children, is in New York at the last of the immortal classics, "Children Not Wanted," a film depicting the troubles of persons with children living in New York.

Winifred Westover is in Sweden, where she is being starred in Swedish photoplays.

James E. Abbe, a celebrated New York photographe who was recently in Los Angeles and had "sittings" with Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, May McAvoy, and other celebrities, recently consented to direct a picture in which the remaining contingent of the Mark Sandrich girls appeared. In the light two-reel comedy, it is claimed that the beauty of the Sandrich girls will be adequately, distinctly and tellingly revealed. Prominent in the story of beauty, is Harpo Marx.

Winifred Lytell, younger brother of Bert Lytell, will appear in an all-star photoplay of a Drury Lane melodrama, "The Marriages of Mayfair."

Madge Kennedy's third Eastern starring production is "The Girl Who Wasn't Herself," a story by Daniel Taradash, which first appeared in "Movie Mirror.

Theatres across the nation have separated the first of May, and will present Douglas MacLean as a star in his own right.

Betty Blythe will be seen in the famous play, "42nd Street," in New York at the new Alvin Theatre, under the management of George White.

Olive Tell has re-enlisted under the Metro banner and in "Clothes," will play the role created on the legitimate stage by Grace George.

The Carlo Dickens classic, "Old Curiosity Shop," with Beppo Love's interesting vehicle, is scheduled for Andrew J. Gulieme Productions.

Frank Currier, "good old man" of Metro pictures, is back in the East and will be seen in "The Marriages of Mayfair."

B.G. Thomas at Beverly Hills, home of the Desmonds, near Los Angeles, Cal. has been throned "Mary Joanna."

Gaby Deslys, she bequeathed her fortune to her devoted major and a gift of property of great value to the Maran your love. (Harry Granfield, "One Hundred and Four," recently made his motion picture debut.

In other words

Camels supply everything you hoped for in cigarettes!

YOUR taste will prove that in quality, flavor, fragrance and mellowness Camels give you a real idea of how delightful a cigarette can be! You will greatly prefer Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos to either kind of tobacco smoked straight.

Camels hand out satisfaction you never before got from a cigarette. They have a wonderful smooth but satisfying mildness yet that desirable body is all there! And, Camels do not tire your taste!

Another feature about Camels—they leave no unpleasant cigarettey aftertaste nor unpleasant cigarettey odor.

Camels superiority is best proved by comparing them with any cigarette in the world at any price. You realize then as you never did before just what quality can mean to a cigarette!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.
David Kirkland, director of Constance Talmadge's last National pictures, has gone abroad armed with a traveling camera, to take shots of famous spots in Spain and France and to absorb "atmosphere" for use in future productions.

Richard Storey, brother of Edith Storey and one of the first celebrities of the screen, has joined the directing force of the Thomas H. Ince staff, and is assisting in the direction of the Louis Joseph Vance story, "Donzel Revel.

Lucy Cotton and Pedro De Cordoba will be seen in support of William Faversham, in "The Sin That Was His." The story was written by Frank L. Packard who wrote "The Miracle Man."

Mildred Davis has signed a long-term contract as leading lady under Harold Lloyd, in Pathe comedies.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven will produce the famous stage play, "Two Days," as a motion picture for First National Exhibitors.

On December 16, a Thomas Mitchell-as-Mrs. Burton will be published as a beautiful model, who will delineate creations of Eugene Craft in the little known area of Fifth Avenue establishments.

Wilda Bennett, feminine star of many popular musical comedies of Apple Blossoms" is one of the first to go in Metro's new special "Love, Honor and Devotion."

Irene Hampton is making her screen debut as Lavina in "Lavina," and will vacation in Hawaii. The story, written by H. H. Van Loan, centers around the life of a hula dancer.

Lilian Gish has left D. W. Griffith, and will make five pictures for Frohman Productions.

Gleedsy George will be seen in the leading role, opposite Donnie Mitchell, in the first individual starring vehicle, "Viviana Villies."

Elliot Dexter returns to the screen, after an absence of almost a year, in "Cairo in the Milne's latest production, "Cairo in Three Paces.""

Joe King is the principal player in "The Girl With the Lazy Heart."

Madge Kennedy plans a trip abroad and will spend part of her time in England and France.

"Buster" Colbert, son of William, will support his dad in "The Sentimental Waltz."

"Scrubin' Through," Jesse Cowl's recent Broadway success, has been purchased as a starring vehicle for Norma Talmadge.

Bert Lytell is back from the East after two years at home, and will make four special productions in New York.

Bebe Daniels, known as "The Good Little Red Girl," in Chicago has been producing, and with Wallace Reid, has added the beautiful Miss Darrow to their companies.

Marguerite de La Motte has taken an important part in "Trumpet of a Tramp," a Universal picture in which New York and southern California furnish the background for the screen.

Hal Reid, author of more than two hundred plays and novelist of "Wildfire Reid," died recently at his home on Long Island.

Billie Burke's first picture, under her new contract with Paramount-Artcraft, will be "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," an adaptation of the comedy by Clyde Fitch.

Adele Blood will appear as the leading feminine support in "The Riddle Woman," Geraldine Farrar's first Associated Exhibitors' production.

Eugene V. Brewster, of the Brewster productions, is producing a five-reel drama in which the winners and honor roll members of this year's Flame and Fortune contest will appear. Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, two winners of the 1919 contest, have been cast for leading parts in this production.

Carmel Myers' first picture under her new Universal contract will be "The Follies' Trail," a drama directed by Rollin Sturges.

Roy Stewart supports Betty Compson in her first production with her own company, "The Test."

Colecen Moore is appearing opposite Wesley Barry in the first Neidian production, starring the boy actor.

Mrs. Sidney Drew says that, upon the completion of her own studio and her own organization this fall, she intends to try her art at serious acting. In the meantime, she is in Chicago to finish the direction of a series of five pictures, adapted from Julian Street's "After Thirty."

It has been definitely announced that William S. Hart will retire from the screen in the near future. He has refused, also, a generous offer by A. H. Woods to return to the speaking stage.

Jackie Saunders is playing opposite William Farnum in "The Scuttlers."

Marguerite Courtot is sailing for Spain to enact the title role of "Carmen," to be produced there by Pathé.

Frank Borzage will again be responsible for a Fannie Hurst story, "Just Around the Corner," that will be filmed for Cosmopolitan productions.

Little Viola Davis, who appeared with Alice Joyce in many Vitagraph productions, is now playing the leading role in the vaudeville sketch "Just Suppose."

Alice Brady will discontinue temporarily her work on the speaking stage and devote her time and energy to the making of Realart pictures.

Ann Cornwall will appear as leading woman in a feature for Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, from the musical comedy, "La La Lucille."

Gaston Glass supports Norma Talmadge in her latest production "The Branded Woman."

"Hoot" Gibson, Universal's in-demand young cowboy star, is wielding the megaphone for a series of two-reel productions, written by Louis B. Lighton, in which "Hoot" is also starring.

Norma Talmadge won, by several thousand votes, a popularity voting contest for choosing the world's most popular motion picture star, recently conducted by the Minneapolis Journal.
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With a "Vest Pocket" you’re always ready for the unexpected that is sure to happen.

Your larger camera you carry when you plan to take pictures. The Vest Pocket Kodak you have constantly with you to capture the charms of the unusual. It is small in size but lacks nothing in quality.

The price is $9.49. Film for 8 exposures is 25 cents. Both prices include the war tax.

All Dealers’.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City
Miss ANSWERETTE.—A little late, but better than never. Mary Pickford started with the Imp Company. Sleeping car and passenger car scenes are usually taken in the studios. The car is a three-sided set, open at the camera end and long rolls of scenery unroll rapidly before its windows to keep the READER—You want to know all about Olga Olinova, who plays opposite AI Jennings, and also about Edith Roberts, interviews with both of these players will appear soon. Benjamin Franklin was twenty-six when he began the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac." It had a circulation of more than 10,000 and was pretty big for the time.

Miss E. E. C. B.—Thanks for the clipping.

RAYMOND H., NIAGARA FALLS.—Some description you give of me. I'm really and truly 79 years now. Natalie Talmadge has had no previous stage experience. Mary Miles Minter is in Los Angeles. $5.00 a day is the average for extras, but recently they have been getting about $10 a day. You might. Most companies won't accept synopses unless they are typewritten. Yes, and many of the blunders of the world have occurred from the mind being in one place and the body in another.

GEORGE S. M.—Yes, "A Man of Honor" was taken from the book, "The Yellow Dove."

PATTY CANNADY.—Welcome, Patsy. You say, excuse the typewriting—that you are more at home breaking corn than beating the typewriter. So you are a tiller of the soil. Beautiful! So you see all the shows that come to your town. And you like the farm boys about as well as any and you are not cigarette-smoking sissies. Right you are, Patsy, and I want you to write me again.

ESMERALDA.—Surely I was glad to hear from you. But dont' be too ready to accept people's confidences; they will perhaps suspect you of betraying them. Walter McGrail was Maurice, Claire MacDowell was Elizabeth and Ora Carew was Clarice in "Blind Youth." Thank you very much.

PATRICIA IRWIN.—You scored a point when you said Montagu Love was so delightfully homely. And you love his red hair. Yes, he is a real person. Clarine Seymour died on April 25th after an operation for intestinal trouble.

Mrs. REJECTED GLOOOGOS.—Well, well! No, I never have a gooch. Yes, write him a nice little note and tell him you are sorry. Don't know what has happened to Dakota Bill. You sign "Yours with the best of intentions." Elucidation is in order. What are your intentions? This is leap year.

CARLSS A.—Wish I could help you. Memorabilia—the greatest generals, I should say, were Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Caesar, the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Wellington, George Washington, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Owaya and Pooh. Earle Williams played Captain Swift, Florence Dixon was Stella, and Adelaide Prince was Lady Seabrook in "Captain Swift."

D. W. GRIFFITH GIRLS.—You say "June Elvidge is healthy, but not beautiful." Norma Talmadge is in New York; Natalie is about 19 and Constance 21.
For your Baby, use the
Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification

Mellin's Food, prepared with milk, is a complete food for an infant. By simply varying the proportions in its preparation, it can be adapted to children of all ages.

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MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY - BOSTON, MASS.
W. Inkles, she nigh Iboi evereraldine isn't know eve patience."

A. M. R. BEACON.—No, I am not another Diogenes. Perhaps if he was alive now he would throw aside his lantern and use an X-ray. Edmund Breese and Claire Whitney in "The Common Lurker" played in "Circumstantial Evidence" for Arrow-Stearn.

AMS.-Of course, I want to hear from the one you love. Thank your kind words go a long ways making me happy. I would rather be applauded by the many than by the few. The appreciation of the judicious is always the censure of the ignorant.

R. M. S.—Yes, but you should remember that there is no such thing as a long happiness. You want to know how the girls put that wave in their hair? Married women. That's what they call the wave, and it is put in by a hot iron. You think Pauline Parker terribly homely, but she is a real actress.

R. S. R.—I thank you, but I couldn't print it.

A. & D. D.—So very sorry! Mignon Anderson and Clarence Photoploy Corp.; she used to play Thalians. Will I could accept the invitation to back and George Walsh in "The Deadline."

Betta REMARKS.—Hello there, Retta. Some glad to hear from you! You're funny! You say, "Hear ye, hear ye! I hate Ye o' the 79 years, the herald, the quill and pen, the name, the wrinkles, the dozen hairs, the waving of the flag, the difference between the man with the top turned on-end nose, the outstanding nose, the big nose, the small nose, the speechless nose, the talking nose."

P. & D. B.—Don't worry. They haven't written Shakespeare. "Hes a, yes, they are that have not patience." ZaSu Pitts and Winifred Sheehan and Kate Price were Mrs. Caswell in "The Women."

B. H. B.—You say, "If Pauline Frederick and mill Goodwin had married, which would have been the first to apply for a divorce?" You mean mine.

Bette REMARKS.—Ask me! Audrey Munson doesn't know, and she hasn't appeared in pictures for a long time, and was a social child player.

J. M. B.—Ask me! "Feathertop." "Hats an important question!" What were the Watusis? What was his name when his wife was a señorita? "Tomas."

R. M. S.—Ask me! "The Girl From Outside."

MALHERB.-I really don't know whether Arthur Jasmine ever went to school in Minneapolis. In fact, I don't know whether he ever went to school at all.

GEORGE PEACOCK.—Ah, there, fair one! I'm glad you think I am sincere, but I'm not. Yes, one of the most important things to learn in this world is why the value of money; and the quickest way to learn the value of money is to try to borrow some. I tried to borrow a quarter the other day and the other boy told me he was the same way himself. Leo Delaney played in "Circumstantial Evidence" for Arrow-Stearn.

A. M. R. BEACON.—No, I am not another Diogenes. Perhaps if he was alive now he would throw aside his lantern and use an X-ray. Edmund Breese and Claire Whitney in "The Common Lurker" played in "Circumstantial Evidence" for Arrow-Stearn.

Peggy L. F.—In Greek mythology, Diana was the daughter of Jupiter and the Latona, goddess of hunting, chastity and marriage. I don't know why they combined hunting and marriage, but I guess they go hand in hand. So you received a handsome picture from Geraldine Farrar, and you think her most wonderful. Betty Compson is in California. Enid Bennett is in Culver City, Cal., and Tom Moore is in California. Thanks for all the kind things you say.

Jane B.—It's not being done any more, Jane. The companies don't want scenarios, now called continuities, but just a detailed synopsis explaining the story. You refer to E.A. Novak of "Herbert Asbury's"."
August is the Month of Fulfillment

Growing things are reaching perfection and the Harvest Moon turns the world to gold.

This August is marked by the fulfillment of Selznick's promise to give you the stars you want in the kind of pictures you like to see—pictures that charm with sentiment; lure with mystery; thrill with adventure; delight with romance.

That's why two new stars have been added to the Selznick firmament and why

Create
Happy Hours
### The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a short 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 us as 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.

Undoubtedly, the best list we will print a similar table-time coupled 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 publish 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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Studio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Von Stroheim—Universal.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't Ever Marry—C-5.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marjorie Daw—First National.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Double Speed—C-8.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallace Reid—Paramount.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde—MD-10.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Barrymore—Paramount.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eastern Western—C-9.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harold Lloyd—Pathé.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First World Susan—CD-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constance Talmadge—Realart.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. S. Drew—Pathé.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Star—Paramount.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excuse My Dust—C-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallace Reid—Paramount.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fair and Warmer—F-9.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May All—Metro.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faith—C-6.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peggy Hyland—Fox.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alice Brady—Remarque.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Footlights and Shadows—D-6.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olive Thomas—Select.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clara K. Young—Equity.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conway Tearle—Equity.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. W. S. William and Graph.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hobart Henley—John Cumberland.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girl Named Mary—MD-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marguerite Clark—Paramount.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griffith Prod.—All Star.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haunted Spooks—F-8.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harold Lloyd—Remarque—Pathé.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heart of a Child—MD-8.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nazimova—Metro.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heart of the Hills—MD-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Pickford—United Artists.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heartstrings—D-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Parnell—Fox.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her Kingdom of Dreams—D-6.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anita Stewart—First National.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Speed—CD-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Earle—Hallmark.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gladys Hulette—Hallmark.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His Majesty the American—CD-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>His Temporary Wife—D-7.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ruluy De Remer—Dennmark.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Huckleberry Finn—CD-8.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Paramount.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Homybess—C-8.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hushed Hour, The—D-6.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blanche Sweet—Pathé.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarine Seymour—D. W. Griffith Prod.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Richard Barthelmess.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>In Old Kentucky—MD-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Stewart—First National.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Search of a Sinner—C-8.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Constance Talmadge—First National.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isle of Conquest—D-8.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norma Talmadge—Select.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joshua—C-9.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will Rogers—Goldwyn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—D-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Pickford—Goldwyn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loves of Little World—C-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Male and Female—D-10.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swanson and Meinig—DeMille Prod.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Ellen Comes to Town—CMD-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Gish—Paramount.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miracle Man, The—D-11.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compton &amp; Meinig—Tucker Prod.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modern Saloon, A—MD-3.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope Hampton—MD-3.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>More Deadly Than the Male—D-7.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethel Clayton—Paramount.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Continued on page 120)
Alice the Efficient
(Continued from page 33)

many furs and other things when I really have no time to wear them outside of my work, but for the most part I go sanely on doing what I have to do each day as it comes and planning for the morrow. The stage is not new to me, of course, and only playing at matinées twice a week, unless a holiday creeps in, gives me all day for my picture work. Sometimes we can get a studio in the city when we're on tour with 'Forever After' and I utilize that time by planning new clothes, attending to the details which have collected and in reading new books with an eye to their adaptability to the screen; reading manuscripts and plays. I think my screen work helps me with my stage work and my stage work with my screen work, so you see it's probably not much more difficult doing both than it would be to do the one.

"During the summer months, too," she went on, "we are going to take a pretty little bungalow in California. I'll work only in pictures then, of course, and it will be a rest for both of us." She paused and smiled—"A second honeymoon!"

Even in her dressing-room one witnessed flashes of her innate efficiency—and yet to simply term her efficient paints an untrue picture of her, for we have come to think of efficient people as almost tersely capable—Alice is, with all her efficiency, more wistful than almost anything else you could say. While her maid assisted her and she accepted her help graciously, you felt with a certainty that Alice herself could do things. While she dressed, she anticipated that she would need that evening, having the little maid place them where they would be available, and you ceased, in a larger degree, to wonder how she has been able to crowd her life so full and yet do everything successfully.

Her eyes are even bigger than they appear—quite bigger and almost black they are so very dark—too, she's not as tall as she appears on either stage or screen. I mentioned this to her.

"You see," she explained, smiling into the glass at me, "I always wear long lines—they make you look taller. The modiste who furnishes me with my clothes knows I don't go in for the frilly things—ingenue things. I have a contract with him by the year and in this way I don't have to explain just what I want every time I order a new wrap or frock. I describe it to him generally and he can do the rest."

I asked her if she had thought of doing "Forever After" for the screen.

"I hope to do it for the screen next year," she told me, stepping into the simple black velvet dress with white net collar and cuffs which she was wearing to dinner. "By that time I will have opened with my new stage play and it will be interesting to do 'Forever After' for the movies. It has always been my contention that it is a motion picture story and I know it will adapt itself to the screen very well. I'm really anxious to start on it."

In a way it may be the very fact that she has had such a large measure of success which has kept her from a distinct realization of her achievements. She has been too busy earning it and, having earned it, keeping it to sit down for any length of time and think of the success which has come to her. And she has not in the slightest degree become blasé. She told me enthusiastically of a smart boot shop which was

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Your complexion, hair and scalp require more than just ordinary care these enervating days. Yet it is no task to keep your skin fresh and youthful if you—like scores of beautiful stage and screen stars—will rely on home electric massage. Here is the one really scientific way to beauty. Convenient. Delightful. Inexpensive. Get a "Star" today. Ideal for week-end trips. On sale at drug, department, electrical stores, or direct from us. Costs only $5. (In Canada $7.50.) Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.

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$5 Complete
Another Star Comes to the Cinema Firmament

(Continued from page 53)

But, when you talk to her you are impressed with the idea that she's a solid individual—that she wears considerably more under her hat than just mere blonde hair. She talks about interesting things, rather than the affairs of her friends. Moreover, she seems genuinely pleased when you ask her to play the piano for you. And, if you request an autographed photograph of her, she's literally "just tickled to death."

Her success on the screen has been due to the fact that she's extremely sincere.

"What's the use," she interposed, "of feeling one way and acting another? Of, for instance, having certain tastes and subverting them merely because some one tells you it's policy? Silly thought!"

Speaking of policy—I asked her what she thought about vampires. She looked at me rather wonderingly, as if she thought I hadn't quite good sense.

"Why," she exclaimed, surprised, "I never thought much about it. Vamps must be very uncomfortable, always thinking up new 'gags' to lure away the men. But, you see," and she smiled knowingly, "I don't have to vamp anybody. My husband wouldn't like me to."

And this husband of hers, she tells me, is a huge success as an automobile tire merchant. He uses his wife in all his advertising.

"All my spare time," she remarked naively, "is used up posing for pictures with some new brand of wheelgear. It's good publicity for me—and I don't believe my face in conjunction with one of Burton's tires hurts the tire any."

"I like tires and autos so well that if I couldn't act I'd sell 'em. Why, do you know that I'm the best booster my husband's business has ever had? I go out to see some of my cinema friends, and before I've left the tea-table I've induced them to buy something. All the commissions I get I put back into the business, because I don't think it right for people to take money out of their husband's business when they don't actually need it, do you?"
The other thing that running, fascinating little green flower—likes better music and auto tires."

"No," she interjected. "I'll get it. It's the joy of my little and cute and I always sit when I go out motoring."

"Potions of a baby or an alarm sofa pillow, but the thing out to be a diminutive .38 blue-black, shiny object of gun metal large enough to serve as a raunder to death and just small enough to fit into Wanda's sweater pocket.

Not that on her motor trips thru Hollywood she goes hunting for game. Not at all! She merely expresses herself as extremely fond of going shooting with her husband, and of feeling safe when she goes out in the evening to pay a call.

"Every woman"—ladies, this is real, good advice—"should know how to protect herself. If anybody tries to hold you up, it's undignified to scream so that the whole community'll know what's happened. Likewise, it isn't ladylike to try to scratch your adversary, or to bite him. Merely show your authority, and if you have to shoot—shoot straight."

Lady policemen infest Los Angeles. Some day, says Wanda, she may be fortunate enough to be nominated one. A supreme opportunity to get a true slant on life and to get a real thrill.

But, even tho Wanda would crave to be a sort of Diana of the golf links, or a lady drummer, she's cut out to shine for five years in the very brightest electrics. Mr. Edison's factory can manufacture. It has all come to her so quickly that she's bewildered. It's like waking up from a dream and not knowing whether or not the day is night. It's all that, and a lot more, she says. A mere two years ago she played opposite Tom Mix in a thriller where they made her ride a horse when she'd never ridden before. Then, she was known as Wanda Petit. A year and a half ago she went to Lasky's to play supporting parts, among them the sister role in "For Better, For Worse."

When they wanted a colleen to impersonate Lauren Taylor's delightful Peg in "Pee Wee Manners." " Peg o' My Heart," they cast Wanda in the part, and also as Beauty in "Everywoman" because her blondness is of the finest, unspoiled type peculiarly indigenous to youthful personages. She says that there is nothing she so thoroughly dislikes as a "sleezy-sleezy" ingenue, as she calls these taffy-haired creatures who hop thru the picture like an educated flea. And, what is more, she promises us that she'll retire from the screen if she ever has to play one.

And if you've seen her opposite Wallace Reid in "Double Speed," or Bryant Washburn in "The Six Best Cellars" or "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," you know what I mean. Even in "Held By the Enemy," where she furnishes the comedy relief when the dramatizer gets too heavy, she doesn't sleeze—merely falls off a chair or something.

It's because she's blonde and pretty, and because she has large quantities of what the high-brows term "personality" that Wanda has been made one of the stellar luminaries. While she's not a bit more upstage now at the thought of owning her own fine home, of having her dressing-room on star row, and of being given the privilege of selecting her own screen vehicles, she's nevertheless excited.

And who wouldn't be, when they're just barely twenty and only last week suffered a deletion of their only wisdom tooth?
Enthusiasm Great in Popularity

Mary Pickford Still Leads, Altho There Are Changes in Positions of Other Players

Almost every day finds the incoming votes changing the positions of the leaders in the Popularity Contest; some of those who were high in the beginning have dropped a bit during the last month, while others have gone forward in black and white.

The votes pour in—hundreds arriving at the magazine offices in every mail, and those who take charge of them work constantly that they may be immediately counted and the players listed accordingly.

Last month William Reid headed the list, but in the last week Wallace Reid has gone forward to first place, with Bill Reid standing second. Mary Pickford still leads with a great majority of votes, but in view of the fact that others have come forward so rapidly during the last month, it would be difficult to make any predictions concerning the next report.

And again we are amazed at the universal interest which this contest has aroused, for no part of the world is absent in representation—movie fans in far away Japan and South America are as enthusiastic in heralding their favorite as are the fans in every hamlet of America.

If you have not been among those who have boosted their favorite or favorites it is not too late to start now; if you have not entered your guess as to who will come out ahead you still have time. All the rules and regulations, together with a description of the beautiful and useful prizes, are presented on a nearby page.

Mary Pickford
39,400
Homer Talmadge
21,251
Pearl White
16,307
Mary Nazimova
10,251
Constance Talmadge
6,388
Bebe Daniels
4,153
Viola Dana
3,459
Elise Fischer
2,614
Lillian Gish
2,560
Mary Miles Minter
2,091
Theda Bara
1,850
Olive Thomas
1,653
Dorothy Gish
1,404
Anita Stewart
1,400
Ethel Clayton
1,356
Ruth Roland
1,351
Gloria Swanson
1,108
Marguerite Clark
1,100
Baby Marie Osborne
1,100
Dorothy Dalton
1,100
May Allison
1,018
Irene Castle
950
Marx Davies
854
Pauline Frederick
854
Geraldine Farrar
749
Alice Lake
667
Mac Murray
611
Alice Joyce
600
Marguerite Fisher
557
Mme. Petrona
551
Marie Prevost
551
Edith Johnson
501
Wanda Hawley
500
Katherine MacDonald
504
Alice Brady
454
June Caprice
452
Vivian Martin
431
Dorothy Cassinelli
407
Priscilla Dean
404
Doris May
401
Marie Wolcott
400
Jannita Hansen
359
Ann Little
358
Madge Kennedy
308
Betty Compson
304
Billie Burke
300
Doro Kenyon
300
Gadyse Leslie
304
Jane Novak
263
Dorothy Phillips
253
Jean Paige
215
Blanche Sweet
204
Lila Lee
167
Maie Marsh
159
Lizzie Ward
151
Fred Hueston
116
Virginia Lee Corbin
106
Corinne Griffith
103
Mildred Harris
103
Wallace Reid
13,200
William S. Hart
12,954
Richard Barthelmess
11,351
Douglas Fairbanks
8,350
Edward O'Brien
4,357
William Farnum
2,708
Charles Ray
2,700
Warren Kerigan
1,558
Tom Mix
2,158
Charles Chaplin
1,789
Douglas Maclean
1,688
Rodolfo de Amicis
1,582
Thomas Meighan
1,256
William Duncan
1,249
Tom Moore
1,158
Jack Pickford
87
John Barrymore
968
Antonio Moreno
963
Ralph Graves
954
William Russell
901
Kenneth Harlan
861
Harry Northrup
759
Earl Derringer
757
Louis Stone
751
Bert Lytell
711
George Walsh
708
Bobby Harron
631
Lloyd Hughes
688
Harrison Ford
614
Marshall Neilan
610
Louis Dennen
607
Elliott Dexter
603
Eddie Lyons
588
Eddie Polo
585
Henry G. Sell
456
Harold Lloyd
452
Tom Pormon
407
Wesley Barry
364
Bryan Washburn
357
Lon Chaney
354
Robert Gordon
307
Cullen Landis
304
Monroe Salisbury
301
Webster Campbell
259
Emerson Johnson
256
Milton Sills
253
Owen Moore
253
Monte Blue
211
Low Cody
205
Will Rogers
202
Robert Warwick
200
Raymond Hatton
164
Theodore Roberts
158
Charles Meredith
156
Lee Moran
152
Dana Andrews
152
Sunshine Sammy
150
Conway Tearle
130
Fatty Arbuckle
114

(Continued on page 120)
110 Piece Dinner Set

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 wonderfully with the perfectly natural colorings of the flowers in pink, green and lavender. Has lovely blue bordering on each piece. Each piece is fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to check or craze. Then, too, that splendid Old English finish is applied to the clay even before it is fired. The finish permeates and gives to the piece the indestructible glaze of rich snowflake white. This wonderful dinner set can be yours for only $1.00 down and $3.00 monthly. Price in all, $30.90. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

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Along with $1.00 to us now. Have this 110-Piece Bluebird 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!

Straus & Schram,
Dept. C152 W. 35th St., Chicago

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Our guarantee protects you. If for any reason you are not pleased with the Bluebird Dinner Set you may return it within 30 days and get your money back—also pay freight you paid. Good for 30 days.

Free Catalog

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains. Carpets, rugs, cutlery, silverware, glassware, women's, men's and children's wearing needs. Send for coupon today—NOW!
Every Inch an Actor

(Continued from page 65)

profession chose him. His work means everything to him not only for the money
and fame he gets from it, but for its own
sake as well.

He told me of his desire to play
"Beauty" Steele in "The Right of Way"
on the screen (he has played it often on
the stage), some months before Screen
Chics's secured the story for him.

"I have always liked that character,"he said. "To me the man is a who
wants to believe in God but cannot. I
think that the whole key-note of his char-
acter is in the scene where the tailor says,
"Don't you believe that there is a God?"
and he answers, "God knows."

"But above all, I want to play the death
scene. It can be done on the screen as it
never could be done on the stage. And
now when the whole world is interested
in spiritualism, and when more people
than ever before have come to believe
in the existence of the personality after
death, I think that the meaning of it
could be brought out with telling effect."

You remember the "business" of the
monocle all the way thru the play? On
his deathbed, the lawyer asks, "Who is
that at the foot of my bed?" and the
priest answers, "It is the spirit of death.

"Beauty" Steele screws his monocle into
his eye and says in gentle mockery of his
old scolding way, "Pardon me, have we
ever been introduced?" and the priest
says, "At the hour of your birth, my son."

The picture has been made with two
endings. By the time this is published, it
will have long since been decided whether
the death scene is to be taken out or left
where it belongs. Without it, the picture
will lose much of its strength.

Bert Lytell was born in New York City.

Both of his parents were prominent in
the theater. His father, W. H. Lytell, was
Kiralfy's principal comedian, and his
mother, Blanche Mortimer, was a daugh-
ter of J. K. Mortimer, who was a star in
Augusta Daly's company. He has a
younger brother also on the screen.

Bert made his first appearance in "The
Lights o' London," when he was three
years old, by walking on the catwalk of a
set of the river Thames. This was
wholly unexpected alike by players and
audience. The curtain was rung down in
great haste and his father came down from
"London Bridge" and gave him a
spanking, which he never forgot.

He became a leading man at the age
of nineteen and appeared in such places as
Albany, Boston and San Francisco. His last
stage appearance was in "Mary's Ankle"; his
first screen appearance, in "The Lone
Wolf," under the direction of Herbert
Brenon, which brings to mind another
well-known trial of an actor's life—the
speed with which things move. For in-
stance, the first Lone Wolf was Bert
Lytell, then Henry B. Walthall played
him in "The False Faces," and made him a
little bit more mature. Now along
comes Louise Glau as the Lone Wolf's
daughter.

"What I want to know," said Bert Ly-
tell, "is what relation Louise is to me?
I'd like to do another Lone Wolf story,
but under the circumstances, I'm afraid
it will be impossible.

In appearance, Bert Lytell is the ideal
man of every girl's dreams. He has the
square chin, sensitive mouth, wavy brown
hair and eyes that hold a hint of sadness
with which almost every girl in her teens
does not wish to lose. Add to this a
naturally rich and sympathetic
voice and the picture is complete.
FACEmaker

Mary Garden

Fragrant with
Floriot's

Freemans

FACE POWDER

Write for
the glowing rines and satin smoothness of boy's fair skin. Protecting, wholesome, clinging.
Only for ladies who end corns

Dainty shoes are only for those who end corns.

The way is simple, quick and easy, and is sure. Millions of people employ it.

Apply Blue-jay, the liquid or the plaster. That touch will stop the pain.

Then wait a little and the corn will loosen and come out.

Then why does anybody suffer corns?

Just because they don't know. They pare corns and keep them. Or they pad them. Or they use a treatment harsh and ineffective.

Blue-jay is scientific. This world-famed laboratory created it.

Year after year, it is keeping millions entirely free from corns.

Perhaps half the corns that start are now ended by it.

Ask your druggist for Blue-jay. Learn tonight how much it means to you.

Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago New York Toronto

Makes of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

She Would and She Did
(Continued from page 36)

the interview, urging "Aunt Grace" to please hurry—disappearing quickly and willingly upon being given a dollar "to send."

Miss Davison talked earnestly of her present favorite outdoor aeroplaneing. Quite casually she mentioned that she knew all there is to know about an aeroplane, that the first time she flew up, she went on the outside instead of the inside, that she has taken any number of pictures in mid-air, that she knows the slightest fear and could go on flying forever and never tire.

"I've so much to learn," she said; "and I'm studying every step. My roles so far have been heavy ones, and being inexperienced, it takes a great deal out of me. So after each picture I take a month's rest, for I must keep fit."

"Yes," she said, in answer to the inevitable question, "I should like to go on the stage—but not yet. I must make a real lasting success in pictures. That's what I want more than anything else in the world."

Some one, perchance, will say: "Any girl may become a success if she has the money to star herself!" Not so. It takes something besides cold hard cash to bring the success nothing short of which will satisfy Grace Davisons.

She has youth, beauty and that "certain something" called screen personality. Not only that, she has brains in her pretty head and from her big brown eyes there shines forth a sure, calm determination, a boundless ambition, the sure knowledge that lasting success is won only by unmitigated hard work. And that's no fairy tale!

Doth Thee Like Quakeresses?
(Continued from page 79)

The manager emerged and hastily looked over the group, "Step this way," he said, hooking his fingers at the little Quakeress.

Let us pass over the optical daggers hurled after her as she vanished into the manager's private office.

Next day Mildred was on her way to a studio to work in Mutual comedies. Next a Universal casting director saw her on the screen, sent for her and put her in Bluebird productions. Then Metro threw out its grappling hook and made her Viola Dana's leading lady. Next Pathé made it worth her while to come over and support Bryant Washburn, and when Bebe Daniels left Harold Lloyd to move into the Cecil B. de Mille group of hand-picked charmers, Pathé without a moment's hesitation transferred the building and now experienced Quaker lass to Bebe's place in the Rolin laugh factory.

And there she is now—but for how long?

There has been of late a surprising heighra of comedy princesses to the sober fold of straight photodrama—Alice Lake, Mary Astor, Louise Fazenda, Claire Anderson, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Juanita Hansen, Billie Rhodes, Pricilla Dean, Francesca Billington, Edith Roberts, Betty Compson.

It's becoming a maxim: If you want the best combination of beauty, talent and experience, go to the comedy studios for leading ladies. Perhaps it's the training—but that's another story.
Youth Speaking
(Continued from page 61)

of the place a reminiscence of a melodious, sweet sound, as was in Miss Rubens a sensitized instrument responding, vibrantly, to ever so slight a touch. I concluded, almost concluded, as far as one can make any such judgement, that an hour or so, or that she was like a character from an introspective novel. Only, which is a paradox when one considers the word "introspective"... she doesn't know it, has no consciousness of it.

"Summer makes me sad," Miss Rubens was saying in a low voice, with the whole of her. "I don't suppose the reason is anything more than a pathological one of being wilted by a high thermometer, but something in me sort of shrinks when the first warm waves of the season hit me. Somehow, you don't feel that way about it in California. It isn't this sort of heat.

We got around, with inevitability, to the screen and the things thereof.

"I am going, from now on," Miss Rubens said, "to do only the great things as I see them. I have served my apprenticeship, I think, at the lesser tasks, and I shall do nothing rather than take, to them now. Every so often in life, in work, in whatever you may be doing, you reach a certain limit, a certain definite outpost, and you have reached it.

I asked her what she meant by great things. She said she thought that the truly great things were the conservative things: properly exploited. There were only two releases, she said, really doing things in a large sort of way. One was Internatio...
The Luck of Monroe Salisbury

(Continued from page 49)

punctuated about his personal appearance, is a collector of rare Japanese prints and a student of art and music.

In conversation he uses his hands as almost and you would notice his long graceful fingers. He dresses quietly and his car is painted a conservative "battleship gray." Also, there is no luxury landscape to cars which it does not possess.

And yet, the bizarre and the unusual has its fascination for him, too. I noticed in his apartment several curves from the South Sea Islands, (material that would make wonderful sport hats), odd weapons, a necklace of claws. "Mother says that if I bring any more stuff in here, we'll have to move out," he remarked. His favorite part is that of Alessandro in the production of "Kananga.

"I have had a romantic fondness for Indian stories always," he said.

A believer in reincarnation might fancy that he had, at some time, been a chief of one of the more advanced tribes, such an Indian as the Indians described in their legends from which Longfellow drew the material for Harwath and that, in trying to lead his tribe away from savagery he had, himself, severed all connection with it so that, in this incarnation, "Karma" would give him the work he had worked for and material success as well.

(All you need to believe this is a little imagination.)

Monroe Salisbury was born in New York and was in Metropolitan productions practically all the time he was on the stage. Under Manager Mansfield was followed by seasons with John Drew, Mrs. Fiske, Kathryn Kidder and Nance O'Neil. He also appeared with the K. & E. stock company at the Castle Square Theater in Boston. It was in 1913 that he went on the screen, appearing in Lasky's first production of "The Squaw Man."

"This was when Hollywood was little more than a bean patch," he told me; "and if the pictures people are not treated more considerately, it may be little more than a bean patch again some day!"

Other pictures that he has appeared in are: "The Face of the World," "The Red Heart," "That Devil Batiste," "The Sleeping Lion," "The Light of Victory," and "The Phantom Melody." It is interesting that with all the types he has played, Salisbury never uses a heavy make-up. "I study the character I am going to play until I understand his viewpoint of life and then, the way in which he would walk, the characteristic expression of his face; the way in which he would show love or fear or anger follows naturally. The principal difficulty for me is to stop playing the part when I leave the studio. I played an old man in 'Eyes of the World,' for instance, and at night I used to stand around with all my muscles flexed and my cheeks sagging; old, really old, clear through. It seems that his mother thought he was going to be ill and was dreadfully worried. "The Phantom Melody" was his last picture with the Universal Company.

"I am to have a company of my own now," he said. "It will be known as the Monroe Salisbury Players and we will make not more than a picture a year, but I am going to be particular about those four! They will be cut to the natural length of the story. Also, I want to have a good paste of my own as possible. I would rather have a well-balanced picture than a starring vehicle, and nothing will be cut from any other player's part because it is too good."

He may go on tour with his first picture, but that he had not decided.

"You believe in luck, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes, I do! I believe that luck is one's own thoughts and the thoughts of others helping. That is why it is so difficult for a man to get a start in this work. As a rule, no one believes in him and he comes to do him a favor, and all that accumulated doubt makes for bad luck and unhappiness." We had driven to Universal City for his mail before starting for the beach (he had offered to drive me to my home in Ocean Park when the interview ended) and he had great stacks of letters on the seat beside him; letters from Japan, where he recently won a popularity contest, as well as from every part of the United States. Thousands and thousands of people writing him and wishing him every good fortune; that is the luck of Monroe Salisbury. "I believe that if all these people wish me well, I cannot fail," he said. But there's another reason why he had to succeed. He will let nothing interfere with his work. For instance, recently was necessary to play for "The Phantom Melody" showing him in a real coffin, he climbed in and permitted the glass to be fitted around him so that the scene could be made —something not one sensitive person out of a thousand would have gone thru. Afterwards, the undertaker who had made the coffin, very cheerfully asked him for a testimonial.

"I wrote him one, too," said Salisbury. "I don't remember exactly what I said, but it was something to the effect that having used his beautiful and comfortable coffin, I hoped to use no other for many years to come!"

Guilty of Love

(Continued from page 60)

darling, end this make-believe—make it real—make it true. Not for David, for Norris—the girl you, I am different. Won't you see it?"

Thelma drew away. "I am sorry," she said, "but I cannot." A year after the doctor pronounced David to be on the mend, Norris came to Thelma one morning and told her that he would do whatever she might wish, in whatever way she might wish.

"I will leave you alone," he said, "with David, to do as you most wish. This is the greatest thing I can do for you. This is the only way I can alone for the great wrong I did. If you will tell me you forgive me I will go now, at once."

The way of things happened. Thelma's arms stole around him. He felt her mouth on his. He heard her whisper his name, a loved name, over and over again. She said, "I love you, sweetheart, I always have, all these bitter years, always, now, all the time. But, once before, you gave me—a such a cheap, unworthy brand. I had to be sure that you were here in—this time. I had rather have had nothing than a lesser thing. Norris, Norris, kiss me, dear."

And then they went—to David, and knelt, hands clasped over him, and the small boy, observing, planned how he would "do a good part" for them as possible. I would rather have a well-balanced picture than a starring vehicle, and nothing
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 is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a full 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
Moviette Camera and three packages of films (value $60). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canine 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. Can not 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
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.
Romance—and Helene Chadwick

(Continued from page 45)

while she was away. Perhaps she was wondering whether, in the near future, her work might interfere with her home life. If not, or perhaps it was the other way round, when they were alone, she would go to the movies, when she had finished "Please Scratch My Back," and was about to begin on a picture with Will Rogers. At the time between, she had moved from Los Angeles to the beach, bought a new motor-car which is said to be a sort of cross between a dress car and a jazz room, dressed with all the comforts of home thrown into an apartment on wheels, as she was. She was also moving to a larger and prettier dress room, situated well towards the front of the building and near the stairs. "Because," as the matron said, affectionately, "you're in stock now." She was also preparing to leave the following morning for Barstow, Arizona, where the company expected two weeks on location.

She wore a "harem" gown of some very nice blue silk crepe. "What is this material?" I asked, and she answered, with a little note of personal curiosity, "I really don't know," so it will have to go unsold. Her hair is brown, I think it could best be described as a brownish yellow, and her eyes are brown and set rather far apart. She is fond of her work, and is a good actress; she also fond of having a good time and is a good dancer. She is an aristocrat; her great-grandfather was Lord Chadwick of England.

Helene Chadwick was born in Chadwick, New York, a town named for her family, where her father was a prominent manufacturer. While she was going to school she met a little girl who posed for illustrated song slides.

"I used to go with her and I became quite fascinated with it," said Helene.

However, as Helene grew older and, after the death of her father, it became evident that she would have to learn something that would make her independent financially, it was to stenography, that good old stand-by, her mother turned.

"I attended a business college for a while and I hated it. She was never made for a stenographer! Finally, I told mother that there was no use in my going any longer. I wasn't interested, and I wasn't going to spend any money. I was told; of course, I didn't make any progress; it was a waste of time and a waste of money. I said that I wanted to pose for artists. I had already thought of moving pictures as being interesting work, but I did not even attempt to go on the screen at that time. In the first place, it seemed to me that one had to be very talented and, besides, I would never have been willing to begin as an extra.

"It was the advertising manager of the Coca-Cola Company who was the cause of getting a screen opportunity. I had been posing for some time. (She worked for a number of famous artists, among them Harrison Fisher and Evelyn Stanlows.) This advertising manager, I have even forgotten his name, asked me if I wouldn't like to go on the screen. He had been talking with Louis Gasnier, who was then general manager of Pathé, about me, and said that I might very well be given leading parts to begin with. I joined Pathé at a salary of $25.00 a week after I had told Mr. Gasnier three or four little fibs such as, when I had never been on a horse before in my life.

But even tho she didn't begin as an extra, she sacrificed something for her ambition, for she had been earning very much more money posing.


"There was a great deal of trouble after I came to Los Angeles," she said. "I left my old home, finding myself here, where no one had ever heard of me, and without any immediate prospect of getting anything worth while." Fortunately, she was properly started thru the efforts of an agency, being given parts in two Lasky pictures, "A Very Good Man" with Bryant Washburn, and "An Adventure in Hearts" with Robert War-

As Others See Him

(Continued from page 31)

and more than endless expenditure. Any person who thinks a directorless picture possible is fed up with it," she said. I asked him what he thought the greatest handicap to success might be.

"He said, "I know men who have been ruined by jealous directors,"" he said.

"One of our little incidents throw illuminating lights, not altogether side, on Thomas Meighan. There was a girl on one of the papers in New York, most anxious to interview him. The day before the interview was to have taken place she fell and sprained her ankle. It was painful, naturally, and in the sense of disappointment she felt that her bandaged preparations for Cuba, and all the endless eettera, Mr. Meighan found time to slip down to the hospital and make the interview possible. It tells a tale.

There are many little tales of him that might be told along the same lines. Nice, heartwarming little tales of consideration that make the man and the man are fashioning the artist.

"What has given you the boom, as it were, of the past two years," I asked.

"Good luck, good plays, good directors," he told me.
Flavor of Fame

(Continued from page 55)

about pictures in England. They have not
taken hold, she told me, as they have
here, alto to he believes the war is largely
responsible for that. And then, things do
not take hold over there as they do here.
A vogue is not so likely to happen. Now,
however, Lord Somthing-or-Other is
forming a very expansive producing
company, and, doubtless, the hour will have
struck! English girls and
monocled, bored English gentlemen will be
numbered among the frantic fans of the films.
I asked Miss Keane her personal
ambitions. She told me that to have her
own theater is the chief of these. And,
by the way, in speaking of her own thea-
ter, she told me that she thought the little
theaters in this country were the real hope
of the drama. In the little theaters, al-
most alone, in the independent movements,
she has come upon the finest, the most
earnest, in endeavor, in achievement. The
little theaters, Miss Keane believes, will keep
alive the spirit in the decadent realm of
the drama.

"As for myself," she said, in part, "I
have had success, and I have studied for
it and suffered for it. Now I want to
do the things I want to do for the sheer joy
of doing them. I want to have a theater of
my own, a little theater. I want to pick
here and there from the different drama-
lists, not Isean exclusively, nor Shake-
speare, nor Moliere, but discriminatingly,
certain things of each that I care for most
and care most to interpret. I want to
direct and produce as well as act. I love
the drama and all things appertaining,
and I want to have a finger in all things
in the way I want to do them. I believe
that the great dramatists will be the
American dramatists—Edward Albee, the
poet of the Irish! Dunsonay, for in-
stance—and your own Eugene O'Neill. It
will be a joy to give these things as I see
them!" I

I asked Miss Keane whether she saw for
herself a future in pictures. She was
more or less indefinite and said that that
depended on many things. She was re-
turning to England shortly after I talked
with her. Apropos of England and things
screenic, she told me that interviews
in England are frightful things. They have
not, it seems, acquired the Art (Art, I
say!) of the personality interview. They
still chemicalise their horrrr of where you
were born, when, why? What
color is your hair? Your eyes? Why
was your mother? If/why was your father et al. "One of the most amazing
thing to me in connection with the screen is
the truly amazing interview. I think they
are wonderful! One could not help but be
famous with such unique, such piquant
publicity." After that Basil Sydney, Miss
Keane's husband and leading man in this
picture, supplied us with a special brand of
cognac and still more special cigarettes, and then,
round about morning we reluctantly made
our adieux, feeling tinged and aromatic
with the flavor of fame.

NAZIMOMA

By NORRIE S. WINTOWNE

White moonlight—temple ruins—and you,
dancing;
Life with its troubles was a thing apart.
Now everyday entraicing
Will move within the temple of my heart.

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Eliminating rats and mice from houses,
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fits the leg;
never binds; yet
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If your dealer can
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For one dollar you will become rich in woman's prior generation. "A lovely complexion." Send immediately to NEW PROCESS CO., Box 468, MERIDEN, CONN. and write your address plainly.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 92)

KITTIE C.—Well, well, you see I was so busily advising President Wilson about the Peace Treaty that I didn't get to answer your letter. No, Kittie, I didn't intend to slight you. You want Dorothy Gish to always play opposite Ralph Graves? I'll try and arrange it for you.

MRS. L. Y.—I don't know who wrote "Oh, love, on fire!" Once he drew with one long kiss my whole soul thru my lips, as sunlight dranketh dew." That's away out of my line. Arafid the picture would be too small for reproduction. Thanks just the same. Write me some more.

HAY.—No, Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd are not married.

HAROLD.—Rah, rah, rah! Whom do I hear about most in my letters? Let me see, well, Norma Talmadge and Richard Barthelmess are not on the wane. You see everybody knows all about Mary Pickford and some of the others.

BUBBLES.—Violet Hening was Pauline, and Ralph Kellard was John in "The Cost." Pauline Starke played Delphine in "Dangerous Days." Viola Dana and Milton Siifs in "Dangerous to Men." Metro. Yes, but there is nothing more humbling than to bork up the wrong tree a long time and find nothing there.

CURRY.—I wouldn't try it if I were you.

ANTHONY K. D.—So you have declined a leap-year proposal from a charming young lady merely because she could cook and keep house. Pshaw! She might have been able to pay your board bill. You might marry her and hire her out to support you. Marion Davies lives in New York. Tom Mix played in "The Dare-devil," Fox. Yes, Frank Lanning was one of the gangsters in "Daredevil Jack." "HILTONA D.—That's right, when you gain new friends, don't forget the old ones. John Bowers is with Goldwyn, Los Angeles, Cal. Carlyle Blackwell at Lamb's Club, N. Y. City, and Johnny Hines is with Master Films, 135 W. 44th St., N. Y. City.

THE KIDS.—Well, personality is best and the most permanent. Beauty is the first present nature gives to a woman, and the first it takes away. You say you have a child and its title to mischief is our business. Haven't we enough mischief-makers in this world already? Gish is their real name.

SUE B.—Mighty clever, Sue.


BILLY, 18.—Bill Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y. Nitroglycerin is a heavy, colorless, poisonous oil obtained by dissolving glycerin in a pure mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids and precipitating it with a large volume of water. By percussion nitroglycerin explodes with fearful violence. You couldn't help hearing it—if you could hear anything at all.

IRISH.—You back again so soon? So the people in your town didn't care for "Broken Blossoms." They won't want more stories, eh? You liked "Male and Female." There is no accounting for tastes. Maurice Costello played Paul Klocke in "Moments at Eltham." A. W., SAVANNAH.—Julia Marlowe isn't playing now.

ASPAN.—Better join the Fame and Fortune Contest. See note at end of the contest, in this issue.

(Continued on page 122)
Ninth Honor Roll
Galaxy of Beauty
(Continued from page 47)
Lancinle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.
This month's roster of honor roll winners is unusual in both the beauty of the
girl winners, and in the fact that they rep-
resent such a wide territory.
Mildred Johnston, of Marshfield, Oregon,
is an unusual beauty. She has dark brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion.
Margaret Sousa, 307 West 79th Street, New York City, had some stage ex-
perience, having played in musical comedy in England and France; she also had a
small amount of screen work in England. Margaret is a pianist blonde, with fair
complexion and hazel eyes.
Esther Rhodes, 1657 Fifth Avenue, Los
Angeles, California, is a concert harpist.
Her eyes are grey-blue, and her fair com-
plexion and blond hair make a very re-
lative combination.
From Kansas City, Mo., comes this photo-
graph of Mrs. Ethel Gentry, who has had no professional experience. Her
hair and eyes are brown, and her com-
plexion fair.
Lillian Cundif, 1616 Ave. G, Galveston,
Texas, piques the interest with her dark
blue eyes, brown hair and fair complexion.
The male honor roll winner is William
R. Carew, 1805 Summit Street, Toledo,
Ohio. Mr. Carew has had no previous
The Home Correspondence School
drama experience, but his blue eyes,
brown hair and fair complexion.

A Soldier of Fortune
(Continued from page 68)
Corps. I was wild when I couldn't get
action, so when we came in I got my dis-
charge and enlisted in the Tank Corps.
This is a tough branch of service and we
worked like boiler makers but I liked it.
Again, I didn't get as much Excitement.
At the close of the war, Norman joined
Allan Dwan in New York, and after mak-
ning a couple of pictures he came west with
this director, who taught him up for two
years as a feature player.
"Soldiers of Fortune" was a great pic-
ture," he declared, with enthusiasm, "and
there was enough romance, adventure and
excitement to suit even me. The best part
of it was that I could wear my uniform
during shooting of the scenes and I really
lived the part. We had a lot of fun mak-
ing it, but it was work, hard work. Why,
once out on the desert, it was 120 in the
shade and even the ratters refused to
move." And the boyish laugh rang out
at the recollection of those scorching days.
Listening to this young actor, I realized
that it is just his own cheerful, devil-max-
care spirit that he gives us in his screen
portrayals and hope he will never become
serious or sedate and thus rob us of one of
the most refreshing and natural char-
acters we have today in pictures.
"My next role?" Norman repeated my
question, "I don't know, but I hope
I can wear a red flannel shirt and shave
off my mustache."
He is not consumed with any wild am-
litions to accomplish wonderful things
and says, "All I want from Life is the
chance to live fully each minute, travel
and see, and to enjoy the things the
world holds. Why not? It is all for such
a little time, why should one worry and
strive and wear himself out."
Why, indeed? The very adventur-
ous youth with his smile and his view-
point, is blessed with a rare wisdom!

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Our Composer will
write the music—\$100
completes song
printed and copyrighted
in your name according
to our special plan.
Submit Poems to
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Our leading Composer is a
world-famous artist, ap-
preciated in concerts with
such celebrated singers as
Sennett, Nordica and do
Reke. Among his great-
est song successes are
"IF I WERE A ROSE"
of which a million copies
have been sold.
Don't let another day go
by without submitting a
poem to us. Do it today.
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Send You a Lachinete
DON'T send a name; send a "Sendedo"
of Lachinete wanted in a solid gold case on 10 days. Free
handle; We send only those making a truly beautiful job of it. We will pay for 10 full day's
work, or let it get your friends can tell us what a Lachinete is. We'll send it to you. Free. Send
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so simple, plain and easy
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with your first lesson, a
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sary motions you learn to
only four—and you acquire
these in a few minutes. Then
it is only a matter of prac-
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Treatment, Write name and address clearly ________________
City ________________ State ________________
Across the Silversheet

(continued from page 77)

Because of these things and a generally artistic cast, "Humoresque" will find its place on the silversheet among the better pictures.

The story is a page out of a life, telling of its tears and, by the same token, its laughter. Really, the minus violinist would seem to be the principal character but the title sheet says, "Featuring Alma Rubens,"

The genius is born to a Hebrew family living in the ghetto of Fuerth. In laughter and tears, his violin reaches a high pitch. Then the call of war and he shoulders the musket, returns with a wound in his violin arm. To, is a deeply rooted fear rather than the seriousness of the wound which defies its healing and for months he is semi-invalid. In a fear-forgetting moment he finds restoration and there is the popular happy ending.

Alma Rubens is very beautiful in many of her scenes, but inasmuch as she is not called upon to take a prominent part in the story, her ability is not in evidence. Bobby Connelly plays the genius as a boy and is all that could be asked for. Gaston Glass characterizes the part in the second scene and to him is given some fine bits of acting, altho, it must be admitted, that he is not especially of a Hebrew type while all of the others fitted the story exact. We would like to give special mention to Vera Gordon who plays the rôle of the mother. And perhaps she, as the mother, in describing the musical Humoresque describes the cinema "Humoresque" better than we, when she says:

"It is like a boy who is trying to hide his laughing, and laughing to hide its crying."

Lately Wallace Reid has centered upon automobile stories in which he could wear good-looking reverted caps and tear madly over the screen in wild racing cars. Now along comes "The Dancin' Fool," with the popular and ever-pleasing Wally as a rube character who comes to the city in the hope of putting his old uncle's pottery business "on the map" so to speak. However, synecdotation gets the best of him and while he ultimately does that which he was purposed doing, he makes a great hit as a cabaret dancer with Bebe Daniels as his dancing partner. The dancing scenes are honest-to-goodness flashes of these popular people dancing together and we knew from the minute they stepped upon the floor of the second rate cabaret that they would get a splendid engagement. In the movies they do it, y'know, and then too, they were, without a doubt, very attractive dancers.

Raymond Hatton plays the old uncle and deserves more recognition for his excellent character work than it is likely he will ever receive. Many roles rarely receive what is their due.

The story is not new, nor is it startling and if the stars were supernumeraries it is just a mild seasoner. Yet in its amiable little way, it is pleasingly entertaining and with Wallace Reid becoming more and more popular it will tend to prove to his followers that he is quite as adept upon the dancing floor as lie is at the wheel of a rushing racer. At any rate, it is doubtful if the most blasé fan will be able to resist the Reid smile.

NOT EVER MARRIED—FIRST NATIONAL.

As a two-reel comedy with wild chases and episodes bordering almost on the slapstick, "Don't Ever Marry" might be made into a good picture. As a feature production, it is a rambling affair; the most amusing scene of the two having in them Miss Helen Westley Barr and it is most evident that Marshall Neiln has caused such scenes to be made simply to use that young man. They are not in any way essential to the story. It is about as entertaining as a musical comedy without its coloring and music. In fact, the plot with its grand jumble of brides and mixed identities is not unlike the plots of many musical comedies which we have seen. The delightful Micky Nelthen touches are conspicuous by their absence. "Don't Ever Marry" might play the girl and Matt Moore the man.

BENEATH THE SURFACE—PARAMOUNT.

This is a story of a provincial New England town—a very provincial town with the busybody postman and the quaint little cottages leaning towards the sea—and of a man named Flint, played by Hobart Bosworth, and his son, played by Lloyd Hughes, who are a part of the town. They are quite as provincial as the town in which it is laid and you are not one whit surprised to see the schematic from the city come in on the passenger train and the accompanist lures the son so that he will risk his life in diving to the wreck of an old treasure ship and bringing up a few coins so that they can float shares in the enterprise and accumulate a fortune.

Hobart Bosworth is very likeable, the handicapped by a theatrically melodramatic role and Lloyd Hughes gives a creditable performance. Grace Darmond, however, as the beautiful adventuress inclines towards the obvious and you really wonder at the boy's eventual fall. It seems that he is just too handsome and too much in demand and that the inevitable happens.

In some scenes she is really beautiful but her work had none of the subtleties which make for more artistic characterizations. The diving scenes and the episode dealing with the sunken submarine are very well done. There is a collision, too, between the Boston night boat and a vagrant craft in which the craft stands while the night boat crumbles to bits and sinks beneath the waves! The thrills are efficiently extracted from the collision by flashes of the passengers dancing in the salon and of the firemen in the engine room. Every screen collision is heralded by these flashes of light, and the far as the present looks of things it will be so forever and ever.

TREASURE ISLAND—ARTCRAFT.

This is now a comparatively old picture but because it has never been reviewed in these columns I want to make mention of it.

On the whole, Maurice Tourneur doesn't take Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' nearly as seriously as it did Stevenson. He gives it to the silversheet with less of the adventure with which the printed word en-
SHADOWLAND FOR AUGUST

What does the magazine you hold in your hands mean to you?
Have you ever given a thought as to how transient a thing it is?
Does it represent the object of a moment's interest—
and then perhaps the wastepaper basket?
Have you any conception of the thought, the labor,
the involved process of detail on the mechanical side:
—of the human offerings of hope, love, fear, joy,
despair, and all the emotions of the heart that go
to make up this moment's interest for you?
The purpose of SHADOWLAND is to build and build
—until it shall reach you, a literary creation that will
satisfy the most fastidious and discerning of readers,
until it shall become more than a momentary interest.

In the August number it takes a seven-league-boot stride in accomplishing this purpose.

Walter Pritchard Eaton contributes one of his always welcome articles,—this time on the standards of acting.

There is a story about Siegfried Sassoon, the lyrical discovery of the recent war, by Harold Stearns.

The newest portraits of the stars; the latest offerings of art.

Heywood Broun, Benjamin De Casseres, Louis Reid and others offer literary articles of unusual merit.

dowed it and more of the whiny. Generally, it runs true to the story with complications of incidents now and then and at times a deviation which was evidently done for a better continuity in the necessary length. The settings are exquisite and the atmosphere redolent of the yesterdays when the Jolly Roger flew from the masthead and the buccaneers' battle-cry was

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—
Yo, ho ho and a bottle of rum."

The pirates? They are quite frightful enough to instill fear and awe into adult as well as childish breasts, and we vote it a happy thought which brought this beloved book of American literature to the screen.

Shirley Mason plays Jim Hawkins with a whimsical touch and is always extremely good to look upon, albeit she might have registered a little more terror when surrounded by the burly pirates.

Taken all in all, it is a good production and one which is ideal for the family to enjoy together.

THE LOVE EXPERT-FIRST NATIONAL

Every now and then someone sets up a hue and cry that the story is the thing. Everyone agrees that it is one of the main things, at any rate, but now and then along comes a picture which we find enjoyable without any thanks to the story. "The Love Expert," stands to us as one of these times. Whether the star system is good, bad or indifferent, is another thing, but one point is certain, without the star system, there would, of necessity, be fewer productions.

So—with Constance Talmadge doing all of the improbable things, even the more improbable farce becomes amusing. And even while you realize that the flapper heroine would be heartily disliked should she, in reality, attempt the things she does on the screen, you continue to enjoy her escapades and wonder what she will dare attempt next.

When the characters blush, their faces are tinted to become suffused in red while their hearts beat violently against their waistscoats or frocks as the case may be, and this proves very amusing.

However, we cannot imagine "The Love Expert" without the sparkling Constance—it just couldn't be—with her it glides amusingly along.

THE CITY OF MASKS—PARAMOUNT

This should have been a good picture but for some reason it fails quite flat, even in its uniqueness of plot. The title itself gives a broad hint as to the story and we find people who are anything and everything but what they seem—the woman in the pawnshop was a princess of some foreign principality and the governor in the home of the nouveau riche with their never do well son, a lord of noble birth.

Robert Warwick is featured in the role of a chauffeur which calls for little or no ability, and he wanders through the mildly interesting reels adequately, altho he fails in any instance, to bring a poignancy to his scenes.

MY LADY'S GARTE—TOURNER PRODUCTION

They tell us that "variety is the spice of life,"—if this be so, it is altogether fitting and proper to liken the Tourneur production, "My Lady's Garter," unto a not

A Stage Secret

BEAUTIFUL stars of the stage and screen are forever in the limelight of critical inspection. They realize that every detail of their toilette—especially the finger nails—must be perfect. Else a fair face, lovely figure and exquisite gowns go for naught.

Stage secrets are not jealously guarded, so Miss Murray and other renowned beauties admit that they owe much of their fame for beautiful hands to the use of

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Small trial samples of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Powder sent on receipt of 10 cents in coin.
Our Animated Monthly

(Continued from page 84)
carpenter, when he was seen by Mr. Taylor, who decided that he would be the perfect prototype of Hack. Another interesting boy in this community is the son of William Collier, Willie, Jr., while the little girl, for whose smiles the boys struggle, is to be Lil Lee. Clyde Fillmore is to play the lead.

Poor Sessue Hayakawa—it seems there is no limit to the pronouncements which his name can be given. The other day as I walked down the Hollywood Boulevard, two kiddies were chatting and the three-and-a-half-year-old was saying to his chum:

“My mother’s gonna take me to see Sissy Hiawatha tonight.”

The matinee girls of the neighborhood howled themselves in a flutter of excitement. Ralph, the son of Francis C. Bushman, who is every bit as handsome as his father, is in town. But Ralph is not a mere child—he’s nearly twenty. At any rate, Ralph came West to play leads in Christie comedies. He finished a part and was cast by Guild to play the juvenile in one of those Booth Tarkington two-reelers that they are making. Ralph is tall and blond, with eyes like his father, and the same way of making the maids of a nation think that he is the handsomest thing in the world.

George Klein—remember the producer of Billie Burke’s “Gloria’s Romance” serial?—is back in the game sponsoring Grace Darmond in a serial written about the famed Hope diamond. Miss Darmond as known as Kosnik Films, and Klein declares that he has something new in a serial idea—one where the heroine doesn’t depend upon a lot of stunts to add suspense to the story. Really, since her return from the East, Miss Darmond looks lovely. She says she has been doing a lot of work for the colony a few months ago, and now that she’s back, about sixteen producers have been after her for their star. The serial is making a lot of noise, and as the Hope Diamond. The story was written by May Yohe, the American actress who went abroad some years ago, married Lord Hope, inherited the diamond, and finally lost it to intriguers. She sold the story rights to Kosnik, and we
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A Really Wonderful One
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Lucile’s Rouge
is the only preparation which
lifts, clarifies and tones the
skin. This delicate, refined, oil-free
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is added to the complexion for a
sparkle, develops brightness and
clear red modulation which is very
radiant, attractive and enduring. When applied, will last 12
to 24 hours; it will not run off, smudging or perspiration
will not affect it. Lucile’s Rouge has pleased thousands because the result is an airbrush-like.

One prominent lady wrote: "Lucile’s Rouge is the
most beautiful color for any type of complexion.
"Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Two sizes, 50c
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money refunded. Get with each package.

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For 10 Days Wear
Send no money. Just ask to send you either of these
wonderful, unique, exclusive beauty aids. If you take our free trial, send us 10c. If you are not satisfied, send in the full price. We pay
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THE TENITE GEM CO., Dept. 616 Chicago, Ill.

now see Miss Darmond acting for the
screen what was in real life one of the
most exciting chapters in contemporary
history.

Do you remember that despicable cin-
ematically, of course—Bob McKim? He,
whose path was shown with tortured souls, and whose grin made us shudder
for—these many years?

If you would spare your illusions of
divinity—whatever you choose to call it—then, read no further.

I have lost my faith in villains forever
and ever.

“Mean Bob” has become a proud daddy. Mrs. McKim is, you know, Dorcas Math-
cws, and the baby was born early in May.

Too, Bob declares that he’s going on vil-
lining, just the same—world without end.

A Crusader Against Pro-
vincialism

(Continued from page 74)

nobody on earth can foretell what the pub-
lc wants. That is beyond the public it-
self. But the evil that is in your photono-
playin in an iron-bonded.

“Motion picture audiences have been
educated down to accept drivel until
they have lost all faith in the value of the
play. It will take time to again build up a sane balance and an
artistic judgment. The happy ending is
an instance of this fallacy. Stage audi-
ences accept a tragic conclusion when it is
logical and inevitable. Then why not in
the films.

“Beyond this I see the American photo-
play bound by, let us say, a moral provin-
cialism. The hero goes spotless thru the
story, a Christ-like bit of perfection. The
villain must pay for his crimes in the last
reel with his life. Continental audiences
will smile at my ‘Blind Husband.’ be-
cause, in my role of the Austrian officer.
I am caused to expiate my very human
longings by falling over an Alpine ledge
and losing my life. Judging from Ameri-
can photoplays, men must be white or
black morally. There is nothing between
these extremes. Either they are complete-
ly and angelically good or they are com-
pletely and absolutely vile. In our hearts
that everyone is moved by human
impulses and weaknesses, by sex longings
and desires, by dreams and disillusion-
ments. How often do we present real
people on the screen? If American
producers do not watch, European
photoplays, possessing this very breath
of life, will step into our theaters.

“I want to do the Continental type of
story because I understand the life and
viewpoint better. There are, of course,
American stories I would like to film.
Frank Norris’ ‘McTeague’ for instance.
But something like Schindler’s ‘Affairs of
Anatol’ would be better suited to me,
want fearlessly to reveal life. I say this,
not as a film producer, for I am just be-
inning to learn how to produce, but as an
observer of humanity.’

THE REFUGE

By Doris Kenyon

The autumn leaves whirl from the trees,
Or the last leathern rose
Before the onset turns and flies
When the fell north wind blows
Or, as a banner in battle
With rain-wet vales enmeshed,
High o’er the bowed and beaten corn
Midsummer hail was threshed.
So turns my heart, in storm and scath,
To find your sheltering breast,
Wherein to hide from scorn and wrath,
As in its own dear nest.
The Marriage of the Muses

(continued from page 43)

In 1940, word reached America that Max Reinhardt's "The Miracle," another version of the same story was made by the Continental Film Company of Berlin and sent to America. Ernest Luz did for the second "Miracle" what he did for its far better predecessor. But the important point is that in America a full score had at last been written for a long photoplay; not merely might, but could, and must, be remembered, but a selection of appropriate themes and excerpts from classical scores which synchronized emotion ally with the phases on the screen.

This version of "The Miracle" was shown in several of the larger theaters in America. Later, the Reinhart-Humperdinck version was brought to New York, but the attempt to produce it here failed for two reasons: First, the larger orchestral effects that were so impressive in the original production, could not be obtained here; and, secondly, the picture was condemned by the Catholic clergymen in America.

Despite the negative failure of this marvelous photoplay here, steps had already been taken by the distributors with definite regularity. Adolph Zukor organized the Famous Players Film Company to produce complete episodes of the best known actors and actresses of the legitimate stage would be seen in the leading roles. His first release was shown to the public on Labor Day. The picture was an imported production entitled "Queen Elizabeth" and the role of Elizabeth was played by Sarah Bernhardt. Her leading man was Louis-Tellegen, now the husband of Geraldine Farrar.

The musical score for the picture was written by J. Carl Briel; and the first performance of this five-reel feature with special music was given by Marcus Loew at the old Bijou Theater at Broadway and 30th Street, New York City, with a full symphony orchestra. This was the first successful endeavor in America to unite good music and photoplays on a large scale. But the attempt to extend the idea very broadly met with a serious handicap. There were not enough good musicians throughout the country who could be induced to play for a photoplay, and many were skeptical as to the permanence of this new venture in the photoplay world.

Up to this time, few multiple reel pictures had been made in America. "Queen Elizabeth" was an imported film. But in 1911 and 1912, the Famous Players Company began to make two-reel pictures, and a few three-reel features. These were shown in...
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 NAZIMOA 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 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 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 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) ...........................................................

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) ...........................................................
The Marriage of the Muses

(Continued from page 114)

connection with vaudeville entertainments. This was the period when the cheap vaudeville actor had to do ten and twelve shows a day, if he were to meet the demands of the two- or three-reel feature films. Usually two or three vaudeville acts were used to pad out a photoplay performance.

The next development in the growth of the photoplay in its association with good music was due to the pioneer work of Mr. Loew, who leased the old Herald Square Theater in New York City, and converted it into an exclusive photoplay theater. He added a ten-piece orchestra and showed original, full-length feature pictures. This experiment took the fancy of the ever-increasing number of motion picture goers. The typical "movie fan" was already in existence, and Mr. Loew's venture was imitated within a few weeks in almost every large city in the United States. However, no systematic attempt had been made to arrange scores for these two- and three-reel features. Heretofore, Julius K. Johnson's score for "Columbus" was perhaps the only original American contribution to classical motion picture music. The orchestras, for the most part, simply played popular melodies and some classical selections, often inappropriate to the picture.

In March, 1912, Mr. Loew was ready to take another step in the welding of music and the film. He took over the Broadway Theater, at 41st Street and Broadway, New York, which had hitherto been the home of musical comedy, and there tested Mr. Ernest Lub's idea of presenting a full-length feature musical starring a special musical score for every picture shown. Thru his wide knowledge of orchestral and piano music, he prepared scores from various compositions that synchronized with the varying moods of the picture that was to be shown. Thus, in some scenes, we heard Grieg's "Death of Ari," in others Schumann's "Waldszenen," excerpts from "Tanhauser" and "Oberon," and in still others, "movements" from symphonies. The twelve-piece orchestra installed at the Broadway Theater was a genuine success, and convinced music publishers as well as theater owners and managers that the future development of the photoplay was closely connected with the movement to coordinate music with the motion picture picture.

The place which good music was destined to occupy in the film theater was again demonstrated in the second large production of the Famous Players organization, "The Prisoner of Zenda," with James C. Hackett in the leading role, and a full-length feature as the form of the photoplay for several years to come.

About this time, Sam Rothafel came from Minneapolis as musical director for the new Regent Theater in New York. He conceived the idea of staging elaborate productions in connection with the showing of a feature picture; and so built up his entertainment that his performance included vocal or instrumental soloists and other special numbers. Among the first productions staged by him were "Quo Vadis?" and later "Macbeth," with Constance Collier and Herbert Tree. It was he who originated the idea which resulted in such magnificent theaters as the Strand, the Rivoli and the Rialto theaters in New York. The success of these theaters demonstrated the firm hold which the photoplay, in conjunction with good music, had upon the public.
During the growth of Mr. Rothapfel’s idea, musicians began to see the value of the photoplay theater and were anxious to play in them. Next, the music publisher, who were at first strongly opposed to the agitation for better music in the picture houses, saw the light.

Before this time, the publishers of ragtime music had monopolized the motion picture theaters. Not so many years ago, we were tormented by the efforts of these publishers who placed one of their singers in almost every picture theater to advertise their songs. The obvious effort of this sort of advertising was to popularize the ragtime and cheaply sentimental song to the detriment of good music. A strange inconsistency is the attitude which the publishers of standard music assumed. They were actually short-sighted enough to ridicule the movement for better music in the photoplay theater, while their own compositions were permitted to go out of print.

And here must be mentioned the nationwide campaign led by David Wark Griffith’s production of “The Birth of a Nation.” This monumental photoplay in twelve reels was the first shown with a symphony orchestra in the Auditorium in Los Angeles, under the title “The Chausman,” on February 8, 1915; and in New York at the Liberty Theater, under the title with which it has been identified ever since, on March 3rd, 1915. A full symphony orchestra played the accompanying music. In this beautiful and stirring tale, Mr. Griffith used music themes from Rossini’s “Semiramis” and “Tancred”; Mozart’s “Marriage of Figaro”; Beethoven’s “First Symphony”; Franz Schubert’s “Unfinished Symphony”; Meyerbeer’s “Les Huguenots”; Richard Wagner’s “Rienzi”; and several others. Those who had the sense of hearing the musical accompaniment to “The Birth of a Nation” began to realize the tremendous possibilities which lay in the synchronization of colorful music to the motion picture.

Nevertheless, the publishers of music were not yet won over to the idea of releasing new and old music for the use of photoplay theaters. As a consequence of this attitude, and the impossibility of musical directors being associated with photoplay theaters to obtain arrangements of standard classical music suitable for their needs, Mr. Ernest Luz, in the spring of 1915, organized the Photoplay Music Company, which produced original melodramatic music that paralleled in spirit the pictures then being shown. Most of this material is now obsolete; but it stimulated two publishers of world-wide reputation to try their publications in the photoplay theaters.

G. Schirmer, Inc., was the first large music publisher to assist the movement for better music in the “movies.” They contracted with Mr. S. M. Berg to make cue sheets which were distributed among the musical directors of various theaters. The cue sheet suggested compositions, which the Schirmer people published when they were appropriate for particular pictures. The first cue sheet for a multiple reel picture was published in the Motion Picture News, which superseded the Motion Picture Magazine, one of the trade journals which began the agitation for good music for the motion pictures.

The following year Mr. Max Winkler contracted to do similar work for Carl Fischer, and from this time forward, the musical requirements of the motion picture theaters were met, and for cue sheets became so great that the photoplay trade papers commissioned their music editors to view all feature pictures.
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By L. CASE RUSSELL

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By Howard Grant Cogbill

The "FADE-AWAY"

Unconscious of the world around,
A youth and maiden strolled,
With dainties carpeting the ground,
The sun, a ball of gold.

A pause, a chasm yawns below,
Beyond, the ocean lies.
They stand against the evening glow,
The love-light in their eyes.

He gently takes her in his arms;
What matters the abyss?
They have no fear of rude alarms,
As silently they kiss.

The while a man, not far behind,
In thoughtless play,
Directs them as they start to grind
The dreamy fade-away.
National Bob

Youth and Fashion is everything to me, and I look for everything in style. It’s no beauty for words with its soft, wavy hair falling gracefully over the comb that slips so easily through my hands. Everyone loves the Bob, but my very own—its perfectly and I never terrify a hair. I can wear it plain to attach the curls and it’s on and off in a Jiffy.

My picture shows the Bob charm. And I did it best.

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True Facts About Censorship

(Continued from page 81)

the assistance given by this public-spirited group, and agreed to submit all their product for pre-publicity criticism. Since 1909, the National Board has daily inspected and distributed motion films until it now views 15,000 reels, or 15,000,000 feet a year.

As for local censorship, I found out that this can be found also in our states. Thoughtful people have recognized the lack of wisdom in entrusting intricate and complicated problems tomauds and society to small boards of political appointees. Many men, whose judgment and vision have made them prominent among their fellow-citizens have expressed themselves against official censorship and for the National Board of Review, although the latter has no authority to enforce its decisions.

This board is "national" in that it sits at the present day from which all motion pictures must pass before they reach the American public. It has affiliated with it more than seven hundred skilled persons and agencies representing the interests of the Union. These groups in co-operation with the board in New York, express and enforce judgment in their own locality. The National Board sends them weekly bulletins for their guidance, giving the eliminations made and the list of pictures rejected, also the names of all films passed during the week.

All votes and decisions on pictures are made by volunteers who are in no way connected with the motion picture industry. The National Board, constituted exclusively of unpaid workers—the fee the motion picture companies have to pay to have their product inspected goes merely to defray office expenses—is composed of a General Committee of thirty-five members, seventeen of which is selected an executive committee of nine.

These in turn select and elect members of the Review Committee. This committee is divided into sections which extend from twenty-five to thirty separate review meetings a week. All pictures are first reviewed by the General Committee, with eight members necessary for a quorum, acts as a court of appeal for pictures which may be held for further consideration by any section of the review committee, or which are appealed by the producer from the decision of the original reviewers.

A review committee inspects a number of pictures, but after each story or comedy there is a pause for discussion and for the registering of opinion on individual pictures. The people composing the committee are artists and authors, preachers and priestwardens, prominent settlement workers, librarians, attorneys and statesmen, and physicians, in short, people in every walk of life, with varied interests and varied tastes, but with a unity of purpose.

To serve the public, without hope of reward or personal gain, by insisting on and making possible, better motion pictures.

Better pictures make a noble and worthy goal. I am not a bit sorry that I investigated and found—instead of the old-fashioned censor, the fit companion of the bogy and infamy, we have on our state committees senses, people who can be trusted to do the right thing by the motion picture public, which includes you and me.
Are You Living or Dying?

Exercise Means Increased Life

Be Properly Guided

Enthusiasm Great in Popularity Contest

The Screen Time Table (Continued from page 94)

| YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP—SD-8. | Ethel Clayton—Paramount. |

READER CRITIQUE

| DOUBLE SOUL—C-7. | Wallace Reid—Paramount. |
| EASY TO GET—CD-7. | Marie Davenport—Paramount. |
| EXCUSE MY DUST—CD-8. | Wallace Reid—Paramount. |
| SACRED FLAME, THE—MD-5. | Emily Stevens—Schorrer Prod. |

Enthusiasm Great in Popularity Contest (Continued from page 98)

| Constance Binney | 100 |
| Mary Garden | 100 |
| Mildred Reardon | 100 |
| Winsted Westover | 87 |
| Kathleen Williams | 84 |
| Peggy Hyland | 84 |
| Mary Thurman | 79 |
| Betty Blythe | 68 |
| Catherine Calvert | 63 |
| Lina Cavalieri | 62 |
| Marguerite De La Motte | 61 |
| Kitty Gordon | 58 |
| Mildred Davis | 52 |
| Marjorie Daw | 52 |
| Bessie Love | 49 |
| Louise Lovely | 49 |
| Carmel Myers | 46 |
| Ruth Stonehouse | 43 |
| Marguerite Marsh | 43 |

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Four Conn Trumpets in the Minneapolis Symphony
This section of the Orchestra has created special comment in all large cities of the U. S. and Canada. The members comprise Messrs. William Thiek, John Harvis, Herman Rosenreich and Albert Kohler. They are ardent in their praise of the Conn Trumpets.
The Answer Man
(continued from page 19)

TWIN QUESTION BOXES—No, I have never been married. In fact, never been
mated. I am a young bachelor, and
have been for nearly three-quarters of a
century. Kate Price played in "The
Devil's Riddle" for Fox. You have trave-
cled, haven't you? It is said that
the Jewish guides in Rome never pass un-
der the arch of Titus, but walk around
it because it commemorates a victory over
their race.

Kra: Thanks for what you say. You
like Tamar Lane. Glad of that. Ever
since he's been writing I've been trying
to tame our Lane, but he's as wild as ever.
A good many of my readers keep scrap
books of the plays they have seen. Betty
Hillman was the Girl of the Sea, and
Chester Barnett was Lieutenant Tom in "Girl
of the Sea."

Eva A. W.: No, you can't conceal
cross eyes in a picture, but it is possible
to correct a defective nose. Pimplies, yes,
you can cover them with grease paint. No,
you can't read "P.T. Wood." Yes, and our
birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

Ross: You just tell your mother you
want get along so well if she thinks the
players pay for what I say about them.
I'm afraid some of them would pay me
to say some of the things I do. Tell
mother she's all wrong. Victor Politz is
with "The Heart of a Child" cast. Naz-
itzinova had the lead.

Camille: Thanks for the billet doux.
Better not dance so much, and take care
of yourself. So you liked Edith Roberts.

Rex, N.Y.: Read your letter with a
great deal of interest, and I wish I could
help you. Get in touch with the different
studios.

Josephine S.: Yes, the world is Ouja
mad. The word is made up of the French
"Oui" and the German "Ja" and each word
means "Yes." In English, then, it is the
"Yes, Yes Board." I am not sure about
Douglas Fairbanks going to college. I do
not know what Bryant Washburn did be-
fore he was a "lens fiend," as you call it,
or do I know what his great-grandmother
did before she became his great-grand-
mother. You are saying "Years urs till
they use 275 for a tooth paste." Ship
away! Keep your ivories clean while you
are young, so you can chew when you are
old.

Dolores T.: You say you think I am
simple. Well, I hope so. Always glad to
be of service to you, too. You don't like
the way Douglas Fairbanks is getting his
publicity, and think George Walsh should
be getting more. That isn't my fault, dar-
ing—I mean Dolores. No, I haven't seen
Wallace Reid in "The Dancing Fool." I can
imagine him dancing, but I can't imagine
him any other kind of a fool.

Walter: T. May you never be "roasted"
except by the glass of your friends, and
may you never be "roasted" except at a congelent fire on the hearth.
Then was the happy days! That's an-
cient history, Yes, I do believe Arthur
Johnson would be very popular if he had
lived today. Why, Augustus Carney went
to Universal, you know.

Cutie: Quit your kidding there, Cutie,
and don't ask me to describe a pic-
ture—referred to the Keystone com-
edies.

Yours: Thanks much, I was terribly
glad to get the query. It may be the last
of the lot. William Hart in "The Tail
Gate" and Doris Keane in "Romance."
Yes, the Lord loved a cheerful giver—my
address is 155 Duffield Street, Brooklyn,
N. Y.
The August Motion Picture Classic

The Motion Picture Classic makes the faraway stars human for you. It gives you intimate glimpses of them in their homes;—it tells you what they like or dislike. It brings them so close to you that you might be sitting on the old family horse-hair sofa in your "front room."

In the August issue of the Motion Picture Classic you will see the most recent pictures of "Our Mary" and Doug in their new home.

You will read with interest the interview our coast correspondent had with Bryant Washburn.

You will enjoy the whimsical article written about the literary side of Mary Miles Minter—at the age of eight, by B. F. Wilson.

Bayard Veiller, the famous novelist, has talked to James Frederick on the difficulties of a playwright writing for the screen.

La Bella Sevilla (Beatrice Dominguez), the newest Universal star, has been interviewed by Fritzi Remont.

The vacation pictures of the stars at play; the newest novelizations, and the interesting bits of gossip by one who knows.

Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RUSSELL E. C.—Not at all. The great est happiness in this world comes from making others happy. You can't bring sunshine into the lives of others without getting deliciously sunburnt yourself. Of course you can buy the players' pictures in the five- and dime, I thought everybody knew that. I have a chance account in one of them myself.

CLOSE OBSERVER.—Yes, do come in. We expect to have an interview with Carlyt Blackwell very soon. "Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears Today of past Re- grets and future Fears," is from the Ku- balo. The "Debaclaya" is a metrical term and means "quatrains," four-line verse. The name is pronounced as spelled, O-mar Ki-yam, long "o" in first name and short "o" in second name. I have answered you at length because you said such nice things about me. You see a little praise goes a long ways.

IMA BUN.—You weren't very close about the name you chose for yourself. Thanks for the verse. Sorry. I can't use it here.

EMILIE D.—Certainly, but no man can succeed unless he has faith in his own ability. Nor, I am not George Walsh, nor am I Rip Van Winkle. Sessue Hayakawa in "The Devil's Claim."


EDWIX.—"All right, so you say if I answer you will write to me every month. Here goes! Yes, we have had Ethel Clayton on a cover, but it has been a long time since. You often see her on the inside cover, too.

GERANIUM.—You hate! I am falter- gusted! Hatred is nothing but settled anger. Get it out of your system. Anyway, you say you want stand for anybody pick- ing on Wallace Reid. If they want to find fault let them pick on Bebe Daniels. Why pick on Bebe? Whoever you pick on you will be treading on some one's bunions.

IRENE.—Your letter was a surprise and a joy. Pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome. You say you were always under the impression that I got paid for what I knew. That's very little in both cases. Never have been to Cincin- nati, alas, alack!

MARGARET MC.—No, I have never had any other name than Answer Man. You see, the New Zealand infant, I am told, has the privilege of selecting its own name. This is accomplished by a long string of names being repeated to the child until it cries or gives forth a sneeze, which is taken as a sign that the last name uttered is the one chosen. When I first asked the editor for a job I probably sneezed or emitted some sounding like ??, so he named me Answer Man. Elvis Ferguson, Theda Bara, Crane Wil- bur are all starring on Broadway in stage plays.

MISS FUSH.—You say some one told you I could answer any question that was asked of me by a regular human Outis, hey? No, child, just a little about the movies, and that great organ, the human heart, is all I know. The rest I look up. Conway Tearle played in "April Folly" and he also played in "Atonement."

THE VANP.—Timid about writing to me? How come? Yes, indeed, we lead others follow. We were the first. Yash Richardson was Pat's Paul in "Duds."

Goldwyn

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GORDON EVANS—Join the Fame and Earning Contest. All screen aspirants should.

CRAIG, Ben A.—While Mary Pickford, Los Angeles, Cal., Yes, H. Cooper Cline did play in “The Blue Pearl.” He has a

remarkable presence. Fair Binnie had

said.

RUDDER—You say I wield a sword of

wheat when I never let grow rye, and this

shows that you are witter than I am.

Yes, Gladys Brockwell did look more like

a dog than a sweet young thing in “Planes of the West.”

RICHARD RUSSELL—How

that boy is admired? Now you offer to

darn his socks and sew on buttons. Poor

Richard!

GORDON—My motto is, you would

have your readers merry with cheer, be

sly yourself, or at least, appear so. Well, I

should say, come try this comes from the ani-

mal called cows, not from Coney Island.

Betty Blythe played Helen, and Frank

Mayo was Ned in “Burnt Wings,” Univer-

sial.

BETTY—Seems to me that railroad strike

had a return ticket. Yes, a lot of old

friends in “A Child for Sale.” Gladys

Leed, Creighton Hale, June S. Gordon

and Bobby Connolly. No, I haven’t seen

it yet. That’s right, tell us what you want.

It’s your magazine, you know.

RUSSELL—You say I had a dream about it. Why don’t you make

that dream come true some time? Never

sneeze in public places. It spreads germs.

I always carry handkerchiefs to protect my

self from them. Come in some time, Rachel.

JENNY JACKIE—God bless the publicity

man! Without him many a player would

be born to blow up unheard and to go to

seed unseen. I don’t know why Wallace

Reid always “carries a star” that suits

him ought to suit you. Frank Keenan in

“Dollar for Dollar.” Wesley Barry was

the bell hop in “Dont Ever Marry.” Yes,

Matt Moore, brother to the other Moores.

M. M. S.—What’s all this about? You

write me and sign “your mother.” What

are you trying to do, kid your old An-

swer Man?

QUISTO, LIBAN—Yes, marry in haste

and repent in Nevada. Take your time,

girlie, it’s a long, long road. Nazimova

to a Mrs. Again, surmise. The white,

placed between the green and yel-

low, stands for the union of the North and

South of the face. However, that green

is not the true Irish color. An early

standard of Ireland has three golden
crowns on a blue field. Another Irish
flag represented a crowned harp on a
blue field.

MARGURITE B. O.—You are funny,

Margurite. Yes, yellow takes black in
pictures, therefore gold teeth are not

choice and must be enamelled white.

Katherine Macdonald is in Hollywood,

Calif. But consistency is a jewel—not a

fashionable one.

CHARLES MENDITH ANDERSON—Yes,

there is an interview with him here.

Dorothy Holton wore a wig in “Black Is

White.” It is always the people who cry

“I told you so” who never do anything

themselves. Yes, I remember the old-
time dogmatism that we helped to "throw

in" with a 50-cent roast. Now they call

it "braised beef." Have no fear, as it is

a tax that guilt pays to conscience.

Moss K.-What wants some without

another? I live alone, sleep alone, but

don’t eat alone. Eugene O’Brien

had the lead in "The Moonstone," Wil-

liam S. Hart in "The Hunchback." Very

interesting letter you write, and let me

hear from you again.

DICK—Yes, Croighton Hale was the

sick man in “The Idol Dancer.” Write

Anetha Getwell, care of this office. Yes, I

saw “Hunoresque,” but did not care for it.

Dragged too much, and not particularly

interesting. Some of our critics seem to

condemn highly of it, however. Louise Fazenda in

“Down on the Farm.” Marie Prevost was the

"Faithful Wife," and Ben Turpin was the

husband.

USUHA H.—You want all the information

you can get about Lynn Harding. Lynn, step forward and tell the lady what

she wants to know.

Hazel D., New Zealand.—As I under-

stand it, Marguerite Clark is engaged in
domestic duties at present. If you wish to have your answers appear in the Clas-

sic, please write Classic at the top of

your letter and not at the bottom.

ANGIE LEE.—I am glad you enjoy going
to school. Some of your readers prefer

coming from school! So you saw Ma-
dame Petrova on the stage, and you liked

very much her charming little lisp. She

is making a big hit. Yes, I am strictly

temperate. I became so by cultivating a

strong will and also a strong wont. Elise

Ferguson played in “Pearl of the Soul,”

story of which appeared in June issue.

S. Prescott.—Thank you! You say our

three magazines are like Ivory Soap,

99 99% pure, and 44 100% pure, and

100% pure. You would like the numbers

of our pages to appear in the upper

corners where they belong. Say not so.

There are good reasons for our method.

You are all wrong about the German stuff.

Nothing to it. Write to Brentano, Fifth

Ave., New York, for such books.

WARMILL.—I don’t want to say anything

about his private life, but there’s a skele-
ton in every closet. You bet I eat tafty,

and my teeth stay in when I do.

MARGURITE C.—You say I reminds me

of the chameleon, who is said to feed upon

nothing but air, but which of all animals

has the nimblest tongue. Yes, I remem-

ber in “Julius Caesar” where Cassius, in

speaking of Caesar, says to Brutus, “Upon

what meat doth this, our Caesar feed that

he hath grown so great?” You want to

know what meat I do become satiated

with. Sweetness, mostly; I am a regular

chocolate soldier. Address the players

in care of the studio.

Roanoke, O.—Yes, “A Dream of Fair

Women,” the Fame and Fortune film of

1919, is being shown in the various thea-

ters. Our theatre manager to get you.

Yes, rather a sort of site who lasses the
town, than an elegant moralist who in-

structs the world. Agnes Ayres and

Chancellor West are directed by Marshall

Neilan.

Alberta, Canada.—On bended knee, I

thank you, most gracious lady. It’s too

good to be true! I have just been getting

the Motion Picture Magazine thru

our local dealer for the last two years and

I have found the ‘Answer Man’ more

interesting wonderful amount of brain and
tact you have, and patience! I always read the ‘Answer Man’ first and I must always have a
good laugh. I’m glad I can make at least one

person laugh. Laugh, and the world

laughs with you. You know the rest. I

wish I could reply to you with the same

enthusiasm. Stop eating meat and sugar, and

drink more water. Holbrook Blinn is

playing on Broadway. Do write me again.

I enjoyed every word.

Pussywillow.—No cast for that play.

Yes, I like to be called a woman about as

much as a barber loves a safety razor. No.

I am really and truly 78, and I want

you to understand that my whiskers are

real.
May B.—Selznick’s “The New Butler” has been changed to “The Servant Question.” It seems the first number of The Tatter was published April 12, 1709. Addison was at this time in Ireland, Secretary to Wharton, the Lord Lieutenant. The Tatter was a kind of newspaper as well as a diary. It was published three times a week. No, chicken is not meat; it is fowl. I would say she is an entertaining rather than a fine writer.

Bridget K.—Sorry! I can’t give you a list of the Polish actresses on the screen. Ruth Roland can be reached at Los Angeles, Cal. Madge Kennedy was born in California. She has played in several stage plays, and she is also known to be quite a cartoonist. Label Norman is as busy as a bee working in “Rosa Alvaro, Entrante,” whatever that is. Will Rogers in “Cupid, the Cowpuncher.”

Wealthy Bachelor. How many thousand did you say you had? Thouands mean nothing. The girls are now looking for millions.


You say all is no longer homophonous because ale is no more. A fellow asked me the other day when prohibition went into effect. Apparently it has not yet. You strike a discord in the great harmony. It might be worse.

Negro.—All about William Scott. You will see an interview soon.

Betty C.B.—Your lines are quite good enough to print, so here they are:

Who knows everything that there is to know?—The Answer Man.

To whose font of wit do the questions flow?—The Answer Man.

Who fills our hearts with undying woe, By saying that Constance has a beard? Or to “Is he married?”—“Yes” or “No.”—The Answer Man.

Who tells us that Theda’s eyes are green?—The Answer Man.

Or that Mary Miles’ freckles don’t show on the screen?—The Answer Man.

Who tells us that Norma is happily wed, And sends us sadly weeping to bed? By saying that F. X. B.’s hair is red?—The Answer Man.

Florence D.—Glad to get yours. Good luck to you. Yes, Miss Colin Glass who plays the violinist in “Humoresque” was a pilot in the French Air Service during the war, and first carriage about on a mission for the French government. Francis Billington is “Hearts Are Trumps.”

Newton A.—Ail! How in Sam Hill am I going to make up a list of the players who smoke and the who don’t? Sounds! What do you care if Alice Brady smokes or not? What if she does and what if she doesn’t? Mary Thurman is being directed by Alan Dwan.

Harvey G. W.—I accept. Run in and see me some time. Met Olga 17 on Fifth Avenue the other day. She is married, you know. Yes, Anita Stewart played a dual role in “The Yellow Typhoon.”

M. M.—Write to our circulation department.

Ellen.—That is a very profound question you ask. “Is life worth living?”

Once more this oft-repeated irksome task must be accomplished—it all depends upon the liver. Yes, I wonder what has become of L. C. Shumway and Welma Whitman. The Danielts was born Jan. 14, 1901. She has played in Shakespearean roles. She is 5 feet three, weights 116, and has dark hair and brown eyes.

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by

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FILMS

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Harry P.—That's good stuff, Harry, but it's a poor mule that don't work both ways—not a poor rule, for a rule that works both ways is a rule at all. Wallace MacDonald is not married. You ask, "Is he strong in appearance?" I should say—a regular Hercules. I'm afraid you are asking too much of the players. Remember they only have 24 hours in each day.

G. W. H.—So you think we have too many young girls playing leading parts. You will perhaps agree with Mac Marsh, who said, "I don't believe a woman can become a true artist until she has experienced the joys of motherhood." I am not worse than the Office Dog of the "Indies" Home Journal. Dick Travers is not playing away. He was seen on Broadway the other day, but is not working.

SFRANKY—Of course, I'll tell you. "Poor as Job's turkey" is a subject of interest to the patriotic and well-fed American of the American species. As the turkey did not show his strut in Europe earlier than the 18th century, it is a matter of wonder how he found its way in the land of U. S. The Hindoo uses the proverb, "Poor as turkey in summer," which means that the turkey was reduced in India greatly by his expenditures for food in the lean summer-time. Blanche McGeary has not accepted a contract yet because she is to play the principal part in our own feature play, "Love's Redemption."

NORMAN A. B.—No, I couldn't go to war. Recent statistics show that 1,275 British girls married during the year, and 10,000 women in the British Isles were widowed by the war. Yes, Marie Walczak is West. Thanks for the jokes. They were corkers.

ESTHER K.—Ye gods! Ask me something easy. How do I know whether Robert Ellis can make perfect love? Does she perfect love, anyway, and then tell me how to make it.

BARTHELMES FRIEND.—Spanish dance isn't it? The women of Spain are generally credited with being more honest than the others of any women in the world. You refer to the "Idol Dancer" in transiti, let me say that I don't mind a good joke once in a while. It helps digestion.

H. V. S.—You see it in every day life—a miser grows rich by seeming poor, and an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. Probably both are right. Constance Talmadge will be forwarded from Selznick to her correct address. There is nothing to do but the same thing in a few minutes. Bessie Love is playing in "Old Ciosity Shop" for the Andrew J. Gallaghon Productions.

MARRA L. P.—No, I don't read Spanish. I can talk it better than read it. Yes, write to the Talmadge studio, 318 E. 48th St., New York City, for Talmadge pictures.

PORTSMOUTH.—Golly, but I enjoyed yours. You say in order to economize nowadays one must live on the following: Breakfast, one or two o'clock, and one apricot. Dinner, one glass of water. Supper, same as dinner. The glass of water taken at dinner will swell the prune sufficiently to fill the seat of honor. Chums Ray and T. M. are not in agreement. Bessie is determined to have a higher sort of dinner. I don't know if she can talk. She and Pa have agreed to join in the "Keeping of the Peace" and have arranged to have one every week. They are not in favor of anything else. Every one of the corners is written out in letters of large size and will be easy to see. Thank you for your interesting and amusing letter. We have been waiting for it. I am glad to give you personal answers provided I will give me the inspiration.

MARGARET B.—Your letter was most interesting and I hope to hear from you once more.

FLORIDA FRIEND.—Thanks for yours. Found it mighty interesting. Ruby De Renne was born in Denver, Colo. She was a "Midnight Frolic" girl you know. She has blue eyes and blond hair. King Baggot and Margarita Fisher in "The Thirty-Fourth of July." Elizabeth.—No, no.
AXELT STRUTHERS—Never heard from your town before. You say you have 51,000 soles, with 2,000 hall and you still have poor old horses to pull the fire wagon. Boy, oh boy, that's the place for me, no fear of ever being run off with. His Majesty, Royce. Muriel Ostriehe is in New York.

SAGE BRUSH STATE.—Yes, but I am afraid these columns of mine are getting to be almost as numerous as Louisiana. No, not William Courtleigh. The same Harry Pollard. Call again.

CONSTANCE H.—Here are the nicknames of all the counties: Louisiana: St. Seas; Texas: Silver, Nevada; Sunflower, Kansas; Teton; Torrington, North Carolina; and Creole, Louisiana. Of course I don't mind, though what I shall do for.

DOUG FOREVER.—Why, Louise Lovely was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1890. She was educated in Switzerland and she was in musical comedy in Australia. Better inquire at your post office. The exchange from Canada is very high.

BLUEY.—But the power of absolute mimicry is one thing, and memory by association of ideas is another. Both should be cultivated. Ethel Clayton was Barbara and Harrison Ford, Brent in "In a Lady in Love."

PEGGY M.—I never saw so many Peggys. Glad to hear about your experiences. Will you come some more. Mollie King made her first appearance in New York in 1898. She played at the Winter Garden and Century Roof. Her hair is reddish brown and she has blue eyes.

ALINE H.—Don't flare up in that way, I am always serious. The Bible is being produced in pictures now. You ought to hear some time. As Milton says, "Shall I go on? Or have I said enough?"

ESSA RED, CLARION STREET, HAMILTON, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, writes some good-looking young Americans to write her. If you are not real good-looking, don't write.

JANEY R.: Y. R. A. WONDERS: INA A.; SLOOMSLEY; PALMIDGE ADMIRER; ELLA S.; GERALDINE P.; ALICE MACK; HELLOISE S.; B. V. DOT; CARTY KID; FLUFF; MABEL B.; T. BLAIR; S. S.: SERIAL DUMMMY; FISH; J. C.—Sorry to put you in the albatrons, but your several epistles failed to inspire and you asked nothing that has not already been answered. Time is short and space is scarce, and Shakespeare never repeats.

MISS INQUIETY.—I realize I have been a little late with my answers, but I hope to be on time from now on. Watch me.

JESSIE A. N.—No, I don't mind working these warm days. I have an electric fan right alongside of me, and lots of fans in front of me. William Henry Harrison, ninth President, was in office less than a month. He died of pleurisy. Yes, Beauty is a weed, possession, but beauty is even more so. Thomas W. Ross in "Checkers."

FLOSSIE C. P.—Aha, but not the original. I have always liked her writing. Yes, Theda Bara played in "A Fool There Was" for Fox in 1918. Edward Jose was "the fool." But what a difference there is in the young harem and wiseguy that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

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THE PICTURE-LAND LOVER

By JEAN DAZE

Laugh that's infectious and mirth that is free,
Smile that's incredibly tender,
Lips that cajole the warm mouth of a maestro.
Into a willing surrender.
Daredevil, gay, debonair as you will,
Vie and volley at me.
Quaff the cup of romance to the fill,
Man among men, we hail you!

Lass-o-the-movies, with dreams in your eyes,
Dreams of yourself and That Other.
Love but take you a step on that Dream Road,
This magical, Picture-land Lover.

Masterful, wistful, caressing in turn,
Setting the flame of love's incense a-burn,
Unlatching the door to enchantment, we year,
Men-o-the-screen-world, to hail you!

THE REAL VERSION

By JAMES GABRIELLE

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled.
"I'm sure to be the hero of a photoplay," he said.

RIMES OF A MOVIE FAN: FATTY ARBuckle

By FRANK E. CUBBY

Ho! It's Falstaff again, making us laugh again!
Woohoo—the rascal!—as wanted to do.
With his obesity (more than necessity)
Calls for), he struts in a modern milieu.
Look at him! Amorous, courting a clamorous
Woman who—Bop! (That's a bump in the eye!)
Full is his cup of vim. Get a close-up of him,
Registering sorrow—right after a pie!

Note the simplicity of the plasticity Shown by his features, and—joyfully groan.

Laughs are quite numerous when this most humorous Fellow relieves us of woe with his own.
Rugged of quality, yet in its jollity Flashes the brilliance of jewels and gems.
Yes, it's Sir John again, playing the Don again,
Crammed in a basket and dumped in the Thames.

Ho! but it's Jack again! Yes; he is back again;
Born—reincarnate—returned to the earth;
Bent upon plundering, still is he plundering—
Hey! we're at Windsor, a-bubble with mirth!
Fun that is furious, void of the spurious;
Fun, like the frame of him; that is, immeasurable.
So I reiterate, you may obliterate All your depression at Fatty's expense.
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"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."

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"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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Philadelphia Orchestra

II. Madama Butterfly—Un bel di vedremo
Geraldine Farrar

III. Minuet in G
Ignace Jan Paderewski

IV. Song of the Shepherd Lahi
Alma Gluck

V. Symphony in E Minor, No. 4
Boston Symphony Orchestra

Program

VI. Don Giovanni—Il mio tesoro
Mozart

VII. But the Lord is Mindful of His Own
Mendelssohn

VIII. Poulenc—Vesti la giubba
Enrico Caruso

IX. Concerto for Two Violins
J. Haydn

X. Sextet from Lucia
Donizetti

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Motion Picture Magazine

Vol. XX SEPTEMBER, 1920 No. 8

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter.
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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.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers.

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
EILEEN V. V. BREWSTER, Treasurer
Principal place of business, 175 Duffield street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Also Publisher of the Motion Picture Classic, out on the fifteenth of each month, and Shadowland, out on the twentieth).

Address all communications to
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor
Adele Whitely Fletcher, Editor

Galley of Players
Editorial, Cinema Husbands
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So Many Per
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Merry Mary
The Fourteenth Man
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Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

No. 8

Gladys Hall
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Betsy Bruce
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Maude S. Cheatham
Betsy Bruce
Elizabeth Pellet
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Norman Bruce

Contents

PAGE

Gallery of Players ........................................................................................................... 19

Editorial, Cinema Husbands ......................................................................................... 29

Name It .......................................................................................................................... 30

Big Bill ........................................................................................................................... 31

Forever After ................................................................................................................ 34

When the Circus Comes to Movietown ...................................................................... 35

Bebe's Behavior ........................................................................................................... 36

The Camera-Shy Director ......................................................................................... 38

At Home ....................................................................................................................... 40

East vs. West ................................................................................................................. 44

Old Dad ........................................................................................................................ 46

Jean Comes to the Serial ............................................................................................ 51

Rose and Red Lace .................................................................................................... 52

Tell Trenton Answers Two Questions ....................................................................... 54

Dorothy Decides .......................................................................................................... 56

The Prey ....................................................................................................................... 57

'Twas Ever Thus ......................................................................................................... 62

That's Out .................................................................................................................... 67

Wanted: A Leader ....................................................................................................... 68

So Many Per ................................................................................................................ 70

The Third Man ............................................................................................................ 72

Merry Mary .................................................................................................................. 74

The Fourteenth Man .................................................................................................. 75

The Dauntless Desmond ............................................................................................ 79

Across the Silver Screen ............................................................................................. 80

Our Animated Monthly of News and Views ............................................................... 82

The Answer Man ........................................................................................................ 90
STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list, but not reference when these playing appears in their vicinity.)

By: "JUMPS"


Central: "As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Dick Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sires of history. Pleasing 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 charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Pauser's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. There is the famous "sexette." Here is a revival that really revives.


Curt."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 go. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McDynn is a brilliant Lincoln.


Forty-Eighth Street."The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lovely North-west with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the poignant French-Canadian heroine.

Garrick."Jane Clegg." St John Ervine's play, dram, produced by the Theater Guild, has been running here all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life. Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.


Henry Miller's Theater."The Famous Mrs. Fair." A play dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skillfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing.

Kora Bayes Theatre."Happy Joan Roo." "Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Kosher Bayes Theatre. "Lassie." A charming play, and a play dealing with little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Crichton Cushing's "Kitty Mack," "The Skye Boat Song" pleasantly and Molly Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Houston contribute some delightful dance interlude.

Shubert Theatre. "Scandal!" Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Con-
stance, Talmadge played on the screen, and Norma Shearer and Alla Nazimova have the leading roles in the excellent (Continued on page 12)
The Girl on the Cover

Most young girls brought up in the film center of Los Angeles would have immediately thought of the screen in connection with their career. Not so Madge Kennedy. Coming to that period in her life when she felt it was time for her to seek a profession, she and her mother packed their bags and journeyed towards New York—and the Art Students' League.

She had always been very interested in all sorts of sketching and also in water colors. At any rate, with the art schools of little Manhattan Isle beckoning, she found even the proximity of the many film studios of little or no interest.

Upon her arrival in New York, she devoted herself entirely to illustrating and her first introduction to the stage was to carry thru amateur theatricals, when she played the leading role of a soubrette.

The sketch was such a success that it was again presented at Sconsset, Massachusetts, before the actors' colony, and it was at this time that she received a number of theatrical offers, one from Henry Woodruff, which she accepted, playing the feminine lead in the Nat Goodwin play, "The Gnome."

After this came "Little Miss Brown," a stage play written especially for her. Madge of the brown eyes admits that there was no weary climb up the ladder—success came swiftly and it has remained with her always, even during her very first venture into films.

Perhaps she is remembered mostly for her stage work in "Fair and Warmer" and "Twin Beds," for it was in these successes that she delighted her audience with her delicately risqué comedy—they loved her big eyes and her expressive hands and feet. Madge had arrived.

She was an ideal screen type and the movie magnates were on her trail—then she settled the question by signing with Goldwyn, where she made her film début in "Baby Mine," from the pen of Margaret Mayo, the author of her stage success—"Twin Beds." And right there and then she became a screen star. Again Madge found success almost awaiting her, as it were.

In talking about her work and the work of others, Miss Kennedy says that she feels a good story, one that rings true and seems half-way human, is the greatest asset a player can have.

She declares that she did not find it difficult to adapt herself to the screen—probably because she had only been before the footlights for a comparatively short time—and then, too, she liked the silent drama, offering such delightful entertainment as "The Danger Game," "Leave It to Susan," "Thru the Wrong Door," "Strictly Confidential," and many others.

And since her debut in filmdom a few years ago, Madge has done nothing whatever for the stage, devoting her talents entirely to the silver screen. In fact, she has spent so much time journeying back and forth between Los Angeles and New York that it has left her little time for anything else. First one picture would be produced in the West, then the next would be scheduled for the Eastern studios. Too, she has always felt that constant studio work made it unwise to attempt anything else; she has always felt that she would like to make a few pictures every year—good pictures—and do some stage work at the same time. And along with these desires she is announcing new plans:

In September she is sailing for a vacation trip to Europe, when she will tour the interesting cities and rest up generally. It is what she has always planned to do, and she feels this an ideal time in which to carry out her plans.

She will not remain away long, however, returning in the early fall to begin rehearsals for a new play which will open on Broadway. It is not to be the sort of thing she did before, so she says—something different, and there is a knowing look in her brown eyes when she tells you about it. Somehow you know that Madge Kennedy loves her work, plans for it and dreams for it—that she is happy when her work is good.

However, this return to the stage does not mean adieu to the shadow screen. Far from it. There is a new company which has been formed under the name of the Madge Kennedy Pictures—there will be four pictures a year. This means time to worry about every little detail—to select good stars, which adapt themselves to the silent drama—time to rest in between and keep a clear perspective.

There can be nothing further said about her new pictures just now—the first story has not been definitely selected—neither has the director, and the distributing medium is still to be announced. But news will be forthcoming soon and we are assured of worth-while things—delightful pictures, with Madge endowing them with all the whimsy and charm she possesses so very abundantly.
Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

T HIS is the startling assertion recently made by 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, who really can 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 Miseducated Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"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, 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, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, washing tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or 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 overwhelming 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 Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by some lucky chance you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. 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 reign, 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; second, to learn to exercise your faculty of observation. By exercising a thing you develop in Your Imagination is sometimes 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 spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child 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 thing that looks hard 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 their own, from the great, wide, open, boundary Book of Humanity! Yes, scrounging all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life as it happens in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material for a world of things happening. Every one of these has the need of a story or play in it. Think of it, if you went to a fire, or saw an accident, instead of going home and telling the folks all about it. Consequently you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting and worthwhile to the public as many you’ve read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, isn’t it true, if you were to say: "If Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can’t I learn to write?" Who says you can’t?

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 7)

"Wedding Bells"—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admiringly written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Ed- dinger. One of the things you should see.

"Aphrodite"—Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alex- andria. 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 Gallician courtesan, Chrysia, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male role.

"The Frenzies of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.

"The Royal Fagabond."—A Cohenized opera comic in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta by the Cohans speed, pep and brash American humor.

"The Girl in the Limousine."—A decided-ly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collis- son and Avery Hopwood, in which all black and white bed is invaded by every member 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 pleasant as the heroine.

"Nightie Night."—Described by the pro- gram as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Sus- zanne Wallace, Malcolm Duncan and Doro- thy Mortimer.

"The Magic Melody."—A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Elsie Janis and "her gang."—Lively enter- tainment built out the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with dec- ored brightness. A pleasant entertain- ment.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire.—These artists represent the best traditions of our theater and their revivals of "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet" and "The Taming of the Shrew" are distinguished in every sense of the word.

THE ABIDING MEMORY
By Doris Kenyon

I know, Love, I shall nevermore
Walk with you down familiar ways,
Nor see the human guise you wore
Beside me in the old, sweet days.

And when fond Memory strives to paint
Upon the shadows your dear face,
She trips and falters and grows faint,
Seeking each livrescent to retrace.

Yet—strange Time mocks us thus, the
churl!—
Of all your witchery, I recall
Only the wayward golden curl
That o'er your forehead used to fall.

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being re-stored in every condition of deaf- ness or defective hearing from traumatism, Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, and Partially Destroyed Drums. Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are cirent devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

"How to Help the Deaf"—a 165-page FREE book on DEAF- NESS, giving you full particulars and testimonial.

You can earn from $1.25 an hour in your spare time. Coincides with your school hours. No canvassing. We teach you how and sell your work.

You Try

Wishing the world was yours,
I'd write the music.

Submit your song poems on any subject for my personal criticism and advice. Acceptable words will be revised, furnished with appropriate music, copyrighted and reproduced under my original methods for facilitating the publication or outright sale of songs. Valuable booklet on song writing sent free on request. Write to me today.

Rose 20 Payment Plan
You can build high class dividend paying stocks—any number of shares—by making moderate initial deposits—balances in small monthly payments.

Profits can be taken at any time.

1-10 Call for Free Dossier—20 cents.
11-50 How you can become financially independent

Rose & Company
60 Broad Street, New York

The Classic

for

September

Will be an edition devoted exclusively to the younger set in filmdom.

The Magazine of Youth.

Frank Borzage, the young director who so recently upset all the usual rules and regulations of the silver sheet with his phenomenal success "Humoresque," tells Frederick James Smith of his dreams and ambitions for the future.

Metro discovers a new find in Josephine Hill, the girl heroine of "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

A star-eyed child of old Erin is Molly Malone. Elizabeth Peltret writes an enthusiastic interview with Molly, and when Elizabeth waxes enthusiastic—it's worth while investigating the cause.

For ballast we offer a discussion with Whitman Bennett on the influence of Wall Street on the Motion Picture Industry.

The fictionized stories this month are of the month's biggest photo play hits.

The portraits of the stars are the most beautiful we have yet had, and that is making a broad statement.

All the way from the cradle to the chimney corner seat the September Classic will interest you.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.
THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and ripe. If you have entered it or 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 on 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.

**Popularity Contest 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 a h i l t and d a l e 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**
Moviette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canine 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**
British steel Casting Rod agar 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 instructions 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.
Letters to the Editor

In re Billie Burke in "Let's Get a Divorce" or rather, "Let's Get a Divorce" itself and one or two other things:

Dear Editor—Seldom do I criticise a screen play, certainly never before on paper, but when I saw "Let's Get a Divorce," starring Billie Burke, my patience took sudden but resolute departure. So I venture to tell you about it—or rather, to protest.

In the first place, the play itself was abso-

lutely impossible. I marvel that it was filmed. It is, no doubt, intended to be a comedy, and the subtitles are possibly supposed to be clever, but I fail to recog-

nise either gaiety or the cleverness.

Miss Burke herself was charming as usual, but if she chooses her own vehicles. I am very much surprised at her judgment in this instance. On the other hand, if she was "wished on her," then she has my deepest sympathy.

And now a query. Since when do con-

vent-school maids, or the departure of a runaway charge, turn then away from the window fairly convulsed with laughter? Also, since when are titular convicts convicted by imitation Holy Cross nuns? I say imitation because no real Holy Cross Sister would be guilty of the "slept-in" looking cap worn by Helen Tracy in "Let's Get a Divorce," which brings to mind another similar thing in "The Isle of Conquest."

Norma Talmadge was in a Holy Cross board-school, but when the Sisters appeared their habits were unlike those of any Holy Cross nun I have ever seen. It would not seem too much trouble for directors to learn the habits worn by the different orders, and to have their characters garbed accordingly; it would make the production far more enjoyable to many in the audience.

Sincerely,

Jema E. Larue
373 Y. W. C. A.
Prospect—Cleveland, Ohio.

Those who have marveled where the heroine found all her exquisite clothes when she left home with no baggage whatever, or a very small week-end case, and those who have marveled at artists who emerge from the ocean dripping wet, only to dry off perfectly in a very few seconds, will be in hearty accord with the author of the following letter:

Dear Editor—May I, as one of your readers, comment upon several motion picture plays I have seen recently? I will start by criticising one of our greatest little actresses, i.e., Constance Talmadge. In "Painful Weeks," Connie is supposed to be an ambitious chorus girl who, thru circumstances, lands in the home of three bachelors. She arrives without a valise but, to our astonish-

ment, she appears in some very attract-

ive gowns in the ensuing scenes. I do not want to appear a crank, but I must say I was not the only one who noticed this fault in that otherwise an entertain-

ing picture. And, let me add, also, that I think Connie is one of the greatest little players in the movie firmament.

Too, I have noticed in several pictures, the names of which I can't just recall, actors who would recall the Dr. L. and later developed a wound in the forehead. Another case of "movie magic."

Lionel Strongfort
1376 Strongfort Institute, NEWARK, N. J.
SCENARIOS WANTED

SCIENTIFIC
Do You Wish To Know whether you will be successful, happier or the reverse? Wonderful results. The "Key to Hurry" (by the Birdbater). Thumun Hickey Co., Dept. 596, Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco.

SONG POEMS
Song Poems Needed—Good cash prices. No publication fee. Write on any subject and send to Dept. 43-M, Salesmen's and Publisher's, 824 A South Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Writers, Write for a Song. We reserve rights, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems to Broadway Studios, 1614, Fishterall Bldg., New York.

Write the Words for a Song. We revise poems, compose music for them and guarantee to secure publication on royalty basis by New York music publishers. Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many song-skins. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 1718 Fishterall Bldg., New York.

Write the Words for a Song. Any subject. We write the music and guarantee free publication. Submit poems to Broadway Studios, 293, 725 N. Western, Chicago.

Writers—Have you a song-poem, story, or photoplay to sell? Submit MSS. now. Music Publishers, 922 St., Chicago.


Writers—Have you a song-poem, story, or photoplay to sell? Submit MSS. now. Music Publishers, 922 St., Chicago.

Write the Words for a Song—We will write the music, publish and secure copyright. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 1718 Fishterall Bldg., New York.

Write the Words for a Song—We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance on a cash basis. Harold Friedman, THE COMPOSER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, is our leading composer. Among his well known hits are such songs as "Meet Me Tonight in Dream of Old Erin." Submit poems on patriotism, love, or anything in the line of Americanism to City. Submit poems to Broadway Studios, 1718 Fishterall Bldg., New York.

VAUDEVILLE

WEDDING INVITATIONS
Wedding Invitations, Announcements, etc., 100 in $1.50 postpaid. Envelope and letterhead. $3.50. 100 Visiting Cards, 75 cents. Write for samples. At City Envelope Co., 1019 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In "Stronger Than Death," in which Nazimow is starred, Charles Bryant, as the physician, had an attack of the chills. He seemed to be almost overcome, but in the next scene he still continued nursing the sick natives. Did his director work a cure in one reel?

I am a great admirer of Cecil deMille's pictures. His "Male and Female" was a pictorial wonder. Gloria Swanson's gown and coiffure were gorgeous beyond words. Thomas Meighan's Crichton was highly commendable too, and in my estimation Mr. Meighan has more human in this picture than he has been in some previous ones. Before seeing this picture I had dubbed him "The Male Katherine Macdonald of the Screen." However, I am now a great admirer of Mr. Meighan.

Before closing I would like to say that I fail to see how Douglas Fairbanks became popular. I, for one, am thoroughly disgusted with him and his asinine smile. Very truly yours, JOHN PROPER.

791 Dawson Street, New York City.

A boost:
DEAR EDITOR—I am one of your silent readers in the far-off lands of the Southwestern Hemisphere, now in Australia. I have not only been an enthusiastic reader of your motion Picture MAGAZINE for fifteen months or more and have never before had the concurrence of my friends.

It seems to me that the people of America should be very proud to have such a magnificent magazine as that which you publish. It would seem that you have your heads screwed on firmly and in the right way, for everything, from the first pages to the last, is complete and well put together. This is true of the issue of May and I have just received the issue for February, but all the same it is now before the times. Too, the pen has been raised, but I don't mind paying the increase.

I am not going to criticize any of the players or their pictures, as done so often thru your columns, but there is one picture which will live long in my memory and that is "Hearts of the World." What a wonderful picture! Some say that something is wrong with Griffith as a genius in motion picture direction. Anita Stewart is my favorite star. When her last picture was shown there was a buzz and her name ran thru as one continuous monologue. Thanking you for the time you have given me and wishing your publications every success, I am.

A life-long reader,
J. G. RIDLEY,
Champaur, Forbes, N. S. W., Australia.

The editorial on "Expletives" from the March issue moved me, with hearty approval. Now and then, perhaps, the suggestion of expletives is ex- pressive, but today they are undoubtedly overdone:
DEAR EDITOR—After listening to the leader on the subject of Expletives in the March number of the Magazine, I heartily agree with the writer that swearing and slang should be left out of all American screen subtitles. In fact, in the production "Cheating Cheaters," the slang terms used in subtletions of parts of this picture were utterly incomprehensible to the majority of British audiences. And right here I want to induct the

SELLING SECRETS
That Bring This Man a
$10,000 a Year

Ten years in the railway mail service—and there is one man, just a $10,000 a year Star Salesman! Warren Hartle, whose picture appears above did it! He's taken his place in the ranks of the big money makers. $10,000 a year as a Salesman—and he never sold goods before.

How did he do it? Simply by learning the secrets of successful salesmanship from Master Salesmen and Sales Managers through the National Salesmen's Training Association.

Think what you could do with his splendid in- come! You could own your own home, have money in the bank, drive a car and have many of the luxuries that make life worth living. What Hartle did, you too can do.

Why Don't YOU Get into the Selling Game?
The quickest way to earn big money is in the selling game. Be a Star Salesman. You can learn the secret of selling better and faster than ever before. Our amazing methods make mastery of salesmanship open to any man who wants to succeed. You don't have to lose a day or a dollar from your present job—just a part of your spare time will do.

FREE Proof that You Can Be a Star Salesman
Mail the coupon below. It will bring you a wonderful book entitled "A Knight of the Grip." In it you will find the proof that you too, can do as Hartle did, as thousands have done through this system. See for yourself the wonderful opportunities in this fascinating profession. Learn how you can quickly qualify.

We Help You Land a Selling Job
Mail the coupon below. We will send you a free copy of "A Knight of the Grip" and full information about the N. S. T. A. Training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

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National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 43-M
CHICAGO ILL., U.S.A.

with no obligation on my part, please send me "A Knight of the Grip" and full information about the N. S. T. A. Training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

NAME
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STATE
Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without picture, 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 5¼"x8" 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.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mary Pickford</th>
<th>Theda Bara</th>
<th>Clara Kimball Young</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Clark</td>
<td>Francis X. Bushman</td>
<td>Alice Joyce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douglas Fairbanks</td>
<td>Earle Williams</td>
<td>Vivian Martin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlie Chaplin</td>
<td>William Farnum</td>
<td>Pauline Frederick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William S. Hart</td>
<td>Charles Ray</td>
<td>Billie Burke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallace Reid</td>
<td>Norma Talmadge</td>
<td>Madge Kennedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pearl White</td>
<td>Constance Talmadge</td>
<td>Elinor Ferguson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anita Stewart</td>
<td>Mary Miles Minter</td>
<td>Tom Moore</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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.

COUPON

Date

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC. 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic or Shadowland for one year. Also please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits. Enclosed find $____ in payment.

Name

Address

Sentiments expressed in Mr. Gregory Allen's letter for better plays. It is, without any doubt, a noticeable fact that the stars who are at the top of the ladder are popular because they give the public clean, healthy portrayals.

And, in closing, I wish to give generous praise to the staff of the Magazine generally.

Yours truly,

D. HARDING GRIFFITHS


A word for the mothers of the movies who are ofttimes portrayed as scheming matrons with little love for their children—who are portrayed in a manner which would lead one to believe they were eternally selfish and self-centered instead of entirely the opposite. Now and then we meet a human, lovable sort of cinema mother, it is true, but the other kind is quite in evidence in particular the society dramas. Surely some mothers among the idle rich are pleasant folk!

DEAR EDITOR—It is to complain about the portrayal of the mother in the movies that I write. She, whom we have come to know as the most unselfish person in the world, is as a rule, portrayed as anything but a pleasant character. She smokes, drinks, plays cards, neglects her children and often carries on affairs with other men.

And, too, the movie mother is constantly forcing her daughter to marry a moneyed man, regardless of the fact that she does not love him. Titles, too, have a strange fascination for the mothers of the movies and all sorts of things are planned that daughter may capture one.

There are, perhaps, some mothers, scattered sparsely here and there, who are of this caliber, but they are the exceptions—we are always striving for realism in the movies—here, then, is a good opportunity to make some changes.

Before closing I want to say a good word for Kathlyn Williams and Ann Little. Both are cast in leading roles and they should be stars if merit counts. They dress beautifully and are sincere and natural actresses.

I think your magazines are just splendid.

Sincerely yours,

C. F. GOORWIN.

417 Lee St., Bristol, Va.

A little matter of history is interestingly brought to light:

DEAR EDITOR—For some time I've had this on my mind and I wonder that some of the readers who write regularly haven't mentioned it before.

In Cecil B. de Mille's production "Male and Female," he uses the following genuine quotation from a poem of Henley's.

"When I was a king in Babylon and you were a Christian school girl Now in the time of Christ, Babylon was as much of a ruin as are the present ruins of Babylon" in California. However, Cecil took the liberty of restoring the kingdom, white walls, and his architecture—his entire set was designed in an Egyptian style.

From a constant reader,

MR. LEW NEWMAN.

56 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.
For the first time in Moviedom

the heroine didn’t kiss the hero!

“This photoplay is a merry work! It has a hero and heroine who break all the rules! . . .”

N. Y. Times

“When we saw ‘Scratch My Back,’ we realized that comedy production had taken several leaps forward. . . .”

“Author and director have evolved a new technique of humor. . . .”

N. Y. Telegraph

“. . . T. Roy Barnes is coupled with Helene Chadwick, who can flash from delicious comedy to real emotion. . . .”

“. . . A program that is more truly refreshing than a three-dollar trip to the seashore.”

N. Y. Sun-Herald

“The originality and dash of the new comedy! ‘Scratch My Back’ is full of surprises that leave you resentful against other comedies for their monotony. . . .”

N. Y. Evening Sun

“This is no cut-and-dried plot! If ever there is a picture that is chummy and chatty, it’s Rupert Hughes’ comedy, ‘Scratch My Back.’ It’s the surest cure for the blues we know.”

N. Y. Telegraph

Samuel Goldwyn and Rex Beach present
Rupert Hughes’

“SCRATCH MY BACK”

DIRECTED BY SIDNEY OLcott

It is because they are Goldwyn pictures that you rely on them. Goldwyn has the faculty of knowing just the sort of picture you enjoy most. Don’t miss one!

GOLDWYN MOTION PICTURES
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!

Tanforan
The New Beauty Treatment for the Hands

Last in the court of Marie Antoinet—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—it's perfume! \( ^{1} \) 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.

Mail This Coupon!
It is worth 5¢ to you. Twelve cents in strange and this coupon entitles you to a regular 50¢ bottle of Tanforan, tax paid.

Name: ____________________________

Address: __________________________

Jean Vallée & Cie
New York City
Office 17 W 42nd St.
Alice Joyce is quite busy with her rôle of Mrs. Regan, wife of the hotel man, these days—but the fact that it is a comparatively new rôle does not keep her from giving her best to those characterizations she portrays in Vitagraph productions. Always, so Alice Joyce Regan says, she will want to give something to the screen.
When Ethel's Famous Players contract expired recently, there were many film magnates who tried to get her signature on most remunerative contracts. However, she decided to remain with her old company and will shortly sail for England where she will appear in several feature productions.
BILLIE BURKE.

Every now and then, Billie goes back to the footlights for a time, but she never entirely deserts the silversheet, for which many cinema devotees are thankful. In her new Famous Players release, "Away Goes Prudence," she is quite as delightful as ever.
Upon Eileen's completion of "Her Honor the Mayor," comes the announcement that she will shine under the Fox banner with this as her first starring vehicle. Too, we are informed that stories especially adapted to her type have been purchased for her use and Eileen herself is overjoyed at her rise to a star's estate.
For the last few years, Jack has been helping many productions to be a little more attractive because of his characterizations as leading-man. First he would be with this company and then with that. But now Paramount has decided to keep him for their very own, signing him under a perfectly good contract.
DORIS KENYON.

DORIS has been boudoirizing herself about the stage this last season in all sorts of frilly boudoir things, lending a goodly share of madness to "The Girl in the Lemousse." Intermittently, she has been carrying on her picture work and at last was so good as work under the studio lights once more.
After completing her Vitagraph contract, Bessie traveled about the country and rested up generally. Now, however, she is busy completing "The Old Curiosity Shop," the second picture for her own company in which she will play Dickens' beloved "Little Nell."
Your complexion tells a story to the world

How fearlessly, how confidently, the girl with a fresh, soft, lovely skin meets the eyes of the world! Nothing to conceal! For almost always a clear, radiant complexion is an indication of a buoyant, well-poised nature, healthful living and fastidious habits.

Nothing so quickly creates an impression of your personality as your skin. By keeping it soft, clear, radiant—you can make it speak instantly, unmistakably of fastidious freshness and charm.

Don't let your skin tell a story of neglect or thoughtless habits. Even if through the wrong kind of treatment your complexion has lost the smoothness and freshness it should have, you can give it back the color and clearness that make other girls' complexions so attractive.

For your skin is constantly changing. Each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. And you will find that this new skin, if given the care it's particular needs demands, will respond instantly and gratifyingly.

Perhaps you suffer from that embarrassing fault of so many complexions—an oily skin, and a nose that will get shiny. To correct this excessive oiliness use this special treatment:

Every night with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment regularly every night, and see what an improvement it gradually makes in your appearance—how much firmer and drier your skin becomes under this care.

Special treatments for every type of skin

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for improving the skin. Get the booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and use the treatment for your individual type of skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. Get a cake today—begin your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," then a trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1309 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1300 Sherbrooke Street, Perd, Ontario.
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.

Cinema Husbands

The American husband is, as a rule, the most indulgent male that the development of the races has yet seen. His greatest demand of the wife upon whom he lavishes his Saturday night pay envelope is that she shall dress prettily and be pleasantly companionable. Granted these two qualities, the American husband's chief desire is to keep his wife interested in him. He is not even adverse to cooking his own breakfast; providing wife is prettily ensconced in rose crépe de chine.

The pretty American wife, who possesses an ounce of grey matter underneath her well-coiffed head, is the most pampered and spoiled individual on earth.

And yet—were you a foreigner—what impression would you derive from the husbands of the cinema?

That all husbands are fickle—that American men only marry a woman to grow tired of her,—that if she glances sideways at another man, nay, merely pins a rose in a masculine buttonhole, she is branded in her husband's mind as unfaithful.

Silversheet husbands are always ready to follow the baby vampire; they are never credited with wisdom enough to see thru the other women's wiles, nor remain appreciative enough of hers whom they chose "till death us do part."

Movie husbands are always outgrowing their wives, if not in looks, then in culture and worldly attainments.

As a matter of fact, most American women's brains are as versatile as American men's minds. The sexes are running a race, neck and neck, in the circular track for knowledge and culture.

But what movie husband is ever depicted as imagining his wife's outrunning him, or even running a tie?

Such characterizations have mastered the stage long enough. We are tired of their rantings, of their disbelief, their fickleness, their general lack of home love and desire for bright lights; above all are we tired of their pictured indifference.

If an American husband is indifferent, it is his wife's fault.

Let us have a sceneic burial of the movie husband. To the movie incinerator with "Blind Husbands," "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives," "Women in Rooms 13," "Why Change Your Wives?" Let us be shown on the silversheet an honest-to-goodness American husband who stands just a bit in awe of his wife's appealing beauty, who appreciates her cleverness and who is only too glad to carry her parcels, help her on with her coats, trudge home promptly at six every evening and who is so busy keeping his own restless American woman interested in him that he has no time for glancing from other calculating feminine eyes.

The average American husband is no fool.

The cinema husband is not only a fool but a blind egoist as well.
she expatiates upon her philosophies, her inner self, her work, her play, her opinions, beliefs, et al. To me—The painful deduction is, therefore, but no, I will not shoulder the brunt of the deduction. Constance admitted in her sister Norma’s dressing-room, in between foraging expeditions for—pastries and other edibles, that the matter rested between us as interviewer and interviewee. She said she shouldn’t wonder but what it might be some hidden complex. It might even, she surmised, be something, have something to do with psychological phenomena. Who could tell? While seeming to be merely hilarious laughter, considerable pastry and then more hilarious laughter, there was probably, between us, a substratum of dark, Oliverlodgian meaning.

At any rate, she admitted to one-half, precisely one-half, no more and no less, the responsibility. She is the kind who will stick to the ship, be it ever so apt to sink. (Any minute this interview is going to sink.)

In the first place, to wax chronological, Constance almost didn’t appear at all. How could she? It was the first day of spring, and she was shopping ... You know.

**Name It!**

When is an interview not an interview?

There is a question. If you want it adequately answered, ask Constance Talmadge. She will tell you that, from every known and logical standpoint, an interview is not an interview when I, being interviewer her, being her, we simply are not, that is all. She has agreed with me that the one and only thing to do is to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. She does not, as we all know, believe in deceiving the unsuspecting public. Neither, although this is relatively unimportant, do I. However that may be, we have deducted between us, Constance and I, that there is simply no use in leading the public to believe that this is an interview when it is not. And so we make a bow and tell you—this is not an interview.

Therefore, or hereupon, the question arises—if this is not an interview, then what is it? I asked Constance, and Constance asked me, and there again, who knows, we were not. We didn’t know. Which led to the still further deduction that if we didn’t know, why would you? You can see into what labyrinths of logic which is not a thing can lead one?

Now, as every one knows and most persons surmise, this is merely a case of incompatibility of interviewment. Other people interview Constance with sensible results. To other people
the shops on the first day of spring. (So, to my knowledge, does Constance), the adorable little frocks, the naive chapeaux, the intriguing lingerie.

Rien... Constance was attacked by the shopping fever and she bought and bought and bought.

I was awaiting her in the humming office of her P.A. Said P.A. was reiteratively assuring me that Constance wouldn't forget. Suddenly the ‘phone gave a prodigious ring. There was a breathless and quite audible voice; it said, ‘Is she there?’ Then, ‘Jimmy! All right... I'll hurry...’

“That was Constance,” unnecessarily explained the P.A.; “she'll be right here.”

After an hour or two, so she was. She had put on one of the new frocks. Seeing it, I didn't blame her. It was navy blue embroidered in rose-colored beads, tied, careless-like, with a rose-colored rope about the waist, and very brief indeed. Her hat, a perky black affair, also new, was not upon her head, which is the customary place for hats, but clutched in her hands. She leaned, gasping, against the wall, and announced that she was ‘dead... simply dead.’

“How much money did you spend?” we inquired.

‘Heavens, I don’t know! I always believe in putting off shocks. I told them to send in the bills. It would have taken all the fun out of the day to know.”

She then turned her scrutiny on me. “What do you want to know?” she asked, then, “Want something to eat?”

I said that I did. Constance jimmied her way, by vamping several studio hands, into Norma’s apartment and began to forage. She succeeded to the tune of half a dozen amazing-looking pastries, tea and a mammoth.
"Big Bill"

gives a peculiar little quirk to each corner of the strong mouth.

He was putting the finishing touches to "The Adventurer," before leaving for the Fox California plant, when I dropped in upon him at the Biograph studio. He was enjoying to the utmost the role of the care-free, happy-go-lucky Spanish cavalier. At that particular moment he was seated upon a horse, his leading lady, Stella Taylor, beside him, posing for a still picture.

"Now, once more, please, Mr. Farnum," the camera-man said, as he slipped a new plate into place.

"What's the matter? Did the horse laugh?" he asked. "Well, I don't blame him."

It is this continuous good humor thru the trying details of the day's routine that makes every one from extra to lead anxious to work in a Farnum production.

Of course, he has a million "likes"—he had when I knew him in a former existence—but he must also have some "dis-

He has two aversions: a man who speaks lightly of a woman, a person who has more than one country. They call him "Big Bill" Farnum. His intimates do it openly; every one does it privately. His bigness consists not so much of stature— tho anyone who has stood up against him in his numerous studio fights will testify that he's "some husky little fellow"—as of spirit, of vision. His heart takes in the whole world and the world just as naturally takes him into its heart. In his blue-grey eyes, whether twinkling their usual greeting or pondering some serious problem, there always lurks a question, the kind of question that makes each one feel that he is personally interested in him. And last but not least, there's that famous Farnum smile. Most smiles go up, but when "Big Bill" was twirling his little big toe in his crib in Boston the Farnum smile resolved to be something different.

"What goes up must come down," it argued, and from that day to this the Farnum smile has the unique habit of first turning up and then down in a way that

He has two aversions: a man who speaks lightly of a woman, a person who has more than one country. They call him "Big Bill" Farnum. His intimates do it openly; every one does it privately. Above, a portrait study, and, right, on the veranda of his mountain home with one of his dogs...
By
ETHEL
ROSEMONT

likes”; every healthy, normal person has, and I determined to learn what brand of the world’s persons or things suffers his displeasure. Of course, one does not smile when one speaks of one’s aversions—that is, if one speaks honestly, and that’s the only language “Big Bill” knows. No twinkle lit up the blue-grey eyes, no peculiar little quirks lurked in

"Big Bill" is essentially a nature man, a King of the Open. His outlook upon life has all the freedom of the mountains, the calm vision of the wooded solitudes that he loves. Top, a view of his home in the California hills; center and left, two informal photographs about the house

the corners of his mouth as he discussed the two classes whose existence in no way meets with his approval.

"To my mind there is no punishment severe enough for the man who speaks lightly of a woman,” he began, with a look that has made many a movie villain wish his lot had been cast along straighter paths. "And when I say ‘lightly,’ I mean just that. Of course, no man who in any way lays claim to that title speaks disparagingly of a woman; in other words, as the old saying goes, ‘he never kisses and then goes and tells,’ but he may be guilty of the thoughtless innuendo or the lift of the eyebrow that later forms the toe which kicks over a woman’s throne. Woman is naturally and rightfully the most interesting topic to man, and what is more tempting than to discuss the most interesting topic? Poets do it more or less reverently, historians more or less accurately, humorists and playwrights more or less understandingly. But the women they take for their subjects are either abstract or deceased. If they do it with innuendos, with lifted eyebrows, the women whose thrones they kick over are powerless to hear them go clattering down around their ears. The rule is a good one to follow: If a man must talk of his rib, let it be nameless."

And “Big Bill” is one hundred per cent American. He was born right on the scene of the famous Boston Tea Party, which our ancestors insisted upon conducting regardless of the future H. C. L., upon the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Of course, this doesn’t make him really any more American than the rest of us, who were born in Hoboken or even Brooklyn, but it does put a mark of Old Glory’s favoritism upon his forehead.

“No man can be faithful to more than one country, any more than he can be faithful to more than one woman,” he remarked, as the camera ceased clicking and the Kliegs and

(Continued on page 101)
Once upon a time there was a girl who wrote faithfully to the venerable Answer Man and she called herself "Naomi of St. Louis."

Now Naomi's favorite silver sheet hero was Roman Fielding and to him she wrote many letters.

The letters pleased this screen hero and one day when he was in the old romantic city of St. Louis, he met the Naomi of his letters.

He came again—and again.

And then after a beautiful courtship, he took Naomi unto himself as his wife.

Unto them a child has been born—a boy child with eyes like his daddy.

May they live happily forever after!
When the Circus Came to Movietown

Recently Cecil B. de Mille's company found themselves at the circus. Forgetting the scenes they had come to film, they enjoyed the pink lemonade and popcorn atmosphere to their hearts' content. Monte Blue adopted one of the snake-charmer's little pets, while Theodore Roberts and Elliott Dexter looked on—not at all enviously, it might be said. Gloria Swanson treated Director de Mille to some of her crackerjack and later learned to vamp à la Hula Hula, while Monte Blue posed as the victim.
How Bebe's Behavior interested me, because I had always thought of Bebe as a sort of peacock, who might look out of place shorn of her gorgeousness. But she isn't a "peacock" at all.

The extreme brunette quality of her beauty lies in the fact that she's a little bit Spanish—Spanish to the extent that her grandmother was an Argentine lady, who married her grandfather when he was American Consul at Buenos Aires.

Above, center and below, three new portraits.

The dust-cloth I casually thought that I'd get another whiff of it when I hiked out to the abode of Bebe Daniels.

But I got a shock. In fact, two shocks. First, there wasn't any incense. Secondly, Bebe herself opened the front door. (And really, may I explain, happening upon Bebe is like finding ladies who open their own front doors is not uncommonplace, because the aforementioned L. L.'s have a penchant for "fancy" incense, such as maids and all that.)

But Bebe let me in herself. And I got another shock, one didn't try to lure me into any noxious hole lighted only by smoking candles. The room had all the windows open, and Bebe had been dusting, and the canary in a little wire cage was splitting his throat. And there were only a few evidences of the Chinese influence upon

the life of this Miss Daniels. There was a heavily upholstered divan, for instance, with one Chinese pillow. And also, there was a huge Chinese parasol inverted from the ceiling, which, Bebe told me, furnished a very soft and indirect light.

The room was extremely large, and there wasn't any grand piano. Nor was the "set" overloaded with furniture. Bebe has bought every stick herself, and, having that quality known as good taste, has steered clear of making her home look like an antique shop or a furniture auction.

Because Bebe herself is rather a plain little girl with plaintive eyes and a desire to be happy. Moreover, she's an extremely intelligent and high-strung creature who, altho she's now a full-fledged Redart star, is quite as simple at heart as she was in the days when she played the pretty, girlish atmosphere to Harold Lloyd's comedy hero for Rolin.

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TRUMAN B. HANDY

out,” she wears clothes which would make a Parisienne mannequin gasp, but at home she puts on carpet slippers and gets chummy with her mother, who is a publicity woman at Ruth Roland’s studio. She was dusting, she said, because it rested her and because she likes housework. “But vamping?” I suggested. Whereupon I was destined to hear the fatal words that one must work to live. Of course, Bebe doesn’t want to vamp. Of course, she’d rather always get all the audience’s sympathy than have them want to scratch her, she declares. Of course, she’s been cast as a vampire because she has black, black hair and fiery eyes—and arms that can wind sinuously around a wall telephone, as they did in “Why Change Your Wife?” But of course, says Bebe, she dislikes talking shop, wherefore vamping is out of her line in private life.

Bebe is democratic. And when you ask if she ever thinks she’s going to get upstage and forget all of her old friends, she pooh-poohs the idea.

A year ago, when De Mille started to pick his good-lookers for the domestic difficulties series he has been making, he took a look into comedy. Bebe had known him for some time, and once he had told her that some day—some day—he might give her a job. When last summer came on and Bebe felt the spark of genius burning away at her inwards, she sent C. B. a new set of photographs, accompanied by a note asking him if he still remembered her. By return mail he answered that he did—and would she come to his studio at such-and-such a time? Which she made haste to do. “Male and Female” was in due course of production, and there yet remained the Babylonian episode. De Mille pictured her a voluptuous vampire and cast her as the much-abused queen.

The extreme brunette quality of her beauty lies in the fact (Continued on page 103)
The Camera-Shy Director

afraid of brain fever trying to remember the different colors and sizes. They run out of caps in Los Angeles—there are so many directors there. And camera-men, too. The only difference between a director and a camera-man is that the camera-man always wears his backwards. The directors generally don't. Dignified, y'know.

Well, anyway, he invited me to luncheon. Mark Larkin, the press representative for the company, was with him—of course. Press representatives always are with celebrities. Sometimes they are nice people—Mark Larkin is—a nice person, I mean.

Well, anyway, I hoped he had reserved a table.

The Claridge dining-room is always crowded at that hour. He hadn't.

I guess he knew he didn't have to. At any rate, he walked up to the head waiter and asked for a table for three, just as tho it wasn't a great favor to get a table at that hour. And the head waiter never turned a hair. He

happened at the Claridge.

Now, the Claridge is the Manhattan hostelry which is known to be the Mecca, as it were, of movie folk when they run across the continent, so to speak, for a week's vacation, perhaps, or maybe to shop or sign a new contract, and sometimes to attend a premiere of some new picture.

Allan Dwan had arrived two days before, bringing with him three new pictures which he had completed and a wholesale order for caps, probably, judging from the concern he manifested over it, a wholesale order for caps. He really came, so he said, to buy a new cap for himself and every member of the company had committed him to get one for them. He was

The motion picture is a parasitical business. It has taken players from the stage and films from the stage and from movies. 'How many times is becoming less and less,' Tony, a portrait study; some, an informal picture taken while at work on night scenes of 'The Manufacturer' and right serving coffee to Booth Beery and Philo M. McCullough.
just smiled, like I’ve seen headwaiters smile sometimes—for a very beautiful girl, the President of the United States or the manager of the hotel, and then he said:  
"Right this way, Mr. Dwan, sir," and led us to one of the best tables in the entire room.

It’s kinda nice, y’know—dining with someone like that. I’ve found, too, that it does make a difference.

We had a very nice luncheon. At least, I guess it was nice, but I was so interested listening to Mr. Dwan talk in that quiet, well-modulated voice of his, that I didn’t pay any extra attention to the food the waiter brought.

A number of people pointed Mr. Dwan out to one another. Directors are appreciated among professional people. You see, they know just how necessary a director is and how helpless most players and all productions are without him.

And then, his latest pictures, "Soldiers of Fortune" and "The Luck of the Irish," have been arousing special interest. I don’t think he saw them, tho. for he’s very earnest when talking and he was telling me about the Associated Producers—they’re a number of the most eminent directors who have formed this combination.

He has lots of ideas, good ideas, has Mr. Dwan. You know before you’ve talked with him very long that he takes his work very seriously; thinks things out and finds nothing too much trouble if there’s the slightest chance of its proving worth while. While he is open to conviction, he has opinions of his own, and he has brought players who were thought to be passé "back," as it were, with a bang. If he believes in a person it would not be

(Continued on page 104)
At Home---

There is no special day set aside by the Roberts household as At Home day. Theodore Roberts is there always, provided he is not at work at the studios. And at this love for the home fireside, you don't wonder when it means, as it does, a pretty bungalow with a glorious view of the golden California sunsets; big easy chairs, good books and a wonderful aviary too, not to mention the rose garden, with Mrs. Roberts genially presiding over all.
Making the Movie

By JEROME LACHENBRUCH

FEW people realize that the modern motion picture studio touches almost every industry that supplies our daily needs. It reproduces all phases of contemporary life; and to do this, it must go to the same sources to obtain the materials it uses. The life of the studio does not cease with the making of "scenes." In short, the production of motion pictures is a constant application of industry and of business to the creation of this newest of modern arts.

Despite the apparent suggestion of confusion which the various activities in and about a studio present, there is a marvelous order in the execution of the minutest details. It is a droneless beehive, with every worker knowing his or her exact duties. Half a dozen heads of departments may be seen in shirtsleeves, engaged in heated discussion. These men have just left as many busy shops to adjust an important difference of opinion. It may be a question of costume, as often happens in the making of a play that portrays the costumes of a previous generation. And the final decision in a matter of this kind is left to the wardrobe mistress, who designs and superintends the making of the costumes, these discussions enable her to make valuable suggestions on other details of a production. On the other hand, she receives suggestions from other departments and incorporates them in her own particular work.

Quite recently, a very successful stage play of two or three years ago was made into a photoplay. The play unfolded a love affair that was reenacted in the lives of the members of one family thru three generations. The first part of the story was laid in 1860, the second in 1885, and the third brought the tale to the present day. The photoplay was "put into production," which is a technical way of saying that work was begun on it, with no more worry or fluster as to where the costumes were coming from than if the play demanded entirely modern clothes and scenery.

There is a wardrobe room containing 5,000 complete costumes of different periods and designs. Moreover, the head of the department is a woman who has studied design in one of the foremost art schools.
Why should they worry? Building No. 2 has a wardrobe room containing 5,000 complete costumes of different periods and designs. Moreover, the head of the department, a woman who has studied design in one of America’s foremost art schools and who has had practical experience in stage productions for many years, simply consulted her old stand-by, Godey’s “Lady Book,” for reference. Here she found the “latest styles” for 1860. This old publication, by the way, was the forerunner of the modern fashion magazine, and had a tremendous vogue for many years. The result of the designer’s consultation of Godey’s and the application of her own ideas was visible to the director a few days later. He saw half a dozen models draped in the hoop-skirts of 1860 and as many more in the very latest bustle effect of 1885. Moreover, the five seamstresses who altered and elaborated the costumes in stock, besides finishing the new garments, helped to make some of the models for the men’s costumes of the same period.

The men’s department requires less care. Nevertheless, tailors are always on duty, ready to produce, at a moment’s notice, dress suits or coats of mail, according to the demand of the production manager. In the men’s clothing stockroom of a well-known studio more than 400 swords hang upon the walls, and 6,125 hats, of various sizes and belonging to different periods, may be had when they are needed.

An adjunct to the costume department is the hairdressing establishment for the ladies, where five hairdressers help the actresses to keep every hair of their precise coiffures in place. And when it is remembered that six huge stages accommodate about twelve companies all working at the same time, it is possible to appreciate the exacting work required of the assistants who see to it that the actors and actresses always look immaculate.

This perfection of appearance applies as well to the character roles. It would be ridiculous for a tramp to forget his holey shoes or the particular hat he wore the day before. To obviate the possibility of such mistakes, one of the studio assistants has a detailed list of the costumes to be worn by every actor and actress in each scene. So, when several scenes are to be taken in the same room and a number of days are required in which to make them, all the actors are inspected and their clothes and general make-up examined before they are permitted to enter the scene.

It is interesting to note the motion picture definition of a “scene.” Whenever a particular action changes, a new scene is introduced. Consequently, twenty scenes may be taken in the same room. From this one may understand how readily confusion in the costuming of actors from day to day may result. When the period photoplay mentioned in a foregoing paragraph was made, one of
actors came on the stage with the same shirt he wore in a scene taken an hour before, but which represented the period of 1860. The scene in which he was to appear was set to represent a living-room in a fashionable house, date 1885. As the actor took up his position, the indefatigable clothes statistician remarked:

"I see you haven't changed your shirt in twenty-five years, have you? High cost of living, I suppose." A few minutes later the actor had changed his lace-frilled shirt front for a broad, moon-faced, highly starched dress-shirt with cylindrical cuffs. Such incidents add a touch of gaiety to the exacting profession of motion picture, making. Fortunately, actors in the movies learn the technique of make-up rather quickly, and oversights are comparatively rare.

Costumes are returned to the wardrobe department when the actress or actor has finished using them. An elaborate card index system tabulates each gown, hat, suit and pair of shoes in the department. This business feature of the department enables its chief to tell the production manager how many new costumes she will have to make for every picture and how many stock dresses can be acceptably altered. In some of the larger costume plays, as many as eight hundred dresses have been prepared. On an occasion I have in mind, a theater was hired in one of the west coast cities and filled with gorgeously gowned women and perfectly groomed men. Mobs require quite as much inspection as do fashionably costumed throngs, but they are not so expensive, as most actors and actresses have enough old things to use in such scenes. Uniforms, however, are difficult to obtain in haste, so bell-boy, military, naval and other costumes of every nation are obtainable in the men's garment department.

Quite in line with the vast stock of costumes that are carried in a modern motion picture studio is the equally large furniture department, picture gallery and curio shop. Borrowing a term from the stage, everything that is placed on a studio set is called a "prop." It may be a grandmother's clock, a miniature golden Buddha or a typewriter; it is, nevertheless, a "prop." Simple as the general term is, in most motion picture studios a large, concrete building is needed to house them all. Here they are not all thrown together as "props." They are carefully classified and stored in various departments. The large pieces are not so troublesome as the smaller ones.

When one considers that 15,000 small decorative articles are usually carried in stock and are being constantly augmented, and that this old curiosity shop contains everything imaginable, from a colored bead (Continued on page 112)
East vs. West

and the production is moving along swiftly. The scenes in which the contest winners will take part, however, will not be taken until the final honor roll members and winners have been selected by the judges. The following players appear in the cast:

Edwin Markham, the world-famous poet; Hudson Maxim, the great inventor; Dr. Carroll Leja Nichols, Blanche McGarity, Anetha Getwell, Dorian Romero, Lynne Berry, Katherine Bassett, Wm. R. Talmaide, Arthur Tuthill, Cecile Edwards, William Castro, Ellsworth Jones, Seymoure Panish, Joseph Murtaugh, Dorothy Taylor, Effie Lawrence Palmer, Bunty Manly, Alfred Rigali. Erminie Gagnon, Edward Chalmers, Charles Hammer, Jr., William A. White, Clarence Linton, Sophie De Leske, Mrs. J. A. Gagnon, Mr. Hammer, Sr., Mr. McCabe, Doris Dorce, Mrs. F. Mayer, Colonel Hervey, George Costa, Titus Cello, Mrs. Dale, Marion Dale, the Schwinn twins, Ruth Higgins, Marjorie Longbotham.

Our readers will learn with great interest that we have been fortunate enough to procure the services of Octavia Handworth, that popular screen star who has just returned to take up again her work on the silversheet. Miss Handworth will play one of the leading roles in "Love's Redemption."

Photographs that have been mailed up to and including the date of August 1st will be accepted. After that they will be gone over very carefully and a final selection

LAST year the honor roll of the Fame and Fortune Contest which was held by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC AND SHADOWLAND, proved that the girls from the West walked off with the major honors. The girls from the East were overshadowed, much to the surprise of everyone.

This year, however, judging from the most recent relay of photographs, the girls from New York State are making the best showing, and in the final selection of winners for this month's honor roll members for THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, every contestant chosen is from New York. This fact reveals the curious phenomenon of a contest of this sort. In the next honor roll round there will probably not be one single contestant from the State of New York.

The enthusiasm shown by our readers over the final outcome of the contest is terrific. Everywhere is felt a tense interest which has never been manifest in any previous contest. Our readers evidently are beginning to appreciate the unlimited possibilities offered to the winners of the contest, and in the reel feature which we are producing in connection with the contest.

"Love's Redemption" is the name of this feature play. It is a gripping story dealing with human emotion in all of its phases. The preliminary scenes have already been filmed.
Presenting the Members of the Twelfth Honor Roll

will be made by the committee. The winners of the contest and the final honor roll members will be selected by the following well-known people, who will act as judges:

Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

Look at this month's honor roll group. We think they are very fine, with ideal camera faces.

There's Miss Duvoe Paris, of 28 Park Avenue, Saranae Lake, New York State. She has never had any professional experience, but we feel safe in saying that this difficulty will be soon overcome with her blue eyes, her light-brown hair and fair skin.

Shirley R. Schnapp, of No. 2 West 70th Street, New York City, has had no previous dramatic experience. She has dark-brown hair and

brown hair and olive complexion.

From the Ziegfeld Roof comes this fair contestant, Miss Betty Hale, of 209 West 73d Street, New York City. Miss Hale has also played a small part in "The Night Boat." She's a blonde, with blue-green eyes and very fair complexion. We like to look at Betty!

Next comes a photograph of Miss Theresa Valerio, from the Globe Theater, New York City. Miss Valerio has played with the Jack o' Lantern Company in a small part. Her brown hair shades a pair of large, hazel eyes, and these in turn accent a pink-and-white complexion.

This year's Fame and Fortune Contest officially closes on the first day of August, 1920. Needless to say, however, there will be a great deal of work connected with the closing which will have to be disposed of before the final decision of the judges is announced.

As soon as it is convenient to do so, after the closing date of the contest, the successful honor roll members will assemble at the country estate of Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, at Roslyn, Long Island, New York, and in the presence of the judges each honor roll member will be given a thorough camera test.

In this test they will have every possible opportunity to prove their screen talent. And immediately after the judges have decided upon the winners, their work for the five-reel feature, "Love's Redemption," will begin.

Photo © by Straus Peyton Studios

Photo by Lumière

Top, Beth Logan, of Bronxville, N. Y.; left, Betty Hale, of New York City; and, bottom, Theresa Valerio, of New York City.

Photo by Apeda

eyes, and very fair complexion.

The man in this case is Lynne M. Berry, of 549 West 113th Street, New York City. Mr. Berry has played in small bits on the screen. He has blond hair and dark-blue eyes.

Miss Beth Logan, of Bronxville, N. Y., has never been on the stage or screen. She is a brunette with very dark eyes,
DAPHNE BRETTON'S sins, if sins they be, were rather of omission than commission. The sin of omission of a mother.

When Daphne was three, Virginia, her mother, decided that home-versus-a-career resulted in a career rather than home, and took herself off accordingly. She sent Daphne the day she went and talked a great deal about the sacrifice of self to art, and that was all there was about it. Save thru the columns of the papers, notices and general talk, little more was heard of either father or daughter of the operatic mother.

Daphne grew up with a retinue of cooks, maids and Governesses, some good, some bad, the average indifferent. Her father did what he could for her, and with her, not he felt generally, rather baffled than otherwise. His scheme of life had never prepared him for the care of a growing girl-child. He felt woefully unfit. He loved Daphne all the more because her mother had not, but he made the mistake of not knowing that love was the best guide of all.

He went therefore, along the most generally accepted lines. He didn't have many talks with Daphne, because he felt inadequate. There were no women near enough to him with her, she was very beautiful, very vital, very unprepared, and at sixteen "Old Dad," as she rather affectionately called him, shipped her off to a fashionable and very expensive boarding-school.

The night before she left she sat with "Old Dad" in the den. "I hope," she said, "that they have a mother in this school. I think, Old Dad, I'd get along better all the way around with a mother."

Her father shook his head, his eyes temporarily somber. "No doubt, my dear," he said; "no doubt . . . no doubt . . ."

"Why didn't you marry a mother, Dad," the girl pressed, "instead of an opera singer? We can't live on singing, even if we heard it."

"You wouldn't understand, my child," the man said, and thereby missed an opportunity to tell the eager young mind of love and the deceit of love, of nature and her false lures and alarms, of pitfalls to be avoided and fair roads to be taken. He might have taken the mistake of his youth and the blight of their joint lives and given it to her as a talisman, but he didn't dare . . . didn't know just how . . . . The moment passed . . .

The next day Daphne went to the fashionable school. There was no mother in charge. There was a very fashionable lady, indeed, who did a great deal of very moral talking, but who didn't fit at all, according to Daphne's notions of a mother.

The girls had them, mothers . . . almost every one of
them. One or two didn’t, but their mothers had died and they had to depend on monies to cherish and beliefs in their mother’s love. Daphne had no memory. She had forgotten, fortuitously, the melodramatic scene with which the opera singer had bidden her home and only child farewell. There had been one or two pictures of her mother about... she didn’t much care for them. She had heard talk of her... she didn’t much care for that. She had, as she had told Old Dad, wanted a mother... you paid to hear opera singers... they weren’t what she meant... Mothers meant a lot, she found, to the other girls. Such a lot that the lonesomeness she had felt since early childhood swelled her small breast now, painfully. After a while, after twilight talks with the other girls during which “mother said” or “mother does” invariably and frequently crept in, Daphne began to feel a gnawing need of something supplementary.

She tried playing mother to a younger child, singing her lullabies, telling her marvelous tales, but it didn’t seem to do. She wanted to be loved, not love.

Like a small, uninformed creature trying, in some trap of pain, divers means of forgetfulness and escape, Daphne plunged into studies, into athletics, into her music, into, finally, meetings and greetings with the boys in the neighboring boys’ school. This last proved the most satisfactory. It provided a thrill which seemed to antidote the other painful lack.

There was one boy in particular. His name was Richard. Daphne thought that a wonderful, brave-sounding name. It made her think of Creur de Lion, the Prince in the Tower and all sorts of dashing heroism. It looked like Richard Wiltoner, too, the name. She loved to put Daphne underneath it and scratch out the corresponding letters and note the result, “love, friendship, marriage, hate”... Every girl of sixteen knows how to do it.

He told her how pretty she was, too. He said she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. And he understood all about how she felt about mothers. She had never, she told him, talked to any one about it before, just as she talked to him. It was wonderful, the way they understood each other and the things each had undergone in this sad life. It was quite, quite wonderful, altogether.

It wasn’t very serious. Largely, it was a matter of stolen meetings, of surreptitious sunbeams, fearful and extraordinary concoctions sipped, arcadianly, at the drug store, or, infrequently, a kiss when nobody was looking. If Love was there, his rosy wings were folded and his chubby face untouched by more than smiles.

Then, with blundering touch, circumstance and Miss Claudia Merrivane, presiding genius of the school, stepped in.

Most of the enormities of life have their inception in trivialities, accidental happenings, unimportances intrinsically.

There was a dance at the school. Young Wiltoner, in need of recollaring, went into Daphne’s room to effect the necessary change. While there, he was cornered by a maid, and hid. Before he could make good his escape, Daphne came in, caught a glimpse of him, hiding, did not recognize him, and screamed. Miss Merrivane was on the scene in a trice. Almost, Daphne explained afterward, as tho she had been waiting... She was rather horridly eager. She had
"Thats just it," Richard made inevitable response.

"I suppose Dad'll raise Cain," Daphne said. "It was what Miss Merrivane's tutelage had led her to expect of the older generation.

"Hemmay not," Richard comforted, with some vague hope of an inherent justice in a male breast.

"He'll feel he'll have to," Daphne said; "he wont dare not."

"There's not much initiative in parents, as a general thing," Richard agreed, "still, your dad looked a good sort when he come up to the last hop. Human, I thought."

"I never had about her an air of virtuous and outraged justification. Miss Merrivane, being Miss Merrivane, immediately decided the episode to be incriminating, and the two conspirators in the disgraceful proceedings were summarily expelled from their respective halls of learning. Publicity was not suppressed. Miss Merrivane, in an interview, said, in part, that she felt her sad duty to tell the whole truth, no matter how detrimental, no matter how erroneous to herself, or to her school, which was her livelihood. She had always, she said, stood for ideals, tho the ideals might mean her personal immolation. The press extolled her. Her enrolments for the next term quadrupled.

Daphne always afterward believed that she really a mother, you see," Daphne explained, "properly speaking. Old Dad has had to be both, and I suppose he'll feel his job very heavily just at present."

"Damn collars," said Richard, without much relevancy. Old Dad proved to be a good sort, and with considerable initiative. He looked pretty hard at the two young people, and he seemed to like what he saw, because he took Daphne on his knee and regularly cuddled her, just as he had done when she was very tiny and her mother had just gone away. And he took young Wilton by the hand and talked to him just as if he were an equal and not a boy who had got himself and a girl into a miserable mess. He told him the world went this way sometimes, and, really, there wasn't a thing to be done about it but weather the following storm as decently as possible. The thickest mud, he said, dried up and fell away after a while. He said he thought it would be advisable for Daphne to go away for a while, and if Richard didn't plan to go back to school elsewhere and if the law was what he was going in for, he thought he could find him a beginning in his own office. The next few days proved Old Dad to be a wise man in his day. It was quite necessary for Daphne to go away if she were to retain any of her illusions about the inherent kindliness and understanding of human nature. Her dearest friends forgot to speak to her on

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Daphne always afterward believed that she really
the street. The girl she had chummed with all her life said that she was sorry, but her mother thought it better if she and Daphne did not see quite so much of each other; people might think of the old adage, "birds of a feather," and just when a girl was getting ready to make her début any little thing . . . of course, they knew Daphne hadn't meant any harm, but . . . well . . . and all that sort of thing . . .

Daphne heard on all sides, sides expected and painfully unexpected, that "this was the sort of thing" that happened when a girl had been brought up without a mother. She didn't know just what they meant by "this sort of thing," but she did know that the implication was horrible and hurtful and that it eliminated her friends, her acquaintances and most of her habitual comings and goings.

Each the newspapers seemed to need it to make up their front pages. Daphne and Richard Wintonon were portrayed as sinister conspirators in illicit vices and Miss Merrivane as a mother that yearned over the wrong-doers. She was variously depicted with a broken torch in a suffering hand.

Throughout the storm, Old Dad stood pat. He took the young people to the theaters, motoring, walking, and when the strain began to prove too exhaustive, he sent Daphne to his camp in the Adirondacks with his housekeeper, where the newspapers were not and the tongue of scandal did not reach.

Daphne was in something of a raw state or she might not have found the tongue of persuasiveness so readily healing and beguiling. She was tired, too, and a trifle petulant. The seeds of young love engendered at the soda fountain meetings, tended at the last party before the expulsion, brooding during the weeks with Old Dad in town were, as yet, no more than seedlings. Loneliness, being as she was, young and unlearned in the ways of love, kept the young seeds still covered.

When Robert Kaire, the young millionaire and rather notorious roué, caught his first glimpse of Daphne and formed his resolution to have her at any cost, his game was more or less easy to his practiced hand.

It was nice to have the handsome and somewhat mysterious stranger from the neighboring camp come over every evening and lie at her feet and listen to her woes and make her feel a woman of sorrows and experiences. It thrilled her to have him tell her that he, too, had suffered at the hands of the world. It thrilled her still more to have him go

Miss Merrivane was on the scene in a trice. Almost, Daphne explained afterward, as tho she had been waiting . . . She was rather horribly eager and she had about her an air of virtuous and outraged justification.
For seeds of young love
grew fast in the soda fountain
meetings, tended at the last party before the
execution. Brooding during the weeks with Old Dad in
town were, as yet, no more than
seeds.

That night, just as the lights in Kaire's camp were
to be extinguished, there came a tremendous rapping
and calling, and in the ensuing confusion, somehow or other,
there stood Old Dad and Richard Wiltoner, very white of
face and blazing of eye and saying the most terrific things
to Kaire, who seemed, to Daphne's distraught vision,
to suddenly waver and rumple, become ineffectual, undesir-
sable. Old Dad was accusing him of bigamy ... Daphne
knew that to be, in some sense, a terrible crime.

In the midst of it all she fainted completely away, and
when she emerged from a sort of whirling blackness she
was back in her own cabin, and Richard, much more the
man than the boy she had remembered, was very tenderly
explaining to her that he and Old Dad had come to the
Adirondacks for the very purpose of ascertaining what
Kaire intended doing in regard to his wife, a rather
notorious person with whom he had lived before he had
finally married her to hush her up. "We had no idea,"
Richard groaned, in conclusion, "that you even knew the
cad. Your poor father nearly went insane when we
found out that you had run away with him. Oh, darling,
you're never to be left alone again ... "

"I never want to be," whispered Daphne, and she
snuggled close to Richard and found out, with a suddenly
revealing knowledge, what the difference had been, 2005,
between Kaire and the strong young arms that held her.

The annulment was a simple proceeding, and, after it,
Old Dad asked his daughter what she wanted to do as
regarded her future.

"You've not been taught very clearly, I'm afraid, baby,"
he said; "it's not been so much my fault as just my lack.
But I believe that you do love young Wiltoner, and I
(Continued on page 111)
Ever since Jean Paige arrived in California her life has been just one thrill after another. That's what comes of accepting a new Vitagraph contract and co-starring in a serial with Joe Ryan. However, these pictures would seem to prove that Jean has not suffered thru her hair-breadth escapes, for they were taken around her Hollywood home after a particularly thrilling day.
Rose and Old Lace

Davies and written her into a story, she would have called it. I think, “Rose and Old Lace.”

It was at Delmonico’s that we lunched, at a table overlooking the beautiful Fifth Avenue, resplendent in the sunshine and thronged with those walking and driving, while flower venders cried their wares on every corner and, in their crying, told us it was spring. But the waiter, with solemn mien, doled out the cubes of sugar sparingly, and one felt guilty because he took two—even in a sugar shortage—and stopped to remember that the twentieth century was upon him.

Over the jonquils and pink roses decorating our table, Marion Davies smiled at me hesitatingly, a bit shily, as she answered my question.

“Yes,” she admitted, “I do believe in luck. I believe also, at least, most of the time I do—always in fact, except when something disappoints me so that I lose my perspective—that things happen for the best. When I was a chorus girl I begged for a part, if it was only to say ‘The carriage awaits, my lady.’ Then, in one musical comedy, I had a few lines. What happened? The play failed! And I don’t think,” she explained, naïvely, “that it was caused by my delivery of the lines—the failure, I mean; they really weren’t important enough. Then, right after that, I signed a three years’ contract in the films, and Mr. Manager Man came along with a perfectly lovely starring contract on the stage.”

I asked her if she thought this interception of Destiny, or Fate, or whatever you choose to term it, had been for the best, and she

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe
answered that she felt it had probably been fortunate—very fortunate.

"Right now," she said, "I'm having a bit of bad luck. I have looked forward to doing the story which was selected for my next picture for months. Now, just when the entire cast has been engaged and they are ready to start work, my eyes are light-strained and I must take a few weeks' vacation."

I asked her if they would not wait, and she said if they could not get another story for the engaged company to do, that they would go ahead with another playing her part.

"It is such a good story, too," she explained, "not because of any great amount of action, but because of the character unfolding. Most of us can play in melodramatic things with something happening every minute—the suspense and thrill hold the audience—but it is the acme of artistry to win and retain an interest simply thru a characterization. It is such things that I long to do. Of course," she smiled, "people will criticise me at first and say, 'Marion Davies is attempting to do the most difficult sort of acting—that is because I have never done anything of the kind, but somehow I feel that I'll come thru, and I do want to try.'"

When she spoke of acting, I asked her if she believed, as some do, that the greatest artists do not act—in the general sense of the word—and to this she took exception.

"I think," she said, slowly, "that even the greatest artists act, even if it be unconsciously. They do not suffer thru heroics, of course, but one must act in order to be natural. You act and I act—our waiter acts and that woman there in that pretty jade hat acts—all of us act, every day—some to a greater extent than others. No person is totally natural all of the time, and in a stage or screen story, where a large percentage of the emotions of life are experienced by the characters, it would be, I think, very unnatural if one didn't act."

As she talked, she surprised you with her knowledge of even the technical side of her work, but first of all by being so unspoiled by the success which has come to her.

I asked her how it felt to have arrived and, having arrived, to have kept right on.

"It doesn't mean anything at all," she answered me, "and in saying that, I am not ungrateful. Always, I think, it is the very unavailability of things which makes them so to be desired. Four years ago had any one come to me in the theater dressing-room and told me that I would sit here today, worthy of being interviewed, able to satisfy my whims, even when it means buying a blue hat every time.

(Continued on page 98)
Why did you come to motion pictures and why do you remain?" I asked of Pell Trenton, knowing of his many stage successes on Broadway.

"The answer to your first question is—the war—you know how we blame everything on it!" laughed Mr. Trenton. "This is true, however, for otherwise I would probably never have broken away to come out to California, as I was congenially located and a move like this is somewhat experimental. I was at the Officers' Training School at Camp Fremont, up near San Francisco, when the armistice was signed, and as I had given up my engagement in 'Parlor, Bedroom and Bath' in New York when I enlisted, I decided to come to Los Angeles on a little trip before returning East and getting back into the harness.

"A few years ago I spent eight weeks here with Florence Roberts in repertory and fell in love with this country and glorious climate, determining to return some day, so this seemed the propitious moment. Then, as I had made several pictures with the Fox Company in New York, I naturally visited their Hollywood studio, and bless me if they didn't put me to work at once!"

"You cannot fool the camera, it is relentless in its truthfulness," went on Mr. Trenton. "You must feel your part to successfully look it under the stern eye of the camera."

"Now the answer to your second question is, that tho I had made pictures before, one or perhaps two a year, just between seasons, I had never considered them seriously, but after twelve months' steady work before the camera, I assure you I have no other plans than to continue in pictures, for
By

MAUDE S.
CHEATHAM

they offer splendid opportunities; in fact, the possibilities are limitless!

"There is a distinct stimulation in this work, afforded by the constant variety of plays and roles which keeps the imagination and emotional faculties in fine trim. I believe, too, that one's acting becomes stronger, more clear-cut, and a sublety is developed which is far greater than that of the stage, where so much dependence is placed on voice and lines building the character."

This was indeed interesting in view of the recent comments made on this very subject by the famous Belgian poet, Maurice Maeterlinck, now in this country, who declared that

"Here is another reason I'm staying in pictures," confided Pell Trenton. "My mother is with me and for the first time in years I am having a real home — and I cannot tell you what a joy this is." Below, in "The Willow Tree" with Viola Dana.

the motion pictures were establishing a new standard of acting, and thus creating a new and altogether delightful art of expression, while several of the foremost dramatic critics have said that the current theatrical season was emphasizing the marked superiority of the cinema acting over the present stage standard!

"You cannot fool the camera; it is relentless in its truthfulness," went on Mr. Trenton, as we discussed this point. "Just as a false beard or mustache shows up in your picture, just so do false and insincere emotions show up. You must feel your part to successfully look it under the stern eye of the camera!"

(Continued on page 95)

Photo by Evans, L. A.
The time—and the place—make a great difference to the girl. And we doubt if there is any one who could resist the spell of the garden pictured above and we feel quite sure there would be a murmured "Yes." Dorothy Dalton decided in the affirmative; but—alas—it was only in another cinema wooing for her new picture, "Guilty of Love"
HELEN REARDON had had both mother and father—completely in the person of her father. This may account for the great and deep devotion she felt for him. Or it may have been that hers was the great and deep soul of the devotionist. Motives are vaguely born. Her belief was that her father could do no wrong, and so when she came in upon the last of an apparently bitter quarrel between her father and Calvin, the man she had promised to marry, habit and instinct arrayed themselves on the side of her father.

Calvin was alone when she came up to him. Her lips, he thought, were sterner than he had ever dreamed her lips could be.

“What was it about?” she asked.

Calvin shook his head. “I am not at liberty to say, dear,” he made answer. He had known of the mutual devotion of these twain since the long-ago death of Helen’s mother. He knew that whatever methods Robert Reardon used, or was forced to use in his business transactions, he had been the soul of honor, of delicacy, of fine feeling with his daughter. He respected the bond between them and, dearly as he loved her, earnest as was his whole-souled worship of her, he felt his own to be the slighter bond, the lesser claim. Helen’s was a deeply idealistic nature, and much of the idealism she had lavished on this father. Idealistic himself, Calvin knew how many roots would be torn up should he show her her father as he had, this evening, seen him.

“What do you mean, not at liberty to speak?” Helen pressed. “What was daddy asking of you that you would not do? I do not understand how you could refuse him, what he evidently wants so much—refuse him as you did.”

“I am sorry, dear Cant you take this one thing on faith?”

“Not where it concerns my father. Not if my father cannot.”

“Then what do you mean to do, Helen? Is this to be a breach between us? Surely, sweetheart . . .”

“Make friends with daddy, then. You must. Why, James, do you forget—everything? Everything daddy has done for you? You told me once that he had written his name in your very blood; that you didn’t dream a man so big could be so painstaking, so essentially fine. And now you turn on him . . . like a . . . like an adder’s tooth . . .”

“Please, Helen . . . please, dear . . .”

The girl faced him, her eyes blazing in her outraged face. She drew the ring she had been wearing as a pledge of their love from her finger. Her voice was very low and very cold.

“Here is your ring,” she said. “I . . . I am my father’s daughter before—I am your wife.”

James Calvin took the ring and turned it over in his hand. Neither he nor the girl moved. The air was tense with the silence between them. It would have been so easy to speak. So easy to say a few clarifying words, (clarifying for him), and then to sweep her into his arms—crushed, disillusioned, even disgusted, but his. He knew that he could do it. But he didn’t want her that way. He had always loved best the proud defiance of her head, the bravery of dreaming in her eyes, the out-ringing sound of her laughter. Not love, but cruelty, could set love a task like that.

“Very well,” he said, “if ever you find that you are wrong, or, at least, that you can bridge this silence between us with your understanding, I shall be waiting. It won’t make any difference how long, or where, or under
The girl faced him—her eyes blazing in her outraged face. She drew the ring she had been wearing as a pledge of their love from her finger. Her voice was very low and very cold. "Here is your ring," she said. "I am my father's daughter before—I am your wife"...

The future had loomed ahead, flower-bordered well. She turned away.

The hope that her father might give her an explanation which would enable her to send for Calvin died that same night. It was manifestly impossible for the father to tell the daughter that he had asked the young man he had befriended, the man she was to marry, to join him in an illegal, unscrupulous enterprise. In a different and yet in the same way he lacked James Calvin's courage to break her beautiful faith in him and thru him, in all things. He missed, with a tender motive, the quality of mercy.

She could never, reared and reared her, understand a man using trust funds in speculation. The sheer dishonesty of it all would have been the appalling fact. The little temptation accounting and subliming,

what conditions or circumstances. Loving you as I do, I love you finally, for all time. If only you will remember that...

Helen nodded. She did not want him to see the tears flooding her eyes. It had all been so sweet... so terribly sweet... They had been delicate, unerring, right, was that swift and lovely thing that had been his own youth. His daughter's eyes were the eyes of the boy that he had been, looking back at him, steadfast and unchanged.

And then, Lowe... she had hated Lowe so deeply. Had refused to marry him, had even accused him of specific dishonesties. When his name had appeared in the papers her indignation had been flaming.

"Profiteering, daddy!" she had said, on one occasion, "the contemptible thing. How can he buy food and drink and his odious possessions with money fished from other people like that? I should hate to have to be him and try to sleep at night. And to think that he dared to ask me to marry him. Every time I rode in his automobile I should be thinking of millions of tired feet... dead tired and walking endlessly..."

"You must not be so extravagantly imaginative, my child," her father had said. But he remembered her face as she had spoken, the quivering resentment in her voice.

She was the one remaining thread in his life, untarnished, unfrayed.

His son, Jack, had not maintained what Helen had maintained. The weakness of his father had cropped out in him, lamentably. The appeal his father had was not the appeal he had for Helen. The gambling fever hit him, and he went down under it with...
not so much as a show of resistance. At the time of the elder Reardon's break with James Calvin, then the nominee on the reform ticket for district attorney, young Jack Reardon had borrowed from Lowe to the very hilt and had gone so far as to forge a check on him in a pressed and desperate moment.

Lowe was as unscrupulous in his personal affairs as he was in his professional ones. He was a glutton of the objects of his desires. The means to the end was of little if any import to him. Helen was the absorbing object of his desire. She was the one thing he didn't have. She was the dream part of life. He sensed this and not thoroly understanding whether it or she whetted his passion for her to the breaking point. Every bit of trapping he could do where her family was concerned was so much more in his favor. He held his cards and waited.

The climax came with the suicide of Robert Reardon. Calvin heard of it first and was the first to reach Helen with the tragical news. He knew, better than any one else, how intensely tragical it would be to her. He knew, too, with a certain exultation, that in so far as he was concerned, her father was dead, but that for which he had stood in her life was not.

After the first white, stunned moments, her grief burst forth in a frantic resentment of the young man before her.

"You could have saved him," she moaned, "you could have saved him... you... you!" You know you could have saved him and you wouldn't. His hand pulled you out of obscurity, and when he needed yours you drew it back. Oh, daddy, oh, daddy, you were too good, too kind...

After the desperation passed, she stood up and faced him, as she had done on the evening of their quarrel.

"Please go away," she said; "please go away and do not come back again—ever. I am still his daughter. He is— is still my father—my daddy—my..."

And because he knew it was her wish, Calvin withdrew from the sight of her naked pain for the father in whom she still believed.

Lowe caught her when the wounds were still raw. He came to see her and talked to her of her father. He let her know that her father had liked him, had chummed with him, had desired to effect some sort of a partnership with him. Craft made him careful of disillusioning her too abruptly. She was allowed to suppose that the partnership her father sought with Lowe was one apart from Lowe's other activities. He inferred that he was sorry for those... slips... foibles... all correctable.

When his patience wore too thin and the girl still seemed too unattainable, he told her of her brother's predicament and warned her that unless she wanted him to expose the forged check she had better marry him.

The strain of the months had worn Helen's resistive powers to a thin sort of fabric. Suffering had not aroused her; it had made her passive, inert. When, in no lightly dramatic way, Lowe threatened her brother, herself, her dead father's name with disgrace, with jail, with all sorts of turgid publicity and the price of silence was merely the gift of her crushed, listless self, it seemed to Helen a light gift to give. She gave it.

It was from the day of the giving that Helen's con-
serious life began. Heretofore, she realized, she had not known life in any sense. Always, she had been veiled, gloved and heavily shod when she had gone forth to meet it. Now, she was stripped and forced to see and feel.

With the revelations of man, as man can be when the brute predominates and the crasser qualities are reigning, came Helen's first dim sense that Calvin might have done a fine thing from a fine motive. The love she had first felt for him and then immolated, because of a love longer in length of time, began to struggle thru the red mists of the present and demand hearing. His whole attitude, she began to see, had been that of right. He stood for right. He had been, from the first, arrayed against Lowe and the sort of thing Lowe stood for. For her father had come in, what his position had been... well, it couldn't matter now. What did matter was that she was married to a man who demanded of her the unspakable love, which one of his bohemian friends exhibited toward her present paramour, and that Calvin, who had demanded of her nothing, was gone from her life.

The gradual knowledge, the slow, painful awakening, the realization of these things on the part of Lowe, widened the breach between the two so vastly that open hostility reigned. It had never occurred to the man that once the girl was in his possession he could fail. Never haing taken the delicate things of the spirit into his consideration, he could not begin now. The girl was in his home, was his wife—how, then, had she eluded him? Even in the thickest of his rage, he had had to admit the elusion. He tried every means he had ever employed before in his various conquests; means, he prided himself, which had seldom if ever failed. He was lavish with her. He was demonstrative. He was childishly indifferent. He gave ostentations parties and made frantic, abandoned love to her. He ridiculed her, piqeed her, praised her, swore at her. He even went so far as to beat her, then flung himself away from the sick disgust on her face, disgust that was cold and averted. The woman was an iceberg, he vowed; she was inhuman, she was sexless. He bade her look on his friends and watch the love they knew, and did not understand when she told him that what she saw was not love. Love, she knew now, was that which Calvin had given her when he had spared her his hurtful speech. Love was what her father had felt for her when he had gone to meet his atoning death. Ah, she knew love now... rocky highway that it was, with a few priceless flowers exhaling their rarefied fragrance.

When every known trick was tried, Lowe resorted again to Jack Reardon's forged check. "You don't suppose, you little fool," he said, "that I gave you the real article when you married me, do you? Easy as that, am I? Oh, no! I still have the check your precious brother had the criminality to put my name to. The one in your possession is just one of many, many borrowed ones. You come across and act as a woman should act with a man—the man she loves—or the prosecution will go on. Incidentally, I suppose you know who the prosecutor will be—your precious Calvin, District Attorney on the reformatory ticket. Such are the
wheels of fate. 'He loved her, but he prosecuted her little brother!' It would make the hit of the season! Think it over, my young Madonnna.'

Thinking it over led to the one deduction—Calvin would know. He would know, as he had always known, the thing to do. The essential thing. Now, a woman grown, he would not hesitate to tell her. She went to Calvin. If her presence in his office smote him, he gave no sign. There was a fine control to his voice, to his hands, to the way in which he spoke.

"If your husband forces me, Helen," he said, "I, in turn, shall be forced to prosecute. Duty, it seems, is ever the imperative call." He had not meant to say so clearly that duty had, once before, caused him self-abnegation, but Helen understood him.

"There is no other way," she pleaded; "it will be so final a disgrace for Jack." "I would do all that I honestly could to avoid anything so painful," Calvin promised; "that is the best that I can say to you."

He held out his hand and Helen took it, sensing the fact that he could not go thru with more of the visit.

She knew as she left his office to what a boundless depth she loved him.

The contention of the forces of good and evil is the endless gamble of the world. Few may be spectators, being, as most of us are, individually engaged and arrayed on the one side or the other.

Lowe and James Calvin had been individual opponents ever since they had, simultaneously, sprung into prominence, one on either side of the fence.

Calvin did not tell Helen, the day she made him her visit, that he had been slowly accumulating evidence against Lowe that would convict him of illegal practices. Nor did he admit, even to his innermost self, that the revelation she unconsciously made of her hatred of Lowe, urged him on to fresher, more acute endeavors.

Lowe did know, however. He knew that the District Attorney was piling up evidence as damning as any forged check he could hold against Jack Reardon. He knew that there was only one loophole of escape—and that was thru bribed wit-

nesses, or, should the bribery fail, by granting his wife a divorce and thus presenting her to Calvin. That Calvin had never ceased to want her, Lowe knew. That her love for Calvin was alive again, full grown now, and painful, he also knew. The thing to do would be to trap the two into a compromising position—he would have them, then, in the palm of his hand. With the aid of the forged check as addenda, he would not want for weapons. He thought he knew them where their sensibilities were most tender.

The fault in Lowe's logic was the fact that it was not an all-embracing one. He got one perspective on a person or an event, and lost all others. He had come to think of Helen and even of Calvin as rarefied, supersensitized individuals with little if any of the combativeness of common clay. He overestimated one aspect of them and underestimated others.

He left them alone, the day Calvin called in answer to Helen's summons, but never dreamed that any of his plans and plots could have been overheard. Helen had over-

(Continued on page 114)
feeling until the door banged and the car shot upwards. It would have been just like that clerk to have come after me and insisted upon my waiting until the wire was not busy and he could announce me properly. If he had I should probably have been waiting yet, for—

As I knocked on the door of 512, I heard a voice talking steadily—then the door opened and there was Louise sitting boyishly on a table, swinging her feet with a vehement gusto—and talking, laughing, talking, laughing—

"I'm Miss Glaum's sister," announced the nice person who opened the door for me. "She's talking to Dorothy Dalton—they are friends and haven't seen one another since Dorothy left California to open in her new play—she'll be with you in a minute."

And, of course, she was—but I have a firm conviction that she would have talked much longer and
that I would be at that clerk’s mercy yet had I not taken the reins into my hands and burst upon her in informal fashion.

I knew that with her, vampire roles were passé—yet the saying, “A leopard cannot change his spots”—seemed pertinent, and I thought, “neither can a woman change her being with her roles”—and I found myself inadvertently brushing up my knowledge of—well, things psychic, superstitions on opals and peacock feathers and other similar topics. I could not say just exactly what I expected to meet my gaze, but it was not a conservative hotel sitting-room, individual only thru the bowls of orchids, roses and violets which stood about.

There was no cigaret smoke or incense—and there was no crystal ball or peacock feathers—there was just the pleasant room with the sun streaming in the windows, a leopard-skin coat thrown over a chair, a veil tucked in the pages of a book lying on the table—

And Louise herself. She did not wear flowing robes of odd and vivid colors. Nor did she swank hectically about in a clinging and vampiric black. Nor did she gaze blascly out upon the world thru partially closed eyes. She did none of the things for which I had subconsciously prepared myself. None of them. It had been, all of it, such an utter waste of preparation.

She proved to be just a little girl—I say little, advisedly, too, for she is much smaller than I had expected—with a friendly mien and inquisitive eyes of grey—and she was dressed in a trim suit of brown with tiny slits in the skirt thru which could be glimpsed pantalets of the same cloth. But Louise told me she wore them because they kept her warm—because she felt a change in the climate. And somehow, you believed her, for she did not even remotely suggest the faddist.

Curling up in the recesses of one of the big chairs, she talked about New York and the latest plays. And from her talk you knew that she has lost few—indeed, if any—illusions. She takes things at their apparent worth and

(Continued on page 97)
The Nursery Rhyme Girl

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

The drama of the story, she represents the springtime of life when everything is transfigured by a roseate haze of dreams. So when she was Douglas Fairbanks’ leading lady. She was so utterly Youth incarnate, so evidently listening for the call of Romance, that the wild, boyish stunts Doug did for her seemed in every way fitting and natural.

I first saw Marjorie Daw at the Lasky studio about three years ago. She had just returned from a finishing school to which the company had sent her, tiding her over the “awkward age.” I remember that some one connected with the studio mentioned how odd it seemed seeing her with her hair up, and that she wore a suit of some dark mixture—brown, I think.

At any rate, we stood on the edge of a set at Lasky’s and watched Marshall Neilan directing a bowl of goldfish. He would tap on the bowl with one finger and then clap his hands and say, “Jump, now; come on and jump!” while a fairly large crowd stood around and offered him advice and laughed. But in the end the laugh was on the crowd, because the goldfish jumped exactly as he wanted them to.

“It must have been the effect of the sound waves,” said Micky modestly.

“I come to the studio every day, whether I’m working or not,” said Marjorie Daw. “I love to watch. I saw the making of almost every scene in ‘Joan

ONE often hears that the possession of fame must argue the possession of some unusual quality of beauty or mental ability, and, undoubtedly, it does. But here is a girl who has become famous because she is able to be herself and so portray normal, every-day girlishness on the screen. Certainly, there is such a thing as one’s possessing a talent for youth, and the Fates must love Marjorie Daw, they have let her have this gift so freely.

Take, for instance, her work in Marshall Neilan’s production of “The River’s End.” In contrast to the
the Woman' and I was near Miss Farrar as much as possible. I was conscious of my work being jerky and I felt that the best way to correct my faults was by watching her."

At the same time, Marjorie Daw did not try to imitate the famous star whose protégée she had become. On the contrary, she had sense and understanding enough to be herself where many another young girl would have attempted to act. She even selected her name from a nursery rhyme. Her own name, you will remember, is Margarita House.

"See-saw, Marjorie Daw,
Jennie shall have a new master;
She shall have hut a penny a day,
Because she don't work any faster."

I remember that she had a little, nervous laugh and that she expressed a passionate fondness for horseback riding. Altogether a normal, wholesome, every-day type of "flapper," I told myself, and subsequent meetings increased that impression.

"Isn't this funny?" she said one day, showing me a "still" from "He Comes Up Smiling." "I was trying to imitate Billie Burke. It has given us all a good laugh. Mr. Fairbanks says that it's the funniest thing he ever saw." She never tried to imitate Billie Burke again.

The next time I saw her was on a rather chilly morning in early January. We sat in the front room of her little rented bungalow and kept our coats on because the furnace wasn't working. She and Chandler, her brother, were living alone in the house and she was doing the housework herself. She apologized for things being a little bit upset. Her mother is not living and her aunt had gone to Arizona just a short time before.

"It gets rather lonely here for just the two of us," she said. "I think it would be better for Chandler to board at the school and for me to live at the club," by which she meant the already famous Studio Club on Carlos street in Hollywood.

So we chatted and told fortunes, and the cards said that she was soon to have a big change which would result in her having large sums of money. She said that she was longing to take a trip of some kind.

"Mr. Fairbanks may take us all to France for two or three

(Continued on page 101)
Thus Endeth the First Chapter—

The bride and groom standing in the chancel of the church—sunlight filtering thru the peaked windows, orange blossoms—then comes the fade-out—the lights go up and the picture is over.

But in life it is different—on Friday, June eighteenth, Mary Hay and Richard Semler Bartholomew stood at the chancel of the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York City, where they were united in wedlock—but for them it is only the end of the first chapter, a chapter telling of a beautiful courtship.

Mary Hay is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Caldwell of Washington, D. C., and recently of Ziegfeld Folies. Now, however, she is at work in Griffith's production of 'Way Down East,' as in Husband Dick. The great D. W. gave the happy pair a four days' vacation which they spent honey mooning in a little cottage by the sea before they returned to their work at the studios.
GLORIA SWANSON is certainly wearing the latest things in gowns in Cecil B. de Mille's productions. Some of them are so late they are nearly absent.

In each production Gloria wears a little less clothes. If this continues for a few more releases, the $2.00 movie is an assured thing.

Insuring everything and everybody concerned with the movies is getting to be such a rage that we suggest you insure, for safety's sake:
Warren Kerrigan's curly hair.
Henry B. Warner's soft hat.
George Walsh's pep.
Eugene O'Brien's smile.
Wallace Reid's tailor.
Bryant Washburn's chin dimple.

The news has just leaked out that it was at one time contemplated starring Bryan in the movies. The fact of trying to put Bryan in the silent drama was evidently too much, however.

Someone has raised the question, "Do movie audiences want to think?" If some of the pictures being shown on the screen are any criterion, it would be embarrassing to discuss what they do want to think about.

It begins to look as though the surest way for a girl to become a screen star is to enter the chorus of Ziegfeld's "Follies."

Best Laugh of the Month
Morris Gest, one of the men who would like to uplift the movie drama, starts in by offering $10,000 for the motion picture rights to Mr. and Mrs. Doug Fairbanks' honeymoon.

Where are all the sharpshooters that used to say Wallace Reid was simply a good-looker but couldn't act?

Wall Street moguls are entering the motion picture business like lions, but in all probability, after a few months' movie education, they will go out like lambs—and with considerably shrunken bankrolls.

Why doesn't someone write a story about a little girl who is left in an orphan asylum, but is later reclaimed by her wealthy father, who has been searching for her for fifteen years?

Here is ample proof, supplied by Walt K. Hill, that there is money in the movies:
"His Last $," (Paramount).
"$30,000," (Hodkinson).
"$ for $," (Pathé).
"$s and the Woman," (Vitagraph).
"$s and the Law," (Vitagraph).
"$s and Sense," (Goldwyn).

Recipe for a News Weekly
One parade.
One fire.
One wreck.
One funeral.
Close-up of a Presidential candidate.
Soldiers marching.
Fade-out on American flag.

With the admitted influence the motion picture has over the public mind, how is a well-meaning young man ever going to make up his mind with:
"Why Marry?"
"Please Get Married"
"Don't Ever Marry"
"Don't Change Your Husband"
"Why Change Your Wife?"
Wanted: A Leader

Hobart Henley Believes the Screen Needs a Standard-Bearer

heartened at the reception accorded his "The Gay Old Dog." "It is discouraging," he admits, "to work hard upon a vital story, to put everything you have into it, and find it bringing an ordinary film return, while a production, rushed thru in three or four weeks but full of 'audience stuff,' makes four times as much. It hurts.

"I do not blame audiences," he says, "The exhibitor is the fault. You and I know the average exhibitor. This average exhibitor is selecting the photoplays of our nation. He insists upon the handsome hero, the beautiful blonde and the happy tale a hundred miles from real life. Audiences are forced to take what he selects—and producers are forced to make it.

"It is hard to keep ideals in the face of this stone wall. Pioneer work in the battle of overcoming this is going to be a desperate, heart-breaking work. The thought picture is coming. But one man cannot fight the game alone. I believe that a film leader, with six adequate directors working under his supervision, could blast a hole in the exhibitor wall. Indeed, I am sure of it.

"What we really need is a leader. David Griffith, in a way, stands in solitude. He alone dares innovations—to cross the exhibitor. But, unfortunately, Griffith, I believe, has come to live far from life, drawn within himself and his circle. A barrier exists between him and the little present-day things of humanity."

"Mille looks upon things with the eye of the theater. He is dramatically effective, but he never sounds the human note. And so it goes thru the ten directorial leaders; and you can count them upon the fingers of your hands. That is the fault of our cinema of today. The thing has developed into an open field."

Henley is a product of the motion picture of the pioneer period. He came to films ten years ago from the stage, where he
had been an actor. Thru Mary Pickford, he secured a position at the old Biograph studio on Fourteenth Street. "I found it the most interesting thing I had ever encountered," relates Henley. "It is foolish to say I guessed its possibilities. All of us did, in a measure. Actually, I found it a new and fascinating game.

"In those days, I acted and wrote scripts. Frequently they generously let us play in our own stories. For four years I played and tinkered in and with film plays. Then I became a director's assistant and finally, one glorious day, I was allowed to direct a two-reeler. That was six years ago. I wrote, played and directed my own story, receiving $150 a week—but I thought that my seventh heaven had been reached. Things have been coming easier since that.

Henley first attracted attention by writing and producing "Parentage" some four years ago. This $16,000 production is said to have ultimately made $150,000. Next Henley came into prominence by directing the film debut of Will Rogers for Goldwyn. He did more than his bit in putting the cowboy star over on the silversheet.

Now Henley has been signed by Selznick Pictures to make three or four productions a year. The first is "The Sin That Was His," a Frank Packard story in which William Faversham is starred. Other Packard stories are to follow.

Henley sums up the present studio faults briefly. "Directors are hurried and harried until, unless they have singular concentration and will power, they lose all perspective upon their work. Their productions then become machine-made. Can you blame them? Directors are, after all, human. And it is difficult to maintain one's ideals in the midst of studio rush.

"To go back further, stories and plays are torn to pieces to fit a personality. Thousands of dollars are spent for a story—and then the theme is carefully eliminated. That's the biggest fault.

"The same hurry pursues a photoplay all thru its creative period. When the director finishes, the cutting and sub-titling are rushed. The story becomes studded with cheap, crude but easily written 'that night' captions. Close-ups are shoved in to please stars and gloss over bad gaps in continuity or direction. The producer may note these weaknesses, but he always reasons: 'I've got clever salesmen—they'll put it over. That's what they're paid for.'

"We must make pictures more slowly and better. We must not look down upon audiences, or they will dwindle away from sheer boredom.

"But the carefully wrought thought picture is coming. Symptoms of it are on every hand. The photoplay needs only a leader.

"Since that leader will need courage, understanding and a very considerable financial resource, plus a searching understanding of humanity, I believe the photoplay uplift must come, as I have said, thru an organization of six or so able directors dominated by one discerning man. These directors will have to work together fearlessly and unitedly. Then and then only will cease the machinery grind of silent drama making—and then and then only will we see the coming of the comédie humaine of the silversheet."
So Many Per!
Serials, the Thrilling Fiction of the Cinema

In the filming of an episode in a Vitagraph thriller, Duncan and Miss Johnson were imprisoned underneath the water in the tonneau of a car and had it not been for the timely action of a bystander they would have been drowned. Left, Antonio Moreno in "The Perils of Thunder Mountain," and, beneath, William Duncan and Edith Johnson in "Smashing Barriers"

H AVE you a little serial in your home?
Two leading picture queens, standing on a corner in Hollywood, paused the time of day in a discussion of screen art.
"What's doing now?"
"Serial."
"Serial."
"Serial."
"Serial."
Number One. Number Two rejoined, "Thirty weeks at sixty thousand dollars. 'Pink Clouds' is the name. Suggests tragedy, eh? An I'm to have my own car an' maid. It's in my contract."
Number Two merely voiced the opinion of the photoplaying profession when she mentioned the thirty weeks at so-much per serial. Have Holly-

The usual harrowing shots nowadays when flashed onto the screen, are taken as a matter of fact. Nothing to suggest of the heroine nearly breaking her neck as she is startled from her cloaking muffling. Right, Joe Ryan and Jean Paige in "Hidden Dangers"
contract, and anxious producers, who keep their fingers more or less on the public pulse, are perfectly willing to furnish a "limmo" and a maid and almost any other luxury that a well-advertised Thespian may demand in recompense for falls off cliffs and the traditional rescue from the burly bandits.

When I speak of the wiseacre producers with their fingers on the public pulse, I refer to the physiological location of the latter—the little picture theater around the corner. Ten, fifteen and twenty cents plus the war tax. It is there that the children will flock to see Marie Walcamp get rescued from the pursuing band, and where the children go their parents are usually wont to follow. Hence the nickels and dimes in quantities for the exhibitor.

A year ago Hollywood boasted of perhaps four serial-making companies. Now there are nearly forty. Everybody has the serial fever, induced more or less by mercenary tendencies, and consequently, everyone is making thrillers.

But the question is: where are they going to get new thrills and stunts? Simple

Now that serials have grown older, public taste has improved and there has been a growth of dramatic interests. We see more the thrill of situation than the thrill of physical action. Below, Antonio Moreno ably demonstrates "the thrill of situation."

enough, say the scenario writers, who go ahead and rack their imaginations for hair-raising exploitations.

After having been tied to a car track, locked in a burning barn, lashed to the cowcatcher of a speeding locomotive, bound, gagged and beaten into semi-insensibility—all in one episode—Ruth Roland, who has been a pioneer in the serial industry, ventured to me the opinion that they're running out of thrills.

For the thrills or "gags," like the thirty-six plots, are limited. It isn't as if one mere gag will suffice in each episode. There must be at least two and often more—each a definite climax that requires

(Continued on page 110)
"I don't recall that I had any great ambitions for the stage, to tell you the truth," said Frank Mayo. "I wanted to become a motor mechanic. I was never as happy as when I was tinkering with machinery."

His grandfather was the famous Frank Mayo, the idol of the theater-going public of a past generation and still remembered by oldtimers in that fine old play, "Davy Crockett," and later, in his remarkable characterizations in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," Mark Twain's unusual play.

Edwin T. Mayo, his father, was also a great favorite, playing both Davy Crockett and Pudd'nhead Wilson for many years. His mother, Frances Graham, was a well-known actress, so it is little wonder that young Frank Mayo, the third of the histrionic Mayos, should be winning laurels in the dramatic field.

I found Mr. Mayo on the big stage at the Universal studio, making stirring scenes in his new picture, "The Primrose Path." He is very good-looking, tall and straight, with clear-cut, sensitive features, and appears to be a big, happy boy, with a blend of merry good humor.

"In most of my recent roles I have worn rough or informal costumes," Mr. Mayo laughed, tugging at the snug, stiff collar, "and I find this annoying. I much prefer the character parts, they seem to offer a wider opportunity for real work, but it seems to me that audiences like the dressed-up hero, so we have to do both."

Mr. Mayo's first appearance on the stage was at the age of five, when he began playing the role of little Davy in his grandfather's company. In the cast of eleven, nine were members of the family, either Mayos or Johnstones.

"One of the most important events of my career took place when I was about six," and the boyish brown eyes twinkled at the memory. "One night I slipped to the dressing-rooms between acts and indulged my craze for grease paints by plastering my face with every kind I could find. As I did not respond to my cue, a property man was sent in search of me and, grabbing me by the back of the neck, noise too gently, he fairly threw me on the stage. In my role, I had to enter rubbing my eyes as if I had been asleep, and, when I dropped my hands, grandfather took one look at my Jacob-colored face and whispered, 'Get off this stage!'

"At the end of the act he came back to
the wings, where I sat huddled in my mother's arms, and told me that I was fired. This started my sobs, and I asked mother if we really would starve now I was fired. Next morning, with great ceremony, I was re-engaged, but I had learnt my lesson; never again did I meddle with the paints.

"I continued on the stage until I was eight; then grandfather died and I was placed in a military school in Peekskill, New York. I was still very young when my father passed away and, being an only child, mother and I clung to each other in our grief and we spent several years traveling thru Europe. Later, we settled in Liverpool, where I attended Bebington College.

"I don't recall that I had any great ambitions for the stage; to tell you the truth, I wanted to become a motor mechanic. I was never as happy as when I was tinkering with machinery, and to this day I have the time of my life taking my car apart and putting it together again.

"Probably I should have eventually drifted into the profession; it seemed inevitable, but I really got my start when my uncle cabled us that he was coming to England with 'The Squawman,' and that there was

a part for me in the play. I created the role of Cash Hawkins, over there, and so began following my destined path."

Later, Mr. Mayo spent six years playing sketches in vaudeville on big time thruout England. It was (Continued on page 100)
Three new pictures of “Sunshine,” Mary Anderson who always reminds me of the young girl with a curl down the middle of her forehead who, when she was good, was very, very good and when she was bad..."

The golden Californian sun beat down on the wild hill-slope of the Santa-Fernando Valley, where “Sunshine” Mary Anderson was working on location, filming a Western serial. Just a small girl and nineteen sturdy men! All morning I sat in the sunshine shade of a stunted cedar and watched, for Mary will not stop so that during work hours, she is to “smear” properly in a death-dealing serial she returns to smile over tomorrow of the same time.

On the set or on lunch, very earnest, very eager, very alert; when not acting herself, she is intent upon the work of the other players. But when noon came and they stopped for lunch, Mary made herself comfortable on the seat of the camp wagon they were using in the story and chatted gaily.

“If playing opposite Franklyn Farnum,” she said, “and he has a laugh that every foot of film, you know! The story is

Merry Mary

By DGRIS DELVIGNE

Western, but—she looked down proudly at the lovely blue embroidery of the dress she wore—“I can wear pretty clothes because I am a college girl—not a native!” I’m having such lovely things made by Lady Jane Lewis. This is one of the first she’s designed for me. Aren’t the flowers—amemones—beautiful?”

As the remonstrating against her pride in these very feminine garments, “Mouse,” the sturdy little horse donated by Colonel Selig for Mary’s use during the filming of the serial, nosed up under her arm, demanding bread and sugar. Mary laughed and told him to wait.

“I like wearing riding togs, tho. I buy misses’ size.”

Which reminds me to tell you that Mary can ride. She has courage and daring—and she knows how!

“You really like to ride?” I asked. She nodded. “I adore it, and Mr. Goodfriend says—”

Three long shadows fell upon us and I looked up, displeased, for Mr. Goodfriend is “Sunshine” Mary’s husband. Yes, little girl tho she looks, Mary is married—oh, for so long that the honeymoon stage is forgotten.

“Says?” I repeated, but Mary clapped her hands.

(Continued on page 107)
The Dauntless Desmond

William Desmond is dauntless. Of that no one who has seen his work on the screen has a doubt. And in his new picture, "A Broadway Cowboy," he is more dauntless than ever. However, these pictures would seem to prove that he is also domestic. Dauntless and domestic, then—a good combination and quite to be desired in a husband. Mary MacIvor thought so, at any rate.

Husband Bill declares he finds home a pleasant place—But then we know a number of young men who would vote it so with Mary MacIvor Desmond presiding over the tea-things.


Across the Silversheet
New Screen Plays in Review

There is nothing of more interest in this month's reviews than "Remodeling a Husband," not because the story itself is interesting, or because it is a particularly good picture, rather because Dorothy Gish remolds her cinema husband under the direction of Sister Lillian.

At the beginning of the picture is an editorial title, explaining that with every industry experiencing the guiding touch of woman's hand, it is altogether fitting and proper that it should extend to motion picture direction. Therefore, ethered Lillian took unto herself the directorial megaphone and certainly with splendid results.

Of course, we have women directors, or directresses, or whatever you choose to call them, but that she who is a star should take a place behind the camera is unusual.

The story is trite and tells about Janie Wakefield, who marries a perfectly nice young man whose one and only weakness is an inherent love of flirting— with him it is a game, a sport. Even the bonds of matrimony fail to hold him in leash, and say and say the little wife begins to take note of his flirtations. After two or three painful experiences, she returns to her girlhood home. Soon she takes a position in her father's corporation, and when friend husband seeks to make overtures, he finds himself seeking an appointment with her at the office and waiting for an interview in the reception-room along with others wishing to see her on business.

He makes amends and the final appointment he is granted is one for "twenty-four hours a day for the next hundred years."

Again, it might be said that the story is a flip- flappant one, but then may be seen the delightful, whimsical touches of Lillian—Janie tucks fragrant carnations in the slippers which wait with hubby's smoking-jacket— there are heart-shaped pillows among the many embroidered and lace ones heaped high on the young bride's bed.

But the loveliest touch of all is the scene where Janie stores away her girlhood treasures on the eve of her wedding— into the great cedar chest goes a fan, a bit of lace, childhood books, including "Little Women" and some of the "Elsie" series, and the two favored dolls. Somehow, you just can't help shedding a tear with little Janie, standing as she does on the threshold of womanhood.

In mentioning the direction of Lillian, we have neglected to speak of the acting of Dorothy, and that would not be quite fair. There is very little that can be said about her, further than that she is her old self, sprinkling a goodly share of her inimitable mannerisms into all of her scenes.

James Rennie, too, was attractive enough as the husband to warrant Janie's task of remodeling.

The cinema version of Jack London's "The Sea Wolf" is quite as virile as is the story between the covers of a book— always there is the tang of the salt sea air and the lurking brute in the Wolf himself with all his philosophy. And to Noah Beery goes much credit for his Wolf characterization—he is the brute who has taught himself a great philosophy or the philosopher who, thru his very philosophy, has become the brute, whichever you will.
The story is familiar to everyone, and it would seem to show us that plots within plots are not essential to a good screen production—that is, of course, provided there are characterizations artistically portrayed.

And while on the subject of characterizations, it would be well to mention Raymond Hatton, who plays the cockney cook—again he scores!

Mabel Julliene Scott plays Maude Brewster, while Tom Forman is Humphrey Van Weyden. Both are pleasing in their respective roles. All in all, it is a very excellent production.

**THE WONDER MAN—ROBERTSON-COLE**

Along comes the heralded film debut of Georges Carpentier. And as to Georges himself, he undoubtedly deserves credit for this, his first work before the camera. He handled his scenes far better than have stage stars in their cinema premiere and was not camera-shy or camera-conscious, either of which might readily have been. As a matter of fact, he did better than could be expected with an obvious rôle in a very poor story.

The plot has been written entirely around him, telling of a soldier who arrives at the country club, winning much attention from all the girls, not to mention the heart of one Dorothy Stoner and, by the same token, the great animosity of his rival, who spends every minute of his time throughout the picture trying to prove that Henri D'Alour, which is the rôle played by Mr. Carpentier, is the man who has been stealing the contracts for the machines of devastated France from Papa Stoner's safe. In the end, D'Alour proves that his deadly rival is not what he pretends to be and the villain is brought to justice.

The subtitles harked back to the days of long ago, when the movie flickered in the corner-grocery-store—they were more obvious and hackneyed than the story.

Faire Binney is cast in the rôle of Dorothy Stoner, and while she did not photograph well, one feels her charm from time to time.

However, all the faults will probably be overshadowed by the fact that Georges is shown in honest-to-goodness fighting scenes, in which he fights with all the skill and ability which have made him famous.

(Continued on page 117)
Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

our own moral country lacks. Tia Juana is only some one hundred and fifty miles from Los Angeles, and the roads are the best in the country, so it is not difficult to deduce the fact that Tia Juana is a favored place for motion picture people as well as ordinary mortals to motor and spend the day.

Before entering Tia Juana one is searched in turn by U. S. Government officials and by Mexicans. Since it is against the rules to leave the town after ten o'clock at night, one is forced to take his pleasure hurriedly.

The fact that Tia Juana is wet is by no means its only attraction. Horse-racing, gambling of every description and wonderful food in Baron Long's Sunset Inn are also enjoyed.

On the last day of the horseraces I was particularly interested in watching the crowds. Here Jack Johnson had his training ring; a little further on I met

Left, Lon Chaney demonstrates the character he plays in a forthcoming Goldwyn production, and, below, Sid Grauman, Mary, Doug and Charlie viewing one of their new pictures in Mr. Grauman's Los Angeles theater. Looks like it was really funny

In these dry United States, perhaps none is more parched than California. The rays of its unfaltering sun dry up the grass, the mountains and the threads of human beings impartially. In consequence the only water flounders in a thriving business—but there are those whose thirst is not allayed by the ice-cream rendezvous. And as their New York brothers and sisters of like spirit move for a trip to Cuba, so the thirsty Californians move to go to Tia Juana.

Tia Juana lies just twenty minutes away from San Diego, across the border line in Mexico—and Tia Juana is wet. delightfully wet. It has every attraction that
How to keep your nails fashionably manicured

This season's fashions are built to display the hands

But with Cutex, the safe cuticle remover, you can rid yourself of superfluous cuticle without cutting.

How to give yourself a perfect manicure

First, file your nails to the desired length and shape. Smooth away any roughness with the emery board.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (you will find both in the Cutex package), and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then work it gently around the base of your nail until the cuticle is softened. Wash your hands and as you dry them, push the cuticle back. Your nails will be exquisite, with a smooth, even line around the base.

For snowy nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. To finish your manicure, use Cutex Nail Polish.

If you wish to keep your cuticle soft and pliable, so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night, on retiring.

Cutex is on sale at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65c sizes.

Six complete manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, large enough 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. 809, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Mail this coupon and two dimes today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

Name
Street
City     State

For snowy nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath each nail. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

Gently push back the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped with cotton and moistened with Cutex. Then wash the hands.

For use on the hand, as a nail file, or to polish cuticles and make them soft and pliable, Cutex is a necessary article for every household and for the use of all women who wish to keep their hands and nails in perfect condition.
goes to the gambling tables. I took a chance at roulette and gradually became more interested in the pretty girl beside me than in the game. She was dressed in white organdie with a blue sash, and every little while she would dump a wad of money on red, only to lose each time. And each time she lost, she would disappear in the direction of a slender, olive-complexioned youth in a perfectly fitting dinner suit. Then back she'd come with another fistful of this world's goods. And again it would be eaten up by the avaricious red. Whether her bank was the usual feminine hosiery hiding-place or her boyish husband, who can say? Anyway, Olive Thomas, for it was she, was a game little loser for her one day's pleasure.

Jack Pickford, her young, sleek-haired husband, seemed not at all concerned over her rather heavy losses.

Another attraction at Tia Juana is the bull fight. At Toreador Park, noticeable among other celebrities were Charlie Chaplin and Charles Richman. One animal was brought in, but no amount of teasing could make the creature fight. It broke loose and went back into its pen. The next one was a calf and thought everything was in fun and so was let out. The matadors started to bring in a third animal, but it looked so mild that Charlie Chaplin put his hands to his mouth and yelled in stentoriantones:

"Wilk that one before you bring it in."

Out at Culver City I saw Cullen Landis the other day. He is a fine young man, with light, wavy hair, and is one of the most popular of the Goldwyn Players. I myself find it rather difficult to tell him and Casson Ferguson apart, altho in reality youth and their wavy locks are their only claim to similarity. Mr. Ferguson is the invincible driver of a bright yellow roadster, which stirs up the dust of even perfect California roads.

(Continued on page 106)
How to overcome the havoc wrought by sun, wind and dust

The khaki-colored complexion, the nut-brown V of skin at the throat that you so blithely acquired this summer will gradually pale and disappear.

But the exposure that caused this tan often inflicts deeper, more permanent injury on the delicate cells of the skin.

Repeated sunburn over-stimulates the oil glands and gives the skin a greater tendency to shine. Wind coarsens the texture of the complexion. Dust works deep into the pores and irritates them.

However, with a little intelligent care you can overcome these ill effects.

How to overcome the tendency to glister induced by sunburn

To overcome the tendency to shine that repeated sunburn brings, you must counteract the over-secretion of oil. This oil may be absorbed and discouraged by constant contact with a good face powder. But to bring results you must apply the powder in such a way that it will stay on the face. If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond’s Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. The moment you apply it, it vanishes never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder take just a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face; now powder. Pond’s Vanishing Cream holds the powder to the face twice as long as ever before.

How to overcome the coarseness due to the wind

The coarseness due to the wind may be gradually overcome by the use of a special greaseless cream during the day to soften the skin and protect it from further injury.

Pond’s Vanishing Cream contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening effects. Before every outing, apply a bit of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened and protected from further injury. It will make your skin finer and finer in texture.

How to remove dust from the pores

Dust is the worst enemy of your skin. It quickly works deep into the pores, darkens and irritates them. Worse than this, it often carries into the skin various germs which cause skin troubles. To restore clearness to the skin and bring it back to normal, you must give the pores a deep cleansing. For this you need an entirely different cream—a cream with an oil base—to dissolve the dust. Pond’s Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. Before you go to bed and whenever you have been exposed to unusual dust and grime rub Pond’s Cold Cream thoroughly into the skin, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. In a few weeks your skin will be clearer in color, finer in texture.

About once or twice a week, massage your face with Pond’s Cold Cream. It has just the smoothness that makes it perfect for massage.

Stop today at any drug or department store and get a jar or tube of these two creams. Every normal skin needs both. You will be surprised to discover how quickly they will enable you to overcome the injury of sun, wind and dust.

POND’S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One without any oil, and one with an oil base.

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Pond’s Extract Co., 168 Madison St., New York

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A free sample of Pond’s Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below for which I enclose the required amount:
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A $1 sample of Pond’s Cold Cream

Name
Street
City State
Conway Tearle, one of the screen's best leading men, has been made a star by Selznick on a long-time contract.

The motion picture rights of Channing Pollock's melodrama, "The Sign on the Door," with Marjorie Rambeau in the starring role, have been sold to Joseph Schenck and will serve as a cinema vehicle for Norma Talmadge.

Larry Semon came East recently to confer with his superior officer, Albert E. Smith, bringing with him, incidentally, the negative of "The Stage Hand," his latest comedy.

Booth Tarkington has been added to Goldwyn's list of writers of artistic reputation who will write stories directly for the screen.

Edward Hemmer, Mary Pickford's former manager, is producing his first picture under his own trade-mark, Hemmer Superior Productions.

Zena Keefe will be featured in a five-reel Prizma color photoplay produced under the personal supervision of Myron Selznick. The colorful title of this colorful picture is "Don't Announce Your Marriage."

After a long vacation, which he devoted to stage work, Wallace Reid is again busy before the camera. His new picture is Alice Duer Miller's comedy, "The Charm School." Lila Lee is leading woman.

Jerome Storm, who has directed Charles Ray in fourteen consecutive pictures, has severed his connection with the Ray organization. It is probable that Mr. Storm will join the ranks of directors making their own productions.

Elsie Ferguson is vacationing in Japan. Upon her return she will stop at Los Angeles and make a picture at the Lasky studios before returning to New York where she expects to open in another play early in the season.

Margery Wilson is organizing her own company and will direct as well as star in the Margery Wilson Productions.

Tom Forman is directing Ethel Clayton in "Rozanne Ozone," a two-part Cosmopolitan story by Cynthia Stockley.

Little Miss Alice Joyce Moore is spending the summer on the coast with her father, Tom Moore.

Constance Binney has finished her stage engagement with "30 East" and is working on her third Realart picture, the name of which has not yet been received.

Joseph Kilgour will enact one of the principal roles in "Hearts Are Trumps," the third of the Drury Lane melodramas being produced by Metro.

Barbara Bedford, the new Tournem "find," will play in the first picture produced by the artistic maker of photoplays as one of the "Big Six."

Robert Harron's first starring vehicle for Metro is a picturized version of a Cosmopolitan magazine story called "Coincidence."
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Edward Martindel, well-known comic writer, is playing an important role in the screen version of Robert Colquhoun's novel of the same title.

Eileen Percy has been made a contract star by William Fox and is working upon her second picture under that banner, "Myra Synopsis Her Family," from a Saturday Evening Post story.

A report has it that Sarah Bernhardt has accepted a tempting offer from the representative of an American studio to star in a feature film to be made in Los Angeles.

Jean Calhoun, a North Carolina native who broke into the motion picture world as Monroe Salisbury's leading woman, is appearing in an important role in Paramount's first independent production of the season.

Betty Ross Clarke, seen with Doris Eaton in "Romance," is now capturing the leading supporting rôle for Roscoe Arbuckle in "The Travelling Salesman."

Rod La Rocque is featured for the first time in the latest coming in "The Desired Woman," a Bur-}

The Board of Merit of the Motion Picture Association of the World awarded its first Seal of Merit for any motion picture ever produced, to Mary Pickford, for her latest production, "S vanity."" Cleva Madison is playing the leading rôle in "Big Game," the stage success recently acquired by Metro Pictures.

Hobart Henley, the famous screen actor-director, is directing William Faversham in The Sun That Was Hot.

Ida May Park, noted woman director, has been engaged to do a Large-scale Vocational Guidance Article to write an article on her profession as a vocational worker, to be distributed among the Southern California colleges of the country.

June Walker, the popular star of the current stage success, "My Lady," has given her first production, "The Lady from Monte Carlo."

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers to personal questions, or a list of the film star addresses, etc., must enclose postage and a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using your full name and address for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. All inquiries 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 the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamps and other, and every other inquiry must enclose 3c to defray cost. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the CLASSIC, write "CLASSIC" at top of letter.

B. V. D.—You sound cool. Surely, I would like to hear from you again. To soften your face and keep wrinkles away, instead of creams and balms try some spiritual gymnastics and mental exercise. Little Mary Anderson in "Bubbles," produced by Pioneer Pictures.

DARK SPANISH.—Oh yes, I am very fond of serials. Toasted snowflakes when in snow, a cushion beneath bath brushes, toasted corn-cobs, postum roasts, wild oats, and all those breakfast dainties in the morning and Ruth Roland at night. Eddie Sloan directed "Burning Daylights."

KATHRYN LEE.—I fear they will not give me a regular vacation this year. But I expect to sneak away for a few days once in a while for a brief love when nobody is looking. Half a loaf is better than no vacation. So you don't care so much for Anita Stewart. I liked her in "The Yellow Typhoon" and was surprised at her emotions.

POLLY PAT.—Most of them are chosen by the company. King Vidor—Yes, V-Door, its basic meaning, in French being "merit." So I remind you of Swift.

V. B.—Sorry, but I cannot tell you about Vaughn Glaser.

GREASY JIM.—So you can't understand how I get along on $9.50 per. You say you get $13.50 in Australia, but you never have anything left. You simply don't know how. Vivian O'Brien is now making pictures at Gaumont Pictures, College Point, L. I., and Wanda Hawley in Realart Pictures, Hollywood. Come over and see me when your ship comes in.

C. W. C.—No—I can't say that I admire these new fashions. It has always been a mystery to me why women's legs and arms don't get cold. Send along the raisins. I expect the supply in New York City to run short very soon. Certainly, women would scream when they saw a mouse, even if they wore trousers. Lou-Tellegen with American Cinema. Dorothy Gish and Robert Harron are not married, and Mary Miles Minter lives in Santa Barbara, Cal.

FRANCES S.—Can you give me these addresses here.

ROBERT GALAARD ADAMS.—Cheer up, little minds are vexed with trifles. You were at Long Branch, N. J., in 1888. He was an advocate of physical culture, Blanche Sweet and Charles Meredith in "Simple Souls."

Your T. — You write a mighty interesting and pleasant letter. Herbert so Wilfred Lucas is producing "The Man from Kaggaroo" in New Zealand. Write a letter about these things.

ANNA.—The Fairbankes sailed for Europe on the 12. My advice is "Never trouble your stomach and you won't trouble your business." Try this water internally, water externally, and you will live. Percy Marmont is to play opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Branded Woman."

JOHN S. G. FITCH.—Sorry, but I can't locate the name of that film. Yes, she is very beautiful and I congratulate you, I was a holder rather than a seller.

LETTY.—No, indeed, Mary Pickford is not what you know. She is right in everything she does. George Washington had no children, yet he all call love Pat O'Malley and Margery Wilson were good telling where they are this man as men to as. Lezy.

Second on the Menu I stand corrected. Bill Hart is a fine fellow and don't know how I ever said so. Tell it and refined humor of yours! I am not able to give you all those addresses here.

By mail—This month I have received your letters asking about Norma Talmadge and her home life. About the asking all about Richard Barrymore, what he eats for breakfast, who his best girl is and how he answers all letters asking whether my story is true or whether my story is false. About Mary Pickford and her girl friends are true and truly married. Joan M.—I sorry I can't be able to give you all letters you mention. I am afraid there is a great deal of Norma Talmadge to answer to personally. Figure it out for yourself and she has only letters writing once a week. Albert asks each for reading and twenty minutes with answering, that makes 3,000 hours a week.

GRACE M.—Yes, I think Mae Murray will appreciate your S.O.S. letter, but she will understand your English better. A very useful yet simple invention after all men and women simply find, among facts that have existed since the time and call it "inventing."

Tom W.—You have the right idea. I'm for you. You make Kennedy playing in "The Girl in the Jazz Hat." So you prefer church to the picture show. Well, they often give a better sermon for less money.

FRENCH F.—Aye, sir! You want Elliott Dexter to give his wife, Marie Doro. Harold Lloyd is a mother to her. He is an ex-director of physical culture, Blanche Sweet and Charles Meredith in "Simple Souls."

Your T. — You write a mighty interesting and pleasant letter. Herbert so Wilfred Lucas is producing "The Man from Kaggaroo" in New Zealand. Write a letter about these things.
To secure these stars who have won your favor was only half the battle.
But the battle for picture supremacy has been won by presenting these stars in productions exactly suited to their individual talents.

Selznick Stars are all different—Selznick Pictures are all distinctive.
L. H. G.—Yes, that is a real dog and it is owned by her. It is the least dog I have ever seen at one time, and you refer to Conway. Tend to your business. You don't tell me where you live. I am sorry for you. Better come on and help me. No, it hasn't come to that. No, I don't use my whiskers for a bath brush when bathing.

H. B. T.—Sure, my blessings! Jack Nelson and Lloyd Hughes in “The Haunted Bedroom.” Bryant Washburn is in Europe with his wife on their honeymoon, as he calls it, and when he returns, he is going to make pictures for his own company. And still they come.

E. A. F.—Your wife is right, as are most women. Olga 17 is about 24 now, and she is really Mrs. Leslie Smith. You know many a delicate suggestion has helped a man to pop the question. Blanche Sweet and Charles Meredith in “Simple Souls.”

DICK.—Good for you. I'm not so old but that I can enjoy your joke. Thanks just the same, but please don't send me the pajamas. I prefer the old-fashioned nightgowns, as the bishop, who was hard of hearing, said to the young lady at a dinner party when she asked him if he liked bananas. That was Montagu Love with Geraldine Farrar in “The Riddle, Woman.”

I. A. K.—Are you speaking to me? So you think I am a flirt. Not by a judgful. Bernard Durning “When Beeart Went Dry.” Yes, Romaine Fielding is back again in “Woman’s Man.” You’re entirely welcome. You can say you would try to cap a circus on the screen. Haven’t we quite enough of them now?

KANUCK.—Oh, have a heart. I am said to be the oldest Answer Man in captivity. Yes, I have a cage, and I have huge pitchers of lemonade here to keep me cool, but it’s hopeless. If this heat keeps up I'm going to take out fire insurance on myself. I guess that love is the only fire against which there is no insurance. Yes, Jack Pickford is playing in “The Man Who Had Everything.” Yes, Tom Mix in “The Unknown.”

CONNIE T.—Good for you. You must be in love with the little lady. I can’t tell you why a boat is called she, unless it is because the rigging costs more than the hull. Whoops, my dear! Little ‘Mary’ Hay, well, she played in “Way Down East” in the role that was originally intended for Clarine Seymour. Very sweet little lady. I know.

MAYMOM.—Always welcome. The latch-string is out for all newcomers. I am not sarcastic, and I assure you I won’t bite. The “Book of the Dead” or “Judgment of the Dead” is not for me, but for spiritualism. It’s all about the funeral ritual of the Egyptians and describes the experiences of the soul after death. Cheerful little subject to discuss on a hot night. Of course, that’s my right age. Dorothy Davenport is back. Be sure to write me again.

MARY K.—So sorry. Monte Blue is not married.

MERCEDES.—Yes, Cincinnati for Marguerite Clark. Labor Day is appropriately named, from the fact that thousands of people on that day labor so hard to have a good time. Vivian Rich is playing in “A World of Folly.”

ADELAIDE C.—Go to the head of the class. You want more about Claire McDowell. You liked her in “The Head.” Yes, she is one of the old-timers. By that I mean, she was a player most popular years ago. Haldor Bosworth in “Below the Surface.”

DIJK KISS.—How sweet you are. Your disposition, I suppose. But you know the rain falls in torrents in the Sahara Desert at intervals of five, ten and twenty years. Otherwise, it is dryer there than it is even here. I’m so dry. Gladhen James and Thomas Meighan in “The Heart of Weron.”


(Continued on page 116)
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**The Screen Time-Table**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Drama</th>
<th>Comedy</th>
<th>Farce</th>
<th>Educational</th>
<th>Society Drama</th>
<th>Western Drama</th>
<th>Melodrama</th>
<th>Spectacular Production</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Superfine</td>
<td>Medium</td>
<td>Very Poor</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Editorial Staff**

**Critique**

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY—MD-6.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.
ALARM CLOCK ANGEL—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ATONEMENT—D-7.
Garce Davison—Pioneer.
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.
Sessie Hayakawa—Haworth.
Lew 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.
BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Erich Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
Nazimova—Metro.
BROKEN BOSTONS—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
Tournament Prod.—All Star.
CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES—D-7.
Edmund Breese—Hallmark.
Anna Leth—Hallmark.
Marie Davies—Cosmopolitan.
COOPERATION—MD-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.
Violet Heming—Paramount.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.
Pauline Starke, Niles Welch—Vitagraph.
DAY'S PROOF—D-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Goldwyn.
DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
DAMN—D-7.
Bremer-Gordon—Blackton Prod.

**Deplere Sex**—MD-5.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
**Devi's Pass Key, THE**—MD-11.
Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
DON'T EVER MARRY—C-5.
Marjorie Daw—First National.
**Double Sinner, THE**—C-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
**Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
**Eastern Westerner**—F-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
**Eustwhile Susan**—CD-7.
Constance Binney—Reeart.
**Mrs. S. Drew**—Pathé.
**Everyday Woman—Allegorical**—F-6.
**All Star—Paramount**.
EXCUSE MY DISTURB—C-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
**Fair and Warmer**—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.
**Fast**—CD-6.
**Peggy Hyland—Fox**.
**Ppear Market, THE**—MD-7.
Artie Brady—First National.
**Footlights and Shadows**—D-6.
Oliver Thomas—Selznick.
**Forbidden Woman, THE**—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
**Fox The Soul of Raphael—D-8.**
Clara K. Young—Equity.
**Fortune Hunter, THE**—CD-6.
Earle Williams—Witter.
**Gay Old Dog, THE—D-11.**
Hobart Henley—John Cumberland.
**Girl Named Mary**—D-8.
Marguerite Clark—Paramount.
**Great Adventure, THE—D-6.**
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
**Griffith Prod.—All Star**.
**Haunted Spooks, THE**—F-8.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
**Heart of a Child**—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
**Heart of the Hills**—MD-7.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
**Heartstrings**—D-7.
William Farnum—Fox.
**Her Kingdom of Dreams**—D-6.
Anita Stewart—First National.
**High Speed**—CD-7.
Edward Earle—Hallmark.
Gladys Hulette—Hallmark.
**His Majesty the American**—CD-7.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
**His Temporary Wife**—D-7.
Ruby De Remer—Hallmark.
**Huckleberry Finn**—CD-8.
Paramount.
**Humoresque**—D-11.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
**Hungry Hour, THE**—D-6.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
Clarine Seymour—D. W. Griffith Prod.
**Richard Barthelmess**.
**In Old Kentucky**—MD-7.
**Anita Stewart—First National**.
**In Search of a Sinner**—C-8.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
**Isle of Conquest**—D-8.
Norma Talmadge—Select.
King Vidor Prod.—First National.
**Jubilo**—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
**Let's Be Fashionable**—C-7.
Douglas MacLean, Doris May—Paramount.
**Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come**—D-7.
**Jack Pickford—Goldwyn**.
**Loves of Letty, THE**—D-6.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
(Continued on page 124)
Rose and Old Lace

(Continued from page 53)

I am in the mood for a blue hat and a rose hat every time I have a rose mood. I should have thought that a consistent happiness was assured me.

"Please understand," she added, "I am happy—very happy—most of the time, but while I worried in past years over one thing, I worry today over another—mostly," she smiled, "over the seeming impossibility of getting good stories."

Watching her as she sat there, young—very young, and beautiful—exquisitely dressed, you were surprised to hear her talk of girls in every walk of life with a camaraderie and understanding. That saying, "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin," seemed pertinent. There is no pose or affectation about her. She gives herself to you as truly as she knows how—once the chorus girl pleading for "just a line," and today the girl who has won her success pleading for "just a good story now and then to make up for the ones in between not so good."

Being born in the Twentieth Century, she is accepting things as she finds them, yet skillful in adapting herself to them. Most likely she doesn't even feel that she would have fitted perfectly into the bygone days of the previous generation.

Too, it may have been the soft rose of the roses against her gold hair and the way the old lace fell in folds about her neck and over her arms. It may have been.

Yet, whenever I remember her, I will think of her as a character who has stepped forth from the pages of Myrtle Reed, or amid the blossoms of some old-fashioned garden—in a candle-light ballroom stepping thru the graceful minuet—or at a harp, in the still twilight, playing a love ballad.

Rose and old lace!

Pell Trenton Answers

Two Questions

(Continued from page 55)

York City, practically within sight of the bright lights of Broadway. Mr. Trenton says he was never stage-struck, and had no childish ambition to become an actor. In fact, his boyish eyes were turned toward the sea and he became a petty officer on a Spanish ship plying along the coast of South America and thru the West Indies. After several trips, he returned to New York, and shortly after, made his first stage appearance with Julia Marlowe, in "The Goddess of Reason," at Daly's Theater, deciding this was to be his profession.

Mr. Trenton's dramatic career has been unusual, in that he began on Broadway, instead of working to this Mecca, for he played there some time before he had any experience "on the road." During eight years, he was in fifteen New York productions, which included engagements with Herbert Keeler and Effie Sheppard, May Irwin and George Arliss. He was the juvenile in "a splendid all-star cast of "AIVER TWIST," with Marie Doro, Nat Corden, and Constance Collier. He played King Love in the original New York company of "Everywoman," was leading man in "PEG O' MY HEART," with Laurette Taylor for a season, and spent a year with Sir Herbert Tree, at His Majesty's Theater in London, in a Shakespearean and classic repertoire. Then, for two years, he was in stock up in Bridge-
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port and Mount Vernon, and in that time played 104 different leading roles.

Mr. Trenton is fast winning the place with motion picture fans because of his fine work on the stage, for he is playing a series of sympathetic leading parts with our best-known feminine screen stars.

One of his recent hits was in "Fair and Warmer," where he aided May Allison in bringing out the cleverness of this seemingly naive play. He was the Englishman in Viola Dana's super-production, "The Willow Tree," and his work showed the finesse and technique of the finished actor, which added a distinct charm to this thoroughly artistic and beautiful Japanese story.

We are becoming connoisseurs of acting in these days when we have such good examples of the art before us and it is only the serious and conscientious work that attracts the attention.

"It is an odd feeling, this silent playing to an unseen audience," Mr. Trenton remarked, "and we all have to become reconciled to the absence of the personal encouragement and response which the stage affords. On the other hand, there are no first-night stage frights!" and the actor's eyes twinkled at the thought.

"How we used to like to give professional matinees in New York, for there is no doubt that the most appreciative audiences are made up of theatrical people, they are imaginative and emotional, and consequently more easily moved.

Pell Trenton is very good-looking, tall and bronzed, and of that clean-cut, wholesome type which appeals to the masculine as well as the feminine audience.

"One of the delights of my life," he gaily confessed, "are the fan letters. Of course, the girls like to jolly us, but they are often very clever, and it is a treat to read their letters. While the stock actor's following is enormous and we used to receive much mail, it was nothing to compare with the motion picture fan letters, for these come from every nook and corner of the globe.

"My idea of a good time?" Mr. Trenton repeated my question. "That forces me to own up to my weakness, for I fear I am very vacillating. No sooner do I think I have found the perfect mode of existence, than something else more attractive comes along. So it is with all my pleasures. I like constant change, for I have the instincts of a tramp. Perhaps that is why I took to the stage, for there one may be a vagabond and still remain within the law!"

"One meets so many old friends and associates out here, that it is like being at home and at the weekly boxing matches at Vernon, all the fellows I ever knew, seem to drop in at one time or another. In our work, also, we frequently meet former friends. May Allison, Kathleen Kerrigan and I were all in the cast of 'Everywoman,' in New York together, and recently we three worked together in Miss Allison's picture, 'The Uplifters,' and we welcomed it as a happy little reunion."

"There is another reason why I am staying in pictures," Pell Trenton said. "My mother is with me and for the first time in years I am having a real home—and I cannot tell you what a joy this is. Mother is as crazy about this country and my work as I am, so you may know what a beautiful time we have together!" And I felt that both questions had been truly answered by Mr. Trenton.

"What's in a name?" asked John Shakespeare's son. Well, a rose by any other name may not suffer the loss of its scent, but if the film stars were forced to change their monickers they would probably lose a great many cents.
"At Last—A Real Job and Real Money!"

"And if only I'd started earlier, I could have had them five years ago. I didn't realize at first what spare time study would do for a man. Taking up that I. C. S. course marked the real beginning of my success. In three months I received my first promotion. But I kept right on studying and I've been climbing ever since."

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million students of the International Correspondence Schools telling of advancements and increased salaries won through spare time study.

How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait five years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

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Popularity Contest Wins Universal Response

Mary Pickford Continues to Lead, with Wallace Reid Heading the Male Stars

Even things of such import as who is to be the next president; the League of Nations, and the latest developments in the topics of the day become secondary as the votes pour in for the Greatest of All Popularity Contests. Popularity contests have always been a matter of interest, but never before has this been witnessed before probably it is the double interest with which this contest has been invested by voters. A prize to the readers as well as choosing the most popular folks of the shadowed world.

Month after month as the votes come pouring in there have been changes in the positions of the players—undoubtedly when the votes which always arrive at the very last minute are tabulated, there will be many additional changes.

The public, of course, to get everything in order to verify the results, but this will all be done in the shortest time possible and the final announcement made at the earliest moment here are the results at the time of going to press:

Mary Pickford 61,516
Norma Talmadge 38,254
Grace Moore 23,230
Pearl White 21,921
Mme. Nazimova 13,294
Constance Talmadge 8,251
Alice Daniels 4,928
Viola Dana 4,592
Elsie Ferguson 3,901
Thea Ura 3,206
Jillian Gish 3,156
Mary Miles Minter 3,016
Dorothy Gish 2,907
Ruth Roland 2,527
Anita Stewart 2,459
Marguerite Clark 2,267
Oliver Thomas 2,220
Ethel Clayton 1,971
Shirley Mason 1,793
Willie Mack 1,769
Dorothy Dalton 1,537
Halsey Martin 1,504
Olgas Petrova 1,163
Gloria Swanson 1,159
Irene Castle 1,102
Geraldine Farrar 1,003
Pauline Frederick 972
Alice Lake 946
Alice Joyce 921
Mac Murray 854
Ann Little 815
Alice Joyce 785
Edith Johnson 742
Marie Prevost 706
Katherine MacDonald 666
Pricilla Adams 643
Margaret Fisher 628
Wanda Hawley 613
Helen MacMurray 560
Phyllis Haver 502
Vivian Martin 502
June Caprice 472
Betty Compson 467
Madge Kennedy 459
Jane Novak 459
Kathleen Williams 457
Dolores Cassinelli 433
Gladys Leslie 431
Doris May 426
Marie Browne 422
Winifred Westover 419
Pauline Curley 371
Ivanita Hansen 368
 Evva Nova 351
Billie Burke 349
Mildred Davis 336
Corinne Griffith 329
Violet Heming 323
Doris Kenyon 321
Gina K. Young 316
Elsa Henning 289
Mary Jane Dwyer 289
Marguerite De la Motte 280
Lila Lee 276
Dorothy Phillips 260
Betty Blythe 264
Mildred Harris 259

Wallace Reid 23,051
William S. Hart 21,264
Richard Barthelmess 18,416
Douglas Fairbanks 11,147
William Farnum 5,782
Eugene O'Brien 5,678
Charles Ray 3,704
J. W. Kerrigan 3,656
Tom Mix 3,609
Charles Chaplin 2,461
Douglas MacLean 1,959
Thomas Meighan 1,907
Helen Gahagan 1,351
Ralph Graves 1,555
Owen Moore 1,544
William Duncan 1,367
Garrett Wall 1,301
Kenneth Harlan 1,467
Rodney La Rocque 1,452
Bert Lytell 1,421
John Barry 1,362
Antonio Moreno 1,312
William Russell 1,272
Jack Pickford 1,266
Harry Northrup 1,156
Harrison Ford 1,067
Earle Williams 1,069
Eliot Dexter 976
Lloyd Hughes 927
George Walsh 912
Lewis Stone 902
Harley Granville-Barker 880
Harold Lloyd 726
Marshall Neilan 712
Louis Jean Thomson 559
Louis Chaney 547
Tom Forman 521
Eddie Lyons 514
Edward Ellis 511
Bryant Washburn 546
Wesley Barry 521
Conway Tearle 510
Harry Carey 479
George Fawcett 461
Henry G. Sell 459
Webster Campbell 438
Theodore Roberts 430
Joe Ryan 424
Sessue Hayakawa 361
Marie Doro 360
Robert Warwick 359
Monte Blue 341
Robert Gordon 337
John Barry 332
Percy Marmont 327
Albert Ray 264
Sunshine Sammy 258
Mabel Flower 258
Fatty Arbuckle 238
Francis X. Bushman 235
Lew Cody 230
Raymond Hatton 227
David Powell 219
Will Rogers 216

(Continued on page 115)
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The memory still lingers.

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WHo will say that he or she has not average ideas and imagination about life? And who has not thought, in the theatre, that they have as good or better ideas for photoplays than some they have seen on the screen?

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THERE's a need for 5000 new stories and producers must have scores of them to produce at once, for the demand is far exceeding the supply that present writers can prepare. Twenty million people are attending motion picture theatres daily and they are calling for new plays.

Their interest must be maintained if the art is to survive. The opportunity to aid is yours. Who will rise to a new and perhaps "unexpected" success on this modern wave? Who is there who hasn't said to himself, "I am capable of doing something that I have not yet found, far better than anything I have ever done."

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THE PALMER PLAN of Photoplay Writing teaches you mainly how to prepare your ideas for acceptance. Then as you progress it develops you in all the fine points of the art. It is both a primary and finishing school, and it has brought out many fine writers—Mrs. Caroline Sayre of Missouri, author of "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan; Dorothea Nourse; Paul Schofield, Ince writer; G. Lerol Clarke, who sold his first story for $3,000; and others who have won success. "His Majesty the American," played by Douglas Fairbanks, is a Palmer student's story. James Kendrick, another student, sold six stories less than a year after he enrolled.

We maintain a Marketing Bureau in Los Angeles, through which students can offer their stories to the big producers if they so desire.

Our Advisory Council which directs our educational policy is composed of Cecil B. DeMille, Thos. H. Ince, Rob Wagner and Lois Weber. All are famous in the industry and would lend their aid to nothing that they would not use themselves.

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Each grain is a bubble, thin and flimsy, puffed to eight times normal size.

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each, blasting every food cell.

The airy globules are crisp and toasted. They taste like nut meats puffed. The morsels seem like fairy foods, almost too good to eat.

Yet these are the utmost in scientific foods. Two are whole grains, with every food cell fitted to digest. They are the foods that children like best, and the best foods they can get.

Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with your berries. Float in every bowl of milk. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoon.

They are nothing but grain foods. The nutty flavor comes from toasting. The flimsy texture comes from steam explosions. The delights are all due to scientific methods.

Serve morning, noon and night in summer, between meals and at bedtime. The more children eat the better. What other food compares with whole grains puffed?

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour
Corn Puffs

The new pancakes
Now we have Puffed Rice Pancake Flour, self-raising, mixed with ground Puffed Rice. The Puffed Rice flour tastes like nut-flour, and it makes the pancakes fluffy. This new mixture makes the finest pancakes that you ever tasted. Try it.

The Third Mayo

(Continued from page 73)

with the London Film Company that he made his screen debut, playing with Sir Herbert Tree in "Trilby." At that time, George Loome Tucker, of "The Miracle Man" fame, and Edna Flugrath, Viola Dana's elder sister, were also with this same London company.

"Five years ago," Mr. Mayo again took up the story, "my uncle, Lorimer Johnstone, who was producing for the Santa Barbara Picture Company, called me to join him, and as this seemed to present a great opportunity, I quickly packed up and came across. Well, the joke was on me, for the company lasted about eight weeks, then blew up for lack of funds."

"Returning to Los Angeles, I went with Selig for a time, then did two serials with Ruth Roland. I went East and signed up with the World Company for two years and was featured with Alice Brady, Fred Clayton and Kitty Gordon."

A year ago Mr. Mayo came to California with Anita Stewart to play in "Marie Regan," then joined Universal. Here he is being starred in a series of strong, virile pictures. Every one about the big studio declares that this handsome Mayo, the Third, is indeed a "cinematographer."

"I had an interesting experience last week," he was saying, cheerfully, "for I met Thomas Jefferson whom I had not seen since I was eight. My father and his father, Joseph Jefferson, were great friends and I well remember a wonderful facsimile of the electric cars in Liverpool which Mr. Jenn sent me when I was a kid. Of course, I was delighted, but my father had such fun playing with them that I was really he, rather than myself, who were them out. I have also found one of the electricians here at the studio who used to be with father on the road. I am always so happy to meet any one who knew him."

"I wonder what your grandfather and father would have thought of motion pictures as an art," I remarked.

"I often wonder, too," he replied. "I fear grandfather would never have considered them serious. For he was too much of the old school to welcome such a radical step, but I am sure father would have welcomed them as a marvelous means of perpetuating the work of great actors."

"Speaking of thinking of father during strong bits, I'll tell you what always comes to my mind when I am called upon for an emotional scene. When I sailed from Liverpool the last time, I watched my mother standing on the wharf until she was lost in the fog, and the memory of those moments calls up every ounce of emotion in me and I can run the whole gamut with that before me. My mother wrote in her last letter that she had just been to see our picture, 'Marie Regan,' which was showing in Liverpool and that it was the next best thing to having me there."

"Your future?" I asked.

"Oh, I intend to keep on, for I have a great ambition to rise as high as possible in the profession, and before I leave pictures I want to film 'Davy Crockett.' Dustin Farina made this a couple of years ago, but I hope to put this play, which meant so much to both my grandfather and my father, on the screen with the third Mayo in the title role!"

After all, it is the simple, sincere heart touches that make an actor, a picture or a play a success, and Frank Mayo, following the family's dramatic traditions, seems qualified for this very success!
pictures," she said. "I do hope I'll get to go, but I'm not planning too much on it. I've been disappointed so often! I did everything I could. The Eastern companies while I was at Lasky's, and several times it looked as tho I had succeeded, and then something would come along to make me give up. My, was I all packed up and ready to go!" A visit to New York with Blanche Sweet when Doug found that she would have to leave in a few days, made her decide right away and I would have to stay home.

Evidently she was doomed to disappointment again, for the next day I learned of another newspaper announcement that she was to be starred by Marshall Neilan.

Marjorie Dav was born in Colorado Springs in 1902, but much of her childhood was spent at Santa Monica, Cal., where she "chummed" with Mildred Harris, then playing in the movies at Ince's.

"I hadn't the least desire to go on the screen," said Marjorie. "It looked like such hard work, and I wasn't very strong. I was having some trouble with my legs, that had come on even one time when I had to be put in a plaster cast. The thing I liked to do most of all was to read.

Later, the family moved to Los Angeles and her brother became a featured child actor at Fine Arts.

"I did my first work for the screen when I was fourteen years old. I never played atmosphere. I had a part in my first picture." It was "The Love Victora" with Wilfred Lucas and Cleo Madison.

"After that, I made 'The Warrens of Virginia' at Lasky, and a part of the same in the picture that Mary Pickford had on the stage. When it was finished, she came to the projection-room to see it the other night and said that she liked it.

But perhaps her greatest fortune lay in her meeting with Geraldine Farrar, and this, too, came from Marjorie Dav's habit of watching Gertie Farrar at work, so one day, Geraldine Farrar paused to watch her and took a fancy to her and recommended to Cecil B. de Mille to give her a contract.

The latest meeting I had with Marjorie Dav was very much like the first. Again we stood on the edge of a set, only this time I was the director, and she the star. We shot a scene of her and Marshall Neilan direct. But the goldfish were fitfully absent. It seemed a different Marshall Neilan, too. He looked more joyish, I thought, than I had ever seen him look before.

"And now," Marjorie went on, "I believe that I am going to get my trip to Europe after all. Mr. Neilan is giving me six pictures in a row, and I'll make six pictures over there, staying there the fifteen of May."

"I suppose this is not leaving anything to chance in the way Syd Chaplin did," I remarked.

"No, indeed! He is going exactly as he would go on any other location, taking everything with him, even the electrical equipment, which is new and quite wonderful. Conditions are undoubtedly very hard, but he doesn't bother him because he is taking his own conditions with him, and is thoroughly prepared for any difficulties that may arise."

If there is any truth in the saying that all things come to those who wait, then surely this time nothing will happen to prove that nursery rhyme girl from crossing the Atlantic and getting a peep at Mother Goose's own country, to say nothing of a few famous battlefields.

There was a moment's pause, while we turned over to the punchbowl. Everything was carefully arranged and lighted so as not to reflect into the camera, but at the same time everything was white, except the glinting attentants. This is something rarely seen at a studio. The whole had a ghostly effect difficult to describe. The idea was to fade out on the beginning of an opera scene which would transfer the brain of one man into the head of another.

"Gosh, isn't it," said Marjorie.

This time she wore a dark-blue dress of some soft silk and a fawn-colored polonaise. I knew that she and her companion, who was with her, would go back to one of the prettiest houses in Hollywood, for Marjorie Dav now owns her own home. Her brother is still at school, at present in a military academy. And Marjorie Dav, the star, had just come to the studio to watch.

"I'm not in this picture at all," she said. Following "The River's End," she appeared in Marshall Neilan's "Don't Ever Marry," after which she was loaned to Maurice Tourneur for one picture.

"Big Bill"

(Continued from page 33)

Cooper-Hewitts rested. "He is either an American or he is not an American. He urged me to be a Negro. And there is a God that feeds him, or he should be thrown out of that nest. My greatest aversion is the man or woman who, accepting the hospitality of our country, schemes and plots to overthrow its government. We are as much at war today with this cunning, scheming class as we were when we sent our young Americans over to fight our enemies.

"There were many of us who could not go overseas. We did our bit to the best of our ability. Now, it is time for us to do our bit until we are sure that those who fought reap all the benefits that come from being citizens of the greatest and freest country in the world. If there is any one who does not like the United States let him leave, but while he is here he should obey her laws and show by his life that he is the sort of guest we are proud to entertain."

"Big Bill" is essentially a nature man, a King of the Open. His outlook upon life has all the freedom of the mountains, the calm vision of the wooded solitudes that he loves. He is never so happy as when he is making one of his outdoor pictures that takes him to "location" early in the morning and keeps him there until the setting sun warns the director to call "cut!" And he has a wonderful piece of the open all his own down at Sag Harbor, Long Island. Periodically he has added to his extra studio and land until now it can be dignified by the title "estate." Here when he is in the East, his brief rests between pictures permit him to forget he is a movie star, and to take his own regular farmer.

On this present visit to the coast he has added to the places where he loves to dwell a picturesque house on one of the hills overlooking the ocean. And now just a short trip takes us back to that other existence, the one in which I first met William Farou. "Big Bill" then had the same twinkling eyes, the

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same engaging smile and added to these
was a voice which could play upon the
heart strings of his audience at will. He
was one of the favorite drummers of
the day. I was a cub on a daily not far
from New York. When the city editor
looked over the top of his glasses one
night and calmly announced that as soon
as I had finished my column of Advice to
the Lovelorn, the Freckled and Spotted, I
was to run over to the hotel and get a
chat with Farnum for the next day's
paper, I turned white with fear. It was
my first interview! I had been praying for
it to come, and now that it was at hand,
I didn't know whether to resign on the
spot or faint for the remainder of the
evening. However, when I had swallowed
my heart for the third time I picked up
notebook and pencils the way reporters
do in the movies and on the stage, but
never in real life unless they are green, oh,
so green, and supported myself by various
lamp posts and sides of buildings until I
arrived at the theater.

I had never been backstage before. A
star's dressing-room and Green Room were
pictures of equal clearness in my mind.
If it hadn't been this particular star, I
knew my days as a feature writer would
have ended before they had begun, but
somehow he took me into that big heart
of his. He didn't smile even inwardly at
my large notebook, my unsharpened newly
sharpened pencils. He didn't sit in stony
silence with that resigned look, that get-
out-your-questions-and-fire-away-and-I
dare-you-to-make-me-say-something-interesting
attitude. I have had to combat so
many times since then. If he had, I
would have been carried from that theater
an ambitious, but useless reporter. I had
no idea how to start the ball rolling, and
"Big Bill," with his usual keen intuition,
sensed that I hadn't, so he started it for
me. He told me of the picture-faced woman, his mother, whose picture occu-
pied the center of his dressing-table, of
her career as an opera singer, interrupted
by the coming of "her boys," of the early
days in Buckport, Maine of his struggle
in stock and in cheap traveling companies
before he was able to get the slightest
recognition, of his final rise to stardom,
of his joy in every moment of his por-
trayal of Ben Hur. He emphasized the
sincerity, the devotion with which an actor
must approach his work. His art must be
the one great love of his life, he said, a
love to which even his health must remain faithful from the carrying of the spear to the
climbing of the final heights. I drank it
all in and I forgot to use that notebook,
those newly sharpened pencils. I was get-
ting the personality of "Big Bill," the broad
vision that made him adored by every
member of that company, and later
I found that it was an easy task to trans-
fer a real man to print.

Shortly after that he left the stage for
the screen. Since then the footlights have
been calling, "Walter is back, Bill
Farnum?" I know that he has often
heard their call and I know, too, that some
day he hopes to find a happy combination
of the new days and the old when his
audience was there before him ready to
give him with tears or with laughter that
spontaneous response that is the inspira-
tion, the life of the artist.

TOUCH AND GO

"How is that artist on a finishing
touch?"

"He will borrow your last cent if given
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Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

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Dental science has for years sought a way to fight that film. Not on the surface only, but between the teeth. That way has now been found. Able authorities have amply proved it. The method is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. To millions it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning, and leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use.

Ask for a ten-day tube

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I

The Camera-Shy Director

(Continued from page 30)

The West, where everyone has devoted his entire time to his own thing, which is being done. I admit we all have to come on once in every few months. I always say I come to New York to recharge my memory. I'll go back filled with ideas, make two or three more pictures—then I'll come on again—set more ideas and go back. I think other directors feel that they do the same thing. Big companies are erecting studios here, I know, but I think the major portion of the production will remain in Los Angeles.

He said he was not an actor, which is something of an amazing confession for a director to make, and he then stated that he was frightened camera-shy. If he's standing in front of the lens giving directions, and the camera-man starts to grind, sparkle and the visor, he has a jest at the tip of his tongue. She has a laugh for everyone and everything, and chiefly for herself. When I asked her about love and the atmosphere of it, she said it was ridiculous. I was. She "hadn't thought about it."

She said she would adore to go on the stage; that would probably part ways with stage fright.

As I was leaving (sister Natalie drove us both to the Cleve Hotel in her roadster) I said, rather playfully to Constance, "Are you always like this? How do you keep it up?"

Constance gave me a keen look. She can give 'em, he said. Her eyes are brown and amazingly large and long-lined. They are the eye-est eyes I've ever seen.

"No, really I'm not," she said, confidentially, "but, you know, I've just got to appear at all that sort of thing I have to live up to it. If I ever draw a serious breath there is an avalanche of questions, 'What's the matter, Constance? Don't you feel well?' Courage! Anything gone wrong, Connie?" All that sort of thing. I have a lot of jinx hours, but I've acquired the knack of having 'em behind closed doors.

At which point I was deposited at the Vanderbilt. I am sure I heard Constance mutter the thought that she hoped I would get a pink taxi, because she had a sort of failing for that shade and brand... but, I may be mistaken... She wouldn't be, having heard nothing, having said nothing, having written nothing. If you will recall, this is not an interview!

Name It!

(Continued from page 31)

I asked her what she thought of her work. The main essential was what her work thought of her. I said, "Well, what does it?"

She said that she didn't know, but it probably had little to do with it. She said, "One day, they'll all wake up to what a joke I am."

Probably nobody I ever saw, or you, whoever you may be, ever saw, appears to have so royal a time as Constance. She is there, every minute, with the sparkle and the vim. She has a jest at the tip of her tongue. She has a laugh for everyone and everything, and chiefly for herself. When I asked her about love and the atmosphere of it, she said it was ridiculous. I was. She "hadn't thought about it."

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Animated Monthly of News and Views

(Continued from page 84)

One of the reasons I always enjoy visiting the 1937 Scientific Award-winning Tavionti orliuar, I n Mille Millrulietst, was the vast number of new people for his next picture.

There was a vast number of new people for his next picture.

During the shooting of "The Furnace," Mr. Taylor said that the amount of overproduction was enormous, and that someone will have to pay the piper.

In order to have Agnes Ayres for "The Furnace," Mr. Taylor had to pay her salary for three weeks: before he was able to produce someone else would have snapped her up. Not only is she receiving a splendid salary but she is the pick of gorgeous girls, and the hair-dresser is provided by the company.

Betty Francis, who attracted attention while playing leads with Bill Desmond, is following other feminine opposite sites will be Milton Sills and Jerome Patrick. Mr. Patrick is extremely good to look at and will meet with more than the usual amount of popularity unless I am greatly mistaken.

Another set that I saw in the course of construction was a South African home. The entire interior of the house had been built life-size, thatched roof and all. This was to be used for Ethel Clayton's last picture to be produced here before her departure to England to make pictures. This present story is "Rosanne Ozanne," by Cynthia Stockley. Tom Forman, who produced Miss Allison, is in directing her in "The Ladder of Lies." What is to happen when she decides to take it to the police. Mr. Patrick is extremely good to look at and will meet with more than the usual amount of popularity unless I am greatly mistaken.

Out at the Radio Studio I found May Allison continuing her picture, "Held in Trust." She spent the entire afternoon emoting in the bed of her boudoir scene. The sheets on the bed were of luscious silk, and while they looked very attractive, poor May groaned "Oh dear, these sheets are skidily, if I draw a long breath I find myself down at the heel." Miss Allison is looking forward to her next picture with great anticipation as it will afford her plenty of comedy situations. It is called "Arce All." She is to have Wallace MacDonald and Ruth Stonehouse in the cast.

On another note, the day of the swearing, temperent directors will soon be past. Most of the directors today are gentlemen, but a few of the old type remain. Besides these old bull-dozer sweet star thru the filming of her famous play. She, being of an unusually retiring disposition, made no pretense at the usual manner of directors. Some time

(Continued on page 108)
Merry Mary

(Continued from page 74)

"It's your lunch," she told me, and I, too, smiled. One tall show me a tin plate piled high with steak, spuds (they're potatoes east of the Rockies, you know), creamed carrots, pickles and lettuce and bread and coffee. In the second shadow put a tin cup of steaming coffee in my hand, while a third dropped cookies into my lap. I looked at Mary and gasped, "Surely a less than five-foot girl could not—"

"Not! They brought her milk, a few carrots and a thin slice of bread and jam. She looked at my heaping plate and gagged. I thought of the little girl with the curl right in the middle of her forehead who, when she was good, was very, very good and when she was bad was very, very bad."

"Mr. Goodfriend objects to my diet of lettuce, jam and tea," she said. "But he's often been at dinner-time—he's a photographer for Tony Moreno, you know. When I'm alone I don't bother to cook. Just pass around and eat what I can find. We haven't a grand house like most movie folks. I do my own housework, again came her gay, rippling laugh. 'I'm afraid I'll leave a monkey in the room. I'm often a bit tired when I reach home. I've so much to do. I report at the Selig studio in South Pasadena at the ostich farm—right. Then I drive us out here. We work under all kinds of conditions—fog, cold winds, hot, breathless days—and work with the rest, in the dust and sand driven by the Santa Ana wind."

She stopped to give the insistent "but" a lump of sand and to rub her satiny nose. "We are truly Bohemians," she added, "when we do have time to fly together, we run off to the Bull Pen Inn or the Petitts with a glorious time—and enjoy life immensely."

I mentioned the fact that Mary had not appeared in a picture for a long time. She frowned, "I find a good part in a new company which worked in Culver City. It stopped producing after the first picture."

"Do you like serials?" It was a trite, time-worn question, but as Mary seemed to be enjoying the work she was doing, I wanted to know.

She answered promptly. "Yes—I like the change. It is interesting and exciting. It gives me something to do and others to shoot. I love the big California outdoors, you see! Then, too, the fans will get to know me. I am very glad at the moment, and I am to have a weekly showing!"

With thoughtful eyes she watched a lizard sunning himself on a flat rock. "I am aiming at the very top, you know," she continued, "and I have to work hard for every inch of progress I make. In these productions no one pays much attention to the things that make a superlatively good picture. It's just a serial—a mad race with time to get out so many feet of film. But—im—going to—succeed!"

She jumped to her feet so suddenly and so emphatically that the lizard sunning on the rock fled. Laughing, she ran toward the camera and the next minute I saw her again, a serious, eager, hard-working young woman instead of a gay, laughing girl. She had worked hard, she knew, and the success that she had been striving for was bound to be hers. For Mary can act—she can ride—she can shoot. She is good to look upon. And best of all she has youth, enthusiasm, charm, courage and a will to succeed!"
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Animated Monthly of News and Views

(Continued from page 10)

Under a company of cabaret girls was being rehearsed for a scene by the same director. He began singing at them in his usual way.

ridden...them Roaring n. too...have...L

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"Excuse me." He practically denied the report.

"I ain't kn...n...n...n.

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MAY 7
The Fourteenth Man
(Continued from page 78)
whom there could be no doubt at all! Then a shout opened the eyes. Sylvester, sparring with studied grace, had backed his opponent into the far corner of the ring and now was battering him in a professional manner to which, even her in-experienced eyes noticed, was added a very personal tinge of malice. She half rose in her seat, screaming her amazement, which was drowned in the bedlam all around her. The man who was being battered, the ex-burglar, was no other than the one who had walked away from her without explanation at the Art League Ball! The self-styled Captain in the British army, the prospective Lord! She had hoped vindictively that some time she would have a chance to repay his slight withurious interest, and so now, consistently she screamed, "Don't hit him like that!" Jimmie Sylvester. I'll never speak to you again if you don't stop — I" Oh — ow — ow — ow!' for, with a thunder that shook the crazy building, Captain Grefnell Gordon hit the man directly in front of her.

The air was rent with exhortation and advice, punctuated by the timekeeper's stentorian bellow, "One-two-three."

"Mr. Gordon! Oh, Mr. Gordon!" wailed Marjorie in a frenzy. "Get up! Get up and hit him back!"

Gordon lifted his head, smiled vaguely, and groggily, and settled back comfortably, like a man who has been annoyed in the midst of a good nap by the buzzing of an important fly. "Five-six!" yelled the timekeeper.

Marjorie stepped on the shoulder of the man in front of her. She stood by the ropes and screamed in the supine ear, "Don't lie there, I say! For my sake — oh, for my love — love — love!"

Grenfell Gordon made a weary gesture, as one who says, "Drat that fly! I suppose I won't get a wink of sleep till I tend to him," and rose, swaying, drapped half across the ropes. A gleam of intelligence came into his glassy eye. "Marjorie!" he ejaculated, "whish you don' 're-? D'ju' say how come you wasn' hit him—for you?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" She screamed. "Oh quick! Look!" for Sylvester, furious at the fluke of his Munich, was sidling forward, waving his arms dangerously.

Gordon surveyed him listlessly. "Oh him!" he said, "him— and without an instant's warning had shot across the ring, and with one mighty blow had sent James Sylvester, Amateur Champion, over the ropes into the center of the audience, where he remained peacefully until a half hour later, he was assisted into his garments by a scornful manager.

"Who was that battering ram you dug up for me?" he asked Brooks plaintively, "that guy wasn't an ex-burglar — he was an ex-two-hundred-ton-tank!"

"I picked him up at the Art League Ball," his manager responded with the concealed relish; "went to remind you not to take too many drinks of prohibition punch and he came out of the hall as the there were spooks after him. Told me a story about seeing a bull looking for him, and being self-centered to a fellow that's down, I took him over to my rooms, Mr. Flynn, was there waiting for the bull and when we told him who was fighting, this guy bribed Mugs to let him take his place. Said he had a reason for wanting to land his right on your manly beauty. He's going to hang around with me for a bit!"

Captain Grenfell Gordon awoke late the next afternoon from a dream of apricot

(Continued on page 120)
building, each a smashing "punch" that must get over in such fashion that the mature girls will bite their fingernails in their excitement to see whether or not the heroine's girl will succeed in overcoming the wiles of the skulking tribe—alas, of course, everyone is aware, knows absolutely that said heroine will never surmount anything else than sweet and pretty.

"Why?" I asked Miss Roland, who, in her costume of a "l'ete" again, the H. R. H. flying corps, cladded enough to keep up the morale of the entire Canadian army under any circumstances whatsoever, "did you ever desert the legitimate drama for serials? Do you like 'em?"

She went into the cinematic Nick Carters because she felt that the public wanted her in them. It was on the completion of her "Girl Detective" series—not a serial—for Kalem that Balboa wanted her to do "Who Pays?" It was to be rather more in the nature of a complete, tinned story released episodically each week than an honest-to-John serial, but nevertheless a ringer of the latter and is popularly regarded as such.

"If people like me well enough to go to see me for fifteen weeks," Miss Roland explains, "that's proof that I'm cut out for serials."

"But don't you get tired of the same ruinerale?" I besought, because, personally, I can't for the life of me see how anybody could ever be so intent upon the wreckages of a perfectly nice girl that he'd chase her thru fifteen episodes, over cliffs and under water.

"Huh unh," she vouchedsafe, as she consumed a caramal. "Never get tired, just so long as there's no other thing, such as a diamond or the family jewels, thru the whole picture."

And if you ask Francis Ford, or King Baggot, or Marie Walecamp, or Eddie Polo, or Junita Hansen, or any of those who are engaged likewise in giving the public the cold shoulder down the spine, each will tell you the same. None of them are particularly crazy about the work, and each will confide that he'd rather, for the sake of God, fear it were rehearsal for the screen, although there seems to be a tremendous popular demand, which must be satisfied when one is selling goods to an open market.

What makes serial manufacture difficult, however, is the fact that the public, which is continually clamoring for thrills and punches, is pronto to refuse to accept them. The most harrowing stunts nowadays, when flashed onto the screen, are taken as a matter of fact. Everything is thought of the matter of the heroine nearly breaking her neck as she is thrown from horse, bucking mustang, or of the danger that is relative to the filming of a train-wreck.

Recently I went on location with Antonio Moreno during the "shooting" of a wreck for "Perils of Thunder Mountain." A freight-car, running down a steep mountain grade, was required by the scenario. It was placed in the middle of the track, and when the day's work was to begin, the man in charge of the fast-moving ob-tacle a few mere feet from the machine was placed. Everything was rehearsed carefully, and at length the director called for his camera. The freight-car, Moreno clinging to its top, was supposed to run twenty-five miles an hour, each foot of the downgrade increasing its velocity. At a signal, Moreno made the jump, badly spraining his ankle. The car rolled on, and we of the party found ourselves suddenly confronted at point-blank range of a deftening roar. Moreover, on look-out about, it was discovered that the heavy front trunks of the freight-car, torn from their mounting of the dynamite, were hanging from the limb of a tree not five feet away from the camera stand.

At this point, when William Duncan was filming an episode of a Vitagraph thriller, in which a limousine, riding across a river on a ferry, was to be pushed off the car by the ronger, Duncan and Edith Johnson were imprisoned underneath the water in the tomoean of the car, and had it not been for the intercession of a by-stander, would have been drowned.

Of course, whenever you see Marie Walecamp or Junita Hansen or Francis Ford follow a high cliff, you may be sure that it is not really the star in person, but a dummy. Such a feat could not possibly be accomplished without actual human beings. Long story! I was dining at Universal City, I found myself let in on a dark secret, for sitting at an adjoining table was a high-sounding fellow in a bounce, with silk shirt-waist, wearing a divided skirt and a deal of women's finery. who, I was informed, was a double on the occasion of wild leaps to the back of a speeding broncho.

Serials are not a series of improbabilities, even tho a chase or a rescue in every reel may seem such. Each episode as a complete, two-reel picture, it is plausible that a number of difficulties might befall the hero or heroine. In other words, inasmuch as in any one episode of a serial is liable to happen at any time to a person placed under similar circumstances. It is hard, however, for any human to live thru fifteen different harrowing experiences.

And serials are made faster than any other kind of picture. Motion picture folk are wont to term them the lowest form of cinematic life. A great deal of film footage is "shot" by the camera-men, but they are not rehearse a scene as many times as, for instance, a scene of an Elsie Ferguson play, where the emotional quality and repression are requisites.

An actor in the thrillers, to be a success, must be not only an actor, but an athlete. Weaklings will not stand up under the strain. Broken ribs and bruised bodies are an everyday occurrence, and the delicate sophistry of the drawing-room has no place in the life of a man, such as Bill Duncan, whose daily bread depends upon his ability to batter down doors and take flying leaps from and into the saddle.

It happens that today Duncan carries in his hip a charge of buckshot from a gun that was discharged too quickly during the photographing of one of his scenes. In addition, he has sustained three broken ribs from a football encounter in "The Man of Might," but, nevertheless, he remarks to the newsman, "I'm a body of the work and there is always an ample band to pick up the pieces.

Unlike a dramatic production, a serial requires no locale change, it has no dyna-
mite, as the thrill demands that the actual occurrence be shown on the screen. Con-sequently, to escape mention in the casu-
ity column of the daily papers, the ac-
tion has to be timed carefully so that the actors can get out of danger's way, altho

So Many Per! (Continued from page 71)
this is not always possible, and every once in a while we in Los Angeles note in the news sections of the sheets that some film favorite is occupying a more or less permanent bed in a local hospital.

Remember the narrow escape Kathleen Williams had from the tongs and him in the almost-forgotten "Adventures of Kathlyn," and how Helen Holmes jumped from brakebeam to brakebeam in her famous Salem railroad series? How Pearl White and Creighton Hale fell over table and chairs and down elevator shafts in "The Exploits of Elaine," and how Mrs. Verona Castle actually actual shot and shell in the various installments of "Patricia."

Those were the happy days when serials became young, consisted of nothing but tunts. But now that serials have grown older, and the public taste has improved, there has been a growth of dramatic interest, and we see the thrill of situation more than the thrill of physical action. It is quite the same as in comedies—less of the slapstick, more subtlety.

Stuart Paton, one of the best-known directors in filmmland, his own serial company, and Jacques Jaccard, the dashing Frenchman who produced "The Gipsy Ghost" and other Universal serial successes, is again with the script of a thirty-reel serial which is to take a flag at legitimate features. James J. Corbett, the ex-heavyweight champ, broke into pictures in a Universal serial, "The Midnight Menace," and Houdini, the magician, in Metro's "The Hidden Mystery."

And they still clamor for the thrillers. My neighborhood is infested with children of all ages. Incidentally, there are five little community picture houses. As I was on my way to one of the theaters last Friday evening I noticed the small daughter of a neighbor engrossed in thought as she sprinkled the front lawn.

"Want to go to the movies?" I asked.

"Sure," she rejoined. "What?"

"Nazarina in 'The Mat. Going?"

"Sure, but I don't want to see Nazarina—not tonight, because they've got 'The Ring Around the Circus.'"

We started for Hall's, and it behooved me to inquire of the youngster her interest in the serial.

"Don't know," she said, pityingly.

"I've seen every episode, an' Eddie Polo is gonna make a high dive into the ocean tomorrow. I was hopin' ma would give me a dime so's I could go an' see him. Why, I get so excited I think about him all week until the next time. Ain't it lovely to think you got somethin' to look forward to?"

Old Dad

(Continued from page 50)

I believe in Williome himself, and I think I see happiness ahead for the pair of you if you can see it that way. He loves you, my child."

Daphne's soft eyes grew softer still. "I do love him, too, Dad," she said. "I . . . Kaire taught me . . . that I did . . . taught me differently. I guess, Old Dad, that life's the only teacher, after all."

When the plans were made, for a party, for a trip abroad, for the home they should build and Mike on the return, Old Dad was between the two, Daphne on his knee, Richard bending over him. "We're not two, Dad," the boy said, with the affection he felt in the man who had been his human, tho a parent, "we're three evermore, amen."

"It's echoed Daphne, and kissed Old Dad before she gave her lips to Richard Coeur de Lion.

"My dear, you flatter me. The credit for my well kept hands goes entirely to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

"Unless you have used this creamy, fragrant lotion you have no idea how simple it is to keep your hands looking attractive and well-groomed. I keep a bottle of it in a convenient place and apply a little night and morning and whenever my hands are exposed to rough usage or to the weather."

No woman who takes pride in her appearance should be without this cream. A lady's hands are one of her main points of beauty. Whatever she does, wherever she goes, they are constantly before the eye.

Isn't it worth a few minutes of time each day to have hands that everyone admires? Don't think that your duty ends when you keep them clean. They should be white and smooth, with a freshness and delicate fragrance that only Hinds Honey and Almond Cream can give. It isn't a luxury. It is a necessity.

FOR TRIAL: Be sure to examine amount required, but do not apply soap or foreign money. Hands Honey and Almond Cream 5¢. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5¢.

Talcum 25c. Face Powder Sample, 2¢; trial size 15c. Trial cake soap 8¢.
Making the Movie

(continued from page 43)

with a tenth of a cent to bronze statues whose value is computed in three figures; it is evident that the "property" department has few rivals in the field of modern commercial enterprise.

The art department arranges for the use of particular ornaments and other decorations to be used in each picture, and the property department is called upon to furnish them. No less than 1,500 objects are used in a single picture. It has been computed that one hundred and fifty new ornaments are added to the stock weekly, and this does not include brick slabs, rocks or materials used in constructing street scenes, marble steps, fireplaces and such necessities for the erection of interior or semi-exterior scenes.

The making of "properties" or "props" is an industry in itself, and the property shop employs to present all artists constantly modeling all sorts of things in plaster of Paris, clay and wood. These artists are called "prop makers," and without them, photoplay directors would have many distressing moments. For example, in a photoplay where some character is supposed to grow turbulent and smash things, half a dozen beautiful vases may be made of plaster of Paris from an exquisite and expensive original. The cheap copies are then sent out, and the actor may do all the damage his temperaments and the demands of his part call for. As a manager, here is a "property" man holds daily conference with the head of every department that furnishes anything whatever to a picture, and not only are all departments kept in tune, but forthwith sets designed for the productions are outlined and all possible contingencies allowed for. A few weeks ago, Maurice Maeterlinck, after visiting the studios, remarked: "Making pictures is like handling an army; everything is anticipated; there are no unexpected delays."

His remark is quite applicable; for everything that can be prepared in advance is ready when the actors answer the call of the director for a new plot.

Before a picture is made, the art department makes forty drawings showing interior sets from various angles. These drawings are then made into blueprints, and later executed according to a schedule laid out in the production office. In common with all art departments, is a research bureau where data concerning art objects may be obtained for the trouble of looking up a voluminous card index. Here may be found not only information relating to furniture and paintings of different periods and places, but also the names of dealers in these objects all over the country. From these files, one may learn whether in a particular set a cuckoo clock or a small French chime would best suit. With such a wealth of anachronisms, in which motion pictures formerly abounded, are nearly always avoided. So carefully is the art department to present all details in exact accordance with the period of time in which a photoplay story is laid, that in a well-made picture an observer sees a Holland bed in a Louis XIV bedroom, or some incongruity equally disturbing to an intelligent audience.

The building trades are represented in the motion picture studio by every union that supplies workmen to build a modern house. A full force of artisans are constantly at work, as day and night shifts are used. For all the work to be done, there is a complete milling plant

There was a knock at the door. He called out in a surly tone, "Come in," and his imperious valet entered the room, bearing on a silver tray a small, bulky object.

"What is it, Watkins?" demanded the Finished Product in a heroically resigned tone.

"Beg pardon, Sir," (all well-trained valets prefer anything they have to say with "Beg pardon, Sir," according to Hoyle, At Woods, and The United Playwrights' Ass'n)—"Beg pardon, Sir, but a strangely-looking female person left this for you, Sir. She said she wouldn't wait to see you, Sir, as she had discovered she wasn't wearing suitable clothes. Sir. She said, as how the climate was a bit cooler here than it was on Parnassus, wherever that might be, Sir. She said she just wanted to leave her calling-card and when I looked around, Sir, she was gone—kinda vanished like!

The Finished Product extended a languid, languid, languid hand and wearily lifted the object from the tray. A look of something that was almost a symptom of an emotion appeared in his eye as he read:

"For the Finished Product Who is not quite Finished—yet!"

From

A Visitor from Parnassus."

"The jade!" he murmured, and slowly unwrapped the mysterious-looking calling-card. A magazine lay in his hands—a thing of beauty with a name to arouse the dead ashes of Romance in the Most Finished of Products. "Shadowland," he whispered half-aloud.

The tared eyes drank in the beauty of each page, and soon there was only the sound of the falling rain and the slow turning of the pages in the most finished product became one more interested in life, and the opulence thereof.

Shadowland

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
equipped with planing machines, drills, saws and every conceivable machine used in connection with the building trade. In addition, there is a paint shop, furniture building shop and repair shop.

The use of two shifts of workmen is absolutely essential, for the business of photoplay making is so expensive that no time may be lost during the day for the men to tear down sets that have already served their purpose. This work is done by the night shift, which also completes any work that the day men may have left unfinished.

In making the round of shops, one of the most interesting in the entire studio is the miniature shop, which is a branch of the construction department. Here, models in miniature, of streets, outdoor scenes, ships, trains, and a host of other objects are made. The place is like the home of Santa Claus. The work done here is used in the pictures in a novel way. If it is necessary to show a snow-capped mountain peak and none is readily available, it is comparatively easy to make a model of one, sprinkle it plentifully with salt, paint the appropriate background and then photograph the result. This becomes an atmospheric interlude in the picture, and completely sustains the illusion desired. Train wrecks have been staged on tables for use in pictures where the wreck is only incidental and not the only reason for the making of the picture.

Throu a long period of experimentation, an unusual means for assuring the sincerest possible effort of the actors has been found in an innovation which may be seen in nearly every studio. I refer to the studio orchestra. You may have wondered how an emotional actress could portray the loss of her dearly beloved child to the tune of a trip hammer in the adjoining set. The answer is, she usually cannot and does not do it. When a scene of this kind is taken, all disturbing construction work ceases, the action of the scene is discussed by the director and the actors, and the studio orchestra, playing behind a screen or from an adjoining set, begins a plaintive melody. The psychological suggestion of the music is compelling to some actresses, and they lose themselves completely in the scene. Of course, some actors and actresses are more responsive to musical accompaniment than others. And, in a scene, where the "works" are all bare, without some soothing influence, many tender scenes would never be successful. But in addition to the sentimental music, jazz is played to key up a group of actors to a frolicsome state of mind for the proper interpretation of farcical scenes. So important has this branch of photoplay production become, that an orchestra is now on the payroll of most companies.

When the main work on a picture has been finished, and all scenes taken, the pruning process is employed to present the screen story in the most succinct form. You may have observed on the screen various various designs or scenes that appear as backgrounds for titles. This entails an exacting photographic job of double exposure. But before this special variant of art photography can be practised, a group of artists prepares the titles and draws the backgrounds upon which they are superimposed.

After the titles have been prepared and photographed, the film is ready for the laboratory, which is in charge of an expert chemist and a corps of assistants. Here, the negative is developed and printed. In the laboratory, an expert camera repair man is always on duty to keep the printing machines, which make duplicate positive prints for distribution through the

---

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One cup of Quaker Oats contains as many calories as a pound of fish.

Food values

Note how foods differ in the cost per calory. These comparisons on necessary foods are based on prices at this writing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cost per 1,000 calories</th>
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<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
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<td>Average meats</td>
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<td>Average fish</td>
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<td>Hen's eggs</td>
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Quaker Oats

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The use of DeMiracle is very simple. First, mix the powder and water. Then, apply to hair in a circular motion. DeMiracle is a liquid that allows for easy application and removal. Be sure to follow the instructions on the bottle for best results.

The laboratory is kept at an even, warm temperature, sometimes oppressively warm, so that emerging into the soft green of the landscape galling the studios is a gentle but welcome relief. And the sunlight is a blessed contrast to the gloom of the printing rooms. The guide will tell you that two gardeners are always at work on the flower beds and the trees, while two men keep the grounds trimmed and rolled like sheep-cropped English downs. He will tell you of the stables, the corral, the rabbitry and the garage, and if your eyes are not too tired with too much looking, you may see the score of work horses, the dozen wagons and another dozen antiquated coaches in the field barn.

A complete lighting plant is maintained at every studio, the personnel of which consists of the manager, an assistant and a score or more of technicians. There are also several motor generating plants on the grounds. These supply the electricity for the variety of back lights and lighting lights that can be controlled and limited to a particular section of a scene. This is the work that finally shows on the screen in scenes where one part of a room is in darkness and another brightly lit with light from a supposed moon outside.

Artificial lighting has proved so efficient that many exteriors scenes are taken with artificial light; the streets being furnished by a small portable power plant. The portable plant is used in distant outdoor locations, where a regular current is not to be found. This novelty is a massive gasoline motor-driven generator, mounted on a special trailer.

Another interesting feature of the studio is the hospital. Here, nurses are in constant attendance. Despite the fact that the day of the purely stult picture is past, many actors, as well as workmen, are occasionally injured. And when more than a thousand people work daily at the studios, the well-equipped hospital usually has an emergency ward.

Most studios follow the usage of all large industrial organizations in arranging for the comfort and welfare of their employees, and a reading room contains all the latest popular magazines.

The salutary effect of such care cannot be overestimated. Everything is done to improve the conditions of those who help to make the modern motion picture. At noon, the workers are not compelled to eat sandwich lunches on the lawns, as most companies have a complete commissary department. Innumerable lunches are served every week, besides hundreds of box lunches that are sent out to various companies at work on outdoor scenes in distant corners of the grounds, or to others far away in the country on extended locations. And all food is served at cost.

A trip thru a modern motion picture studio is stimulating to the imagination. And the lesson resolves itself into the fact that the daily work of a group of men and women to create a new world of art. And in this undertaking, animosities, which are the result either of prejudice or warped training, disappear. There is, indeed, no need for differentiations at the studios. For the studio, as an organization, is an international unit banded together for the common purpose of creating a new art. And as it has been told, follows no flag other than its own perfection.
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Montpelier Ave.
The Answer Man

[Continued from page 92]

H. W. M. - We had an interview with Carrie Semison in the July, 1919, issue of the CLASSIC, and a picture in the March, 1927, issue of the MAGAZINE. You can get these issues by sending to our Sales Department. Thanks for the tie.

K. C. H. - There will be an interview with Zanuck next month.

Daisy - Very much for the tie.

I'm afraid you won't see Miss Bara in "The Blue Flame." Yes, always with Fox. She has a brother, and lives with her mother in another house to me again.

J. M. - ATLANTA, City. Certainly I should encourage postage when asking for a photo even for an answer. When you call, be sure to read the above notice of expense. So you have a magazine of your own, with 128 pictures of Charlie Chaplin. You'll have Charlie in the almshouse when pictures.

ASTRIM SHORT ADVICE - I should say you were. Oh yes, some of the players for a paragon filling in their faces. Under the light. Thanks for the Three Stamps.

Psalms 11. - You say you are willing to treat that I haven't a beard. Do my eyes deceive me? What's the difference? With or without a beard I could probably write just as poorly. Thanks, old man, but I'm not the kind who gets sore - except when I play tennis the first time in a season. Write me again.

I.M.A. PEACI - Yours was short and sweet. "Oh, Glorious Answer Man! I have never written to you before. But when I gazed upon that fine manly old face of yours which you so obligingly drew, I couldn't resist your ancient charms and decided to get acquainted. To tell you the truth I always did admire old men, especially bright ones like you. Why don't they have an interview with Cullen Landis and Louis Bemiston? They're both good actors?" I'll attend to it right away. Stop in again some time. Ta, ta, kind flatterer.

BILLIE. - Yes, a man may keep a few of his own secrets from his wife, but when he makes up for it by telling her all those which other people tell him. Jack Pickford in "The Daughter of Deceiver," by O. Henry. Have already explained that.

IAN ORU. - Very chatty letter, that. Yes, Romaine Fielding in "Woman's Man." Billie Rhodes in "His Pajama Girl." Go to it!

SHARK SPOIL - Just think of it, New York City has an average of one fire every 21 minutes, 66 seconds. This town is fairly burning up. (This is no joke. My thermometer this minute says 92.) Anxious to hear of your new favorite, Niles Welch is playing in "The Courage of Marge O'Donee."

BROWN. - Why, Socrates was esteemed the wisest man of the time, because he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodness more than greatness. Yours was just splendid. Robert Warwick is no longer with Famous Players.

MOUNT. L. M. - You say I am very kind to you. Thanks. A good heart wants simple objects to be kind to, and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the distillation. Huntley Gordon was born in Canada in 1894. Has blue eyes, light brown hair.

SIMPLY A C. S. - You ask, "Does one have to have money to get on the screen?" No, child, you get the money first. Enjoyed every bit of your letter, but am sorry I can't help you.

MONA K. - Send a stamped, addressed envelope for reply to Globe picture clubs. (Continued on page 119)
Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 81)

THE LADDER OF LIES—PARAMOUNT

Ethel Clayton has had a great number of trite stories, but she seems to feel that even such a handicap is no excuse for in-
sincere work, with the result that she has endowed even weak vehicles with artistic characterizations in which her personality has proven itself.

"The Ladder of Lies" is a trite better story than some of her recent ones have been, and while it hovers perilously near becoming "preachy," it artfully avoids going over into the sermon class and, at times, is really interesting.

Miss Clayton plays the role of a young artist who discovers that an old-time friend is to be married to a girl whom she knows to be undesirable. After their marriage she permits him to believe that it is she, rather than his wife, who has vis-
ited a notorious road-house and has an unpleasant reputation. She finally falls in love with the friend's partner, but the old story of the night at the road-
house is told him, and when he asks her if it is true, she says it is, rather than cause her friend the great pain she knows the truth would bring. A solution to the problem is found, however, when the man with whom she was supposed to visit the road-house comes to her rescue, and the reduction finds the happy lovers running not to build their happiness on a ladder of lies.

Charles Meredith plays the part of the old friend with a surety, while Clyde Fillmore as the old friend himself is very well cast. Irving Cummings is the notorious road-house and achieves success in causing you to dislike him most of the time, as he usually manages to be in such a role.

The Foreman is responsible for the di-
rection and while it is not, in any sense,
what might be termed great, it is consist-
ently good. We wonder if this is the be-
ginning of a movement wherein the plays will desert the portrayals for di-
rectorial responsibilities.

FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL—EQUITY PICTURES

"For the Soul of Rafael" might well be likened unto a beautiful poem—it breathes the romance of the old California mis-
sions, the rambling ranch houses—the days of yore when the traveling padres traveled along El Camino Real. And Clara Kimball Young, in old-time costumes and laces, moves thru it more beautifully cameo-like than ever.

Her role is an unhappy one, for she meets the man of her heart only to find that she is to leave the convent the next day, when she will journey to one who has been selected for her future husband. Be-
fore the ceremony her Doña Luisa dies, but not before she exacts a promise from Marta to care for the soul of Rafael, her future husband. Marta accordingly mar-
ries him only to learn that he is not, in any single way, a man whom she could love, and she takes her place at the head of his household, but not as his wife.

The man of her heart again crosses her path, but she remains true to her promise, even when they find that Doña Luisa had
deceived them both in those other days. When the soul of Rafael departs, Marta is, of course, freed from her pledge and from then she seeks the happiness so long denied her.

The story moves along slowly—and at no time is the suspense great. However, there is something soothing in the way

TAKE it on your trip this summer; it is indispensable to the comfort of your scalp and the beauty of your hair.

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Its use makes and keeps the hair attractive, develops the life, luster and natural wave and gives a clean, luxuriant appearance. Canthrox has been for years the favorite of those who want to bring out all the beauty of their hair, because it so rapidly softens and entirely removes every particle of dandruff, excess oil and dirt, at the same time giving such a massive fluffiness to the hair that it appears much heavier than it really is, while each strand has silky bright softness and the scalp is left plant and comfortable.

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300,000 beautiful as old tapestries and the
300,000 work of the times—always paramount.
The Restless Sex, by Robert W. Chambers, is
told by the appearance of Miss Marion Davies in,
one of which has for her central figure
an eternal plot. The story, as adapted
from the novel by Robert W. Chambers,
is told by a succession of incidents
all of which have for their central figure
Marion Davies. In two instances
Miss Davies did creditable work, but most of
the time she found herself in a role
not even particularly sympathetic.

It is a story of sympathy for a
woman who marries a man simply to avoid
the temporary gossip and general unpleasantness
which would follow them spending the
night at a country hotel when they are
stranded ninety miles from home after
their car is wrecked—and what sympathy
we had for her, even when the village
inhabitants were not as sympathetic
as they should have been when they
knew how much they were costing her.

The story seemed unsatisfactory to us
in book form and at any rate the version
which brought it to the screen, for it be-
comes less pleasing, with no character
winning enough sympathy to make us
care just what happens at any time or
any place.

A fortune has probably been spent in
the production of this picture and the
scenery which show the wealth of the
story are quite the most beautiful ever, with
Marion Davies in a costume which mere
words fail to describe.

Some day, perhaps, Marion Davies will
be given a story worthy which is human and which
does not demand her to appear for
one reason or another—or for no reason at all—but
for every reason which makes her
popular. In the meantime we can
look forward to a picture made
beautifully, with a real character
in it to be enjoyed.

The Mollycoddle

The story is nothing in the young life of
Dorothy Fairbanks—and this is not said
disparagingly. As a matter of fact, if Dorothy
is given opportunities enough to be herself
with excuses for his eternally-hair-raising,
nocturnal tendencies, as it were, we cant imagine anyone to whom
a story would be more superfluous.

The basic idea of “The Mollycoddle” is
that there is, in reality, very little difference
between the primitive and civilization
and before the picture ends we find the
mollycoddle with a young American—
it was his environment rather than “the stuff
he was made of,” to borrow that expression,
which created in him the mollycoddle
traits and habits.

The story tells of a young man by the
name of Richard Marshall who comes of
a fine line of American manhood. He
has spent part of his life abroad
with the result that he wears a short
mustache of the dude variety, and affects a
monkey and the other things which go
along with it.

It is an American girl tourist who awakens
within him a desire to again see his native
land and thus the pranks of three fellows
he finds himself bound for America
apparently a stowaway, on the yacht on
which she is a guest. The owner of the
yacht is a diamond smuggler and the girl
is, in reality, a secret service agent.

Of course the yacht owner suspects Richard
Marshall and it is not until after they land
at Texas and eventually find themselves
in the Painted Desert of Arizona that he
realizes his mistake.

Such a plot gives the screen's genius
athlete innumerable opportunities and he
is not slow in availing himself of any of
them. He does everything he has done before
and new things galore. A whole
Indian village is wrecked, affording a
genuine thrill—there is a little kid who
Dong defies to rescue the girl, and
the natives of the village appear in many
delightful scenes, rendering excellent
support.

Dorothy Fairbanks may have appeared
in a picture with more real laughs—but
perhaps some of his previous efforts have had
more thrills too—though the story
of the picture in question numbers among
those we have missed.

The Yellow Typhoon

Last month in this department it was
mentioned that Anita Stewart was more
dynamic by far in Paramount’s
Yellow Typhoon. Of course there is no one
on the screen who can
wear clothes, keeping them secondary,
making them a part of herself as it were,
better than Miss Stewart. “The Yellow
Typhoon” effectively confirmed this
statement and, wearing probably more
beautiful clothes than ever before, Miss Stewart
offered an appearance to genuine
majesty in this story by Harold MacGrath.
Too, in the dual role of the twin sisters she does what
might, perhaps, be considered his best work
she has yet given the silver screen.
The plot concerns two sisters, exactly
alike except that one is blonde and apparently
without any soul, while the other is
a brunette and beyond reproach. One sister
eventually becomes involved in international
affairs and agrees with her
accomplice to follow an American naval
officer to America, in the hope of securing
some blue prints with which he has been
entrusted. The other sister, in her work as a
secret service agent, is ordered to
the same ship so that she will be
on hand should the officer need her services.
She does not fail him, even when
she discovers that one of their enemies is
her sister, whom she believed dead. In the
daze—out of, course, we learn that she has
promised the officer always to watch over
him, even if in a different way.

Altogether in this is a fair picture, altho a
trifle far-fetched at times, but inasmuch
as it is a melodrama, this is to be expected
and the direction is at all times good,
thanks to Edward José.

The Trouble

Barb—L hate the movies.
Carr—Oh, cheer up. You'll sell a scenario some day.

How True

Teacher in Art Class—What city of
the world is most noted for its famous
pictures?

Bright Pupil (eagerly)—Hollywood.
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Enjoy wonderful, sparkling health! Feel the thrill of the bounding vitality of youth! Increase your store of energy, revitalize your worn out cells, make every fibre of your body tingle with a new life and vigour! All this you can have through the magic of Vi-Rex Violet Rays right in your own home!

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NEURALGIA
PARALYSIS
PIMPLES
RHEUMATISM
SKIN DISEASES
SORE THROAT

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 116)

GERTRUDE S.—You certainly have the Irish brogue, all right; you should write a play.

MRS. B.—I am indeed fortunate to have a friend in my need, but am more fortunate to have no need of a friend. I welcome your name to my list of friends, however, with gratitude. Write to me again.

IRENE B.—Theda Bara has gone to Europe. She may be back by the time you read this. My picture? Nay, may, Irene.

MARY M.—Glad you liked the music. Even a hand-organ sounds good to a person in love. But it is not right for a girl to fall in love with the actors. You should admire them. Max Linder in "The Little Cafe" Wisefred Westover was in to see us the other day before sailing for Sweden, where she is going to play in a series of pictures.

SAUL Y.—Saul, you flatter me. You say: The sketch by yourself is very clever. I think that your bald head denotes Wisdom, your high forehead indicates a Master Mind, the wrinkles are caused by thinking. The expression in your eyes holds the Key to Human Nature. The shape of your nose indicates great Will Power, the smile Cherubim and Goatherd alike to all." Ask me anything, and it is yours.

Yes, Wisefred Westover is a star. I thank you.

Antrim Short Admires.—Thanks agin. No, Antrim Short is his real name. I find that statistics show that more persons commit suicide on Tuesday than any other day in the week, and I received your letter on Tuesday.

E. D. G.—Good for you. Pauline Curley was born in Holyoke, Mass. She was on stage at the age of 5. She is 5 feet 4 and weighs 116. Has light complexion, blonde hair and hazel eyes. So you don't think Antonio Moreno can love you. You don't know him.

Mrs. W. H.—Bravo! You have four boys. I envy any woman who has four boys. Now there's the rub! You want me to get them in pictures. The eldest is six. Sorry, Madam, but you had better wait until they grow up.

Ruth R.—Busy wire! You call me Magnus Apollo. I know I am nothing like that at all. Yes, it is true that the whale can remain under water for 15 minutes and a half. Richard Barthelmess is Alvarez in "Scarlet Days." Next time you call me anything, call me for dinner.

Mrs. E. T. C.—Harry Northrup is playing. Remember the good old days of Vitagraph?

A Stewart Faxe.—But the legitimate aim of criticism is to direct attention to the excellent. The bad will surely die its own grave, and the imperfect may be safely left to that natural neglect from which no amount of present undeserved popularity will rescue it. You certainly want to know enough, but here goes. A. Forrest was married to Ann Little, or vice versa. Madge Kennedy is married, Ethel Clayton is a widow and Eugene O'Brien is not married. Run in again.

Lightning Raider.—You have the right idea, but where are your questions?

Lente.—The word "Soviet" is pronounced sooy-yet, and "Bolshevism" as bols-hee-vism, accent on the first syllable. Socialism is defined as an economic theory of the system of the reconstruction of society on the basis of cooperation between the community of property. I enjoyed every word of your letter, and I want you to write me again.

(Continued on page 122)
The Fourteenth Man

(Continued from page 109)

... "last night a prize-fighter and to- night a hired guest sent by an agency!"

"Tired out of his senses?"砸 one to re-

terminate that she showed slightly. "I say, what you please explain all this? I came here to call on you, you know—to tell you what I wanted... but..."

"It's very simple," Marjorie said, slowly, pushing his flushed, boyish face. "Mrs. Tidmarsh found that she was short of money, and the guests were left to the dinner for tonight, and being superstitious sent to the Boggs Aristocratic Agency for a fourteenth man. They promised to send your English Lord, and you came. That's all."

Captain Gordon took a sudden step forward. "I'm not the fourteenth man, then. But I hope I'm the first man, Marjorie! Of course, I've no business asking you to marry me after such a short acquaint-"...

She backed precipitously away. "Short! I should say so," but she did not sound angry. "Why, only last evening I heard that you were an ex-burglar."

Gordon's hand went to his waistcoat, as if he had suddenly felt an acute pain in the region of the pocket. Before her uncomprehending eyes he produced the jew-els that lay upon the table. But the lady, end embarrassing," he groaned, "but you see I left the card with your address on Brooks' & Levery last night. I didn't want to put on and I was going to fight must have found it. I discovered him in here this afternoon with these and was going to return them."

A likely story!" flamed the girl, snatch-

ing the jewels. "I doubt believe a single—"

A masculine voice in the hall inter-rupted her, loud and strident, but with an unaccountable cockney twang. "I tried 'em, e're, ma'am. No, there's no mistake."

"Jenks!" groaned Gordon, looked wildly around, and surrendered to fate. "I saw him at the ball last night—that's why I left so abruptly. Well, the jig's up."

"It isn't up!" With adverse winds, Marjorie's fickle weather-vane of affec- tion wavered and finally settled unques-

tioningly on Gordon's arm. "You're not guilty of anything. I don't believe it!"

Short, puffing, pepper and salt of garb, Jenks was before him, wiping his face with a handkerchief. "My word, your Ladship!" he panted rustily, "but you've led me a chase! Three times I've almost had my hands on you, and you've open to tell you your good fortune—"

Gordon felt Marjorie's hand tighten on his arm and the room reeled disreputably.

"What good fortune?"

"Why," returned Jenks, puzzled, "I fol-

owed you to America to tell you that your uncle, Lord Gordon, is dead and is left everything to you, including an estate of two million pounds!"

"Good fortune!" echoed Gordon again, and drew a deep breath. "I should say I have had a stroke of luck in this situation."

But he did not refer to his uncle's de-

mise, nor the two million pounds. Later, when Mrs. Tidmarsh had tottered off ec-

stastically to tell her husband of the pros-

pects of having a "real nobility" in the family he found a blessed instant in which to explain his meaning to Marjorie.

"When I knew you were in the company and well, cared whether I was caught or not, I felt as if someone had bequeathed me the whole world!" he declared. He looked down at the card. "What's- His Name and all that. My word!"

Marjorie looked at him without seeming to see him. "Do you have as many names as you have professions?" she inquired.
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 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 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 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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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 ........................................
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Any return of 75¢ in stamps, or Money Order, I will send you a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier with my advertised booklet on Beauty Hints.

THE ANSWER MAN

The Answer Man

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119)

E. LOUISE—Clever work, Louise.

FLUFF—Sorry! Mary Miles Minter in "Always in the Way." Theda Bara is on the stage.

COFFEE-MORE DEVOTE—No, I can't stand a bar. The price of bars has agencies in every one of the organs of expression; and, in some people, he uses them ill. Every verse will tell you what you really ought to make a good editor. Try it. Yes, Natalie Tallmadge was Dorcas Winthrop in "The Love Expert."

ROSE T. TALLMARCE P. A. Address is printed here every month, so you cannot be a faithful disciple. I think I will carry it at the beginning of this department.

D. H. S.—Clothes, I am and look at your chief annoucements. Vivian Martin was born in Michigan. She played with Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac.

Yes, it is unfortunate that many people put off their manners as the laps put off their boots—on the threshold of home.

PREG—What, still another? I hope you're not the same one. Eugene O'Brien, Selznick, 729 Seventeenth Avenue, N. Y. C. This is a large office for a small town. If this weather keeps up, me for Iceland.

In Iceland, the affairs of government are looked after by a cabinet of three members. The smallest cabinet in the government of the world. I'd be in the cabinet, and there wouldn't be any strikes, and no H. C. L. for I'd knock the L out of my living on oil.

ROSE WOOD—You just write to me any time—always glad to hear from little girl.

PauLine S.—Why yes, Katherine McDonald and Norman Kerry in "Passion's Playground." I know who is responsible for the world was safe; it was a wild; and, Man, the hermit, sighed—till Woman smiled," but I won't tell.

Quaker MAID—You want me to know about Monroe Salisbury. See you later.

SUNRAYSED of Mildura, Victoria, Australia, favors me with the following:

"I am pleased, nay, delighted, to be the recipient of your magnificent literary treat—the M. P. M.—and look forward to it's arrival as I would a sweetheart.

For five years you have provided me with the future of a pleasant evening and although 'tis my first letter of appreciation to you—I greet you, most cordially, hands across the sea—an Australian born.

On my sojourns to the remotest regions of this vast, sunny land, your M. P. M.'s, are as essential (the back numbers I mean)—I read and re-read them and ditto re-reads, etc.—as food supplies, compass and ammunition.

These trips I will tell you of when next I write you (I was going to say when I know you better—but since I'm so acquainted with your publication, I feel as tho I'm quite a pal of yours, too) and as I claim to be the most travelled Australian girl in the Commonwealth, I guess I could tell you some of my experiences in the arid states with the M. P. M. as the first and only girl to have penetrated the heart of Australia—under all manners of conditions and means of transit.

My Dad is one of the earliest pioneers and explorers, and his name is perpetuated on the public maps of Australia. He is also the discoverer of the Matted Chestnut gold field. He was the recipient of the Government award of £800 for same; he also discovered the only platinum mine in Australia.

I accompany him on many trips and go sometimes six months without seeing a
white woman; and very few white men.

Yes, Australia is a great, glorious and free Commonwealth, breathing a genial, healthy atmosphere, under the canopy of its inviolable sun and sky. But—intended it is suffering a prolonged spell of mal-administration, both State and Federal; and with chronic profiteering constantly on the increase, the diminishing stock and waning harvest prospects, resulting from the prevailing drought, the distress and death ravage of human kind by the widespread infectious and epidemic plague; the general social unrest in the form of big industrial strikes and death of employees—this otherwise grand country is being stricken to its very utmost.

Oh! I'll have to keep my pen under more restraint or I'm afraid you'll weary of reading this—which I intended should be brief.

Anyway, Mr. Answer Man, my motive in writing you is to learn something of your wonderful country, whose climatic and general conditions, I should imagine, are much akin to those of ours.

I've had a burning desire—as long back as I can remember—to visit your country from whence hail the 'witty Yanks' (and I think a big majority of you must be able to claim descent from your post-laureate Whittier) and should I visit your country at any time—and were favorably impressed and inducement offered, I would like to take up 'picture work': Picture work! I'd like to read your thoughts at this remark—as I know absolutely naught of it, but have played in amateur comedies and operettas, and can hold my own with most of Australia's terpsichorean artists.

Anyway, should I visit your country at any time, would you introduce me to Mr. Louis Selznick, who might give me an opportunity to prove my ability?

When I read the biography of your Yankee Stars (plus stripes) it's a sort of incentive for me to try my luck.

Jeanette 23.—You feel very chatty this morning. Chirp away; it is music to my ears. Mary Pickford is going on a tour around the world, I hear.

SLENDER PEGGY.—Peggy In all shapes and sizes. An unusually large crop this season. So you have stopped eating nuted marshmallows and lost ten pounds. If you stop eating altogether you will lose a little more. Inter no the fat people are always smiling but they have not a little regret for days for eating so much.

Warren Kerrigan and Fritz Brunette in "No. 99." Yes, Warren's sister Kathleen plays Mrs. Vivian, Charles Arling and John Stepping are both in it.

As You Were!—That's me, Mabel. Mabel Normand is not married. Never has been. Yes, I observe and study and enjoy the passing show. "This world is a fleeting show," said Tom Moore; but the records indicate that he attended the show pretty regulary, and he was pretty fleet in getting there. Julian Eltinge's "An Adventuress" was released in May.

Stephen B.—You refer to James McCutcheon.

PEREGRIN.—You use such very faint ink I nearly faint when I read your letter. Do you water it? Some mighty interesting material you sent me. Wages, prices and the customers' hair continue to rise. Yes, Miriam Cooper did play in "The Birth of a Nation.

T. Walsh.—You want Richard Barthelmess on the cover. To the front, Dick.

Mrs. Rejected Gloggoos.—Hello, little one! I believe Utah and Dakota Board deserted me entirely, so I'm a rejected gloggo too—whatever that is. I miss them.

(Continued on page 125)
The Screen Time Table

(continued from page 91)

Toby's Boys—CD-10.
Toni Minore—Goldwyn.
Toll Gate—The—MD-9.
William S. Hart—Paramount.
Treasure Island—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Paramount.
2½ Hours' Leave—CD-10.
McClan and May—Paramount.
Two Weeks—C-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Victory—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.
Vision of Stamboul—SP—MD-8.
Frederick Deau—Universal.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
What's Your Husband Doing?—C-7.
MacLean and May—Paramount.
Where the Clouds Roll By—C-8.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
Why Change Your Wife?—D-11.
Sennett and Migeon—DeMille Prod.
Viola Dana—Metro.

Woman Gives—The—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
Woman in the Suitcase—The—MD-6.
Eud Bennett—Paramount.
Woman in Room 13, The—MD-8.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
Woman Game, The—SD-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.
Woman and the Puppet, The—MD-6.
Geraldine Farrar—Goldwyn.
Bessie Barriscale—Robertson-Cole.
Yellow Tophoon—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
Young Mrs. Winthrop—SD-8.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

Reader Critique

A Lady in Love—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
Alarm Clock Andy—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
Alias Jimmy Valentine—MD-8.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
Amateur Wife—D-7.
Irene Castle—Paramount.
Behind the Door—MD-10.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
Blooming Angel, The—C-7.
Madge Kennedy—Goldwyn.
Dancing Fool—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Dollars and the Woman—CD-9.
Alice Joyce—Vitagraph.
Double Speed—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—D-11.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
Easy to Get—CD-7.
Marguerite Clark—Paramount.
Excuse My Dust—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Heart of a Child—MD-7.
Naziwona—Metro.
His House in Order—D-8.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.
Human Desires—D-8.
Anita Stewart—First National.
Seymour-Thomas—Goldwyn.
In Search of a Sinner—CD-9
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Jenny Be Good—MD-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realtart.
Leave It to Me—CD-10.
Wm. Russell—Fox.
Miss Hores—CD-10.
Wanda Hawley—Metro.

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I'm for getting all stuck up

about my cards, and I feel like

according to, or starting a by-

down, or doing something else to

stop feeling well. But what's

the answer? I've been doing

for Stale, Bele Danish is coming

ano others in "The Soul

Rush on—keep moving. Busy

and here. Wallace MacDonald

true that he has absolutely not

Hed and Pearls May were supposed

happened some time last

but it's all wrong, and they both

and I've heard it a lot, but I apply

up to "The Great Gamble.

Treat You! You just keep your head

and your feet warm and you will

right. Arthur Ashley was playing in

He Who Came Back" last I heard

Leah Baird in "Cynthia of the

Missouri." Rescuss Love is playing in "Mid-

land." Yes, William Collier is playing

for Selby in "The Servant Question.

He is one of the "speakers" most popular

Invigorating

LIVELY YOURS. You in again? Yes,

Rock of Gibraltar. It was finally

washed by the British and was taken by

Admiral Byng on July 24, 1704. It

was besieged by the Spanish and French in

October of the same year, and was finally

sold to Great Britain by the Treaty of

Treaty. Spain has made a number of

efforts to get Gibraltar since then. You're

tired. Welcome.

TALMAGH, Brook.—I'm pretty sure

Norma Talmadge as no home in the

Broux. She is living at 318 East 48th

Street, New York City. Yes, that is her

studio. So you don't think the stars ought

to charge 25 cents for a note. You don't

realize how many requests they get.

PEARL, N. H.—Yes. You want to

interviews with Walter McGrail and Wall-

ace McCutcheon. But you must not lose

your temper so often; some time you will

lose it permanently. Run in again some

Mrs. C. H.—Ormi Hawley played in

"Where Love Leads," "The Antics of

"The World," and "The Woman" and

"Woman and the Puppet." Haven't her

present address. The movie picture

theaters are in the local schools of the

masses. We all know them.

LADY MOVIE FAN.—Certainly I can sing.

I can sing beautifully. Cullen Landis was

the kid, and Aynworth was

Spencer in "The Girl from Outside."

G. W. E.—I dont dare print your letter.

Talk is cheap, except when it ends in a

able suit, or when it's over the L. D.

telephone. Yes, Lehua WAIPAHU was KOKA

in "The Bottle Imp."

ANN ARBOR.—Yes, I read it many

many years ago. His wit is not always

t-free from affection, and his satire is

frequently sly, sometimes malignant.

Yes, I heard the other day that Lillian

Gish was getting $4,500 a week. I nearly

died of heart failure when I heard it.

Guess I will try make love to Lillian

and see if I cannot help her spend it.

Arv, fairy Lillian. My $950 added to

her $4,500 ought to enable us to get along

fairly well even in these hard times.

BROOKLYN BY THE SE—Next time you

write me, dont use the telephone com-
pny's paper. I'm a regular Sherlock

Holmes. Surely I would want to meet

you. Yes, the story you speak of is a

good one, and will be selected by some

producer. You can reach Anna Q. Nilsson

out at the Balboa Studios, Los Angeles,

ca.
L. R.—I'd like to hear from you, little one. You didn't write to me. Well, I don't know when I write, because I can't stand writing. It is not right to write lying, because he is not right while writing lying. Catch me quick! Silly stuff who said that? John Cunningham and Mrs. Sidney Drew are playing in "The Emotional Mrs. Vaughn."

Isa. May.—House Peters isn't playing now.

Patsy.—Dont call me a saint. Who ever saw a saint in their life? And I sure do wear them. The other day I took my beard down to the ocean for a cool dip. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Bushman invited me to see them in "The Master Thief!" Beverley is prettier than ever and Mr. Bushman as attractive as ever. They are rehearsing for a new comedy now.

II. T. W.—Haven't heard that Tom Moore has been married again.

Patsy B.—Where in this department have you found any witticisms? I offer a prize of one large green cucumber to the person who discovers one. Once in a while there is a brain flap that jumps about among slumbering ideas, but few are as witticisms. Charles Meredith opposite Mary Miles Minter in "Judy of Rogue's Harbor." Send it along. I appreciate your kind words hugely.

New York Girl.—Broadway and the bright lights, hey? Yes, send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of correspondence club. You have a very good style in drawing. Keep it up. Yes, I am said to be the oldest Answer Man in captivity. I'll write an essay on "The Motion Picture as a Moralizer," and you write one on "The Movies as an Immoralizer." There is nothing in existence to compare with the motion to teach that is worth knowing in so short a time. It intermingles pathos with fun, wit with mirth, education with play, and sends the outlook for a whole nation up in his lips, sunshine on his countenance, joy in his heart, and human sympathy in his soul. The objection that it is wrong to allow the young to learn of crime and of the dark side of life, is adequately met by the answer that it is necessary to point out to the young the cartoonists the fact, that one may be met with in life in order to teach how to avoid them. Pictures are to charm, instill, entertain, and that is just what most of them do.

Newcomer.—Good for you, Yes, Ella Hall is still in California. Norma Talmadge is "Smiling Through" and Norma "The Branded Woman." Constance Talmadge in "Wedding Bells" and "Good Fortune."

Conway T. Adair Amherst; K. K. Wild & Woolly; Harris Irres; May Milo; Patootie: Anxious; Amparo; E. H. H., Carolande; Snowball; G. Becker; Florence Mae; Wallace Red Forever; Gladys H.; Carroll A. M.; Helen H.; J. C. A. Dimples; Fred White; Stephen; Kid K; Montagery; I. K. Kissum; Goodie; Mary; R. J. L.; Dorothy J.; S. E. Gorza; Angeline; Lil; Blossom; P. J.; Elmer; E. A. R.; Tennessee Belle; Washington, D. C.—Hope you all write me again.

5:38—Hello, Dan—You're quite a stranger. Mack Sennett is producing "Married Life" in five reels. How can he ever put it all in five reels? Ben Turpin is the latest Gloria Jean in "Man in a Million" for Sol Lesser. Regards, old chap.

Liza.—Stop your teasing me—surely come when you please. I always have beard. No, I don't use dandiner or mangle, cure on it. Cleo Madison in "Big Game."

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TABLE I. Liederman
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HOW DO YOUR MEASUREMENTS COMPARE WITH THESE?

Pearl White Forever—Guess you have mentioned about all the serials that have ever been made. What? Yes, there is a very serious shortage in paper. Especially newspaper. More than half of the total increased production of all American paper mills combined, for the year 1919, was in newspaper.

HUECKY, MOLLY J.: FOREVER BLOWING BUMMERS; PEARL C. E.; ADELAIDE McM.; BONNY-JUST-IO; MISS ATLANTA; FRANCES S.; ROBERIE T.; MOVIE AMIRER; MARY MILES MINTER; AMY SMITH; NELSON LEE; J. MURPHY; EMILY O.; BORATLIE OF KY.; BILLY LOUIS; HERBERT Y. O. CHERUB, etc., your questions have been answered elsewhere.

BELGIAN ROSE—Yes, you are right, for love is like hash—you cannot tell what you are likely to find in it. Yes, Dangus Fairhanks is married to Mary Pickford. Constance Talmadge is not married to Conway Tearle.

HAPPY BLUE BIRD—Hello, hello, there are 1,300,000 telephones in New York State and North New Jersey, and that many directories, which are consulted 7,000,000 times a day. Our telephone directories are about three times as many. Ceil has been up some rainy afternoon. Yes, H. E. Herbert was Philip in "The Man Without a Country." No, Milton Sils is not dead. Action speaks louder than words, and that is why the movies are more popular than the speakeys.

MISS CURIOUSITY—Well, I am not so good as you think I am. You knew the good die young and I am 79. I hardly think Conway Tearle and Constance Talmadge will play together for a while. Gladys Hall just interviewed me; watch for it.

A. R. R.—I am sorry, but I can tell you whether Douglas Fairbanks or Mother Douglas Fairbanks. I am the Catholic. In the language of the poet, I have me douts. Thomas Meighan can be reached at Lasky, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Can certainly, I have my own teeth, did you think I borrowed them?

CLAIRE A.—More gum. Thanks. Yes, Dorothy Dalton is in California. Why, Max Linder is playing against "The White Eagle." Released thru Pathé. There will be nearly fifty people in the cast of "Love's Redemption," and as many more not in the cast.

MRS. JAMES W. ABDORENO—So you have named one of your boys after Maurice Costello. I saw him on Broadway the other night. He has been in the filmography for Vitagraph. Yes, Lillian Gish has left Griffith and joined Frohman Amusement Co. She has been with Griffith about ten years. She is playing in "Way Down East" before she leaves.

VIRGINIA H.—Your letter was mighty interesting and I shall look forward to the picture. I can't wait to your wedding, and thanks for the clippings. In tracing the origin of the drama we must look to the religious ceremonies of ancient nations.

Samantha Anne.—No, the players do not do things left-handedly. Pictures are projected exactly as they are taken. The negative reverses things, but the positive brings them back. Right you be, there may be a world rounder than this, a country rounder than this. Do you think a magazine better than this, but where are they? Jane Novak opposite Monroe Salisbury in "The Barbarian."
LONESOME TONY—I wish I could do something for you. You wish you could meet Tony Moreno. He’s a handsome fellow and quite likeable. He’s pretty busy out in California. Jackie Saunders is with Western Fox to play opposite William Farnum. You mustn’t mind that. A woman is built to worry about somebody’s staying out late at night, and if it isn’t a man, it’s the hired girl or the cat.

PRINCESS FABOLA—You flatter me by calling me Job, but I fear I am making a poor job of it. If you wish your answers to appear in the Classic you should write the word Classic at the top of your letter. Tom Moore is playing in “The Great Accident.”

F. W. H.—It was Bovee who said, “Formerly, when great fortunes were made only in war, war was a business; but now, when great fortunes are made only in business, business is war.” He was a little previous. Georges Carpentier is playing in “The Wonder Man.” Emory Johnson was born in New York in 1898. He has reddish brown hair and hazel eyes. You must write me again.

JACK E. H.—You don’t believe all of our critics. Remember the old saying, “Believe a woman, or an epitaph, or any other thing that’s false, before you trust in your own brain.” You say you saw the opposite. Were you just getting up or going to bed? Leah Baird and King Baggot played in “Island.” years ago.

LIL LIZA JANE—Hello, Liza! Yes, John Adams was the longest lived of the Presidents. He died in his 94th year, so I may yet beat him out. Walter McGrail is about 32, Conway Tearle about 40, Jack Dempsey about 25, and Wallace Reid 28. They are trying to get me to accept the Democratic nomination for President, but I don’t think I have time to accept. By the time you read this you will know whether I have changed my mind or not. I won’t accept but for fear that I might be elected.

R. S. V.—Well, here it is. Watch it now: Lebua Wipahu was Kohatu in “The Bottle Imp.” That was one of Sessee’s best, I believe. But a guilty conscience paralyzes the energies of the boldest mind and endebles the stoutest heart. Wyndham Standing in “Earthbound,” a Goldwyn feature.


L. R. FINE.—Thanks. So are you. The Seven Seas, yes; North, North Atlantic, South Atlantic, North Pacific, Indian Ocean, Arctic Ocean and Antarctic Ocean. A good many of our boys have been on all. Jack Pickford played in “Just Out of College.” Alice Joyce in “The Vice of Fools.” William Toker in “Springtime.” Claude Seymour in “Scarlet Days.” Yes, too bad.

SUNNY SOUTH.—You refer to “To all, to each, a fair good night, and pleasing dreams, and slumber light.” Howard Ralston was Jimmie. Vera Sisson is out West. You’ve got me all puffed up. Thanks. But the nightingale will not times warble 20 seconds without pausing to breathe, and when the condition of the air is favorable, its song fills a space a mile in diameter. Oh, I do tt mind what I answer.

SANDY.—Raymond McKe is with Fox, Los Angeles, Calif.
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Vol. XX No. 9
OCTOBER, 1920

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter.
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Brewster Publications, Inc.

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.

Issued on the first of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers.

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc.,
New York Corporation,

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
E. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary
ELEANOR V. V. BREWSTER, Treasurer

Address all communications to

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

Adelie Whitely Fletcher, Editor
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Contents

Gallery of Players: Portrait studies in gravure of Dorothy Dalton, Bert Lytell, Edith Day, Gaston Glass, Greta Garbo, Helene Costello, Constance Talmadge, Elise Ferguson and Gertrude Farrar...

Money and the Movies
Nazi move and Her Language of the Soul
An unusual story about her life and her beliefs

Wally, the Genial

"East or West—Home's Best"

The Dressing-Room De Luxe

The Real Ray

The Motion Picture Operator in the Orient

The Mollysoddle

The Motion Picture Operator in the Orient

Success Is Beckoning

The Contest Closes

Lincoln of the Cinema

The Princess in the Fairy Tale

The Oriental on the Subway

Hillocks and Hurdles of Talk

Passing the Censors Without Clothes

The Whisper Market

Oh, What a Girl Is Mary

Just June

On Location

That's Out

A Dreamer Under Arms

Filming "Love's Redemption"

Sweet Lavender

Stardom Via the "Follies"

Across the Silversheet

Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

Filming of "Love's Redemption" by way

The Answer Man

W. Lopes
STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

One of the latest hits on the stage is "JUMBO!" a fragrant and charming little comedy by a new writer, Arthur Reinhart, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early 1800's. Eminently well-written. Finely played by Eva Le Galliche, Sidney Blackman and an excellent cast.

Broadway - "Come, Come." A dramatization of Dumas' "Rothschild" which has been playing in the Saturday evening Tivoli. All the characters are colored folk, played by white actors. A decidedly amusing novelty, although not a very deep study of negro life. Earle Boxe, Arthur Aylsworth and Gail Kane are excellent.

Century, "Floradora." The much heralded revival of the popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "Gett. Here is a revival that really revives.


Cori - "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 again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make a big American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McLynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

Globe - "Scandals of 1920." A lively and amusing summer show, the annual offering of George White. Full of pretty girls and attractive (if brief) costuming plus some humor, all tuned up to a high pitch. All New York is the shining light of this review.

Henry Miller's Theater - "The Famous Mrs. Fair." A boy drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skillfully written by James Forbes, with musical playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore. Little - "Foot-Loose." • Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie, Zoe Atkins well-done modernization of the OLD and NEW American - Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult role.

New Amsterdam Roof - Ziegfeld 9th floor and midnight plays. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Here, too, are the most beautiful girls in all New York.

Nora Bayes' - "Love is Like a Skeal." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London is the picture played upon. Catherine Cushing's "Kitty Macklin." Tessa Kent sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominently Dickson and Cari Henion contribute some delightful dance interludes.

(Continued on page 8)
"TRUMPET ISLAND"

"TRUMPET ISLAND" is the title of Vitagraph's second mammoth special production announced by Albert E. Smith, President of that Company. The picture, biggest in the history of Vitagraph, and some believe in the entire industry, has been practically completed, and is being edited under the direct supervision of Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester, who adopted the scenario from the story by Gouverneur Morris. The greater part of the picture was made on the West Coast, under the direction of Tom Terriss, but Mr. Terriss and a part of his company came East to film some final scenes in New York City and along the Hudson River.

"Trumpet Island," which will be released in September, is a thrilling story of love and adventure, fashioned after the best style of Gouverneur Morris. Several months were spent in producing it and the cost of this production is said to have passed the quarter of a million mark. There is an all-star cast in addition to scenes in which hundreds of players appear, and mammoth and palatial sets in which the wild midnight orgies of millionaires are shown. It is probably as rich in spectacular value as any story ever transferred to the moving film. There are extravagant contrasts in the setting of the story, one's attention being whisked from scenes of revelry in the heart of the metropolis to barren stretches on a lonely isle.

It was filmed in the famed Imperial Valley of Southern California and Catalina Island—with the exception of the comparatively few Eastern scenes—and the work was accomplished only after weeks and weeks of patient and persistent effort on the part of Director Tom Terriss. A large fleet of airplanes carried the company to location on different occasions, and Mr. Terriss explained that this was not done for ballyhoo exploitation purposes, but for the most practical reasons—Marguerite De La Motte and Wallace MacDonald head the all-star cast, and they enjoyed their first airplane ride during the production of this special.

"Our most difficult location," said Mr. Terriss, "was a deep and almost impassable canyon in the Imperial Canyon. This is in the middle of the Imperial Desert, and by a strange freak of nature, is formed in the hills is almost a cliff in the mountains. It is a wonderful oasis, containing a torrent of water and tall African palm trees, the only palm trees of their kind growing in the State of California. Into this ravine we transported a small regiment of men, with numberless trucks containing all manner of implements and tools for building small bridges and huts; also massive motors to create the wind for the storm scenes in the canyon.

"We were compelled to make a truss-like framework down the side of the ravine, and down this truss we had to lower horses on bed-springs, and also numerous men of the company in more or less undignified positions. A temporary bridge was also constructed across the torrent, and a road hacked through masses of tropical vegetation to get to the spot located by airplane several previous days. In clearing the roads into the wilderness, it was no uncommon thing for the men in the company to kill from two to ten rattlesnakes every day. Imperial Valley is in the heart of government reservation land for Indians, and each day's work was eagerly and sometimes a trifle fearfully watched by hundreds of stolid redskins. They were interested until the scene in the picture in which the girl falls, presumably from the sky, into the trees, but after having witnessed this scene, they expressed their fear with much yellowing and flourishing of arms and blankets, and incon-tinently fled."

"Trumpet Island" narrates the story of Richard Bedell, Eve De Menincourt and Valinsky, the derelict. Bedell goes through a period of hardship and deprivation in which he can find neither work nor the welcome hand of good fellowship, and become bitter and discouraged. Eve is taken from the quiet seclusion of her finishing school to wed a man whom she loathes, while Valinsky, with a perfected improvement for airplane construction, is near starvation because he cannot obtain an audience with anyone who will consider seriously his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester have presented in the picture three well travelled roads—the Stony Road to Success and Fame, travelled by Bedell; the Road of Roses, along which Eve trips her light-hearted way, and the Road of Mud and Muck, which it is Valinsky's fate to follow. When the three roads, after many windings and twistings, ultimately converge, the characters of the story are brought to happiness and content.

Valinsky, the derelict inventor, bequeaths Bedell, his benefactor, his secret. Dick reaps millions from the invention, the sudden elevation to riches turning his head and making him turn to dissipations and indulgences which eventually cause him to loathe himself for his weakness.

He and Eve have met while the girl is in school. They do not know each other, but the overwhelming mystery of romance and love is recognized by each. They know that a great common bond lies between them, but in their youth they do not sense its relation to their careers. It is this strange love which leads Dick to forego his wastrel indulgences and seek a secluded spot where he can regain that which he has lost—his self-respect. He wants to become a man again.

Accordingly, he purchases Trumpet Island, which is far off the charted courses of sea-going vessels, and there determines to redeem himself. With no companion but a dog he goes to the island.

Eve's fiance, whose fortune is great, has showered gifts upon his expected bride. Among these gifts are several articles of jewelry set with 'aphrizite'—the rarest of gems. As the wedding day draws near, Eve gives way under the strain, and her physician tells her father to take her to the seashore for a long rest. She is to remain there, at the doctor's orders, until the day of her wedding.

On the fateful day, Henry Caron, her fiance, arrives in an airplane. Eve demands that immediately after the ceremony she be taken by her husband for a flight in the huge machine. He takes it as the childish whim of a girl, but to Eve it is to be the supreme sacrifice. She means to hurl herself from the machine while it is in midair.

After the wedding, Eve and Caron leave in the plane. They are caught while high above the earth in a terrific wind and rainstorm. The plane is wrecked, and Caron is hurled into the ocean far below. The machine drops into the trees on Trumpet Island, where Dick discovers the wreckage and extricates Eve's unconscious form. From this point on, the story is said to touch sensational levels in the unfolding of the story, and those who have seen "Trumpet Island," even in its rough form, say that they feel confident in their prediction that it will be the big picture of the year.

"TRUMPET ISLAND"
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)

Water Garden.—"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical summer girl entertainment designed to please the business man. The extra-summer this year is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

ON TOUR THIS AND NEXT SEASON

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LEO FRIEDMAN, Our Composer

of whom Mr. Hohnhorst speaks so enthusiastically is one of America’s most gifted composers and the author of many great song hits. Among his great successes are “Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland,” the sales of which reached the enormous total of more than two million copies. Others that reached into the million class were “Let Me Call You Sweetheart” and “When I Dream of Old Erin.” Mr. Friedman writes music to words, that cause them to fairly throb with feeling and musical charm. He has been styled “America’s Favorite Composer,” and properly so, for his melodies have reached the hearts of millions of the American people, and made them sing.

Leo Friedman

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The Girl on the Cover

It was on a Thanksgiving Day eighteen years ago in Cheyenne, Wyoming, that Mildred Harris Chaplin was born. With her father, a railroad man, the family lived a nomadic life and Mildred remained their home for very long.

While they were living at Caliente, Nevada, Mildred, then seven years old, made her first theatrical appearance when she took part in an amateur performance, scoring a success.

Then came a sojourn in Los Angeles, where she appeared in “The Bad Boy,” after which a lengthy vacation followed while Mr. Griffith was in Europe. Upon his return she learned that Triangle had disbanded and, therefore, he would make no more productions for that company.

Mr. Ince, however, was not slow in again availing himself of her services, and she made several successful pictures with him, including “The Cold Deck,” in which she appeared with Bill Hart.

However, it was while under the direction of Lois Weber that Mildred became famous in such pictures as “The Price of a Good Time,” “The Doctor and the Woman,” “For Husbands Only,” and “Borrowed Clothes.”

At this period in her career she became the bride of Charles Spender Chaplin, the comedy king of the silversheet, at the time signing a contract with Louis B. Mayer which brought her into the first line of stars. Since that time she has made five pictures, “The Inferior Sex,” “Polly of the Storm Country,” “Old Dad” and two others which have not yet been released.

For a year or so Mildred and her famous husband lived together happily. However, soon after the death of their three-day-old baby, persistent rumors of dissection. Several months ago there came a decided break and it is threatened, but despite a subsequent denial of this, proceedings have again been started and it is evident that these folks of the shadow screen have found their marriage a mistake and decided to go thru life by separate paths.

Even in her trouble, however, Mildred has kept on with her work and refused to permit any interruptions. While nothing definite is known on the subject, it is rumored that she is to appear in a stage production, continuing, however, with her picture work at the same time.

Still a young girl, she has tasted the bitter-sweet of life—known romance in its rosy hue and the gappiness of deep grief—always, tho, she has dedicated herself to her work, finding in it a solace when trouble became unbearable, and, with the future stretching before her, she promises to offer splendid things to the world of shadows.
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Letters to the Editor

Today the drama of the silent screen revolves around "He and She" after the marriage ceremony—the simple boy and girl romance seems to have been temporarily forgotten. And what is the trend of plot material lately? A letter from Mr. Thomas Finney:

Dear Editor—Wives—wives—wives: hard-boiled wives, scrambled wives, scalded wives and shredded wives; wives in white, wives with umbrellas, and wives who find their true love too late; other men's wives, amateur wives, professional wives, temperamental wives, temporary wives, blind wives, myopic wives, wives whose vision is normal and—wives.

One casts a longing eye back to those dear dead days when the industry was in its infancy; when the subject matter of films in general was love, pure and simple, large and small. The hero was not married but willing to try anything once. The final scene always found them still unmarried but twice as enthusiastic about the institution, with the justice of the peace looming up in the offing large as life and bigger than the national debt. The family was left to the fan's imagination, thus debunking Mr. Walter Frichard Eaton, who says the fan hasn't any.

Whatever he may or may not have today, I, hesitantly maintain that before dear dead days when the industry was in its infancy; when the subject matter of films in general was love, pure and simple, large and small. The hero was not married but willing to try anything once. The final scene always found them still unmarried but twice as enthusiastic about the institution, with the justice of the peace looming up in the offing large as life and bigger than the national debt. The family was left to the fan's imagination, thus debunking Mr. Walter Frichard Eaton, who says the fan hasn't any.

Whatever he may or may not have today, I, hesitantly maintain that before

Shadowland for October

After the day's work is over—

When the shadows begin to fall—

Then—like a beautiful woman who appears at her best in the softness of the evening—Shadowland should be with you.

And the tired nerves will be rested—the jar and discord of the workaday world will vanish—the weary mind will be awakened by the beauty and charm of this magazine which is devoted exclusively to the development of the arts.

You will be amused at the drawings of Wynn made on his trip over and just after he had arrived in Paris. His penetrating comments accompanying the drawings will give you a viewpoint on the Parisien which you have not known heretofore.

There is a unique cabaret in far-off Moscow which is the last word in cabarets. By that we mean, the cabaret there is attaining a degree of perfection which is undreamed of in other countries. Oliver M. Sayler, the man who has just published two popular books on Russia, writes of this unique cabaret for us:

George O'Neil, a youth of twenty-three, has been called the coming poet of America by the highest authorities. Shadowland offers a page of this boy's hitherto unpublished poems, remarkable for their delicate beauty.

"Damnable Clever!" What? No, we're not swearing, that is the name of one act play written by Gladys Hall, which will appear in the October issue of Shadowland.

Benjamin de Casseres contributes another of his amusing articles; the color work is the most beautiful we have yet offered, the portraits are exclusive examples of the best efforts of well-known photographers; in other words, there is no more space allotted to us in which to tell of the various attractions of this issue.

Remember the name—Shadowland!

Remember the month—October!

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Letters to the Editor (Continued from page 12)

An overdose of make-up is a destructive element in the work of any player—it calls the spectators back from the Land of Make-Believe and brings them to a sharp and oftentimes unpleasant realization of facts. Artistic make-up is quite an important and artistic portrayal—and so this Chicago reader discusses Wallace Reid in "Sick-a-Bed" and other interesting things:

DEAR EDITOR—I must be permitted to have the pleasure of seeing Wallace Reid in his latest Paramount, "Sick-a-Bed." I have been watching the light and airy Walter Walla for several years and have noticed that he has shown a disposition to transgress along certain lines. In his recent picture, he has gone beyond the bounds. We hear a lot of criticism on account of the way he has the public, but in this picture, Mr. Reid has the girls beaten a mile. Painted and roged, he looks a sight! Always on looks "sweet." He struts about in his nightie: purses up the corners of his mouth in a cupid's bow and does all kinds of tricks with his daintily penciled eyebrows; and contrives to act in the most approved sneeringly manner. I respectfully make the suggestion that he be given a skirt, and allowed to play feminine roles: and continue to act in the most approved and risible manner. I respectfully make the suggestion that he be given a skirt, and allowed to play feminine roles: and without notice be removed from the picture.

But—enough. I saw Thomas Meighan in The Prince Chap at Orchestra Hall and I wish to state that Mr. Meighan is a very good actor, and was supported by a fine cast. The picture was very much liked in Chicago, altho I did not hear anyone rave over it. I have heard several fans say that they thought Mr. Meighan was more likable as a leading man than as a star.

Too, I saw Dorothy Gish in "Remodeling a Husband" at the Orphemn, and while Miss Gish was cute and sympathetic and funny at times, the picture must beclassed as another laughable offering. It was shown for two days, and none of the critics seemed to consider it worth reviewing. It was the first time that a Dorothy Gish picture was ever given less than a week's showing in this particular section of Chicago and it is an indication of what is to come unless she secures better starring vehicles.

Of all the Paramount stars, Ethel Clayton seems to be the most popular in this city. She possesses a charm of manner and a sympathetic appeal that carry thru in fine style. Her new picture, "A Lady in Love," comes here tomorrow and I'll make it my business to see it.

Dorothy Dalton was a very popular star in this city at one time, but she is slipping quite a little, and she is appearing in too many pictures of the same monotonous variety.

Sincerely,

JOHN D. CAHILL

2017 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

A tribute to Harold Lloyd and his art:

DEAR EDITOR—This letter, which is really a word of thanks to Harold Lloyd, should, I suppose, be sent to him, but as I have never written to any of the players, I would not know how to go about it. I read your paper, therefore, know that people write letters to you, so I thought I would do the same in the hope that you would print it and, in that way

Screen Stories in Demand

Before sending your photostories and stories out on the market, be careful to hire them first put in proper form and language. The "Detailed Synopsis" is preferred by the studios, as every producing company now has its own scenario form, and it would be an utter impossibility for outside writers to know them all. But a "Detailed Synopsis" can be used by any company, and, if accepted, will be "pictureized" by their own writers to suit their own requirements.

We Criticize, Revise, and Type Photostories and stories at reasonable rates, which will be furnished on application. After REVISING, we send you a carbon copy, and original, to the writer, along with a complete list of Producing Companies, to whom scripts may be sent directly. This is the method now universally adopted by home studios and writers, and it has been found to work admirably, as is a distinct advantage to the writers, who thus save time and money in contact with the studio editors and directors.

Mr. T. Herbert Chestnut ("Allan Douglas Brodie"), short-story writer, photoplaywright, and screen actor, who has made many friends among writers throughout the English-speaking world during the past five years, is now a reader of Scenario Department, and will be happy to extend every courtesy to our patrons.

We assure the readers of Motion Picture Magazine, Chicago, that we shall be glad to give them every assistance in our power. Send stamp for further information.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
SCENARIO DEPARTMENT,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

—back to the Good Old Card Game

What with the war over, the little old horses tucked safely away in the tin box, the boy who was out on the run, isn't it time we got back to producing some cards that are a useful, healthy, good old-fashioned way? Before the war there were no more peaceful, homey evenings—the good-natured jibe, the jolly little waller at cards?

Now's the time to get back to those good old days, and turn some cards to assist the game rolling again—your pack is in pretty good condition. Therefore—as long as you have to buy a new pack, let us furnish it. We have on hand cards we call the EXPANDING CARDS, each card bearing the photograph of some popular player on its back. There are 50 cards and joker, tinted in pastel shades of fitch, cream, green, and orange-sized flexible, highly finished, lively and durable, at 6c, a deck.

Those cards are not only useful but they are an ornament to any living-room table, and in offering them to you at 6c, we feel sure that you will take advantage of the unusual opportunity.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW!

Send prepaid for only $0.50

This book is written by Margaret Rogers, the noted South American. It is a book of which every girl should have a copy, and contains information never before published, on everything that every girl should know. It is written for women of culture and education, and contains a chapter on "Women and the Medical Profession;" and is written for women of culture and education, and contains a chapter on "Women and the Medical Profession." It is written for women of culture and education, and contains a chapter on "Women and the Medical Profession." It is written for women of culture and education, and contains a chapter on "Women and the Medical Profession." It is written for women of culture and education, and contains a chapter on "Women and the Medical Profession." It is written for women of culture and education, and contains a chapter on "Women and the Medical Profession." It is written for women of culture and education, and contains a chapter on "Women and the Medical Profession." It is written for women of culture and education, and contains a chapter on "Women and the Medical Profession." It is written for women of culture and education, and contains a chapter on "Women and the Medical Profession."
OH, MOTHER
My story's accepted!

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a talent, and only a genius could have it. But you had been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muses. They showed you the aims and attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that "nearly all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like, filled with heart-throb, pathos, passion, pain."

You may learn to just as you may learn anything else under the sun! There are certain simple, easy principles to guide you. There are new methods that produce astonishing results for beginners. A remarkable New System, covering every phase of writing, has been perfected by a great literary bureau at Auburn, New York, now busily supplying this information broadcast. And this New Method of writing stories and photoplays is everybody's property. Not for the select few. Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate, but for men and women of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever—thousands who don't even dream they can write! This institution at Auburn is the world's school for inexperienced authors—a literary institute for all humanity. And everybody is taking up the idea of writing. The fascination has swept the country by storm! People are dumbfounded at the ease with which they learn to write!

You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Screen of Humanity and its constantly changing tide of Human Emotions—Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. There is never a lack—it flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstance—like Tennyson's brook—forever. Every person you know is a type, a character. "Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies that furnish material for you. The daily newspapers are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents for the Pen of Realism.

There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those who come in contact with it. A new attraction to your entire personality. Authorship carries with it new honors, new relations, in addition to glorious material rewards.

THERE IS A NEW BOOK AWAITING YOU THAT AMazes EVERY READER—and the most amazing thing of all is—IT'S FREE! This new book is pouring glad sunshine into the lives of aspiring people who want to become writers. Within its covers are surprises and revelations for doubting beginners that have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is due to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthrall; stories of success, brilliant instances of literary fame coming unexpectedly; new hope, encouragement, help, hints—things you've long wanted to know.

"The Wonder Book for Writers" tells how stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many suddenly realize they can write, after years of doubt and indecision. How the scenario starts. How they quickly rose to fame and fortune. How ordinary incidents become thrilling stories and plays through those new Easy Methods that simplify everything. How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to really test your natural writing ability. How stories and plays are built up step by step. How to turn Uncertainty into Success.

This book and all its secrets are YOURS! You may have a copy absolutely free. You need not send a penny. You need not hesitate for ANY reason. The book will be mailed to you without any charge whatever.

There is no need to let your laudable ambition stand still—no need to starve the Noble Flame that burns at the Altar of your Deepest hope—no need to wait, to wish—to merely dream of being a writer. Your brilliant opportunity, your golden channel, is HERE AND NOW! Get your pencil-use the coupon below. This little act may prove the big, lucky stroke of your Destiny!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 192, Auburn, N.Y.
Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE: "The Wonder Book for Writers." This does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Street

City
Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 14)

Dear Editor:

Was it long before Mr. Lloyd, for I imagine the players themselves, as well, read your magazine?

Just a month ago I lost my mother and from the time she died until a few nights ago I thought I would never laugh again.

The other night I was caught in a shower and ran for shelter in the lobby of a moving picture theater. As the rain kept up, I thought I would buy a ticket, and go in and rest awhile until the rain stopped. I sat down in the back of the theater and closed my eyes. After a while the people started to laugh and soon the laugh had turned into a howl. The continuous laughing was getting on my nerves, when I happened to look at the screen and saw it was a Harold Lloyd picture the people were laughing at. After looking I did not close my eyes again and the next day I knew I was laughing myself, I waited and saw the picture from the beginning. It was "An Eastern Westerner," and I must say it was one of the funniest pictures I have seen.

So thru the columns of your publication, I want to thank Mr. Lloyd for giving me twenty happy minutes in which I was able to forget my great loss.

Yours very truly,

A. R.

Recently, more and more pictures have come to the silversheet with unhappy endings—they are, of course, criticized. For years, however, an unhappy ending was almost an unheard-of thing—then the eternal happy ending was criticized, very often severely. A compromise, then, would seem to be the solution of the problem and, incidentally, it would make the screen reflections of life more realistic.

Dear Mr. Editor—I have read several letters on various topics written by readers of your magazine, who are scattered over many parts of the globe, and I appreciate some of the views expressed on topics which seem to be of interest.

Several months ago, some Frenchman made the statement that the American pictures were better than the French of an everyday nation. His reason for this was based on the ending of the picture. He claimed that pictures, to be of universal interest, must have sad endings as well as pleasant ones. In a few respects I agree with our French friend. I believe that a picture with a combined ending of happiness and sorrow would be quite all right, but how long would the people of our nation tolerate pictures that dashed the last hopes of a pessimistic nature?

It is evident that Young America is allowing itself to be led by the things with which it daily comes in contact. Other people, as well as the younger generation, place their ideal in some person, book or plot that they have seen and, in my estimation, it would be far more elevating and interesting to look upon a picture that placed life before them. The conclusion of a picture is the part which is most likely to linger the longest in the mind of those who see it and those who are willing to let themselves profit by it.

I would be very glad to correspond with other readers who are interested in the motion picture world.

Sincerely,

WALTER J. MOSES,
520 University Street, Dixon, Ill.

The Classic for October

Now-a-days all the world is divided into factions—

Factions for and against Prohibition—

Factions for and against the present government—

Factions for and against short skirts—

Factions for and against a black tie with a dinner coat—

But—

The faction which is of greater interest to us than any other one is the movie star faction.

Our readers write in lengthy epistles telling us of the various fascinating charms of their favorite movie actor or actress.

Some of them want the whole magazine to be dedicated to the biography of Bert Lytell—

Others would like to know whether Conway Tearle takes lemon or cream in his tea—

Still others wish to be informed of the color of Conrad Nagel's and Charles Meredith's eyes.

And so on, and so on, and so on. Each month we try to fulfill these somewhat exacting demands—and publish just what our readers want.

In the October Classic all the above-mentioned stars have been interviewed: Frederick James Smith writes of a chat he had with Carol Dempster, the new Griffith find; Anne Cornwall, Norma Talmadge, and many, many other favorites are visited and personalities revealed which will interest the reader.

The Classic
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Mellin's Food

for the Baby

Douglas R. Hornberger, Morganza, Penna.
Keep your cotton blouses as dainty and fresh as your silk ones

JUST because they weren't silk you thought they could be laundered any old way—your dear little blouse all of rose colored voile and the slim French chemise of flesh batiste banded with soft old blue. So you calmly put them in with the regular laundry, with the thick, heavy, strong things.

But how soon they grew sad and worn! How quickly they lost the charm of their freshness!

It was so unnecessary—all the pretty things needed to make them last was the same gentle Lux laundering that you always give your silk blouses and underwear.

Fine cotton and linen fabrics cannot stand ordinary scrubbing any more than georgettes and chiffons. Rubbing roughens them, takes away their nice smoothness. It tears fine hemstitching and works havoc with lovely lace.

Don't go on washing your voile and batiste blouses, your lawn and lace underthings the old ruinous way. With Lux you can keep them whole and beautiful longer than you ever before thought possible. Just pure bubbling suds to dip them up and down in. And rich lather to be pressed through the soiled spots.


To launder fine lingerie blouses and underthings

Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk to a lather in very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes. Press suds gently through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters. Squeeze water out. Do not wring. Dry in sun and press with hot iron.

For Colors—Add cold water until just lukewarm. Wash quickly to prevent colors from running. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Dry in shade and press with warm iron.
Edith Day has done many things in her short lifetime, principal among them that of originating the famous tickle-toe dance. Then, after scoring a triumph in the New York production of "Irene," she packed her trunks and sailed for London, where she still continues to captivate in the title rôle of that play. However, she has not forsaken pictures and, while abroad, she will appear in the screen version of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion."
GASTON GLASS

Gaston Glass comes into his own in the rôle of the violinist in "Humoresque." And in "The Wives," he is to be found redeeming every promise which has been made concerning...
I reflected on the silversheet by Lila Lee is a rare delight. Recently, Lila has done several things of which she is proud—which may some day bring her stardom indeed. And not to be forgotten among these is her work in "The Prince Chap"
OCTAVIA HANDWORTH

After two years in vaudeville, Miss Handworth is returning to the screen. Her re-entry will be in the Brewer production, "Love's Redemption," which is being filmed in conjunction with the 1920 Strike and Fortune contest.
work to be funny always. If you don't believe it ask Connie Talmadge when she returns from her vacation in the near future. She couldn't see half the things she planned to see, either, because her next picture was ready and her company waiting her return.
Elsie Ferguson is one of the few stage celebrities who has duplicated her success upon the screen. At present, she is sojourning abroad, but rumor hath it that, on her return, she will stop off at California long enough to make one picture—and that one picture may be "Sacred and Profane Love," the play in which she scored such a success on the New York stage last season.
GERALDINE FARRAR

Although "Woman" will serve as the vehicle in which the vivid Gerry makes her debut under the Associated Exhibitors' bann
rear has found her very busy with her operatic career, but not to the neglect of her cinematic activities, as her new contract ably indicates.
To what type does your skin belong?

Is your skin dry or oily—sensitive or resistant—fine or large-pored?

Study your skin and find out to just what type it belongs—then give it the care that suits its individual needs.

For every skin condition there is a special treatment which, if followed regularly and faithfully each day, will help you to overcome the faults in your complexion and gain the smooth, clear, flawless skin you long for.

In the little booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find careful and scientific directions on the care each type of skin needs. Study the treatment recommended for your skin and begin using it tonight. In a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in your skin by natural methods, which is the special achievement of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. Get a cake today—begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.
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.

Money and the Movies

"The making of motion pictures is a business," say the financiers who back the artists creating cinema subjects. "We are tied down to producing pictures that will make money," say the directors. "The public want pay to see purely artistic shadow stories. They insist upon having their vampires, their bearded ingénues, their villains, their heroes... and their happy endings."

No other art is so handicapped by the money god. There are endowed theaters for the encouragement of true artists of the spoken drama; there are patrons who see that struggling painters receive encouragement; certain publishers are ready to take a chance on literary discoveries. The silent art alone is completely dominated by a greed for the dollar.

Yet at the root of this evil, the lack of artistic advancement in photoplays, lies the taste of the public. Directors and financiers have declared, "We know that they COULD produce more artistic films. If the public would spend the money to see them,"

I wonder!
Why not put them to the test?
WHY NOT TRY THE ENDOWED PHOTO-PLAY?

Let five hundred thousand of us who constitute the picture public donate ten cents a year towards an endowed photoplay fund. Let us hand this money to the acknowledged greatest director of motion pictures. Let us say, We, the public, give you this money freely, to produce an ARTISTIC picture. No limitations, no restrictions are attached to this silver. In no way are you to be hampered. Forget everything except that you are an artist. Then go ahead and create the greatest work you can. Forget your audience, forget the Great God Mammon, give us in a drama of shadows the perfect expression of your artistic soul.

It would be well worth trying...

And... I am wondering if we, the public, did this thing, would the result be an advancement in pictures, or an end of placing the blame for poor pictures on the poor taste of the public?
I wonder!
GARDEN of dreams in a land of twilight and dawn, a fantastic thing that the hand of man has never touched, a dream-garden filled with dream-things.”

In those illusory terms the great Alla Nazimova described her visualization of a dream-garden in her latest picture, entitled “Billions.” And in those few words she embodied the spirit that pervades the atmosphere of her pictures, subtle, fanciful, ethereal, unlike any that have gone before, yet the quintessence of art itself.

Her ideas breathe into her pictures her colorful personality, as a rich, cream-white lotus blossom breathes its exquisite, intoxicating perfume into the moonlit air. An effect that is soothing but stimulating, realistic but exotic, delicate but lasting.

Nazimova herself is like that. She is different from other women in everything she says and in every mannerism she possesses.

To the prevailing styles of dress she pays no heed. If she chooses to appear at the studio in a Chinese mandarin suit resembling a pair of pajamas she does it. Above, a new portrait; right, and below, two new scene studies.

There are stars who strive to wear the latest Parisian models, the newest hats, the fanciest hose, the most elaborate gowns. Nazimova will have none of these.

Her gowns are invariably loose and flowing. They hang straight from the shoulder to within a few inches of the floor, and they seem to be a part of her lithe, graceful figure.

If present-day productions were shown twenty years from now, there would be no antiquated fashion foibles over which to suppress a smile; the simplicity of her garments anticipates all such criticism.

“You have a saying that clothes do not make the man,” Madame Nazimova told me, “and neither do they make the actor. I try to dress
becomingly when the part will allow it, but I strive to make my personal appearance secondary."

Madame Nazimova, sitting in a wicker chair in her studio dressing-room, finished this speech with an emphatic twist of her dark head that sent a heavy, black lock of hair straggling across her right eye. Her hair is bobbed, you know, with a few threads of grey in it, and its fluffy unruliness suggests that she has just been out in a high wind.

Her olive skin is set off by large, grey-blue eyes of that indescribable depth that sometimes reflects the warm, purplish lights of the Orient and again assumes a forbidding, grey glint. Her black brows arch high above her heavy lashes. Her lips are full and rounded. But it is her nose that is really her expressive feature. It wrinkles in derision, its nostrils distend with anger, it tilts haughtily high as in the all-night vigil with the villain in "Stronger Than Death," or works pitiably as she chokes back the tears over her dead mother's body in "The Heart of a Child."

Yet before you have seen Nazimova you perhaps consider the nose the least expressive part of the face!

And now, about her sensational rise from the unknown Russian player on New York's Bowery to a world-famous star of both stage and screen.

Mere words in black and white cannot truthfully describe the vivid manner in which Madame Nazimova related the story of her extraordinary experiences. The expressive gestures of her hands, the little shrugs of her shoulders that imply so much, the musical cadences of her voice as it rose to a high pitch when she re-lived for the moment exciting occurrences of the past, or as it fell to that low, throaty, mellow tone that makes her director, Ray Smallwood, declare that she has the most attractive speaking voice of any woman in the world. These, together with an ever so slightly foreign accent, only noticeable on long words, make Nazimova inimitable to the nth degree.

"Of course, you know I was born in Russia," she began. "I learnt German and French in Switzerland, music in Odessa, and attended dramatic school in Moscow for four years. My first stage appearance was in 'Tzar Theodore' at the most artistic theater in Russia. I played in stock companies touring Russia for four more years, and in Berlin and London.

"Then I came to New York, playing in 'The Chosen People,' an emotional drama of the downtrodden Jews in Russia. Of course, it was all in Russian—I could not speak English then. That was in March, 1905. I was leading woman, stage manager, property man, wardrobe mistress and everything. But it was great work." And the happy light in her eyes as she said this convinced me that she meant every word.

"It was then," she went on, "that Alan Dale, the critic, wrote his review of me in which he said: 'No one understands a word these Russians are talking about, but there is one language that is universal—the language of the soul, and the one who spoke that best was Nazimova.'

(Continued on page 107)
Wallace, the Genial

Wally, the chauffeur, who was still busy comparing the merits of the sedan at the front curb with Wally's pet rumble in the driveway.

Looking like a rose in a dainty pink morning frock, Mrs. Reid flitted about the house, chatting with maid and nurse and slipping back into her role of housekeeper again. Billy, in blue rompers, his yellow hair ruffled by the wind, raced over lawns and house, while Wally sat contentedly among an array of musical instruments spread out on the davenport.

"I'm cleaning the babies," he laughed, easily. "They have been shamefully neglected." Drawing his rare old violin from its case and tightening the strings, he played a bit of melody with fine feeling, for he has the soul of a musician with a touch that is delicate and sure.

"Of course, the violin comes first," said Mr. Reid. "The others satisfy the demands for jazz—and we must have some of that these days," and, taking up his saxophone, he played the jazziest tune imaginable—that set the pulses beating.

Wallace Reid is many-sided in his artistic expression. Not only is he the...
popular film star known to the world for his winning smile and speedy
methods, but he writes—plays, scenarios and even poetry. He points,
this being the development of his early work as a cartoonist on a Newark
newspaper, and many of the pictures on the walls of the home bear his
signature. Then, he plays about every known instrument and directs his
famous "Blue Bungalow Band." This organization had its inspiration
during war times, when talent was needed to aid the various relief enter-
tainments, and it has taken a definite place in the community life of Holly-
wood.

"Had a great time up north," said Mr. Reid, settling down to the de-
mands of the interview. "You know, I was appearing in a stage produc-
tion, 'The Rotters,' and it seemed mighty good to hear my own voice
again, to receive the immediate response to my work. Believe me, it was
just pure joy to hear an encore. You can imagine how it spurred a fellow
on to the highest tension. That is one of the things we miss in pictures.

"Coming home, we did a three weeks' jaunt of one-night stands and I had the time of my
life. We drove down in my roadster. It was a jolly lark."

Mrs. Reid now took up the story. "Lots of amusing things happened. One night at Mon-
terey, Wally was detained for a few minutes, so I drove over to the theater
alone, and as I stepped from the car, the crowd gave me one look, ex-
claiming, 'Gee, we want to see Toodles.' Odd how that name sticks to
him; shows how they liked his pictures, 'Roar-
ing Roads' and 'Excuse
My Dust.'

"We had an exciting race, too, one day," she
went on. "There was a glorious stretch of smooth
road for thirty miles and

we raced with the train carry-
ing the remain-
der of the company.
It was thrilling, for every one on the train was
watching the fun. Wally speeded up
and away we flew. There was some-
thing wrong with the speedometer;
but never reg-
istered over fifty-five and we didn't realize
how fast we were going. When we
reached the station, the engineer
said we had been going seventy-
one miles an
hour, so he really
does belong in 'Toodles' class."

Wallace Reid has been asso-
ciated with the theater all his life and
there is little either on stage or screen that
he hasn't done. He declares, however,
that stage people are apt to think that
those in pictures can do little that is worth
while before the footlights, and this flight
into drama again has aroused his desire
to do something big on Broadway. The
experience has not diminished his interest
in motion pictures; on the contrary, he

(Continued on page 104)
Half a few months ago Pearl found Europe her playground. London and Paris both formed backgrounds for her pleasure. But after a few vacation weeks, she returned to Fox productions and her Long Island farm. Once more the neighborhood children run over for an afternoon's frolic; again the great house rings with laughter, and every morning the smart little racer arrives at the door to take Mistress White into town and the studios.
The day of the dressing-room with a star splashed upon the door in white paint, the glaring electric light or flickering gas-jet above the make-up shelf, and the few hooks upon the wall which comprised a wardrobe, is past. Out in California, especially, the stars have bungalows on the studio lots and the illustrating pictures show the quaint Queen Anne cottage of which Anita Stewart recently took possession. It consists of a charming reception room where she may rest between scenes and entertain guests; a perfect white-tiled kitchen, and last, but not least, the dressing-room itself, faultlessly appointed even to a full-length mirror entirely surrounded by subdued lights. It includes all the comforts of home, even to neighbors, for little Mildred Harris Chaplin has a similar cottage right next door. This is, indeed, the day of the dressing-room de luxe.

The Dressing-Room De Luxe
The Real Ray

Possessed humor in them, the interviewer feels that now is the time, if ever, to display a little native intelligence.

After I met Mr. Ray and talked with him for nearly an hour in the midst of the clamor and crash of construction now going on in his new studio in Los Angeles, I understood why personal stories of Charles Ray are so scarce. Everyone hesitates to write too freely of an individual who is a compound of dignity and simple reserve, and who keeps a friendly barrier up between the world and his own life.

So I asked questions about his work and the curious choice of roles he made early in his career, which led to his success and stardom.

"I play the role of a country lad because I like the sort of fellow he is," said Mr. Ray slowly. "At heart he's right, you know. Anyhow, it's my role. It has become a very important thing to me."

Mr. Ray is a most difficult person to interview. Not because of his manner—he is courteous a man you could meet in a week's journey. He shakes hands cordially, with a pleasant smile. He assures you he is glad to meet you, with a diversity of tone that is convincing. And he probably is as glad as one can be to meet a perfect stranger who is apt to break at once into embarrassing questions.

The difficult thing about the interview was getting Mr. Ray to talk about himself. And, strangely enough, the old reliable stock questions do not seem to fit his case.

For when Mr. Ray seats himself calmly and comfortably on the narrow bench near the studio entry, after which you have been led a bit—he is a little more than six feet in height, nice and lanky—and meet your eyes aparently with a glimmer of quiet, self-
Bj

KATHERINE

ANNE PORTER

troudbnary frankness and clean, friendly lines. His hair and eyes are dark—many who have seen him only in pictures imagine him to be fair-haired and grey-eyed—and he is immensely deliberate in speech and action. He carves out each word carefully, speaks thoughtfully, his diction somewhat hesitant at times.

When he turned and caught my eye, he must have seen the naive admiration registered therein, for he turned away again, a slight wrinkle on his brow. Well, any healthy man hates hero-worship, and it must be particularly dreadful to one whose pet horror was being a matinee idol. He is not a gusher, this young man, but a deep well.

"When I skipped out with a dramatic and musical stock company years ago," said Mr. Ray, "I little thought my life rôle would be interpreting the country boy to the world. I did all sorts of parts, but chiefly I was the dapper juvenile—you know, the kind that wears incredible neckties and unheard-of suits and makes romantic love to the soubrette." He chuckled.

This word has been used before to describe Charles Ray's laugh. It is the only word that even begins to describe it. He laughs with a deep appreciation of the humor of things—the sort of laugh one joins in without having to know what it is all about.

"Well, I got out of that!" continued Mr. Ray. "Being fascinating was too much for me. Besides, that rôle was never real—never worth while. I wanted to interpret a live human being, one that people would recognize as true to life, like

(Continued on page 102)
We settled ourselves in a quiet corner and I mentioned this series of surprises.

"Did you expect me to meet you at eleven o'clock in the morning in a scarlet gown with a train and a Kelly green hat with ostrich plumes?" She smiled.

"It is quite true, tho, that I love colors—I revel in them—and am always regretting that the screen does not reproduce them as they are. But as it does not, I have to satisfy my love for color by wearing it at home and on every suitable occasion. Really, tho, while I like to be well and suitably dressed, I don't follow the extreme in fashion. I like to have the feeling that my clothes are right—and forget them. Of course, in California we almost live in sport clothes the year round—which is ideal.

"As for my seeming younger and less sophisticated than I appear on the screen, that is, I suppose, owing to the parts I have played. Even at the sacrifice of my personal vanity and whatever good looks I am supposed to possess, I must be sincere in my art, you know."

During my brief conversation with Rosemary Theby that morning, I recognized in her two outstanding traits: sin-
cerity and adaptability. Her beauty, intelligence and
talent have given her prominence in her chosen pro-
fession—but her sincerity and adaptability, aided by a
natural amiability and aptitude for painstaking care
of the smallest details, have kept her there. She has
adopted a sane, wise philosophy in life, too, that helps
her over the rough places that will come up, keeps
her faith strong in the best that is yet to come—and
has made her photoplaying a very happy experience.

"Do you like adventuresome and comedy parts, or
would you prefer something more like you?" I asked
her.

"It is not a question of what I prefer," she said. 
"I find, as I go along, that life doesn't give us just what
we want—but if we are really ear-
nest and sincere in our efforts, it
gives us something far better—the
thing that is best for us. I have
learnt to be philosophical and to
believe that what is—is best—if we
have given the best that is in us.

"When I came from St. Louis to
New York I was a mere child. My
whole ambition was to go on the
stage. When I finished my course
in the Sargent School of Acting, I
went out to look for a job. That is
once I fell down. I simply couldn't
endure plodding around to the man-
gers, answering questions about
experience, hearing the same thing,
day after day, 'Nothing for you.'
Perhaps, if I had persevered—but I
didn't.

"When I went to the
Vitagraph studio with a
note to a director, he did
not seem to be particu-
larly impressed, either,
but the atmosphere was
friendly and I decided to
stick around until I got a

When Shakespeare
said, "Rosemary,
that's for remem-
brance," he meant
not the unobtrusive
little blue flower . . .
but rather its haunt-
ing fragrance . . .
and, like her name-
sake flower, there is
something pleasingly
haunting about Rose-
mary of the movies

chance before the
camera. For a
time, I just filled
in; then I attained
the honor of a
maid's cap and
apron. Finally, I
had a real part—
one of those sweet parts—because
I was very young, I suppose—but
I wanted a chance to do some-
thing really big. Finally they
needed a 'heavy,' and, after look-
ing me over, they decided that, as
I was tall and dark, I might do. They
tried me out and let me play it, and I
was cast for similar roles in several
other pictures. So, the first part of my
screen career with Vitagraph and Lu-
bin, I was well satisfied. I firmly be-
lieve that something steered me away
from the speaking stage to pictures
because I have never had the slightest
desire to try the stage again.

"Then I signed with Universal and
—well, it was a dull season and stories
were scarce and they tried me out in
comedy. And if there is anything I
can't be—it's funny. In fact," she con-
tinued, with deadly seriousness, "I don't
(Continued on page 100)
The Moving Picture Operator in the Orient

By HAROLD WESTON

It is something of a novelty to show movies to seven different races in the Orient, among them the probably charming wives of the Bagdad sheiks' harems. I wish that you could have been with me to hear and to see what happened! Most of these strange audiences of mine were troops, Indians, Turks, Egyptians, British Tommies, and their reactions were always new, always a delight! If you only could have heard the harem ladies chatter! Of course, if you are of the feminine clan, you might have been permitted to see them. Alas! I was a mere man; but more of that later.

After the British had taken Bagdad, we of the Y. M. C. A. went in and did our best to amuse. The first year we had only baby moving picture machines, with funny, short French films. Later, however, Lady Maude, wife of the British general, and other prominent English people, contributed large machines and plenty of films. You can imagine how delighted we were!

Our films were chiefly comedies. Charlie Chaplin was our prize attraction. We had some Keystone comedies, French films and a few English. Our romantic dramas were, of course, American. They were splendid ones—I wish that I could remember exactly what they were! From camp to camp we would go, sometimes, when going to a small outlying settlement, under heavy guard, for fear of

(Continued on page 118)
Success Is Beckoning

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

"If only we had tea-things," began Helen Ferguson, as we entered her dressing-room at the Metro studio; "but never mind," she went on, cheerfully, "so long as we haven't, suppose we munch on these," waving a box of Lorna Doones.

We had run away from the set, an interior of a boat, in which Miss Ferguson and Mitchell Lewis were making scenes, coming to this quiet nook for a cozy chat all by ourselves.

"Hers is a piquant personality with a youthful vitality and a keen sense of humor developed into a refreshing altruism."

Helen Ferguson is like a brilliant flower.

Glancing at the fuzzy tam perched on the dark curls that framed the lovely face and on to the blue middy, rough woolen skirt and heavy shoes, I replied, "Well, they look durable and out-door-y."

"When they gave me this rôle," went on Helen, "and I asked what I should wear, the casting director said, airily, 'Oh, something nautical.' I feel as if I were dressed for plowing rather than sailing the ocean blue."

"I'm not much on athletics. Of course, I ride horse-back once in a blue moon, but in this picture, 'The Mutiny of the Elsinore,' a Jack London story, I have to do some real stunts. While in San Francisco last week I had to jump off the deck of a boat into the ocean. The wind was blowing a gale, the boat rocking and it looked very scary. I knew it had to be done, so I screwed up my courage, gritted my teeth and went right over. It wasn't half so terrible as I had feared. That's usually the way, isn't it?" and she flashed a radiant smile.
“During all my years in pictures, I have seldom been called upon to do stunts. It was only recently, while I was making a picture with William Russell out on location in Arizona, that I learnt to ride huarack. I nearly died that first day, I was so lame,” and Helen’s voice was solemn. “That night we were given a little dance by the townpeople, and tho I could hardly move, I couldn’t resist joining in the fun and danced for several hours. I’ll not soon forget that experience, for the next morning I felt at least a hundred and ninety, but I kept right up with the riding until I learnt.”

Before we on the deck was a stunning blue Venetian that filled our room.

“From our own garden,” said Helen, with pride, as I admired them. “Mother and I have a cunning bungalow here in Hollywood. It has white shingle, red roof and green shutters, and we’re so happy. Roses! There are stacks of them. I have lived so long in a city that it gives me a distinct thrill every time I walk into my own garden and see things actually growing. We have a garage, too, empty now, but I’m going to buy a car just as soon as I save up enough money to make the first payment—they tell me that’s the style,” and she laughed at her little joke.

Leaning back against the couch cushions, I enjoyed watching the animated face before me, for Helen Ferguson is like a brilliant flower herself. Hers is a piquant personality with a youthful vitality and a keen sense of humor developed into a refreshing altruism.

“The most exciting thing happened the other day,” she began again, enthusiastically. “A friend gave me the darlingest grey Persian kitten—just so long,” and the small hands measured off a ridiculously small space. “Secretly, I have never been crazy about pets, but I am so silly over this one that last night I gave up an engagement just to stay at home and play with it. It is so affectionate and has a roguish wink. So far, it’s only fault is

(Continued on page 105)
Today a huge and barren studio stage—tomorrow the drawing-room of a palatial home, an artist's studio or the cloistered walks of a convent perhaps. And the studio magic which makes these transformations possible consists of a universal co-operation and great industry.

The accompanying photographs tell the tale of a "set." First a tiny model is made so that there will be the proper exits and entrances and a general setting apropos of the action which is to take place. Using this miniature as a guide the set is erected by the studio carpenters. Then the property rooms are called in to furnish the scene and, if necessary, every art shop in the country is explored that a special antique or rare tapestry may be secured.
The Contest Closes

Within a very short while after the appearance of this issue of The Motion Picture Magazine, we expect to have ready for our readers an announcement which will be of great interest to them and their friends. This will be the announcement of the winners in the 1920 Films and Fortune Contest, which has been running in The Motion Picture Magazine, The Classic and Shadowland for the past year.

The contest closed on August first, and since that time several events of interest connected with it have taken place.

Our readers will remember that there appeared some time ago in each one of our publications a notice to the effect that a committee would sit in the editorial offices of the Grosset Publications on the first and second of July, and that those of the contestants who were near enough and willing to do so could visit the offices, where they would be passed on by the judges, and if eligible, a number would be made of them. Well, the first of these days dawned bright and clear, and the committee arrived at the offices, badly interested in the impending visit of the fair contestants and probably planning to go off for a day's fishing later on, when the appointed hours had been finished. As they approached the buildings in which the editorial offices of the Grosset Publications are located, they noticed a crowd, increasing in size with every step they took, and by the time they arrived at the door, they had practically to fight their way thru to get in the building.

Something had happened which they didn't expect! Evidently more people than they had anticipated had read the innocent-looking little announcement, and when they finally reached the office where they were to receive the visitors, they gazed at each other in some slight consternation, and wiped the beads of perspiration from their—er—respective brows.

About two hundred and fifty girls attended the offices and tried their wiles on the committee. Girls of every possible description, ranging from the little fourteen-year-old tot, her hair in a marvelously complicated mass of curls, to the woman with grey hair who looked as if she might be someone's comfortable grandmother. And not only girls, but men—boys and grown-up men—also appeared to have the same eagerness and desire to seek their fortune on the silver-sheet.

One at a time, each contestant passed in review before the committee, and as they answered a few questions and were carefully observed by the committee, their rating was given them and they were handed over to the contest manager. Some amusing incidents occurred, as in the case of one plucky young miss who, while possessing...
Filming of "Love's Redemption"
Well Under Way

certain qualifications, failed to come up to the high test which had to be set for the winners. She was told that she had been turned down, and went away without a word. An hour or so later, the committee looked up at a young woman whose face was somewhat familiar, but they couldn't exactly place it. It was the same girl who, determined to try again, had gone home, changed her clothes and returned. She put up such a good argument, and the committee admired her pluck and perseverance so much, that she was given a trial, and when the tests were taken on the following Sunday, she turned out to be one of the most eligible of the entire number.

Out of the two hundred and fifty who visited the offices, fifty-one were selected to appear at the Brewster estate, Roslyn, Long Island, the following Saturday, where they were to be given thorough camera tests in order that their screen personalities, if they possessed any, would be discovered. Saturday it rained, but nothing daunted, the trip to Roslyn was made on Sunday, and two sight-seeing buses, each one containing sixty-five passengers, together with several smaller touring cars, started for Roslyn and the camera test. Of course, you will wonder why two buses containing sixty-five passen-

Photo by Empire, L. A.

Above, Billie Holsten of 126 Carlton Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.; left, Helen M. Wakefield of 1029 W. 16th Street, Erie, Pa.; and bottom, Raymond Mackay of 1327 Orange Drive, Hollywood, California

agers each were necessary for fifty-one people, but we forgot to mention that the most noticeable fact about the various screen fame aspirants was their escorts! Some of them came attended by a fond and suspicious parent; others arrived under the watchful surveillance of an entire family, including the father, the mother, the several brothers and even the little sister. Not one of them came alone—perhaps they had noticed, in their reading up of stars and their habits, that, like the nursery rhyme lamb of Mary, an ever-present fond mother was essential to celluloid success!

The camera tests were made—and out of the fifty-one selected at the editorial offices by the committee, ten were discovered to be eligible for the selection of the final honor roll members of the contest by the judges.

These judges include Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

Another announcement of interest to those of our readers who are following the outcome of the contest is that the production of the five-reel feature drama, "Love's Redemption," which is being put on in connection with the contest, is now nearing completion. There will be a great deal of interest attached to this production, as it will not only be a film feature which has a strong dramatic story, the best of direction and unusually artistic photography, but it will also contain scenes with the final winners of the contest and the honor roll members.

(Continued on page 122)
Lincoln of the Cinema

Ever since his early Vitagraph days, Ralph Ince has been famed for his portrayals of Abraham Lincoln. Recently when the Selznick company decided to make a series of pictures on the life of Lincoln, it was natural for them to seek Mr. Ince, who is now on their directorial staff. In his Lincoln make-up, he visited the old familiar ways once trod by that beloved figure in American history and in the breasts of the older Washingtonians stirred memories—deep and vibrant.
The Princess in the Fairy Tale

...something about Mary Pickford reminiscent of the princess in the fairy tale... and, princess. Mary goes about, quietly, making glad the hearts of little children of orphanages she chances to be, visiting with them and bringing with her all sorts of sweetmeats for their pleasure. Long live the princess!
The Orient on the Subway

For the man who labors only for the financial reward or merely to satisfy his personal vanity, he has no understanding. Always, he tried to tell me, we must remember we are but a unit in a great universe, dedicated at birth to the world.

"To explain," he said, "maybe some day you hope to be great writer. That is your dream. Always for it you work and study. You call it your career. Then maybe a man come to you and when you find you love him, you fight hard against your heart. For you it must be the career. But you cannot help it—some day you marry that man. It is Entity—what you call Fate. In two years, three years maybe, there comes to you a son. Ah, that son—he comes to be the great writer you dream you will be and to the world he gives maybe just one message. For that message the world is better. It teaches the world to understand."

He envies no one, for he says, happiness is distributed to everyone alike—in different ways, he admits, but, he insists, equally.

"Your eyes smile," he said. "Yet I say again to everyone, happiness is
distribute equally. Maybe you think the rich man in his
castle, with servants and great moneys, is happier than the
poor man, but I say 'No!' Always he has his fine wines.
And the poor boatman, struggling against the rapids in the
noonday sun. What about him? You want to know if he
is as happy as the rich man with his fine wines? I say 'Yes.'
He is so warm, so very tired. But by 'n' by he comes to
beautiful green trees which hide from him the scorching
sun, and he stops his boat and from the canteen, you call
the thing round his neck, he drinks long the cool water—his
happiness is very, very much greater than the rich man with
his fine wine."

"But some people have much trouble," I persisted.
He smiled.
"It is what you call t-r-o-u-b-l-e," drawing the word
slowly, "which makes joy possible."
He pointed to a ring upon my finger.
"Today when you go into the street," he said, "you lose
that ring. What then?" and he placed his hand low so that
it almost touched the floor.
"Then tomorrow, when you put a notice in the press, an
honest man who finds your ring brings it to you. What
then?" and he raised
his hand high, smiling
broadly. "Great joy."
I nodded my under-
standing.
"What you call
t-r-o-u-b-l-e today
makes for your joy
tomorrow. It saves in
your life what you call
monotony."
In sincerity he places
limitless belief—in in-
sincerity he has no in-
terest. He dismisses
the very word with a majes-
tic wave of his hand.
"Always it kills itself," he declares.

"Some directors never
be big success because they
have no sincerity," he said.
"They sit on a tilted chair
with a great big segar in
their mouth and say to the
artists waiting in the scene,
'Now you come in and take
a-hold of his coat and cry, for you are
ver' sad.'

"The artists cannot act. The girl do
not know why she cry. Maybe once or
twice I have such a director and I see the
artist does not know why she does any-
thing, so I go to her and say, 'Your
mother—she is dead, and before she go
beyond you have no money to buy her
dainties—to make her poor soul rejoice.'
There are tears in my eyes when I talk
with her. I give her all I have to give
and she cries.

"A director is ver' necessary to the
picture—ver' necessary, but it is of im-
port that he love his work, otherwise—"
and he outstretched his hands helplessly.
I asked him if he would ever return to
(Continued on page 93)

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Photo by White

Like those of the Far East, he is
essentially the fatlast. He does not
fight against any unwelcome thing
which comes to him. He accepts
it, knowing, he says, you can
never judge the outcome of things
Above, another new portrait; left
and below, in his home
TALK WITH MRS. VERNON CASTLE<br><br>There is something exhilarating to it, sort of heady and surprising, as if were.<br><br>Being in the nature of a sportswoman, it is perhaps not unnatural to make the further comparison of saying that she is a good sportsman conversationally, as well as literally. In other words, she gallops blithely and with no apparent effort over the hillocks and hurdles of talk, small and large. She is quite utterly and refreshingly frank, on all topics, herself included. She has a dispensing and an airy sort of way with subjects. Books, for instance, I was carrying a ponderous tome under one arm. At another time, I made reference to it, with a literary outpouring from the svelte Castle in mind: Who could tell?—she might prove to be<br><br>Hillocks and Hurdles of Talk

a Swedenborgian, a disciple of Nietzsche, a dour Schopenhauerian dancing with skilled, fantastic feet over her mute pessimism? As I say, I made reference...<br><br>"Don't know a thing about books," dispensed she, with a wave of her hand, "never read 'em. Haven't time. Couldn't sit still long enough, you know."

In an adjoining room Vernon Castle's sister (I believe that is the correct relationship) and her husband, newly arrived from London on an initial trip, were being the guests of Mrs. Castle on a sightseeing expedition. "I came down from Ithaca," she said, "for the express purpose of showing them the night life of the city theaters, shops and all the rest of it."

I asked her, politely, what had been their first impression of the city. What they had thought: impressionistically, and all that...

Irene wrinkled her animated brow. The odds were ten to one that she had not thought of asking them anything at all about impressionism. She had just been glad to see them, was doing all she could for them, and there they are! That would be Irene. As for the impressions, herself would probably have had a couple of dozen in less than that number of minutes and would expect the same of others, did expectancy figure in. "Oh," she said, "they thought the skyscrapers were amazing. They've none in London, you know, and they can't get past them. Wait," she added, "until I get thru with them."

I frisked
By
GLADYS HALL.

about the subject of dancing, knowing it to be a fertile field. At least informatively. It wasn't. Irene seemed far more disposed to talk of Ithaca, her old stone house there, her horses and dogs and other live stock, than she did of the stage, screen or the art terpsichorean, save that she did say she would never dance again in the same fashion that she was wont to dance with Vernon Castle. "It wouldn't be the same," she said, "so why pretend? As far as the stage part of it went, when I danced with Vernon I never thought of my audience. I loved doing it and I didn't think about the rest. Of course, people keep at me. Just recently the head of the Castle School of Dancing urged me to dance again, said it was a shame to deprive the public, and all that . . . and maybe some day I might do something along that line. Costume dancing, or something of the sort . . . never the other kind. We were complete, and now I would be incomplete."

"Think you'll stick to the 'fillums,' then?" I asked.

"Why not? I can do them off and on, as it were. Work part of the time and make a few pennies, then rest up and spend the few. And then, my last picture did rather interest me. For the first time, I didn't 'wear clothes'—that is to say, I did character work, being by way of a dowdy, and it turned out big. I didn't believe I could do it, and I guess no one else did, either. Also, I hear it's to play the Kialto. I'm just tickled to death with that. All my relatives get so footsore and weary trudging over to Third Avenue to see my pictures. I'm always on Third Avenue."

She branched off, abruptly but enthusiastically, to Ithaca.

"I do live the ideal life now," she said; "farm, you know. Old stone building, been there since Adam; lots of horses; lots of dogs; bully winter sports; kitchen garden; heavenly servants who never bother me about a detail, all that sort of thing. Both my husband and I are mad about horses. Robert wants to go in for them professionally, as it were. Show them. We ride in the morning, at noon and at night. I literally live in a saddle . . . when I am not in college."

I said, "College?" I must have said it blankly. Irene threw back her Castle-cut head and laughed. Her eyes, it occurs to me frequently, are startlingly bright and blue.

"I never learnt anything at school," she explained, "wouldn't study . . . didn't want to. Now I am studying French (Continued on page 94)"
Passing the Censors Without Clothes

By
H. HERBERT

Any one of them become your private possession by placing your name in a record, whereby, years later, you may claim the same bowl and stem. Purdy waiters, resembling robins in their plump red waistcoats, serve meat puddings, mutton chops and ale in battered cups at the porcelain-topped tables. While waiting your order, the London Sketch or Mirror is at your elbow.

Here at noon hour you may meet numerous of the younger celebrities from the literary and theatrical zones. It's an exclusively masculine place, frequented by the sober-minded when they happen to feel sober. Occasional frequenters from the picture world are the Barrymores, Richard Barthelmess, Robert Gordon, Edward Earle; such chroniclers and critics as Frederick James Smith, Peter Milne and Arthur Edwin Krows.

Recently I met there Robert Gordon, who, with (Continued on page 108)
By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

see, I played leads in those first pictures.) I remember thinking I wouldn’t be coming down to play just a part, so instead, I went to the Sennett forces. They offered me twenty-five dollars a week more. I had been getting fifty and it seemed wonderful to me then.

"Even then—I hated comedy. I wanted to do dramatics, to be a great emotional actress. Everyone was very kind to me at Sennett’s and I figured it all out that my pictures were being released regularly and I was becoming known to the public, a good stepping-stone to real dramatic roles.

"Then, one day—I don’t know what got into me—I felt I just couldn’t stand it any longer. I couldn’t do another comedy. So then and there I quit. I had nothing else in view—no idea where I’d get another job.

"I left, took a vacation trip to New York and came back more determined than ever to get into straight, dramatic pictures.

"It took a lot of grit and courage. I can tell you—you see, there was no money coming in and they were offering me wonderful contracts to return to comedy. Fortunately, I was too ambitious to give up easily, and at last I got my start in drama—it was in a Mae Marsh picture and oh, how I cried over the result for they had cast me as the avy, and the photography was terrible!

"But I stuck it out, altho the set-backs have been heart-rending at times. Now I have exactly the kind of part I have always longed to do. It is in Allan Dwan’s new Mayflower production, which he hasn’t even given a working name yet. I take the part of a young girl, the daughter of the family... all sorts of things happen to me... and I have a great chance to ‘rant’ (she smiled at her own expression) all over the place... and I’m so happy!”

For a second we were silent—while just the roar of the waves sounded—a loud, steady, un conquerable sound.

I wanted to tell her that I knew she had done good work, that I was sure she would do greater things; but somehow, I hesitated—her superb self-depreciation was so sincere and such a wonderful goad to her ambition that—who was I to spoil it all?

And so we sauntered down to the adjacent amusement park, and I found it hard to believe (Continued on page 99)
In the first place, I was ten minutes late—now, that is never, under any circumstances, the interviewer’s prerogative. It belongs, other, to the star interviewee, and even while I dashed hurriedly thru the hotel lobby I posed frantically about for the dignitary who was to introduce me to Miss Elvide. He was not there, and I immediately concluded that my wrist-watch was wrong.

It was the tea hour and the place swarmed with smartly dressed women—and thanks to the prohibition era, well-groomed men as well have become the universal beverage.

Five minutes had passed when a girl accosted me and asked if I was waiting to meet Miss Elvide. I said that I was and learnt that the aforementioned dignitary had been taken out of town and sent her, his secretary, to perform the introduction rites.

She felt sure she would know Miss Elvide, she said, she looked just like her screen self. So together we elbowed our way thru the throng, seeming every face, but no one there resembled the search of our quest.

When fifteen minutes had dragged by and my uncle had searched the crowded ante-room, I was about to give up, quite certain that Miss Elvide was anywhere but there and happily oblivious to the fact that she had an appointment.

Then June herself came from one of the anterooms to look at the hotel timepiece and compare it with her wrist-watch. She, too, was evidently entertaining qualms. Soon everything was all right and I found myself wondering if she always looked as attractive as she did in the well cut brown suit, sable scarf and pale green hat she was wearing.

The first thought I had after meeting her was that her eyes should be blue. You would expect blue eyes with her light-brown hair and delicate coloring. It was my last thought as well when I left her, and when I think about it now there is little doubt of the fact that the same thought occurred to me with a certain persistency during the entire time I talked with her—every time, in fact, she turned her very brown eyes upon me.

"Really," smiled June Elvide. "I begin to think I’m quite stupid when I see the woman of today juggling a career in one hand and a family in the other. Frankly, I don’t see how they do it."

"Really," I mentioned this to her.

"It is strange, really," she said, "but every one seems to think I should have blue..."
eyes. It's the only thing about me, however, which isn't true to form. In every other conceivable thing and way, I am and do just the thing which is expected of me."

And she spoke truly, I would say. There seem to be two sorts of people: those who become individual thru their very eccentricities, thru their bizarre perspective; and, on the other hand, those other people, more rare by far, who attain an individuality thru their saneness, thru their clear perspective. There is little doubt of June Elvidge belonging to the latter class. Instinctively you realize that she possesses a generous portion of that thing so mistakenly called "common sense"—rather, it would seem to be uncommon sense.

She is one of the most normal, most sane people I have ever met. We talked about books, and it was impossible to mention anything worth while with which she was not familiar; we talked about the new plays, and I found myself wondering how she had man-

It is not one whit difficult to imagine her in the Long Island town in which she lives—the mistress of a well-appointed home, a charming member of the country club and the hostess of the cleverest parties—and she is essentially the mother of Car-lotta—

aged to see the number she had seen since returning from upper New York State, where she had spent the last few months working on the Charles Miller produc-tion, "The Law of the Yukon," from the poem by Service, which is to be a Realart picture.

The conversation drifted to the salaries received by motion picture folk, and Miss Elvidge declared that the salaries, large as they are, do not permit extensive bank accounts.

"Take, for instance," she explained, "the years when I was with World. I was doing, on an average, one picture every six weeks and, thanks to my stature, my roles, with few exceptions, were society ones, demanding ten changes to every picture.

"A merchant cannot count all which he finds in his cash register at the end of the week as profit and neither can we call our weekly check pure gain. Clothes eat a huge hole in it,—then there are the expenses of photographs and of our (Continued on page 98)
These pictures were taken while Bill Hart and his company were on location somewhere in the California mountains, miles away from civilization. They lived in wagons and "roughed it" in every sense of the word. The little blonde girl sitting on the steps of the wagon with W. S. H. is no other than Eva Novak, sister of Jane. Bill has taken her from the professional wing and she is the girl of his new.
WHY doesn't some director have a Russian wolfhound in his picture? Some very effective "shots" could be taken with said wolfhound and the star. Of course, they wouldn't mean anything, but still they'd be very effective.

How Come?
Why, in the movies, is there always "just one doctor" who can save the hero's or heroine's life; said doctor always being a great European specialist?

Isn't it about time that our old friends, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, staged a come-back on the screen?

The Height of Insult
Asking a camera-man who is the most important factor in the making of photoplays.

Judging from some photoplays, there isn't much difference between the villain and the hero that a barber can't remove in ten minutes.

Some day Marion Davies is going to get a good vehicle and surprise everyone by not being so bad after all.

A certain young scenario writer has had the nerve to write a play called "What Women Love." If said young man has discovered the answer to this age-long problem, he is wasting his time writing scenarios.

Will Wonders Never Cease?
Here comes a production, "Humoresque," and makes a tremendous hit, but there is no villain who attacks "the girl" in the fourth reel.

Whatever doubts we may have had regarding Elaine Hammerstein's histrionic ability have been entirely wiped away, for in "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes" she plays a dual role. No actress can be called good until she has played a dual role.

In the movies the only way a candidate for an office can be defeated is for him to get the candidate's wife in a compromising position. While in real life it is usually the dove of peace, a bar of soap that does the trick.

There is no accounting for taste. In a big contest recently held in England, the winning votes were cast as follows:
For best dressed woman on the screen: Pauline Frederick
For best screen fighter: Eddie Polo
For best villain: Warner Oland

Mystery Note
What is D. W. Griffith up to? His lieutenants are doing most of the direction of his pictures and he has released all his old players, Lillian Gish, Robert Harron and Richard Barthelmess included. The movie industry is in a quandary.

It Can't Be Done
How did Harold Lloyd have the nerve to try and become a screen comedian without the aid of a trick mustache and a pair of oversized trousers?

Count that month lost when at least one new "Tarzan" picture isn't launched at a perfectly innocent public.

Famous Remarks Via Ouija Board
The Producer—Don't put my name on the screen. It doesn't mean anything.
The Author—Don't give me any credit, either. All my stories have been awful and I'm trying to live them down.

Scandal Note
Viola Dana has been busy working on "Blackmail" for the past few weeks.

That fellow Will Rogers is getting so good now that he can act better than he can throw either the rope or the bull, and that's saying something.

Now we will soon have a chance to see whether Charles Ray can be Charles Ray without Thomas Ince. Some say "Yes" and some say "No."

It is only a matter of time now before we can expect to see Babe Ruth driving them home in the movies.

The greatest movie mob scene was recently viewed on the screen when Pathe took a scene of the Republican candidates for President. And they all wanted to be in the front line of camera trenches.
A Dreamer  
Under Arms

By

BETSY BRUCE

While in school, he decided upon a theatrical career and, taking Horace Greeley's advice, he journeyed even farther into the West, finally accepting an engagement with a company in San Francisco, which later started on a tour that would take over a year and include most of the Far East. He went part way with it and then, deciding that things were materializing too slowly, he returned to California, determining to try the films.

"Always it has been my impatience which has worked as a destructive force in my life," he told me, "it has kept me on the go, never permitting me to stop a bit and figure it all out. I kept going constantly, striving frantically, over-ambitious, as I judge things now, and always supremely impatient.

"Thomas H. Ince became (Continued on page 110)"

WEBSTER CAMPBELL was to call for me at the magazine offices at twelve o'clock, when we planned to go to luncheon, where I might hurl questions in true interviewer fashion, so at twelve o'clock I was just about getting ready—you know how 'tis—movie folks always plan to do twice as much as is humanly possible when they have a free day, with the result that they are always at least thirty minutes late.

But not Webster Campbell.

Announced our efficient telephone operator at two minutes past twelve, "Mr. Campbell is here to see you by appointment," then importantly, "Mr. Webster Campbell."

We drove to one of the nearby restaurants in his car, and over the luncheon I found him prone to discuss O. Henry, of whom he is very fond; the work of his fellow Vanagram players: the better plays winning popularity thru their merit—about everything but himself and his work.

Then I took things into my own hand. It was all very enjoyable, but I realized that it would fall to my lot to write of him and his work, and time was fleeting.

His life, from what I gathered in matches here and there, has always been a well filled affair, even from the days when he left the University of Michigan.
Stardom Via the "Follies"

Altho there are no statistics available on the subject, Mr. Ziegfeld has probably created more cinema stars than any other producer in the theatrical world. Eileen Percy, who has belonged to the stage ever since she was a child, is the latest erstwhile "Follies" girl to prove that the Ziegfeld Roof is the surest road to stardom. For a time, Eileen played leading roles in the films, but that was not for long. At present she is a starring for Fox out California way with her first pictures, "Her Honor, the Mayor," and "The Husband Hunter," two popular magazine stories.
Across the Silversheet

New Screen Plays in Review

The trend of the screen has always been interesting to study. For a time it fluctuated between the Wild West picture and the story of heartless vampires. Then sex plays seemed to have cornered the play market, and with their waning we find a definite emphasis being laid upon the characterization. It would, at this time, be apropos to paraphrase Shakespeare and say, "The characterization is the thing." No longer is the most popular screen play built about a plot within a plot, and even the matinee idol is forgetting to turn his perfect profile camerawards while he offers something different from that which he has done before, even adopting a character make-up for the sake of his art. There could be no greater proof that characterizations are the cinematic vogue. And directly in line with this trend towards character work comes the latest work of that great artist, Mary Pickford.

First a tear, then a smile—and then a sigh. That's "Suds." You live right along with Mary Pickford always, forgetting the world about. The story takes you down to the lower end of London, where the folks drop their h's and look forward eagerly to the 'alf holidays, when they journey to Ampsted or Epping Gardens.

We shudder to think what this screen adaptation of "Op o' My Thumb" would be without America's Sweetheart, for while it is a whimsical story, it might easily have become monotonous.

Amanda is a little bent back, crooked mouth slavey in a squalid and steamy laundry in the East End of London, where she toils all day and oftentimes far into the night, over the steaming tubs of suds and laundry. But Amanda is rich in her store of that God-given gift, imagination. One day, when she is alone in the shop, a youth comes in with a shirt, which he leaves to be laundered. Into all her imaginations, all her dreams, Amanda weaves this youth, and as the days lengthen into weeks and the weeks into months and he fails to return, she continues to picture him as her hero, washing his shirt over and over, that it may be ready when he finally comes. By and by she comes to love, with all the love pent up in her starving soul, this stranger.

She tells the girls in the shop that the shirt was left by a man who loves her, and they jeer and laugh as they look at the ugly little person before them. Then she tells them how she is really a duchess and how the Knight of the Shirt is Sir 'Arry—that it was because her father, the dook, thought 'Arry loved her for her jewels and her position that he turned her out into the world that she might be loved for herself alone. She tells them, too, that he
By
ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

will come back for her some day—she is sure of it. Then one day he does come, but, of course, he shows no recognition for little Amanda until she pleads with him to make believe he is her "beau" before the girls. This he does, and when the girls have gone he comes to the realization that he has been idealized by the little person gazing at him with worshipping eyes.

There are two endings to the picture—one the conventional happy ending, but this was not shown. In the version we saw, her hero went away with his shirt, and as he mounted the steps to the street, poor little Amanda sank to the floor heart-broken sobbing, all the dream-stuff, all the gossamer torn away:

"Nobody could love me—"
"Nobody ever wont," and the picture faded.

Throuout, Mary is the be-draggled slavey, with all her golden curls brushed back and her mouth held in a crooked little line. In one episode only do we see her as we know her to be. She is, the rest of the time, a pathetic little form moving about in sordid surroundings. Certainly it was the acme of artistry for Mary to so shed her beauty—yet it hurt, somehow, to have her so—it was like seeing a lovely flower crushed.

Here and there are interspersed brightening bits of comedy, which tend, if anything, to tighten the lump in your throat. Mary's little Amanda is very real. We doubt if we will ever forget her and it has probably taught us to be more understanding of any little Amandas we know—to think more about their right to dream.

But we're hoping for another "Poor Little Rich Girl," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" or "Pollyanna" the next time, Mary!

IF I WERE KING—FOX

"If I Were King" is a colorful picture, dealing romantically with medieval times and presenting William Farnum as the likeable even tho disreputable poet and thief. And never has Mr. Farnum endowed a rôle with more spirit than that of Villon, the vagabond poet who frequents the Fircne Tavern, where he is king of the Cockleshells, a band of men who plunder for their livelhood.

The age is that when Louis XI, dubbed by Villon a puppet, reigned and the Duke of Burgundy besieged the gate of Paris while the court was filled with intrigue.

When robbing the royal chapel, Villon sees Katherine, with whom he immediately falls in love, writing exquisite

(intinued on page 116)
Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

One of the most attractive studios on the Pacific Coast is the Thomas H. Ince studio at Culver City. Its cool, green lawns, with refreshing water sprays playing over their surface, are decidedly welcome after the dust of the trip from Los Angeles. At present Hobart Bosworth is making his pictures at the Ince studio, and I was very much amused the other noon to see him drive his large brown touring car to the side of the studio grounds, climb out, unlock a small brown shed, then drive his machine in and reappear, locking the door securely after him. California is well bitten by auto-mania, and those who haven't cars of their own have a handy way of acquiring them. Mr. Bosworth evidently believes in taking no chances. A prudent man indeed.

Louise Glauum also is working at this studio on the final scenes of "The Leopard Woman" or "The Leopard's Spots"; anyway, it has something to do with that animal, and she has as her leading man House Peters.

House Peters, by the way, still announces periodically that he will form his own company. But 'tis said that he has refused to start producing unless his backers come across with $250,000 for the first House Peters picture.

Another who has been bitten by the forming-own-company bug out here is Anna Q. Nilsson, who has incorporated her own company for the production of pictures, according to articles filed a few days ago.

Enid Bennett and her director-husband, Fred Niblo, are also going to produce independently, but their relations with Mr. Ince are still most friendly, for Mr. Ince has offered them the use of his studio until they can build one of their own.

Another mighty pleasant studio at Culver City is the Goldwyn studio. This was formerly the home of Triangle pictures, those wonderful offsprings of the old days. But the white buildings of Triangle have almost tripled under the Goldwyn régime.

There are many, many human stories taking place on the Goldwyn lot. For instance, I ran into that erstwhile cowboy, Charlie Oldrich. He wore a regular cowboy outfit, well-worn chaps, bandanna handkerchief, sombrero and all the regular paraphernalia connected with riding the ranch. And he idly twirled a bit of rope as he sauntered along, head downcast. You see, Charlie Oldrich is the beloved of Jimmy Rogers, Will Rogers' bright four-year-old son. Jimmy took such a fancy to Charlie that he wanted him around all the time, and so Bill Rogers keeps his old cowboy friend around just to bring Jimmy up. And Charlie idolizes Jimmy, whose little life has just been miraculously saved from the plague of diphtheria which seized upon the four Rogers children. Little Freddie, the baby of twenty months, succumbed, and our most sincere sympathy is with Will Rogers, who is simply devoted to his family. The other three children are safely on the road to health, but Charlie Oldrich won't raise his head again till his little playmate, Jimmy, has fully convalesced and is back on the lot.

By the way, when you see "The Penalty," I want you to take special notice of the performance given by Lon Chaney, the famous frog-man of "The Miracle Man." Mr. Chaney played a one-legged man in "The Penalty." He played his part with his leg strapped behind him, and it hurt so terribly that he could only work for a few moments at a time and then had to be released and rest for a while before he could continue working.

Mabel Normand's new red Stutz roadster ornaments the sidewalk just inside the studio gate very regularly these days, for she is rapidly
Why his downcast eyes spoiled her evening

Has this ever happened to you?

W
HAT a good time she was having! Every minute she was growing more elated by her success. Her partner was absorbed in her conversation, charmed with her chic, enthralled by her beauty.

Little by little she grew conscious of other eyes. She glanced to the right. The man at her other side was gazing intently at her hand.

Quickly she doubled up her fingers. How long had he been staring at those nails? Had other people also noticed them?

Gone was her peace, her unconscious gaiety. Every eye seemed fastened on her rough cuticle—on that one wretched little hangnail. What a horrid evening!

You can never know when people are looking at your fingernails. Every day, often when you least suspect it, you are being judged by them. People no longer excuse ill-kept nails. They know that nowadays it is very easy to keep your nails lovely.

Fifteen minutes' care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails looking always well groomed.

But do not cut your cuticle. The more it is cut, the thicker and tougher it grows—the more sore and unsightly it becomes.

You can keep your cuticle smooth, firm and even if you manicure your nails the right way. Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange-wood stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back any dead cuticle. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

You can get Cutex at all drug and department stores. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Today send two dimes with the coupon below and we will mail you a complete Introductory Manicure Set large enough to last a month. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. 849, 206 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes to Northam Warren, Dept. 810, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.
California played all the latest jazz movements until I could scarcely keep my feet still. Victor Shertzinger was directing. He is really an intensely interesting man, slightly inclined to rotundity, with eyes that smile and hair that curls more tightly the harder he works. Mr. Shertzinger is a very accomplished musician, and when he waits—as everybody does in a studio—for his star or his set to be fixed or what not, he has a habit of sitting down at a piano and composing—real snappy compositions, too. They say the $10,000 pipe-organ which he is having installed in his home is one of the finest in California.

I was very much interested in watching Frank Lloyd direct a scene for "The Great Lover." This is the famous stage play of Leo Ditrichstein, and John Saimpolis is taking Ditrichstein's part—silently. Mr. Saimpolis was wearing a stunning black velvet brocaded dressing gown and was making delightfully sophisticated love to Claire Adams—to the tune of the camera's click. Frank Lloyd is another of those splendid directors who speak in a low voice but accomplish great things.

"The Great Lover" must have cost a tremendous sum. One scene alone which I saw taken at Clune's Auditorium employed 900 extras and a symphony orchestra of seventy-five pieces. Frank Lloyd will make a picture version of Herman Bahr's "The Concert" after the completion of "The Great Lover."

Reginald Barker is to film that famous stage play, "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

Goldwyn maintains a commissary, where everything can be purchased from grease paint to luncheon. Everything is bought wholesale and sold to the players at purchase price, which means a saving of several cents on every article.

Little Johnny Jones, who has made such a success of Booth Tarkington's "Edgar" series, has been busily engaged in a very complete Sunday-school set which was erected for "The Sunday Courtship." One of the largest theaters in San Francisco found that the "Edgar" stories drew so well they featured them in their advertising, reducing the five-reel production to second place.

Jack Pickford has been spending some time recently at Mount Lowe, where scenes are being taken for "Just Out of College." Molly Malone is the lucky leading lady.

The Fox studio, at the tip edge of Hollywood, is a regular beehive. The place swarms with people I feel I ought to know, but can't quite identify. Eileen Percy, a very lovely and recently made Fox star, has just finished her second picture, to be called "The Husband Hunter."

Fox has a splendid idea in his bungalow court. Here there are, I should say, very nearly twenty individual bungalows—a separate one for each important Fox star, director or scenario writer. All are painted grey, with white trimmings, and are surrounded by green lawns. Bill Farnum's is the largest, of course, but Tom Mix's is (Continued on page 121)
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GLORIA SWANSON

After twelve years with Vitagraph, Harry Morey has severed his connection with that company and has formed his own producing company.

June Caprice, who began work with Pathé several weeks ago, is in Spain with the George B. Seitz entourage, and is co-starring with the famous producer in "Rogues and Romances."

Forrest Stanley recently signed a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky and will appear as leading man of Cecil B. de Mille Productions.

Annette Kellermann has finished "What Women Love," her first picture to be released by First National, and is vacationing in the Orient.

Airline Pretty is heading the cast of a screen adaptation of "Life," the famous Drury Lane melodrama, being produced by William A. Brady.

Helen Weir will play the role of Molly Brent in Metro's production of "Someone in the House," adapted from the stage play by Larry Evans.

Several Chinese actors, who have considerable fame on the Pacific Coast, appear in support of Earle Williams in "The Purple Cipher," a Vitagraph production with a decidedly Chinese atmosphere.

Claire Whitney plays a prominent rôle in Robert G. Vignola's adaptation of Cosmopolitan Productions, of Merwin's "The Passionate Pilgrim." Frankie Mann, too, is cast in this production.

Lucy Cotton, popular on stage and screen, is playing opposite Bert Lytell in "The Misleading Lady."

Edith Day, who is repeating her New York success on the London stage, in the title rôle of "Irene," contemplates making two pictures while there for Carl E. Carlton, who recently produced "Children Not Wanted," starring Miss Day.

Raymond McKee became seriously ill at the Fox West Coast studios while playing opposite Shirley Mason in "Merely Mary Ann," Casson Ferguson was engaged to take Mr. McKee's place, and all scenes that had been taken with Mr. McKee in them were re-photographed.

Lowell Sherman, who spent the recent season villainizing with Marjorie Rambeau in the stage production, "The Sign on the Door," is now devoting his talents to the films, recently appearing with Norma Talmadge in "Yes or No," and now comes the news that he is to play opposite Alice Brady in "The New York Idea."

Montagu Love, who did such excellent work in the rôle of Don Julian in "The World and His Wife," is taking a month's vacation before undertaking further work. He will spend the major portion of this time in the Adirondacks.

Douglas MacLean's first independent starring production will be in the title rôle of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," by Charles Belmont Davis.
Three common mistakes that mar the skin

Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST of all many women powder the wrong way. Then they are troubled all the time with an ugly glisten.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond’s Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. It vanishes the moment you apply it, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder, take just a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Now powder, and don’t think of it again. Pond’s Vanishing Cream holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

A SECOND mistake that many women make is failing to protect the complexion from the wind, sun and dust. Wind dries and roughens your skin; sunlight darkens and coarsens it; dust works into the pores and injures them. You can protect your skin from this injury by applying the right protective cream.

For this purpose, as for a powder base, of course you must have a cream that will disappear and not reappear. Pond’s Vanishing Cream disappears instantly and will not crop out again in a hateful shine. It has a special softening ingredient which protects the skin. Before every outing lightly touch your face and hands with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It leaves your face smooth and protects it from wind, sun and dust.

A B E CAUSE you have learned to depend upon Pond’s Vanishing cream for a powder base and to protect the skin from the weather, do not make the mistake of forgetting the importance of cold cream. The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out is what the skin requires at other times. The pure, creamy oil base, in Pond’s Cold Cream, makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known. Before going to bed, cleanse your face with Cold Cream. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Do this regularly and your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

Pond’s Cold Cream has just the consistency that is perfect for working well into the skin, giving a wonderful massage.

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Name
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Ralph Graves is playing opposite Ina Claire in her production of "Polly With a Past." Ethel Clayton is in Europe, where she will make several productions at the London studios of Famous Players-Lasky. Clifton Webb, well-known vaudeville and motion picture star, makes his first screen appearance in "Polly With a Past." Monte Blue, popular young Paramount lead, is back in the East, playing an important part in "The Kentuckians," directed by Charles King.

Lionel Atwill plays opposite Madge Kennedy in "Raffles." Robert Gordon is playing a leading role in the latest production of the Cayuga Pictures, under the direction of Ed Wood. Salisbury, who directed Mr. Gordon in his last Vitagraph production, "Midsummer Night," is again in charge. An interesting fan has written an anonymous letter to King his suggestion that the young actor's wife change her name to Queen. A good idea. "King and Queen Valor" would be much more effective.

The special talent of the Griffiths is discovering youthful talent and bringing it to the screen. He has scored another find in the person of Tom Douglas, who is playing the juvenile in Dorothy Gracie's present production, "A Woman's Life." Monroe Salisbury's first picture under his new independent organization, known as "The Monroe Salisbury Players," is called "The Barbarian." Donald Crisp is one of the stars.

Alma Rubens, featured player in two special serials, "Humorists of the World," and "The World and His Wife," will appear in another serial which has not yet been announced.

Milton Sills is playing the leading role with Mary Miles Minter in "Secret Lavender," as directed by one of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's successful plays.

Marion Davies will be the star of Frank Borraz's second production, "The Love Piker," which, like his first attempt, "Theme of the Ham," has not yet been announced.

Betty Blythe has purchased some property on Cahuenga Street, which has not yet been announced.

Vincent Coleman, who divided his time between screen and stage, has joined Constance Talmadge in "Good References." Shannon Day, a Ziegfeld Follies girl, will appear in a new motion picture, an original story by Jeanie MacPherson, which has not yet been announced.

On July 5th, Mrs. Kenneth Alexander became the mother of a daughter, Miss Eleanor. Oh, yes, Mr. Alexander was a famous player. Florence Turner, known on two continents as a motion picture star, supports Viola Dana in her production of "Blackmail." Rosemary Theby is playing opposite Otis Skinner in "Kismet." Among the stage successes acquired by Realart as screen material for the coming season are "Tommy and Grizel," by Sir James Barrie, for Constance Bennett; "Oh, Lady, Lady" for Bebe Daniels; "Those Who Walk in Darkness" for Alice Brady, and "Moonlight and Honeysuckle" for Justine Johnstone.

Beatrice Burnham, winsome young feminine lead, plays opposite Douglas MacLean in the latest incense comedy, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." James Morrison, famous in his boyhood days as a member of the original Vitagraph stock company, plays the juvenile lead in Anita Stewart's first National attraction, "Sowing the Wind." Maurice Tourneur is completing a palatial home on a sightly Hollywood hilltop, where he intends maintaining his permanent residence while engaged in producing big photoplays.

Barney Sherry, who appears in Monroe Salisbury's "The Barbarian," is playing an important role in support of Dorothy Phillips in her first independently produced Allen Holubar feature of Otis Skinner, distinguished stage star, was filmed by Tony Gaudio, former cameraman for Allan Dwan. Into the filming of "Kismet," Gaudio introduces some novel Oriental lighting effects and shadow photography.

Stuart Holmes, all-around villain and home-wrecker of the silversheet, portrays an important role in "Body and Soul," a melodrama by William Hurlbut, in which Alice Lake is the featured player.

When Shirley Mason was making "Merely Mary Ann" she received a letter from Eleanor Robson (now Mrs. August Belmont) wishing her success equal to that which Miss Robson enjoyed when she originated the title role on the stage years ago.

"The Fighting Chance," a forthcoming Paramount production, might well be termed "The Wives of the Famous," for included in the cast are Mrs. Wallace Reid and Mrs. Nigel Barrie.

Everybody is sailing for vacation trips to Europe these days. Dorothy Gish, Constance Talmadge and Mrs. Gish are to sail together, with Norma leaving a little later on and joining them abroad.

Ann Forrest, too, has reached a place in stardom. A recent announcement tells us she has been signed by Famous Players-Lasky and will play in the forthcoming Cecil B. de Mille productions.

We wish to announce Dana W. McLaner as the author of the Popular Players' Puzzle, which appeared in the March magazine. Her name was omitted thru an error.
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The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, although it has many advantages, primarily brings better tone. All its features combine toward that coveted achievement.

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PHONOGRAPH AND RECORDS
Miss C. H. Thanks for sending me the photos from your garden. My humble appreciation. I want a cover of May Allison. Yes, when do you rest again? Before that even, if she will help us get hold of some new poses of herself.

Dear Miss H.: At last you got the courage to write me. You are a dear girl. No, Olga I 7 is not an actress. Just a new red for the last eight or nine years. Olga Clayton was married to Joseph Kaufman, who was later dead. So you think I ought to box my moves? Now that the summer is nearly over, I think that's rather a bad thought.

F. Z. H.: No. I am not what you would call a queen of the world, but I have been around some. I did see Helen Gardner in "Vanity Fair," years ago and she was quite beautiful. I don't know where she is now. Yes, we have the posy things here, too. Don't you think that a mosquito has twenty-two teeth? And which may be seen thru a microscope? I'd hate to have one get tangled up in my beard and build a nest there.

R. G. P., Richardson, Va.: I will not get angry, for I would never do for both of us to be angry at once.

Warren Kerrigan is producing in Los Angeles. Carole Blackwell is in New York. No, Clara K. Young wasn't married again, but her husband did. Oh, I enjoyed your typewriting immensely. It is a wonderful character! Finger me another letter soon.

Fla.: Thanks for the gum. No, you have no gum. And the only Fluff I have, Yes, Viola Dana at Metro. Los Angeles, is "The Camouflage." Yes, it is a great production of Shakespeare. That great magician who left immortal company for the spirit of man in its weary toil for this world. Anita Stewart in "Swing the Wind."

Ethel Dimple: John Barrymore is resting in a hospital now and I doubt if he will answer you. George Cohen isn't playing in pictures. He's too busy with the legitimate. Viola Dana in "Blackmail."


Sepp: "Thank you for the verse you sent me." Yes, Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Pickford here and I am sure they will be happy ever after, in spite of those who say that married happiness is like the sky, but those who play with it during the honeymoon, all fall to pieces, and the rest of life consists in trying to keep them up.


N. S. "Why, I'm not unkind, dear." No, Robert Warwick is not a player.

Beverly M. O.: Your letter was returned.

E. O. "Nymphs paradoxe? Yes, it is true about Claude Syme. You ask "Do actors and actresses have more power of concentration?" I'll say they do and about forty other powers. Yes, I'll upset the situation. Let me see, how about Marguerite Clark's? Like four feet ten.

Polly Tree: Your first letter to me. Good! I hope you will be a regular contributor. So you think Percy Marmont has a very pleasing personality, and that he has a fine sense of humor? Well, it seems that you should enjoy additional things or other small fare of fishman. That and you should like to meet him. So should I—I have never had the pleasure. You talk like a very domesticated person, Polly. I'm with you. I enjoyed every bit of it.

Gertie and Sue: Pearl White is playing in "The White Moll," written by Frank L. Packard, who wrote "The Miracle Man." Her first five-reel picture in several years. Yes, when the "swallows homeward fly.

D. F. A.: Well, I don't know of anybody who wants to swap places with me, do you? You say this is the only Answer Department you ever read. Ditto! Valeka Suratt, who is vamping in vaudeville. You bet Bert Lytell will write you, drop him a line at Metro.

Queen Elizabeth, Jr.: Glad to get the book. Many thanks. You want me to use my influence with Mr. Brewster to have an interview with Wallace Reid. I'll do that little thing for you. It won't require much influence to put that over. Why, I understand Vitalograph are going to enlarge their Western studios to the extent of $200,000.

Eileen Percy in "Myra Meets Her Family."

Canadian Pep: Yes, and do you know that a London policeman is not allowed to marry without the approval of his superior? Why, Pell Trenton played the part of Pell in "The Camouflage." Yes, I don't like to be sarcastic, but I can't help it sometimes. You also say you "wish I could be your helper, but not when it comes to a half bedroom and buttermilk and salad." This is so sudden! I expect a reply soon.

Cecilia W.: Nance O'Neil is to play in "The Passion Flower" for the screen. Rodney La Roque is playing in "Life."

Lambert: You neglected to enclose the whereabouts to return your favor.

Lion H.: My word, you say you are not familiar with such words as "Starring," "Picturization," "Picturize," and "Featurized." All are terms used in connection with moving pictures. I try not to get irritable, but sometimes I just can't make my disposition behave. Shirley Mason in "The Little Wanderer." Mildred Reardon is playing opposite George Walsh in "Number 17." George's next will be "The Plunger."

Pimple: Hope you are fully recovered by now. You can reach Miriam Cooper at Mayflower. Dorothy Dalton has signed up with Famous Players. Viola Dana in "The Chorus Girl's Romance." Olive Thomas is the wife of Jack Pickford.

Margaret S.: What do I use or make my whiskers grow? Ah, that's my great secret. If I told you, you would ask me why I do not use it on my head. Well, if the prices keep on climbing we shall all starve to death. And then, I suppose I shall rise and meet them there. Willard Mack in "The Valley of Doubt." Irene Tans in "Determination."
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The Answer Man.

RUBBER HAIR. I don't know what makes me so funny, what does? Would that it were not so. I try to be profound and the verdict is that I am plummy. Louise Lovely will be starred in Fox pictures. Commodore J. Smart Blackton is making "Man and His Woman." He was the founder of this magazine. Pauline Stark in "The Untamed" with Tom Mix. You're very welcome. Run in again some time.

TOODLES—Thanks for the sec. You are so good to me. Yes, Norma Talmadge's "Pantheon" is being revived by Selznick. Niles Welch is about 32, and Cullen Landis is 23. He has dark hair.

LOLA—Oh, I don't write for Pictures. Just the Motion Picture and Classic. Well, the man who differs with us is wrong. We who differ with him are wrong, therefore, we are all wrong—it is simply a matter of opinion. I really liked Norma Talmadge's "Yes or No." She is emotional, pretty and knows how to wear clothes.

MOVIE LOVE MARY—So you think William Dunne is a peach. Rather effeminate for him. He's a regular fellow. Yes, the ocean cables rest on the bottom for the most part.

INQUISITIVE—Clara Horton was Youth Bebe Daniels was Vee and Margaret O'Brien was Modesty in "Everywoman." I really can't tell you whether some of the actors feel bashful about kissing their leading woman, but you know it is part of their duty, and they have done it.

GERRY FARRAR FOREVER.—Rather personal, what? Glad you had a good time at the theater party. There's no time like the present. Go to it, but it is easy to be critical—act. I'm sure the Bara is not married. You say you want to hear more about Ann Little. Little Ann, speak up, you are aged.

P. L. CULVER.—I'm sorry, it should have been Santa Ana.

KISSET.—Awefully glad to get yours. Thanks. I enjoyed it all.

NAGG—I see that there is no use trying to teach enthusiasm prudence. Fire away. Ethel Clayton is on her way to Europe at this writing. Don't know why that player left Famous Players, but maybe Milton's line explains it—"Rather than be less, careless not to be at all." Do write again.

WIRE.—No, we don't intend to run a department showing how to operate machines and theaters, because this magazine is for the public, not for the trade. Yes, "Forbidden Valley" was a Blackton production released thru Pathé. You're entirely welcome. Keep the change.

IMA BABY VAMP.—Out of my sight, woman! If there is anything in this, it is a baby camp. You'll get every one of those interviews in due time. Be patient. Madge Kennedy in "The Truth" and "The Girl With the Jazz Heart." Awfully glad to hear about your house. Tell me some more. Makes me regret my bachelorhood.

MYRTLE.—Yes, I got you right, and hence you get left.

BURG—Clasen Ferguson opposite Constance Talmadge in "The Shuttle."" ALICE SWANSON FAN.—Interesting stuff you write. Yes, we ought to have more child plays. Fairy stories and the like. Gladys Brockwell in "A Sister to Salome." Marguerite Namara in "Pollyanna's Moments." I hope she acts as well as she sings. I have heard her many times. Thankee muchly.

PLUFF.—What do you mean by "Dear Old Hypocrite?" Zounds! But that you are and I don't care how it sounds. Yes, I do, too, but won't you please pity me, and let my eyes rest on my very own name in your column? If you only knew how happily I come in My Movie Pictorial and then—disillusionment."

At that, dear child, I will answer you most reverently. Shout! Anna Q. Nilsson and James Hestwood had the leads in "The Luck of the Irish." Come in, anyway, and we'll have a chat.

(Continued on page 111)
CARTOONISTS MAKE BIG MONEY

Every time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh and every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for him every day.

In this weary old world, everyone from childhood to old age wants to be made to laugh, and men who succeed at this are highly paid for it. By capitalizing their humorous ideas and drafting ability, cartoonists like Briggs, Fox, King, and Smith make $10,000 to $100,000 a year. YOU may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training give you the skill to put them on paper.

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Lost: Some Old Friends

Hamish N. Clermont, president of Clermont Photoplays Corporation, wants to know what has become of:

The old-fashioned grocer who used to put a potato on the spout of the kerosene can, and

The old-fashioned tailor who used to sell clothes on credit, and

The old-fashioned girl who didn’t use rouge, lip-sticks, perfume, brow-pencils, powder, cigarettes, etc., etc., and who stayed home nights, and

The old-fashioned hen that laid eggs at fifteen cents a dozen, and

The old-fashioned restaurant that served regular food, and

The old-fashioned people who used to walk on the sidewalks, and

The old-fashioned star who acted her head off for $75 a week, and

The old-fashioned director who directed good pictures for $150, and

The old-fashioned author who was glad to sell a story for $500 and build the continuity to boot, and

The old-fashioned folk who used to be courteous and kind and neighborly, and

The old-fashioned dollar that used to buy a dollar’s worth of anything and not make the eagle ashamed to look the Goddess of Liberty in the face, and

The old-fashioned picture show that used to give a big program for ten cents, and

The old-fashioned sandwiches that had bread on both sides and a slab of meat not shaved off with a safety razor, and

The old-f—but what’s the use?
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91
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 picture strikes us, 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 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 pictures. 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.

The Screen Time-Table

<table>
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<td>The Little French-Canadian girl in “Tiger Rose.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Ulric brought to the great outdoors a figure of superb daintiness, perfect in every detail to the tips of her delicately groomed fingernails. She, and other beauties of the stage, who realize the necessity of a faultless toilette, without qualification endorse HYGLO Manicure Preparations</td>
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WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO.
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Carve and Restore Life, Cures of 1 Centures 5c.

Hillocks and Hurdles of Talk
(Continued from page 55)
know just enough of it to make me want to know it well. It's been embarrassing, too, when I've been traveling. I don't like to do or to know anything unless I can talk. Mediocrity doesn't interest me. That's a sort of squalor, a philosophy, a 'thing,' a what you will. Anyway, I'm a regular student at Cornell. Isn't that a scream? I admit it. You'd be amused at some of my fellow-students. Middle-aged folk studying agriculture, for instance, as seriously as they live, not to say their livelihoods, depended upon it. Living in dormitories, too. I think it's rather sweet.

"It shows that people never give up," I hazarded.
Irene mumbled, "The desire to press on 
ever abates," she said, with rare gravity.
"Don't you miss New York, being in it 
and of it?" I asked.
She looked such a metropolis, in her 
slim, black satin gown, very straight, 
embroidered in henna color, her tan silken 
hose and strapp'd tan slippers, her 
spirited small head.
"Miss it? I love it! And whether I 
loved it or not I should have to be an 
Ithacan. You couldn't drag Robert away 
from Ithaca with a devil. He's a part of 
the landscape. His father and his 
father's father, I guess, lived there before 
him. Robert's father is the Hardware 
King, you know . . . we led the life out 
of Robert about selling a couple of pounds 
of nails and a yard or so of bobbled 
wire . . . anyway, they've just 
always been there. They've taken root. As for 
us, we come to town every month or so 
for a few days, see the shows, shop 
around, and then I've had enough of it, 
and am glad to go back home (we call 
our house 'Home At Last') and take root 
with the rest of the family. I like the 
people. I love the animals. What more 
could I want?"

I couldn't say; I didn't attempt to. 
I departed and left her to club sandwiches, 
her relatives, her persistent 'phone calls 
and her husband's callers, knowing her to 
be adequate to what the well-known 
Wallace might term "many things."

THE FADE-OUT
(As Swinburne might have sung)
Thru famine, flood and fire, 
To seek, and never tire,
The star of dear desire;
For oh, the joy to feel 
The all-embracing fade-out,
The never-failing fade-out,
The happy, happy fade-out,
That ends the weary reel.

In sorrow and in gladness, 
In happiness and madness, 
In pleasure and in sadness,
Adversity and wrench.
To dream upon the fade-out,
The bliss-enforcing fade-out,
The sugar-coated fade-out,
That sweetens up the reel.

Then troubles go a-winging,
Then oriates are singing,
Then wedding bells are ringing.
Their universal pad—
Oh, ever-blessed fade-out!
Oh, smooth, artistic fade-out!
Oh, gloom-dispersing fade-out!
That finishes the reel!

J. E. Halay.
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Stafford-Miller Co.
St. Louis, Missouri

Just June
(Continued from page 65)

fan correspondence with the pictures we send out by the score. I grant you we are generously paid, but not quite so generously as the layman is wont to believe.

Unlike most stars she did not come to the screen, having all her life desired such a career. Her earlier life was spent in a small country town in which she sang in the village choir and it was not until after her marriage and the birth of her now six-year-old daughter Carlotta, that she joined the Winter Garden, a few months later signing with the World, where she remained constantly until December last, when she began work on "The Law of the Yukon."

Too, now that she has returned to New York and the gay white way she is playing on the stage once more and, incidentally, winning excellent criticisms.

I asked her if she found motherhood and a career adapting themselves to one another. She laughed as she replied:

"Really, Miss Fletcher, I begin to think I'm quite stupid when I see the woman of today juggling a career in one hand and a family in the other. Frankly I don't see how they do it. I really don't. I find Carlotta in herself quite two hands full, and if it were not for my mother, who lives with me, and watches after her when I'm away, I couldn't manage it."

"Boarding-school," I suggested.

"I shouldn't like that," she made immediate answer, her face growing serious, "not for a while at least. No boarding-school is sufficient in itself."

On the screen she has proved her ability as an actress because she has been thoroughly natural—she is just the character she so often portrays—the mistress of a well-appointed home in a pretty suburb; a charming member of the country club; the hostess of the cleverest parties—it is not one whit difficult to imagine her as all this in the Long Island town in which she lives—she fits perfectly into such an atmosphere and she is essentially the mother of Carlotta—She is—just herself,—just June—even to Carlotta who calls her "Mamajune."

Eleanor Shipley Halsey, a Brooklyn magazine writer and poet, forwarded to Metro Pictures Corporation a poem upon Nazimova, the brilliant Russian star, whose latest triumph, "The Brat," has aroused a storm of popular interest throughout the country.

NAZIMOVA

You pass, a shadow in a land of dreams, And yet the silence of your passing seems To echo with the wild and wistful songs Your people wail, in bitterness of wrongs As old as time, more sorrowful than death. But when our tears would fall, like tender breath Of summer wind, where northern sun- light gleams, Comes laughter and the joy of ice-freed streams That, vast and deep, flow forth to friendly seas. Oh, child and woman, whom life’s tragedies And joys have made a thing of cloud and fire, You are a people’s pride and their desire. The strange and lovely beauty of your face, Your sublety, your strength, bespeak your race. So we, who scorn her ways her woes despise, Find hope for Russia in your steadfast eyes.
The Orient on the Subway
(Continued from page 53)
Japan to make pictures and he said he hoped to go there to make a great production, one which would have great beauty in its scenes and, in a certain sense, be spectacular.

He prefers to do the Hawaiian roles because, he said, laughing:
"Then I can act very wild. It is a great relief to act wild."

But he enjoys good times, only, he explained, he does not think what some are prone to call "wild parties," a good time. Good music and good books with gaieties and festivities interspersed, he enjoys, but for "wild parties," he declares you pay well.

"How they feel the next morning?" he inquired. "Not so well. Always you pay for this, this way; for that, that way—always you pay."

Like those of the Far East he is essentially the fatalist. He does not fight against any unwelcome thing which comes to him. He accepts it, knowing, he says, that you can never judge the outcome of things.

And in accepting things, he spares himself many unhappy hours.

"No one should be unhappy any more than is necessary," he concluded, as a friend came to take him to the races. "Yet people hate this thing and that. It is foolish. When you hate, it causes you pain here," tapping his breast with his index finger. "Ah, but when you love," and his face became illumined, "it is then you know a great joy."

As he left, I thought again of the pliability of his face.

And he is essentially a son of his native land, for even in a business office in Manhattan-on-the-Subway he suggested the far-away isle where he was born—Temple bells in a violet dusk; peaceful nights and dawns fragrant with cherry blossoms, which wake in pale rose to bird calls and the shuffle of sandaled footsteps along the quiet ways.

Oh, What a Girl Is Mary!
(Continued from page 63)
that slim girl in her simple pink gingham frock with a wide white sport hat pulled down over her bobbed auburn locks was indeed Mary Thurman, Princess of Sennettian bathing girls.

And I looked at her and I looked at the ocean where women in one-piece bathing suits were gleefully disporting themselves.

And though I was evidently sensing my mouth perhaps more than usual, I felt bit ruefully into a smile.

"I never heard of that—" I said. "You mean—"

"No—no—" he said. "You know it."

I asked, trying to be gay:
"Yes, but the funniest part of it is—I didn't learn it."

And he forgot pictures, for Mary had delved into every kind of srt of the work, and she apologized—"srt of the work."

"No, no."

"Srt of what?"

"Srt of work."

"And then when you like the result—"

"That's right,"

"Do you like the result—"

And real Mary, warm in her ambitions for her career.
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Rosemary

(Continued from page 39)
know when anything is funny. There's nothing funny about me. But, strange to say, the picture was a success. So, greatly to my disgust, they kept giving me comedy parts. Of course, a contract is a contract—and I don't believe in breaking them. So many stars try to do that after deciding they have been miscast or something. They don't consider the expense the company has been in advertising them and producing the picture. Naturally the producers want to get their money back. I don't think it's fair to break a contract—but no more comedies for me.

"Since then, I have done free-lancing, and have done very well. In fact, it quite suits me to continue that way unless I decide to head my own company. Recently, I have done pictures for Metro, Arcturk and Goldwyn. My last one, 'The Splendid Hazard,' an Allan Wulhall production, with Henry Walthall, is the best thing I have done perhaps. One could not help doing good work with Mr. Walthall. He is the most wonderful actor I know—and he brings out the very best in those who are fortunate enough to work with him."

"Of course you were glad to get back to New York and don't wish you were going to stay?"

"Yes and no," she smiled. "I was glad to come, as I had not had a vacation for four years. I just packed up and came on the impulse of the moment. I'm glad, too, that a change is supposed to be a rest, for my visit here has been anything but restful. For four weeks I have rushed around to theaters, teas, dinners, shopping, seeing friends—have not had one real night's sleep."

"No, I don't want to stay. I have some offers—but—if they want me badly enough—let them send for me. In the meantime, there is a Goldwyn picture waiting in California. It is so beautiful there—such an ideal place to work and to live—so different from mad, glad, hurried, hectic New York. My mad rush is not yet over," she said, apologetically consulting her wrist watch. "It is now twelve and my train leaves at three. And I have a luncheon engagement, my packing to finish, and must say good-bye to some friends. When I am settled on the train I shall not move until we reach Los Angeles!"

Rosemary Theby is singularly reticent about her personal affairs, her likes and dislikes—but we gathered that she is unusually free from whims and fancies, finds her greatest recreation in music, a few favorite books, some close friends and her home—a bungalow court which is home also to many film favorites. But, above everything else, her interest is in her work and she has for it the same zest and enthusiasm that has been characteristic of her since her early Vitagraph days. She would like to head her own company, she says, as it would give her greater opportunities—choosing her own stories for instance—but free-lancing has no terrors for her as she is always busy and makes practically her own terms. One senses in her a sure strength, a splendid certainty that gives one—worldly-wise and cynical tho one may be—faith in her sane, wise philosophy that all is for the best if we do our best—that the best is yet to be.

When Shakespeare said, "Rosemary, that's for remembrance," he meant not the melancholy little blue flower—but rather its haunting fragrance. And, as I left Rosemary Theby, there went with me the memory of her gracious personality—a personality as poignantly sweet as the perfume of the blue flower of remembrance.
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Blue-jay

Plaster or Liquid

The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

The Real Ray

(Continued from page 57)

someone they knew, or someone they once were themselves—and the screen gave me my chance.

"I first realized I had found my niche when I had a chance to play the coward in Thomas Lan's picture of that name... I had been in the Inc company for several years, just playing small roles here and there and learning the craft, when all at once this part was given me. I never worked so hard on anything in my life. And after that, I played the type of role straight thru. I liked playing the role of the pupilist in 'The Egg Crate Wallap.' And I have another pupilist rôle for my first independent picture, too, you know—Kid Burns, in 'Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway.' He is a Bowery product who goes to the country, and slips into the rural habit of mind. He has been a lot of fun to work out."

I began to understand more fully that Ray's portrayal of the country youth is the highest form of mimetic art. He literally assumes the character as a garment and casts it off again at will. In everyday life he is of a spick and spanness in attire, like the famous gentleman who once stepped out of a bandbox.

Nothing is more complete than his transformation from the clever, quick-witted, perfectly-togged young man, with his high-power cars and hot-weather sports, to the shabby, self-conscious, humorous-pathetic, blundering clodhopper that he has created on the screen.

The stammerings, the half-formed gestures, the unutterably comic pathos of the youth tussling at first hand with his luck is art of the most sincere kind.

So here is a man of liberal education, who writes good short stories, and paints better than the average; who loves all good literature from Euripides to Carl Sandburg; who plays tennis, rides, swims and motors with the finish of a trained sportsman, yet he gets under the skin of the rustic adolescent better than any other actor in the world—he actually is the youth on the screen, so much so that it seems impossible that he could have any other personality beside the one familiar to his public. How did he achieve it?

"I like country people," said Mr. Ray, with sudden animation, as tho he had been thinking of it treat while I had just now got round to saying it. "Maybe that is the reason I gravitated naturally toward this character. These country boys are the very spine of the nation—"

"They come to town full of hopes and plans, and they grab at life like a pup grabbing at a thistle, and they dont let go when it stings. They just grab harder. At last, they get the job they want, and the girl they want, and they get a little polish without losing their clean country ideals. I likem them, because they are Americans—just as the screen is distinctively an American art. You cant find just their type anywhere else in the world."

"There was a rumor that, under your new contract with First National and Arthur S. Kane, you were not going to play any more country boy roles." I said.

"Oh, yes, I heard it, too. You can always reach into the air and pick out a rumor." He smiled. "I may do other things some day, but it's a long way off. I have my old friends about me, my old director, Jerry Storm, and my old cameraman, Carl Lyons, and I mean to keep on the way I've been going, only always better, I hope. Stop playing my own kind of role that I found for myself? Well, rather not! You tell them I've just begun!"
The Whisper Market

(Continued from page 61)

wrong. She never dreamed before that she possessed so graphic a tongue as she used when she painted to him the life still stretching before him, a broad highway. She mocked him for his futile use of his tremendous powers. She touched his heart when she told him it was beneath him to make a woman his prey, his stepping-stone to the unrighteous acquisition of wealth he did not need and would not use.

In the midst of her pleading Holson, her husband, and the searching party entered the rooms. The thing which is beneath the skin in every man and will assert itself at a given moment came to birth then when Tilden Burke hid her in his bath and, with a sort of dignity amazing, informed the officials that there was a woman in there and he must be their desistance. When they did insist Erminie drew a deep, quivering sort of breath so much at the terrible danger of the insistence as at Tilden Burke's reply. He told them he would show them the stuff he had smuggled in—cocaine—if they would go without trying to learn the identity of the woman behind the closed door. They had come, not for the woman, but for the cocaine, and the bargain was sealed. The officials—and the American Consul—departed. Burke handed Erminie the photographs, and they faced one another in a silence made more still by the grey gathering of the curtains of night.

"I don't know what to say to you," said Erminie, "it was fine."

Tilden Burke shook his head. "Rough soil for fine things to grow from," he said.

"That is where, quite often, the finest things do grow." Erminie held out her hand. "Thank you," she said, "thank you so much and good luck... and God bless you! Some day I hope to hear of you again—differently."

The man held her hand in his. "Thank you," he said, "for a glimpse of a far country almost lost sight of—for a fairer river than any I have yet crossed—for—" for the hope you hold out to me. Good-bye.

Erminie stole quietly from the room. With her she had secreted one or two of the cartridges in which Burke had concealed the smuggled cocaine. These, with a misleading message from Burke, she sent to the Saltmarshes. She then phoned the Customs House to investigate them and the Brazilian Department of Justice about Burke's sacrifice for her. The result was a promise that Burke might go, providing he leave the country on the next outgoing steamer.

By nightfall it was all over. North came home to tell her of the strange woman concealed in Burke's rooms; of the facts that the Saltmarshes had been trapped and Burke set free; of the closing out of the whole affair.

"It is that sort of thing," he told her, fondling her platted hair, "that causes a fester in society and must be rooted out, cleansed, healed."

"There are so many ways," murmured Erminie, touching his hand with fond fingertips, "of going about it—"

NO CHANCE FOR A STILL

"And did he have the dentist take an X-ray of his wife's jaw?"

"They tried it, but all they could get was a moving picture!"

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<td>Quaker Oats</td>
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<td>Average Meats</td>
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<td>Average Fish</td>
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<td>Hen's Eggs</td>
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<td>Vegetables</td>
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believed it has been stimulated by its giving him something he hopes to combine the two to advantage.

"Eventually, I want to direct," he confided, quite seriously. "I know well enough that my popularity is not always last and tho I intend to stay in motion pictures just as long as the public want me, I shall leave them as soon as I feel my talent is not enough when you have eaten a big dinner, no matter how enjoyable it may have been, it is terrible for the hostess to urge you to eat more and for force my pictures when the public feel they have had enough.

"I want to direct first of all, when it is time to retire and then to go ahead and do it as gracefully as possible. It would spoil anything I may have done by that time if I "hang on," after there had ceased to be a place for me."

Tho he had done many good things before the camera, the first work that started Wallace climbing up the hill toward stardom was a bit in that historical Griffith picture, "The Birth of a Nation," which was responsible for making several of the brightest lights he had to fight a dozen or so and he says that for a long time the fans took it as a "dirty trick" if he fought but one man to a film.

A "motion picture audience is an old mixture," and he shook his head solemnly, "It is estimated that about seventy-five per cent of it is composed of persons under the age of twenty-five and you must endeavor to satisfy these. Usually they want romance—spelled with a big R, quick action, a lot of thrilling adventure and a generous sprinkling of comedy.

"I'm plunging right into work again, rehearsing the stage play of 'Sick-a-Bed'—you know I made a film version of this play— with an all-star cast, to be given at the Little Theater for a several weeks' run. Then, I'm beginning a new picture, 'The Charm School'—where the chap inherits a girls' boarding-school, and not being much a scholar, he decides to specialize on dancing and till the little social graces that are so charming. It is cleverly worked out with many humorous situations and cleverly played.

"I missed seeing 'The Daunin Fool,' was it good?" he asked, suddenly. "I hated that wild-man stuff. To be sure, I wore a string of beads and a leopard skin at Vitagraph when I made a series of Indian pictures, but that seemed all right. Funny what a psychological effect a contact makes. Brown like an Indian, the primitive costume seemed wholly appropriate, but with white skin you feel so darn undressed prancing about.

"These are the togs," stretching out his long legs and glancing with approval at his golf clothes. "Dont have much time to play the game, but I'm a dandy. My best recreation is to get my hands on the wheel of my car. Nothing rests me like that.

"It's thrilling he's after, he has had only twenty-five cars in the past six years," said Mrs. Reid, again joining us.

"Cold he hasn't taken up flying," I remarked, as several of the film colony have gone in for this sport.

"Hu, hu, dont mention it," and the wife shook her head at me. "Lieutenant Lockel is still taking to take him up and I'm frightened for fear he will never be satisfied to stay on the ground again."

Two parrots, important members of the Reid household, can't be fooled into the round. The South American dwarf of varied colors followed the proud struts of the gorgeous green Panamá bird, which amused with his flow of Spanish swear words. In fact, he kept a running account about Mac, the beautiful Shetland Sheep- herd, which lay stretched on the floor, while Billy played with the three pets as if they were children."

"What is son to be when he grows up?"

I asked, for with a talented father and mother the future of this lad promises to be interesting.

"A plumber, I should imagine," remarked Wally, good-humoredly, rescuing several fierce looking tools from the child's hands.

"He's a worldly kid. When I came home after my long absence, the first thing the little fellow said was, 'Daddy, what did you bring me?' and he was so interested in the junk—a train and a motor-boat—that he hardly knew I was here," and catching the child in his arms and swinging him into the air, the while Billy giggled his delight.

Mrs. Reid is a niece of the famous Fanny Davenport and was on the vaudeville stage for forty years before the two met they were co-starred in a series of Universal pictures which Wallace wired. Davenport was in which he also played the leading rôle.

It was when the Lasky company were arranging the cast for Geraldine Farrar's first venture, "Carmen," that the handsome Wally was engaged for the romantic part of Don José, and he continued to play opposite the lovely Gerry in all of her Lasky pictures for three years. Then, he was raised to stardom, becoming one of the favorites of this company's brilliant galaxy.

"He is by no means a single-track mind; he has many enthusiasms, being, in fact, a regular dynamo of action and wearing himself out with his excessive energy. Above all he is blessed with that most desirable gift—a retentive mind, and his wife pays him this glowing tribute:

"Not once can we have married have I asked him a question that he has not given me an intelligent answer. His general knowledge is a fresh revelation to me, each play and it is never light to get him started on a subject, for he is not satisfied until he arrives at the correct solution. He is an excellent example of having taken advantage of every opportunity offered, for he had little schooling, but uses, daily, everything he ever learned."

One might paraphrase a bit here and say, "Seldom is a man a hero to his wife."

Remarking the hero, then, after the courtship has waned would seem to be a girl. And after knowing Wallace Reid, it is a gift you are willing to attribute to the genial Wally.

Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, one might say quite by accident, for his parents had started back to the New Eng- land home for the event, but were forced to stop off at St. Louis. Of course, the whole trend of his life is explained for a stage career, his father being Hal Reid, playwright and actor, but had the circumstances been different, he would have been a surgeon. He is passionately interested in this branch of science.

However, the fans scattered over the country are glad that he is an actor, and best of all, a motion picture actor, and knowing Wallace Reid on the screen you may feel that you know the man.
Success Is Beckoning

(Continued from page 46)

The born in a small town in Illinois, Helen was reared in Chicago, within a stone's throw of the old Essanay studio. She was always "screen struck," as she calls herself, at the Great Urge. Gaily she told how she used to climb the studio fence to watch the fun, and added that she was frequently chased away with the other "kids."

Every day for four months she called at the Essanay only to be turned down. And when the three management boys were keeping up to a high mark in her studies.

Then, with all the lard of background of the tragic-comedy of a "movie" thriller, came the turning point in Helen Fergusson's life.

On the very day of her final examinations she received her first call from the studio. Not understanding the vagueness of time limits of motion pictures, she con- firmed the date for a sort of tryout program, and phoning to the school that she would be a little late for the exams, she started forth on her career.

Feeling a little mazed with a sinking heart, she watched the day fly by with no chance for her to leave and when the afternoon came she little expected going to her school to take the final scenes, she felt this was indeed the very last straw. There, in full view of teachers and pupils, Helen had to go where the students were.

Well, with the hard-heartedness of school authorities for youthful dreams, they flunked her, wouldn't listen to exploitations or give her a chance to make good. School had meant so much to her, she had been the teacher's pet, and averaged above 90 in all her studies, so the blow fell hard and she declares she will never get over this disappointment.

With her school days behind her she became a "regular extra."

"There were thirty-five girls in one little room with three mirrors and how we used to scrap about being the main Essanay—was I!" she said. "That was the place of heartaches and broken hopes, with a few triumphs."

The first picture I made was with Ruth Stonehouse and Henry Walthall in 'Temper.' Ruth and I have been friends ever since, and now, here we are occupying the same little room, but this time together.I've been through a lot with her. Coleen Moore and I were chums at Essanay—still are, and how we used to dream dreams and build air-castles. The Bryant Washburns, other Essanay friends, are here, and oh, it seems as if everyone of that old crowd is here."

"I had been with Essanay for two years when I asked for a chance. I reminded them that I had been fired five times and before that happened again I wanted to see what I really could do. The next day they gave me a good part and I played leads with Bryant Washburn, Taylor Holmes, Jack Gardner and a lot of others."

"It was through my Great Opportunity that I met Willa, it was like a fairy tale. She was all that I had ever dreamed of."

"Good Bye, Boys!"

"Today I dropped in for a last word with the boys at the office. And as I saw Tom and Dave there at the same old desk it came to me suddenly that they had been there just so the day I came with the firm four years ago."

"When I started here I was put at a desk and given certain routine things to do. It was my first job and I took it as a matter of course. But after a few months I began to realize that I was nothing but a hush more machine—doing things that anyone could do that and I couldn't expect to advance that way."

"So I had a talk with the manager and I'll never forget what he said. "If you want to get ahead, put in some of your spare time getting special training along the line of your work. We want men who care enough about their future not only to do their work well but to devote part of their spare time to preparation for advancement."

"That very night I wrote to Scranton and a few days later had started studying evenings at home. Why, do you know, it gave me a whole new interest in our business? In a few months I was given more important work and more money. Since then I've had three increases, six months ago I was put in charge of my department, and now my big chance has come—I'm to be manager of our Western branch at 6,500 a year."

"Tom and Dave could never see any sense in my studying nights—they said eight hours a day was enough for any man to be bothered with business. They had the same chance I had, they could have been big men in the firm today, but they stood still while I went up to one of the best jobs in our business. It just shows what spare time training will do."

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105
work to help out. It was when I met Ray McGee, who was doing a govern- 
ment picture, that I had my first chance, and I have been going ever since with a 
pan check somewhere every week. For 
several years I free-lanced. Gee, how 
busy I was toward the last of each pic-
ture. I would phone to everyone I knew 
tell them I would give free 
"I hate to be idle. Of course, here it's 
not so bad, for I work in the garden 
and mow the lawn; see my muscle!" and 
the sleeve of the muslin was pushed up for 
me to view the firm white arm.

Love is hovering over this young girl 
and she seems to be holding off merely to 
be sure. She has many "old-fashioned" 
ideas and one marriage is among them. 
She thinks "for life" is a long, long time.

"It is marvelous to have him and I re-
alize each day how hard it would be to 
give him up. We have such fun together 
just a couple of kids." And the dark 
eyes grew warm and soft as she spoke.

Helena is now assisted with Metro, so, 
with a career beginning and holding 
several immediate alluring plans, 
it is rather a hard question for her. She 
feels she is just beginning to reap the 
reward of her steady work.

Peter Kyne's thrilling story, "Kindred 
of the Dust," now running in the Cosmopolitan, is to be filmed with an all-star 
cast and she is to have the leading rôle.

"I'm very happy over it and am going to 
put all I have into this picture, so I shall 
probably rise or fall with it. While I was 
in San Francisco recently, Mr. Kyne gave 
a little dinner for me and when he intro-
duced me to Mr. Kyne, he said that I 
was the only girl that should ever play 
that rôle. Mrs. Kyne, who is a very beau-
tiful woman, looked at me for a full min-
te, then agreed that I suited the part. She 
considered this the most splendid comple-
ment I ever received."

With her emotional temperament, Helena 
can easily swing into the undercurrents 
and subtleties of a story, while tears and 
smiles are very near the surface.

So with the gift of youth, beauty, dram- 
atic ability, and a clear thought of the 
guiding Mind, Helen Ferguson is surely 
walking straight up the mountain of suc-

THE IDOL DANCER 
(In memory of Clarine Seymour)

Over the fragrant seas,
Comes the warm breeze
From those idyllic isles
Where darker Beauty smiles,
Breathing a sigh
For you, too fair to die.

In this sad hour,
Exquisite "Almond Flower,"
What pale exotic blossoms shall be laid,
Petals that shall fade,
For the delight you gave,
Upon your grave?

The ukulele's strain,
Trembles, with wailing pain,
But you no more shall dance
Where the moonbeams entrance
The ways that once you trod,
Before your carven god.

With laughing breath,
Into the arms of death,
As those of love lost unreturning day,
In mirth you danced away,
Leaving no word to tell
The sadness of farewell.

F. V.
Nazimova—and Her Language of the Soul

(Continued from page 31)

"After that the society people of New York began attending our plays as a sort of fashionable shaming trip, among the two kindly old gentlemen, Robert Underwood Johnson and Richard Watson Gill, poets and editors of the old Century Magazine, whose influence and words of praise helped to bring about my opportunity to star.

"In May, 1906, the other members of our company returned to Russia. I, of course intended to go too, but due to an offer of Lee Shubert's to stay in this country an I learn English. I let them go back to the old country without me."

"My English teacher was Mrs. Harris, the mother of Richard Barthelemes. In three months' time I had a fair smattering of the language and at last came my chance to star in 'Hedda Gabler.'"

"After that I didn't have to be property man any more, nor did I have to make my own clothes, but I was my own producer and I worked harder than before.

"This with dozens of little shrugs and raising of fine brows was the only explanation the incomparable Alla can or will give of her phenomenal rise to fame. "I could examine and do it better. I could do so," she assured me. "I would be glad to help others become successful, but it isn't a matter of help, it is only a matter of ambition and work. There is no other formula for success." And she smiled—revealing even white teeth and narrowing her eyes to long, dark slits.


"Four of her stage successes have been picturized and she has produced them on the screen; "Hedda Gabler," "A Doll's House," "Ception Shoals" which was released under the name "Out of the Fog," and "War Brides." The others which she has produced up to date are "Eye for an Eye," "Revealed," "The Red Lantern," "The Artist," "Stronger Than Death," "The Heart of a Child," and "Billions." The last one has yet not been released.

"Nazimova always plays with the same leading man, Charles Bryant, her lover both on and off the screen, her husband."

"This successful woman, like those who are truly great, is not the least bit unapproachable, as the affectionate nickname the studio staff has given her implies. It is "Jazzimova," unindignified—yes, but she likes it. She salutes the smallest office boy with equally as cordial a greeting as she bestows on the president, and when passing any of them on the street leans far out of the window of her luxurious limousine to wave her hand and smile."

"In Nazimova's pictures there is a conspicuous absence of love-making, that is the love-making of the ordinary 'jarden' variety. But in real life when Nazimova waves away her big, blue limousine, and climbs into her husband's open roadster to drive from the studio to their beautiful home on the Lake Hills, and is rewarded by an adoring glance from him, we know that the song that says "And we'll weather life together in the good, old-fashioned way," applies to a great genius equally as well as to you and me."

"Alan Dale would say again, "There is a universal language—the soul—and the one who speaks it best is Nazimova."

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STYLEDOWN

By DIXIE WILSON

A year of nights she danced, and I
In adoration, watched and dreamed
Of open field, and sunny sky—
An airy wind-tossed thing she seemed!
I dared to watch her—what would she be?
Would be the real sweetheart of me!

Somewhat, I never knew her name—
I looked beyond the Badeshield rights—
Somehow I quite forgot her fame—
"Twas just for me she danced those nights!
And then, as moonlight fades with dawn,
I found one day—that she was—gone!

So—when today, there came a bit
Of thistledown, upon the wind—
Like airy toes and finger-tips,
Like breath of hair and checks and lips—

I caught it—just to play that she—
My sweetheart—had come back to me.
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THE FIMS VAMPIRE
(With Apologies to Shakespeare)

By MARK CANEL

Fans, players, directors, lend me your ears,
I come to bury the vamp, not to praise her.
The hearts that vamps break live after them,
The other things are oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with this vamp. The noble public
Hath told you the vampire was criminal;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath the vamp answered it.
Here under leave of the public and the rest—
For the public is a competent judge,
So are they all, all competent judges—
Come I to speak at the vampire’s funeral.
She was my friend, lovely and good to me;
But the public says she was criminal,
And the public is a competent judge.
She hath brought sunshine into the hearts of men
Whose lives otherwise were dull indeed.
Did this in her seem criminal?
When that the heart was lonely, the vampire has kist;
Crime should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet the public says she was criminal,
And the public is a competent judge.
You all did see that on a certain day
A married man thrice offered to dance with her,
Which she did thrice refuse. Was this criminal?
Yet the public says she was criminal,
And, sure, the public is a competent judge.
I speak not to disprove what the public says,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did yearn for once, not without cause,
What cause withholds you then to mourn for her?
Of judgment, thou art fled to jealously and wives
And men have lost their feelings! Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin with the film vamp
And I must pause till it come back to me.

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THE FILM VAMPIRE

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CASTING DIRECTORS’ EXHIBIT
1211 Pontiac Building Dept. 160 Chicago, I11.
A Dreamer Under Arms (Continued from page 68)

interested in me at the same time he took Charles Ray under his directorial wing. Unlimited opportunity stretched before me. Then one fine day things didn’t pan out as I thought they should and I quit. It was then that I should have stopped to reason why, but instead I went directly to work with the Vitagraph.

“In my life,” he went on almost musingly, “I am able to count but one concrete period in which I took time to philosophize, to think, to plan—and to dream. That was the months I spent in service when, after the day’s tasks, I indulged in these thoughts at my heart’s content. For those months I shall always give thanks. They gave me a broader outlook, a clear perspective, a philosophy. During the time I wore the khaki, I sat up on a fence, so to speak, and watched myself go by. And I came to the conclusion that in my mad haste to arrive at what materialists term ‘Success,’ or ‘Finis,’ I was leaping over worth-while things which would give happiness on the way.”

It is not easy to believe that before this period under arms, he failed to take time to build the things of the gossamer, for his eyes are the eyes of the dreamer and his outlook is that of the philosopher. Yet he possesses a grasp on the material as well as the immaterial which causes you to realize that he has not totally dedicated his life to dreaming. He has been up—he has been doing.

“And now?” I asked.

“Now,” he smiled, “I’m not forgetting to dream some before the day wanes. I feel too that I have, to some extent, curbed my impatience, for I find a satisfaction in the portrayal of every role which comes to me in my stock work at the Vitagraph studios. I feel that I am receiving an experience which will later permit me to do the things I want to do.”

He grinned as he said:—“Yet there is still one thing over which I am impatient and that is the leading juvenile role which sometimes falls to my lot. Nine times out of ten the character is insipid and vapid. In fact, I much prefer playing ‘ heavies.’”

He finds time now and then to write short stories and, in this work, he apparently finds an outlet for the philosophy, the dream stuff, the gossamer and the ideas he acquired under arms.

“I should like to write far more than I do,” he said, “but everyone knows how impossible it is to write and do other things well at the same time. However, my desire for a theatrical career has not weakened since the University of Michigan days. It may, tho, have a trifle different and more serious trend,” he explained, “for I have come to believe that it was at first an insatiate appetite for fame and accord which such a career would bring. Today I feel that I want a part in furthering the art of the screen; in dispensing with the claptrap which is still offered now and then. I want to help in the plucking of the cinema where it belongs—because I believe in it absolutely.”

He is still impatient. And he probably will be so for a number of years. Youth and impatience are keen companions.

He should be thankful for the supreme patience of his early days, for thru it he has acquired a knowledge of diverse things—too, thankful for his dreams under arms, for they have dressed the realities in a gossamer—and I should not be surprised if the morrow found him going on, creating to an ever greater degree, building in reality the dreams he dreamed under arms.
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MILLIANA.—The closer a man is the farther it is to teach him. I don’t know any new You Tell—s. You tell ‘em calendar. I’ve got a date. Fair. Mary Miles Minter in "Sweet Lavender," "The Little Clowns" and "Blind Woman." I mean Mary Pickford. William S. Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y.

FARUM FAN.—Well, a man may be driven, yet a woman must be coaxed. William Foran was born in 1870 in Boston, Mass., and Dustin was born in England. You want a satisfying interview with William. um, what kind of an interview would satisfy thee? You are not the first one who gets Louise Lovely resembles Mary Pickford. A little bit.

JUST ODYSSEUS.—Unbelievers are not modern. They were honored in the fashions of the ancient ladies of China and India, and for their antiquity date back to the ruins of Nineveh, and they are to be seen sculptured on the monuments of Egypt.

Oh, that would take up too much room here. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. It would be quicker, too.

ECONOMY.—Do I concur? I should say I do. Ad finem. Dont forget that we are come what we earn station desire to be. Honestly, my greatest ambition when I was four years old was to be an Answer Man. Would you believe it? And I had to wait only sixty years to have my dream come true.

JUST JANE.—You refer to Rudolph Cameron. Why, Oregon’s great forests are now protected from fire by aeroplane patrols. Alice Brady is in the "New York Idea." Justine Johnstone played in "Black Bird." Constance Binney is to appear in "Tommy and Grizel." You just set I want you to call me again.

DOT THE FIRST.—You must have appeared in the Bible. There are a lot of dots there. Think of it, Dot, the whole town of Moneta, Wyoming, sold for $10,000, and a lot of people in New York cant rent a house for that sum. Nazi-nova in "Madam Peacock." Come in again some time, Dot.

LONE STAR LASSIE.—Of course it is much better to subscribe.

JOHN K.—Thanks, old man, for the card.

FERN C.—No, indeed, I am far from being great and mighty. He must suffer to be great, he must conquer himself. And the world to be might, he must conquer himself. He was turned up in my cards. Jack Crosby was Kenneth in "A Daughter of Two Worlds." Gilbert Rooney was Harry and Frankie Lee was Jimmy. Perry Standing in "Bonds of Love.”

SYLVIA J. A.—Now that you are on the subject, Sylvia, there are three kinds of passions, especially idealizations, which are yet designated loves: the love of wealth—avarice; the love of power—ambition; the love of bodily pleasure— voluptuousness. They must be worshipped, not to symbolize, but to conceal the claims of God. Sorry you started? Rudolph Cameron is about 24. Yes, he is Anita Stewart’s husband. Why, Henry G. Sell was Henry Gsell. No, I am not one of the original hall-room boys. I am nothing near a novel, to find a genius in a novel. Or in a ball room, I might add. That’s right, Washington Square, for instance.

OOF.—Yes. Yeah. Will Rogers is starring. Big star, too.

ANNA M. B.—Wilfred North is directing for the American Cinema. Is he a star? Yes, North Star being a star director. Gladden James is married, but what’s the difference? Viola Dana and Pell Trenton in "The Willow Tree.”

(Continued on page 115)
The Mollycoddle
(continued from page 41)
was lack of proof. He was always making trips across to Holland with a yacht full of the most highly respected people, so I got myself invited as a guest. That paper I found proves clearly enough that he’s been getting quantities of rough men published in Holland and taking them back to the States, but I don’t know yet where he gets the rough stones. I’ve got to keep on till I get the whole case, but—"

She hesitated, in scorn of what she had been about to do. No! She would not play on his sympathy, whine and whimper about being sick of the work—she would not use Mollie’s weapons. Let him think what he pleased of her! After all, it was more important what she thought of herself. She felt her hand seized and shaken, not sentimentally, but with a comradely grip.

"Great stuff!" encouraged the Mollycoddle, "but you’re taking an awful risk— that man’s da’gerous. He’s a killer—got the same look in those yellow eyes of his I’ve seen in jaguars! Besides, how can you find where he gets the stones? You can tag him once the trip’s over."

"No. If the professor is going to cross the desert in a prairie-schooner,“ she whispered, looking about her nervously. "We—we mustn’t stay here talking. Let’s go long as he’s already suspicious of you and jealous of me," she was turning away but paused and he saw there was a soft shine of tears in her eyes.

"I wish Virginia had," I said, "I wish you were going, too—"

From the cabin sounded the harsh voice of Van Holkar, bawling her name. Richard Marshall looked down at her, smiling quizzically. "I told you I’d prove there was something to heredity!" he said, cryptically. "If this bird lets me loose when we get to the States I’ll be there when you want me. And if he doesn’t let me loose—he paused, and she saw for the first time that his muscles had stood out upon occasion like those of a fighting animal, "if he doesn’t let me loose—I’ll be there too—"

Which may or may not explain why a very greasy and unbelievably dirty form wrapped in a blanket, pausing beside the prairie wagon, the Desert Yacht, two weeks later (having spent the intervening time among the Indians on the reservation) to sell the tourists bead trinkets and braided baskets, broke his stolid silence when he came to Virginia and spoke a few words in Oxford English under his breath. When she unfastened her beaded purse she found a note scribbled in pencil.

"The stones come from a mine hidden in a crater in the mountains. Van Holkar told the Injuns it’s haunted and they won’t go near it, but they know where it is. I’m going to play the innocent tourist and call at one of the villages on the reservation. I’ll get the location out of them somehow. They’ll sell their own grandmothers for a box of tobacco, you know. Meanwhile, Van Holkar’s getting nervous. He’s got a tip somehow he’s being watched, and he’s liable to be dug. For Heaven’s sake keep your automatic handy and use it if you need to. A little killing would do that man a lot of good. Yours, R."

"P. S. Did you get that heap? If that isn’t American I don’t know the language."

Virginia had a foolish desire to kiss the smudgy, practical note, quite as Mollie might have done, but being a wise young woman she burned it instead. She had already noticed Van Holkar’s increasing

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silk-lined, but to her intense surprise it seemed directed toward the little Mrs. Warren and Mollie rather than toward herself. It seemed improbable that he could suggest anything of large importance, bearing Machiavellian motives, and she de- noted her resentment was due to Mrs. Warren's determined efforts to marry him off to her daughter. Van Holkar gasped with eyes that grew more and more gleaming and desirous as they left civilization further behind.

When one gets back, however, from one of his solitary horseback excursions and suggested smoothly that the three young men should take the Warrens to see the view from the mountain ledge, Virginia felt a stupid premonition that at last she stood on the threshold of the climax. He had been looking after the retreating limb of the others, then into Van Holkar's face with its heavy, brutish jaw and covetous eyes, she grew faint and sick, but the thought of Marshall swept her mind like a reviving breeze. She was not wholly unfriendled—what had he said?—"Do you love me, Virginia?" Van Holkar was asking in a funny voice, as he closed the door of the Desert Yacht and deliberately locked it, "or am I the first want to tell you you're a devilish pretty girl?"

She tried to laugh naturally, fingers pocketing the edge of her heavy skirt. Would someone come?—would she have to shoot him—take a life. She had wanted activity, excitement, thrills. Well, she was getting them now. In the next few moments she needed to consider what she must do. He was going to his safe now, opening it, taking out trays filled with tiny pebble-like things that caught the sun now and again, as she did as he did, brought the trays to the table, her heart trembling in her ears. Thru the sound, his voice came clear away. "Do you see them, eh? They don't look like much, but they'll buy you all the pretty clothes you can wear in a lifetime! They'll take us away, Virginia, to the South Sea Islands—anywhere where there are no other' eyes—" he was moving nearer, but she could not move, fasci- nated by the play of light in his eyes. "I've known there was a spy on my heels for months. At first I thought it was that expatriate, Marshall—it wasn't till the other day. He sent word from my agent it was a woman. That damned Warren woman thinks she's got me safe, but I won't have to be afraid of her much longer, and so devilish plausible, too! Buried under an avalanche—that's better than a knife in the dark. The will of God!" He was very close. His eyes shot yellow lightnings, paralyzing her will. Her dry lips moved difficultly. "An avalanche—you mean?"

"Van Holkar!" she gasped dreadfully. "I mean the Indians will send the moun- tainside down on the whole damned bunch—maybe they have already! Then you can't get back to the yacht and thru their fingers. I'll make you a present of the world, Virginia! Come on, stop looking at me like that, my girl! I'm not such a fool but I don't mind a laugh.

"Stop!" but Virginia spoke in the drugged voice of fear. The automatic wavered in the fragrant silence the bed of the Desert Yacht, but didn't he come—had promised!" She laughed wildly. "You've sent your aval- anche down on the wrong people! I'm the one. I've had a residence, which resided- by of your illicit diamond deals and now I've got enough to send you to Sing Sing for twenty years—

Thru the eyes of the eyes before her contracted to pin-points that seemed to stab her. She tried to force her stiffening fingers to pull the trigger, then felt the weapon taken out of her hand—saw it hurled thru the window in an arc of light. His hand was empty—there was none of the world reeled, grew black and the sound of thunder filled her brain.

The thunder was not imaginary. Van Holkar was hurled back against one of the Desert Yacht, his victim into the other by the tidal wave of tension and sound that filled the tiny cabin. The fragile wagon danced like the thing down on the crest of the avalanche. But the force of it was spent, and the tinder-box cabin was not even broken. "Phooie Indians!" the man muttered, crawling painfully up from his corner, "they shot it the wrong direction!"

"Not!" said another voice, with a cer- tain grimness, they 'sent it in the right direction, and brought me along with it—"

Virginia struggled up on her knees. "Richard!" she cried, "Oh, Richard—if you hadn't come—when you did—"

The Mollycoddle advanced toward the blustering, raging figure of Van Holkar, and his face was not pleasant to see. "So!" he said, slowly, "So! Well, we'll settle this right now before the sheriff comes and telephones us. I bought your plans from one of your in- jins for my toothbrush and a couple of collar buttons. But he'll have to take what's left of you after I get rid of this other little private matter settled up—"

Virginia crouched in the Desert Yacht, listening to the primitive orchestration of sounds outside, and then, without looking down far, and then looked heavenward—her strength, something to be cared for and protected, and loved gently . . .

She was weeping abjectly when the Mollycoddle came in presently and stood looking down from his great height. "Have you—killed him?" she choked, "it sounded like it—"

"Soft as a rabbit!" growled the man, suddenly masterful, "he'll get over what I gave him sooner than what the law's going to give him! The sheriff's taking him away now. Is that all you're crying about!"

"N-no!" she wept, "the rest—he's killed them! He r-ran an avalanche over them!"

They're safe, "I know—I've made a p-p-p-perfect f-fool of myself! I'm u-u-not a detective at all. I'm just an ordi- nary weak -woman. I safely told her, "I'm crying because I'm s-s-s-so happy—"

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Sailing under the name of man. You know the truth, if no one else does—you know what you lack—what you need. You may hide it from the others in a way, but you can't hide it from yourself. Are you a victim of a disease that causes you to be weak? Is it something that makes you get sick—something that can be treated? Are you plagued by constant worry or depression? Does your health seem to be in a constant state of flux? This is the type of question that can be answered by a professional doctor.

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YOU YOUNG MEN, Strongfortism will make a man of you. Health, strength, symmetry and figure are as natural as the rising sun. They are nature's laws, and you should be a walking symbol of them if you obeyed them. Nature, if you understood her, would make you a perfect man. Strongfortism points out nature's way. There is no mystery about it. Nature works in the form of drugs or nostrums. It is simply nature's way to restore you to your normal self, to replace the tissues that have been abused by excesses of former years, to build up health, strength, vitality, to restore lost symmetry and beauty to form and figure.

YOU OLDER MEN. Don't think you are old. Strongfortism is as important to you, and more so, if you are over 40 or 50 years. There is no reason why your muscles should be stiff; why your activity should be limited; why you should be corrodent, or grotesque, simply because you have attained middle life. Let Strongfortism show you how to correct these things and to take twenty years off your appearance and to make you feel years younger.

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Let Strongfort be your guide and teacher. Peoples all over the world testify as to the benefits gained. Under my methodical system and the plan of practicing Strongfortism, you can build your body up in symmetrical proportions as nature intended you to be. You will gain greater confidence in yourself, and compel

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DOLLIE; WINA M. T.; JOHN T.; MISS INQUIsite; TEXAS; G. W. MANDA; EDNA K. over ANSTE S don't know who the author of "The Sun Was Sinking in the Sink" was, unless it was yourself. So you think my answers are just as good since prohibition as they were before. As a result, Hopeful. If Helpful.—Answered you by mail.

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Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 77)

verses to her beauty. One evening when the King visits the tavern in disguise that he may ascertain the loyalty of his people, he hears Villon say, "I, I, I Were King," and when the Grand Constable descends and goes over to the enemy, Louis orders Villon drugged and placed in the Grand Constable's quarters where he is to act as Grand Constable in the future. Thru Villon, victory is eventually won for Louis and by proving her love for him, Katherine saves Villon from his sentenced death.

The settings are picturesque—castle walls, towered towers, royal gardens, railed up steps and iron daggers. The major portion of the cast, too, is colorful; Fritz Lieber gives a characterization of the King which, altho a trifle exaggerated, was splendidly excellent. Betty Ross Clarke as Katherine did not redeem the promises she made in "Romance," and photographed poorly, and the scenes completely dispel the importance of her role. A gradual rise is always better for the inexperienced player, altho Miss Clarke may have been handicapped, as well, by Renita Johnston in the role of Hugette gives a vivid performance and will be remembered.

Incidentally, Mr. Farnum has lost much flesh and looks most attractive, especially in his vagabond attire.

YES OR NO—FIRST NATIONAL

"Yes or No" has a goodly share of Norma Talmadge scenes and, therefore, "Yes or No" is interesting.

It is adapted from the stage play of the same name with Norma playing both the society woman who murmurs "Yes," and the woman in the tenements who says "No."

There are really two separate and distinct stories. The society woman who resents her husband's apparent neglect even when he attends to business to the detriment of his health that she may play, finally consents to marry an idler who promises to marry her later. Of course, he doesn't and she finds life endurable.

Her maid is the sister of the woman in the tenements whose husband neglects her that he may work overtime and attend night school and thus better the conditions under which they live. A chauffeur boarder portrays the snake in her Eden, but she says "no" and is later rewarded when her husband is a washing machine which takes them to a charming little home in the country and the whole-some things of life for which they have always craved.

As the society woman, Norma wears a blonde wig and ravishing gowns. As the woman of the tenements, she wears a black dress, a white apron and a cap and while it is clearly seen that she made no attempt to be beautiful in these scenes, she is nevertheless very lovely. She seemed worried, but the supporting players in some instances do excellent work.

THE VILLAGE SLEUTH—PARAMOUNT

The silversheet would be poorer by far without Charles Ray bringing it a breath of country town romance every now and then. He was one of the first stars to win favor thru characterization work pure and simple. And in "The Village Sleuth" we
find him again cast as the whole-hearted country youth of battered hat and overall. The story is true and tells of this boy who reads Dead- Eye Dick detective tales when he should be doing the chores. Finally his sheriff-father permits him to leave the farm and seek fame as a detective and he eventually lands at a sanitarium where his Sherlock Holmes talents are no longer wasted on the discovery of watermelon thieves.

The story is not guilty of dragging and while it does not compare favorably with the better Charles Ray offerings, it is pleasant entertainment. Charles Ray is his screen self and Winifred Westover as The Girl is pleasing.

PASSERS-BY—J. STUART BLACKTON

1. Stuart Blackton's "Passers-By" is suggestive of Foss' "House By the Side of the Road"—"where the race of man go by," you know, "men who are good and men who are bad; as good and as bad as I.

Herbert Rawlinson is he who lives, figuratively speaking, in a house by the side of the road; who watches Life go by thru his window and who one night impulsively decides to keep open house for the passers-by, trapped in the fog.

One of the passers-by chances to be one he loved dearly—one who went out of his life and the shelter of his home and who has become merely a passer-by. There is the reunion, of course, with his son, little Peter, happy upon his long unknown father's knee. Together they sit at the window watching the passers-by and in Big Peter's heart there springs a love for humanity which it has not before known—a comradeship with those constantly passing, silent forms moving slowly in the thick curtain of the fog.

This is the best Blackton production that has been released in some time and while the continuity of the story could have run more smoothly and culled more real passages from the original story, it is an interesting production.

The scenes of the raw and foggy nights, with the London streets wrapped in their cozy blanket, are worthy of special mention as are the characterizations of the old cabbie and the tramp—and the butler, played by Mr. Ferguson. Herbert Rawlinson makes the most of his role and little Charles Blackton as Peter does delightful work, altho he does not seem to typify the Peter of the story.

It was a wise choice which brought this work to the screen.

THE GREAT ACCIDENT—GOLDFYNN

Winthrop Chase, Sr., is running for Mayor and into all of his campaign speeches, he puts a plea for prohibition. Winthrop Chase, Jr., expelled from college, spends the major portion of his time illustrating his father's discourses on the curse of drink.

Naturally the opposing party of anti-prohibitionists look to Wint to kill his father's chances of being elected and by a joke he comes cut of a drunken sleep the day after election to find that he, rather than his father, has been made Mayor.

Realizing the full significance of this trick, he turns the tables and at the end of his term we find him all that a young mayor should be—and intent upon closing every saloon in the community. Threatened by this boomerang sort of thing, the anti-prohibitionists endeavor to plant a scandal at Wint's door, but those he has helped from time to time come to his rescue and the last scenes find him re-elected by a great majority and about to

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Three grains are now puffed by Prof. Anderson's process, and each has its own delights.

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All are thin and airy—all have exquisite flavor. And every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion.

Serve all of them in all the ways you can, for no other form of grain food can compare with these.

For nutty, fluffy pancakes

Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes nut-like, fluffy pancakes—the finest ever tasted. The flour is self-raising, so the batter is made in a moment. Try this new dainty. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

The Quaker Oats Company
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They advertise it as "Married Life" (Not a War Picture), and that advertising line is probably the best line in the picture. Five reels is a little too long, in our estimation, for the rapid-fire action comedy. "Married Life" is funny — now and then very funny, but there are longer lapses between laughs than there should be. Without a doubt there are not twice as many funny incidents as you find in one of the Mack Sennett two-reelers, with the result that there is sufficient time between laughs to wonder what it all about. And when what a slap-stick comedy is all about might very easily prove fatal. It would be impossible almost to keep the tension of a two-reeler throughout five reels of course, and it has not been done. However, it is really a funny picture and one containing what is known in the language of the comedy as "new gags."

HIGH AND DIZZY — PATHÉ

Harold Lloyd is a great comedian. And he has never caused you to feel more certain of this fact than in "High and Dizzy." To mention the plot of his picture would be futile. To describe it would be even more futile than it were. And Mildred Davis becomes more adequate as a foil for the bewitched Boy with every picture. "High and Dizzy" is all the name implies, chock full of laughs with thrills well interspersed. Harold Lloyd sets for himself a high standard and he has not once failed to live up to it.

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE — COSMOPOLITAN

Perhaps no picture aroused more arguments and contradictory opinions than "The World and His Wife." People either think it is a very good picture or a very poor picture. No one accepts it lightly. We are one of those who think it a very good picture. Montagu Love plays Don Julian, Alma Rubens, his wife, Teodora, while Gaston Glass is cast as Ernesto, the poet, whom Don Julian takes into his home. But the world and his wife cannot understand the innocent affection which exists between his.pretty wife and Teodora and day after day when gossip comes to his ears, Don Julian refutes it and goes on believing nothing of the unpleasant stories cut him after their birth over the cheeseboard, tavern tables and cups of cheer. But the gossip persists and finally Don Julian too comes to believe the worst of his beautiful young wife and the stranger he has taken within his gates.

Never before have there been so many pictures with unhappy endings and "The World and His Wife" adds another to the number. It is a romance of modern Spain with beautiful Castilian girls and artistic direction by Robert Vignola. Alma Rubens is the featured player and does creditable work in several scenes while Gaston Glass is excellent as Ernesto. However, despite these things it is Mon-

tau Love who takes the picture as his very own thru his artistic portrayal of Don Julian.
When 1 A raid! At career tall plain high appreciate to that an at and lake of human mimes. Shrieks—shouts!—as I remember, the film that drew forth a riot of squeals was a desert beach and the famous bathing beauties.

There are about four local cinema theaters running thru the week in Bagdad. The films, tho, were very bad during the war, so we decided to give a Red Cross benefit show for the native Bagdadians. This we did—and made them pay good high prices! They came, too, altho you could see them whence they dealt out the tickets.

When the British were recapturing Kut-el-Amara in 1917, I gave several shows at the temporary British prison camp. The camp lay on the flat desert plain by the banks of the Tigris. You could occasionally hear the guns near Kut. Within the camp were some 4,000 hindered prisoners, some of them just brought back from the trenches. I could see them shirk back in terror, as two tall pales were erected for the screen. Gallows—that's what they thought. Soon, however, there is the click, click, of my machine, the slim cuse of light spurs to the white sheet. The comedy comes on—the chase begins—gradually the groups approach—laughter starts and rises—fear vanishes—a dying man is carried by—the show is ended—and a prisoner comes to thank me for them all. He speaks perfect French.

The most thrilling incident of my movie career in the Orient was in the improvised theater at Bagdad. It was a great open courtary, with a stage built at one end. This night we had an audience of Tommies. It was bright moonlight. We were, from the air, the most noticeable "buffs" in all the town. What a prize for the hostile aeroplane! The entertainment was progressing. We were having "stunts" as well as movies. Suddenly there was the hum of a large airplane—probably a bomb of anti-aircraft and machine guns. Air raid! Lights went out. Plop! plop!—those are the bombs! Would our audience take French leave? Suddenly something gave inspiration. The moonlight is flooding full on the little stage. The curtains swing open, and out roll two Tommies dressed as nurses and maid. The piano thumps. A hymn take a stroll in the moonlight! Sing two lusty voices. A roar goes up from our audience, they take up the chorus, and almost drown the report of a bomb that has fallen not 200 yards away!

Where can you find better human drama than this? It was educational film night, and our audience was, I think, largely made up of the Scotch Guard. The lecturer was just becoming warmed to his subject. The film was action pictures, and the men were always interested in anything that showed them how to take care of their bodies and souls in the trenches. All at once I heard a tremendous commotion at the back of the hall. There were shouts, there was laughter, there were more shouts! I hurried down from the platform and to the rear. This was sure not the traditional British discipline. I found an old soldier embracing a youngster with much apparent affection. Were they drunk?

"Here, here," I said, "don't you know that a lecture is going on?"

The old man thrust me aside. "Father and son," he shouted, "father and son"—and proceeded with his exclamations. I repeated my demands, and used force to drag them apart. This time the old man stopped suddenly.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but, you see, we
It seemed an almost impossible thing to do, so strict are the rules and the mystery that surround the Oriental lady of high degree. However, there was a very clever Englishwoman in Bagdad at the time, whose job was to get to know the Oriental women as well as possible. She had already given a tea for them—strictly feminine, of course, and now she was determined that they should enjoy the Occidental movie. She came to me, and we decided that the experiment was worth mUlti1erating a few films. We therefore proceeded to cut the slightest trace of love-making from several of our romantic reels. The British authorities furnished a cordon of native police, who escorted the fair ones, and remained as a guard around the walls. Behind the range of seats was the operator's box. In this were two of my assistants. They could see only the backs of the harem's heads. I was behind the scenes. The English lady translated and interpreted the films. There were, of course, plenty of loopholes. But alas! On my word of honor as an American, I was made to promise that I would not play peeking Tom. So, of course, I didn't! I took my place before they arrived. The first that I knew of their presence was a gentle cackling. As the films increased in their amusing qualities the cackle rose. There was no idea of organized applause—just little shrieks, and chatter! The show was over—but the ladies of the harem refused to budge! There they sat and began to discuss—I presume, the scandals of the screened part of Bagdad. There was I, trapped behind the screen. The word for gossip is a fitting one—guilty-qua! Well, they certainly guilty-qua! Finally I delivered an ultimatum. "If they don't go," I shouted, "I'll come out!" Translated, that disposed of the younger ones but several old baggers in the front row—I suppose old age renders them less particular, stayed on as I came out, and kept on with their noisy guilty-qua! It was an experience! Alas, however, I cannot say that I saw, but only that I heard the far-famed beauties of Bagdad.

Tragedy, however, was always at the doors of our improvised theaters. I went out, one day, to a British hospital. As I brought my machine into the place, and started to set it up at the foot of a bed, the boy who was lying there, looked up at me, and smiled. I smiled, too, and basked myself with anticipations. These occupied me, but I noticed that the boy was breathing rather heavily. An orderly touched me on the shoulder.

"You'll have to move over there a minute," he said.

I went to the corner of the tent indicated.

Two orderlies put a screen quietly around the boy's bed. In a moment they removed it. The boy and the bed were gone.

"All right, sir," said the orderly, "you can go ahead!"

"But, the boy—" I began.

"Dead, sir," said the orderly. "Go right ahead; sir; the others are waiting, sir."

So they were—and soon the tent was ringing with laughter as Charlie Chaplin slid into a mud puddle.
Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

(Continued from page 80)

a close second. Prowling about Mix's I found an endless assortment of every type of sombrero. Some were so heavy I could scarcely balance them on my head. They varied in color, weight and size. Some were green, some white and some quite ornate with gold lace.

I met dear little Shirley Mason in her bungalow, which is directly across from Tom Mix's. Her's consists of a small cretonne-drapped reception room, a dressing room, shower, bath, and kitchen. Miss Mason was dressed in a raggedy costume as "Merely Mary Ann" and was curled up on her cretonne-covered couch, waiting her call and meanwhile re-reading "Stage Mary Ann." Little Shirley is a most sincere artiste and really lives her parts. She says she simply cannot read her next play until the present one is finished because it disturbs her. Shirley Mason possesses a certain gentle seriousness that I found very charming. She is a quiet, pretty little girl, the kind of girl one instinctively wants to take care of— but she is entirely capable of taking care of herself.

Speaking of "Merely Mary Ann," Ray McKee, who did such splendid work in "The Unbeliever," started work opposite Miss Mason. A couple of reels had been taken when he suddenly became very, very ill, they feared sleeping sickness—and Casson Ferguson had to be substituted. Of course all the scenes in which McKee appeared had to be filmed over again.

When May Allison's picture, "The Theater," was shown at the Kinema Theater in Los Angeles, the manager changed the name to "The Miracle Woman." He said it was one of the best pictures of the year.

Jack Mulhall is playing with Bebe Daniels in her first starring picture, "You Never Can Tell," instead of Conrad Nagel as was announced. This was due to the fact that Miss Nagel postponed the beginning of the picture so long that Mulhall was forced to take another contract, the date of which clashed. I saw Mr. Mulhall perched on a ladder waiting to be called for the scene. He is a brown and brawny looking chap with a great deal of style. The scene represents an East Side tenement and all the actors were en- closed in a tumble-down bed. They had fallen really and truly asleep—while a fourth, a babe in arms, was crying while its stage mother anxiously endeavored to pacify it.

While other stars talk about going to Europe, Bryant Washburn has quietly finished his arrangements and with his wife sailed July tenth for England. They left their youngsters, Bryant Jr. and Dwight, with Mrs. Washburn's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William Chiester, who have come from their Chicago home to reside in the Washburn Hollywood home. Wash- burn will film a picture in England from David S. Foster's novel, "Road to Lon- don." After his return to the United States, Mr. Washburn will produce four pictures a year under company.

Walter Hiers, the rotund comedian, is as jovial off the screen as on. "He is one fine fellow," is the verdict wherever he goes. The deeply smashed hand of his handclasp out at Lasky's. He had only come around from the Christie operation. He is taking part in the big Christie special, "So Long, Lettie," to pick up some pieces of ward- robe.

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Remarkable invention—Combination home- supporter and pant-leg. Stragightens—Quickly adjusted to fit various degrees of bowlegs; as easy to put on and comfortable to wear as any ordinary garter—no harness or puddled form. Just an ingenious special garter for bow-legged men—improves appearance wonderfully. Bow- legged men everywhere are wearing them enthusiastically. Write for free booklet, mailed in plain envelope.

S-L Garter Co., 8128 Trust Co. Bldg., DAYTON, O. 121 PAG
The Contest Closes
(Continued from page 49)

These people will thus have an immedi-
ate opportunity to prove their lustrous
ability, without having to wait to be
signed up by any film company.

The honor roll for this number of the
Motion Picture Magazine is as follows:

Louise Orsborn, of 2112 N. Garrett
Avenue, Dallas, Tex., is an unusual type
possessing brown eyes and light-brown
hair. She has had no experience.

Claudine Fitzpatrick, 23 Ostego Road,
Verona, N. J., has a pair of hazel color
eyes and light-brown hair. She has never
had any previous experience.

Andre Van Rensselaer, of 61 East 53rd
Street, New York City, is a Belgian entry
in the contest. He has been an amateur
actor since the age of 14. He has dark
hair and grey eyes.

Miss Billie Holsten, of 126 Carlton
Ave., Jersey City, N. J., is another fair
contestant, who has no previous drama-
ic experience. She has brown eyes,
auburn hair, and fair complexion.

Miss Helen M. Wakefield, 1029 West
10th Street, Erie, Pa., has had no previous
stage experience. She has dark blue eyes,
brown hair, and fair complexion.

Raymond Mackay, 1327 Orange Drive,
Hollywood, Calif., has played bits in pic-
tures. He has blue eyes and brown hair.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The judges' committee will sit on
Friday, September 3rd, between
the hours of ten and four, at 175 Duffield
Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to interview
personally all contestants who can
make it convenient to appear at this
time.

Tests will be taken before the mo-
tion picture camera at Roslyn, Long
Island, New York, on the following:
Saturday, Sunday and Monday, of all
those contestants who seem qualified
to be chosen for the final honor roll.

Wanda Havley received a letter that
pleased her mightily. It was from a
Chicago girl who admires the beauteous
Wanda's acting exceedingly and was writ-
ten entirely in verse. The letter read:

You answered me once, so with courage
again.
I'll write you a ditty with my trusty pen.
I'm happy and proud as a peacock of old.
And I'll treasure your picture as if of
pure gold.
I've framed it and now as it hangs on the
wall.
It smiles down on me. Am I proud?
Not at all!

When the postmaster said, "Miss Dottie,
for you!"
And the kiddies all cried, "Oh, open it,
do!"
In my heart I felt funny, and good too,
and glad,
And I hurried and showed it to Mother
and Dad.
When I go to the "movies," I'm going to
pretend
It's me that you're smiling at there at the
end.

Guaranteed Garter Comfort

No restriction upon leg muscles or
circulation when you wear the

E.Z. GARTER

"Wilde for Comfort"

The wide, soft, webbing makes binding
impossible.
If your dealer cannot supply you, send
his name and we'll tell you who can.

The Thos. P. Taylor Co.
Dept. M, Bridgeport, Conn.
Let Me Prove I Teach Piano
In Quarter Usual Time

Write for my free booklet. Ask for the names and addresses of accomplished pianists of your area or near you who obtained their entire training from me by mail. I have students in all parts of the world and scores in every state in the Union.

Although my way of teaching piano was laughed at when I first started in 1891, yet I now have more students than those I have taught by one. Could I have taught my way up against prejudice like this, year after year for a quarter of a century, unless my method possessed REAL MERIT? Investigate, I ask.

I'll teach you in quarter the usual time and at quarter the usual cost. You have not previously heard of my method this may seem like a pretty bold statement. But I will soon prove to you that it is not in any way exaggerated if you'll simply send me your name and address on the coupon below.

My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely different from all others. Out of every four hours of study one hour is spent entirely away from the keyboard—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to all teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics.

When you go to the keyboard, you accomplish nothing, I think, because you understand what you are doing. Teaching this way is a pleasure. Within a few weeks I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the correct key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away the difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my 40th lesson I introduce another important invention, QUINNDEX. Quinndex is simple, handy, operated moving-picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of your hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's lesson move-by-move, you learn to see for yourself how you play, and this alone is enough to make you a better pianist.

At the time of going to press we are in receipt of a message telling us of the death of Lieut. Locklear, who was killed when his plane crashed to the earth during the filming of a picture. For the last few months Lieut. Locklear has been engaged performing every manner of daredevil stunt for motion pictures, starring in a number of films, among which is "The Great Air Robbery." The accident which killed both him and his companion occurred when, after making a nose-dive, he was unable to straighten his plane in time to make a landing.

Dr. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From the famous sketch by D. W. Robinson, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

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QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio M1
598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

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A Human Dynamo
I Will Make You Look Like One Act Like One Be One

The Screen Time Table
(Listed on a page 92)

IWIEN—C-9
Will Rogers—Goldwyn
LTS BE FASHIONABLE—C-7
Douglas MacLean, Doris May—Paramount
LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME—D-7
Jack Pickford—Goldwyn
LOVES OF LILLY, THE—D-7
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn
MALE AND FEMALE—D-10
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.
MARKED ISL—D-8
Mack Sennett—First National
MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE—D-8
William Faversham—Select
MARY ELLEN COSTELLO IN TOWN—CMD-7
Dorothy Gill—Paramount
MIRACLE MAN, THE—D-11
Compson & Meighan—Tucker Prod.
Maxine Cooper
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
MOLLYCOURT, THE—C-10
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
MORALITY THAN THE MALE—D-7
Ethel Clayton—Paramount
MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM—F-7
Bryant Washburn—Paramount
MY LADY'S GARDEN—MD-6
Sylvia Borden—Hollywood
NURSE MARJORIE—CD-7
Mary Miles Minter—Realart
ONE HOUR BEFORE DAWN—D-5
H. B. Warner
ON WITH THE DANCE—D-11
Mae Murray—Paramount
PASSERS-BY—D-7
Herbert N.elison—Blackton Prod.
PINTO—C-8
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.
Pollyanna—CD-11
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
REMODELING A HUSBAND—C-8
Dorothy Gill—Paramount
RESTLESS SEX—THE—D-5
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
REVOLUTION—D, SP-11
Nazimova—Metro.
RIDERS OF THE DAWN—D-8
Roy Stewart and W. W. Hodkinson
RIGHT OF WAY, THE—D-10
Bert Lytell—Metro
RIVER'S END, THE—MD-10
All Star—Columbia
ROMANCE—D-9
Doris Keane—United Artists.
S. VOGEL—D-10
Wm. S. Hart—Paramount
SCARLET DAYS—MD-9
Barthelmess & Seymor—Griffith Prod.
SEA WOLF—THE—D-8
Noel Beery—Paramount.
SEEING IT THROUGH—CD-7
Zasu Pitts—Robertson-Cole
SEX—SP-11
S. Pfafl, MD
Louise Gaunt—Hodkinson.
SHARK, THE—MD-7
George Walsh—Fox
SHORE ACROSS THE RIVER—D-8
Alice Lake—Metro
SILVER HORNES, THE—MD-9
Myrtle Stedman—Goldwyn.
SIGN OF ST. ANTHONY, THE—CD-6
Bryant Washburn—Paramount
SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE—MD, SP-8
All Star—Allan Dwan Prod.
STOLEN KISS, THE—MD-9
Constance Binney—Realart
STREET CALLER STRAIGHT—D-5
Naomi Childers—Basil King—Goldwyn
STUMBLING THAN DEATH—SP, MD-8
ENZMANN—Metro
SUDE—CD-9
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
THIRD GENERATION, THE—C-10
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Don’t hurt a bit and “Freezone” costs only a few cents

You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin callouses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of “Freezone” upon the corn or callus. Immediately it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humiliation!

Tiny bottle of “Freezone” costs few cents at any drug store

WANTED: SCREEN-FACES FOR THE MOVIES

Hundreds of All Types Needed. You May Have Perfect Screen Features

For the first time in the history of the movies, we can assure you for you to get consideration from the big screen producers. Not only will we pay you, we will send you a photograph of you going to be used in the magazine so the producers can judge your looks. We are in urgent need of new “screen-faces”.

Ralph Race, famous Schneider director, said: “There are many a girl who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your services.” Marshall Nettun, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: “I am convinced that the service you render screen magnifies offers, make your presentation in New York. A Powers, of Universal, says: “A new crop of film stars will be needed at all times. There is a great demand for the new star.”

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars, you may be prepared to enter the “New Road to Film Fame!” 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 registered stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

This is a fascinating profession paying big salaries. Don’t miss this opportunity. Send ten cents (Postage or Coop) to cover postage and wrapping this now until you get it at once. It may start your on the road to fame.

Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. M. D. Simmons, Del., is available to you in your desire to get in the movies. Please do not read for this printed guide.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know for I was Deaf and Hard of Hearing over 30 years. My advice: Always for Deafness remain your hearing and enjoy Real Noise, and will do do to you. They are TONY MESSMER.

Contact me when you are interested in Personally, Partially or Wholly Deafened Artist Work. Easy to get in, easy to take. Not expensive. Write to Box and my sworn statement of time I received my hearing.

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After a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful. Each hair seems to fluff and thicken at once.

Danderine is "Beauty-Tonic"

Don’t let your hair stay colorless, plain, scraggly, neglected. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair, radiant with life, and glittering with beauty.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" refreshes your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All Drug Counters!

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Earn $10 to $200 weekly Paying work taking you to all parts of the world.

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Don’t Risk Your Material in a Poor Dye

Each package of “Diamond Dyes” contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby dresses, blouses, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before. Druggist has "Diamond Dyes" Color Card.

16 Rich, Fadeless Colors.
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 115)

THE ANSWER MAN.

Ethel R. sends me the following, with apologies to James W. Riley:

Oh, the Answer Man, he works for the screen.
An’ he’s the good man you’ve seen before!
He comes to the office every day.
An’ answers the letter every old way.
An’ he writes in a book and we all laugh.
When he tells about sweet young calf.
An’ nen if ye do says he can—

He writes ten pages (just like a man).
An’ it’s a very good Answer Man—
Our good old, wise, old Answer Man.
W’y, the Answer Man, he’s jest so good,
He can split a hair like kindlin’ wood.
He lives in a hall room, up three flights,
An’ by good, he’s as clean as lights.
’Cause he’s so tired every day
He feels like hittin’ the hay.
Just before he goes to bed.
He drinks some buttermilk to clear his head.

An’ it’s a very nice Answer Man—
Our good old, wise old Answer Man.
An’ the Answer Man, he knows most things!
W’y, he even knows what Sants brings.
To all the stars in the sky above.
He knows who’s married and who’s in love.
He knows what plays are best to see.
He knows who he’s never yet been with.
He knows why, sometimes, the stars don’t shine.

Sometimes he puts it into rhyme!
’Tis he a flippin’ good Answer Man—
Our old, wise old Answer Man?
The Answer Man—one time when he
Was answerin’ a little question for me,
Says, ‘When you’re as big as a man as

One day you goin’ to act in plays and hug
All the little dimples that bump.
All those cuties that make your eyes lump.’

An’ nen his whiskers shook with fun (an’
they can.)
When I says ‘No, I’m goin’ to be a

A good old, wise old Answer Man!
— Ethel Ross Wight
**FREE For 10 Days Wear**

**Put It Beside a Diamond**

To quickly introduce into every locality our beautiful TIFINTE GEMS, we will absolutely and positively send them out FREE and on trial for 10 days' wear. You simply pay only $4.00 on arrival, balance $4.00 per month if satisfactory. In appearance and by every test, these wonderful stones are so much like a diamond that even an expert can hardly tell the difference. But only 10,000 will be shipped on this plan. To take advantage of it, you must act quickly.

**Solid Gold Mountings**

Closest thing to a diamond ever discovered. In appearance a TIFINTE gem and diamond are as close as two peas. TIFINTE GEMS have the wonderful pure white color of diamonds and the gray water the dazzling fire, brilliance, cut and polish. Stand every diamond test—fire, solid and diamond file. Mountings are exclusively fashioned in latest designs—guaranteed solid gold.

**Send No Money**

Just send coupon. Send no reference, no money, no obligation to you in any way! You run no risk. The coupon brings you any of the exquisitely beautiful rings shown and described here for ten days' wear free. Be sure to enclose strip of paper showing exact finger measurement as explained.

**How to Order Rings**

To get the right size—use ring, cut a strip of heavy paper so that the ends exactly meet when drawn tightly around the second joint of your finger on which you want to wear the ring. Be careful that the measuring paper fits snugly without overlapping, and measure at the second joint. Send the strip of paper to us with order coupon.

**THE TIFINTE CO.**

SIL So Plymouth Court, Dept. 934 Chicago, Ill.

Send me ring No. ___ on ten days' renewal.

To order ring, be sure to enclose size as described above.

I agree to pay $4.00 upon arrival, and balance at rate of $1.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within ten days at your expense.

Name

Address

Date

**FREE Offer**

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To quickly introduce into every locality our beautiful TIFINTE GEMS, we will absolutely and positively send them out FREE and on trial for 10 days' wear. You simply pay only $4.00 on arrival, balance $4.00 per month if satisfactory. In appearance and by every test, these wonderful stones are so much like a diamond that even an expert can hardly tell the difference. But only 10,000 will be shipped on this plan. To take advantage of it, you must act quickly.

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Address
The New Magic of Violet Rays

Make It Your Beauty Specialist

YOU can now enjoy the wonderful, energizing health-giving power of Violet Rays in your own home! This famous treatment, formerly obtainable from eminent physicians and beauty specialists at high fees, is now brought to you for your personal use, and at a trifling cost. Violet Rays are so simple that a child can use them. Violet Rays rid you of headaches, constipation, lumbago, insomnia, nervousness, neuritis. You can relieve your pain from rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion—give yourself beauty treatments—remove eczema, pimples, blackheads, obesity. You can make your body alive with vitality, your skin smooth and free of blemishes and sallowness. Soothe your nerves, build up your strength.

NOT A VIBRATOR

This instrument is not a Vibrator. It does not contract the muscles or shock the nerves. Its magic rays pass through every cell and tissue, creating "cellular massage"—the most beneficial electrical treatment known. It leaves no soreness after use, only a delightful sensation of agreeable relief. Its great value is based on proven scientific facts now well established by experience. Violet Rays are used in nearly every modern sanitarium, hospital and health resort. Physicians, osteopaths and chiropractors everywhere use and endorse them. Like thousands of others, you will be amazed at the quick, gratifying relief from Violet Ray treatments.

BEAUTY IS YOURS

Multiply your bodily health—vitalize your nerves—double or treble your energy and vitality. Sleep better, increase your strength, improve your appetite and digestion. Soothe your nerves, reduce or increase your flesh, tone and strengthen the entire system, beautify your complexion. All with the Vi-Rex.

Trixie Frigana, the famous actress, says, "Cheerfully will I add my praise for Vi-Rex. It's the best 'pain chaser' and 'soother' I've ever had the good fortune to find. It's wonderful, I cured my brother of neuritis. As for myself, I use it for facial treatments and general massage. I cannot say too much for it." Frank Borzone, of Seattle, Washington, says: "I purchased the Vi-Rex for my wife who was suffering from an acute attack of sciatica, from the very first treatment it induced peaceful rest and she is entirely well now." Scores of letters like these are received each day.

Eminent physicians from all over the country apply Violet Rays with wonderful results. Dr. Bert H. Rice, of Vinton, Iowa, says: "I have good results with the Vi-Rex. Almost instant relief in Facial Neuralgia." Dr. Daniels, Lisbon, North Dakota, says: "I have used it in such cases as Goitre, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Neuritis, Neuralgia and Lumbago, and find it very beneficial. In fact, I would not be without it in my office." Dr. G. B. Duncan, Kewanee, Ill., says: "The Vi-Rex is the finest thing I ever used to relieve congestion in any part of the body; and to relieve pain. Treatments are so pleasant that all of my patients like it."

20 FREE TREATMENTS

You don't have to take any risk in giving Vi-Rex Violet Rays a trial. Take 20 treatments in your own home. Use this marvelous machine for ten days. If you do not find quick relief—if you do not feel better, sleep better, look better, send it back and you will not be out one penny. This special offer may be withdrawn at any time, so act quickly!

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Write today for a very interesting little booklet explaining fully about the Vi-Rex and how you can try it for ten days before you decide. Read some of the amazing results produced in almost every disease. Read how the Vi-Rex can be attached to any electric socket and also used where there is no electric light. Read how this little instrument, shaped somewhat like a thermos bottle with a glass tube and bulb at the end, pours electric energy and vigor into every muscle, fibre, cell, and pore of your body. Read how you do not have to obligate yourself in any way until the Vi-Rex has proven its value in your particular case.

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330 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me without cost or obligation your free booklet describing your wonderful Violet Ray Machine.

Name: __________________________
Address: _________________________
City: ____________________________
State: ___________________________
The Answer Man (Continued from page 127)

G. T. R.—Let the heart dictate, but the head confirm. Oh, yes, there is no question about it, Lillian Gish is pretty. Why, Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber are to play in "The Braided Four" for Selznick. Remember him with Edison?

MARY HAM.—Oh, I haven’t time just now to tell you my favorite poet, novelist, composer, player, baseball player, actor, etc. Later on, I’m too old to be taught Spanish. I understand "Peter Ibbetson" is going to be screened soon.

C. L. H.—The last of our greatest blessings—it has done so much to sweeten life. Thanks for the fudge. Yes, Seena Owen is George Walsh’s wife and Kenneth Mars. Vivian Martin is an American. William Farnum married Olive White. Lila Lee is 18. Call again.

NASTALI—Ha, ha, I laugh every chance I get and wish I had more chances. Husband is in New York; just returned from France.

TOOTHBRUSH.—Is that how you look? Everybody I know is dieting to get thin.

Best thing I know of is to read "Eat and Grow Thin." I have read it and to follow it. Harrow Barrows was Hardcastle in "The Right to Happiness." File my letters? I should not. We have three vails call every morning to take away my letters after they are answered.

LOLA A. E.—I had a fine time reading your letter. Didn’t see that Dorothy Gish. Oh, I have been getting up about seven hours of good sleep. You wouldn’t want me to be like Alfred de Musset, the Byron of French letters, who was at the age of 41, weary and disgusted. His last words were, "At last, at last, I shall soon be able to sleep." So you think our interviews ought to have been about the players themselves, where born, color of eyes, etc., etc.

RACHEL F.—William Farnum is 5 feet 10½ inches. He has brown hair and blue eyes. Yes, indeed, I like Harold Lloyd very much. Some think he is as good if not better than Chaplin. Come again.

THE UNION MUSIC CO., 432 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Dead Men Tell No Tales

If You Can Tell a Lachnitrine from a Diamond, Send It Back

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Vol. XX
NOVEMBER, 1920
No. 10

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Subscription—$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada $1.00; 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.

Issued on the first of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers.

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc.,
a New York Corporation.

EUGENE V. BREWSER, President and Editor-in-Chief
ANN FORREST, Secretary
PLEAUS. V. V. BREWSER, Treasurer

Principal place of business, 175 Duffield street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Also Publishers of the Motion Picture Classic, out on the fifteenth of each month, and Showmland, cut on the twenty-third).

Address all communications to
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
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CONTENTS

Gallery of Players

Portraits in gravure of Blanche Sweet, Mary Miles Minter, Milton Sills, Anne Cornwall, Estelle Taylor, Muriel Douglas, Will Rogers, Mildred Davis, and Clara K. Young.

Paying the Price

In front of business, 175 Duffield street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Also Publishers of the Motion Picture Classic, out on the fifteenth of each month, and Showmland, cut on the twenty-third).

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The Drama Repeats Itself

The Drama Repeats Itself

Idols of Clay

Idols of Clay

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So says McManus of Charles Stuart Blackton.

Toward the Stars Thru Tears

Ann Forrest arrives.

Breakfast With Bryant

Breakfast With Bryant

Prunes, Not Prisms

Prunes, Not Prisms

That's Out

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The Patrician—Naomi

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PAGE
10
20
21
24
27
31
32
34
35
36
40
41
46
48
50
51
52
54
56
61
62
64
66
67
68
70
71
75
76
78
80
STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Kindred in distant towns will do well to preserve this list as an index to the fleeting plays that appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"


RHYME.—"The Charm School." An appealing little comedy with music, based on a Wilkie's story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree reaps the production as an old maid teacher, while James Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

BROADHURST.—"Come Seven." Amusing adaptation of the Octavius Roy Cohen negro stories which have been appearing in "The Saturday Evening Post." All the characters are nicely played by white players, with no one better of little depth. Arthur Aylsworth is excellent as the shiftless darky, Gal Kane and Earle Foxe play the colored parts.

CASINO.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque setting of the country home of the Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomly are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hylton contribute some delightful dance interludes.


COHAN and HARRIS.—"Honey Girl." Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." This has speed and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

COHAN.—William Rock's "Silks and Satins." Another summer revue, but we wish people as attentive to the Great Businessman. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out.

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. The Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play.

FRANK MCGLYNN.—A brilliant Lincoln. 

ELTHAM.—"Ladies' Night." About the most dazzling comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the "Turkish bath on ladies' night." Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru now and then. John Cunningham is admirable.

FULTON.—"Scrambled Wives." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

GLIDE.—"Ungage White's Scandals of 1924." Lively and amusing throughout its summer revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds to music and is tight in several numbers. Ann Pennington is the shining light of this revue.

GREENWICH VILLAGE.—"Greenwich Village." A Folies Bergere color and lavishing with John Murray Anderson entertainment, of 

(Continued on page 8)
The November Classic

A friend of the family —
A magazine for each and every member —
A companion for father, mother, sister, and brother —

The November Classic

offers interviews with your favorites; stories of forthcoming feature plays; portraits of unusual beauty of your movie hero and heroine.

Frederick James Smith has written an interview with Muriel Ostriche which is just about the last word in interviews.

Emma-Lindsay Squier brings out the personality of Shannon Day, the newest silversheet recruit from the "Ziegfeld Follies."

A biography of Larry Semon, the Vitagraph comedian; a chat with the blonde Anna Q. Nilsson; the story of Rudolph Valentino, who is playing the lead in the film version of Ibsen's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"; beautiful pictures, the latest gossip; and you have some idea of what's in the November issue of the CLASSIC.

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Continued from page 9)

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the days of the First Consulate in France;
tense, colorful and highly interesting.
One of the best evening's entertainments
of the season, it is delightfully
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ple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable
as the republican police agent, Biskup;
Libby Cahuil is a lovely heroine, and
Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant

"The Sign on the Door."—A very good
melodrama which boasts many instances
of the unexpected—and Marjorie Ram-
beau in highly emotional scenes.

"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean.
A passable musical entertainment that
terrifies when Mr. Lean and Cleo May-
field hold the center of the stage.

An odd, but effective, drama which pur-
ports to show how those who have gone
before influence and watch over our lives.
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pianist Irish girl and also as a spirit
maid whose death occurred fifty years
before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke
smiles and tears and excitement.

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a mystery and provide plenty of sur-
prises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge.
Excellent cast includes George Gaul,
Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

"My Golden Girl."—A passable musical
entertainment with a score by Victor
Herbert. A chorus girl, Josette Diet-
rich, scores the big songs.

"Shavings."—A pleasant bucolic enter-
tainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's
familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beres-
ford is featured in a gentle, whimsical
characterization.

"The Little Whopper."—Lively and
amusing comedy with talented score by
Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal
heads the cast, which also numbers
Harry C. Browne, who does excellent
work Mildred Richardson and W. J. Per-
guson.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright and highly
amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Ad-
nounced written and directed by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Ed-
dinger. One of the things you should see.

"Aphrodite."—Highly colored and lav-
ish presentation of a drama based upon
Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Al-
candria. Superbly staged adaptation of
the play that caused a sensation in Paris.
Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to
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Gaulish courtesan, Chrysis, and scores.
McKay Morris is admirable in the prin-
cipal male role.

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Page 9
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Write the Words for a Song. We revise poems, rewrite and rewrite to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studio, 1974, Fitzgerald Bldg, New York.

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11 PAG
Letters to the Editor

The letter published in the September magazine concerning nuns wearing habits of the wrong order has caused extraordinary comment. Below is a letter which holds that the producers are correct:

DEAR EDITOR—In the September issue of This Month's Picture Magazine, a letter to the editor criticized two pictures in which part of the action takes place in Holy Cross convents. The writer claims that the habits were not those of Ursuline or Holy Cross nuns. He would like to say that a Holy Cross convent is not necessarily conducted by Holy Cross nuns, because I attend such a convent in New York City and it is conducted by Sisters of Charity. I know of several similar instances where convents are conducted by orders entirely different from the name of the convent—so, you see, the director was not necessarily wrong in portraying the nuns as he did in either of these pictures.

I am watching the outcome of the Popularity Contest with great enthusiasm. I fail to see why Mary Pickford continues to lead. In my opinion, and in that of many of my acquaintances, Norma Talmadge has first place. And why does Mary persist in playing child roles? A great many of her admirers are anxious to see her grow up.

I might add that my favorites are Norma Talmadge and Richard Barthelmess, whose stardom is a well-deserved reward for earnest and sincere work.

In closing, I wish your three publications every possible success.

I am,

Sincerely yours,

MARGE T. BAUM

Boston, Mass.

Ament backwoodsmen and Indians with highly polished nails and other similar things:

DEAR EDITOR—In our state, Maine, woodsmen, farm laborers, Indians and "sprints" do not have highly polished, well-trimmed nails, nor do they wear diamond or other rings.

I noticed in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone" that all the villains did these things—this also is true of the majority of films.

Also, country movie heroines are afflicted with the maniacs of the sophisticated city belle and the latest things in coiffures and novelty silk stockings! Even in the films of the Tennessee backwoods they have them.

It would be well for some of the directors to come East and see real country girls. They are not kios, out by any means, but neither do they suggest the girl of the big city.

Sincerely yours,

M. W. BIRD

58 Winter Street, Auburn, Me.

Good stories and the right sort of advertising do help—the lack of both these things has been responsible, too, for movie instances of failure, who should have been succe-

And because of this, the letter printed below is interesting:

DEAR EDITOR—I enjoy the letters to you which are printed in the Magazine very much indeed. The letters are not so

(Continued on page 14)
9 x 12 ft. Size
Reversible Rug

Only $100 Down

A Wonderful Wool and Fibre Rug Bargain

An expertly woven seamless reversible wool and fibre rug of rich charm and beauty.

"Princess" Wool and Fibre Rug. This is a very pretty pattern in a high grade reversible wool and fibre. It is seamless and the fibre and wool yarns used are of the finest quality, soft and warm and rich looking. The special feature of the rug is that it is reversible. Both sides are equally artistic in coloring and it is absolutely seamless.

The design is unusually attractive. Note the beautiful floral center and graceful border. The rug comes in green, rose and tan, all the colors being soft and blending harmoniously. The rug because of these soft rich colors and fineness of its fabric is suitable for any room in the house and the fact that it is reversible naturally insures it doubly. This is really a remarkable rug value and must be seen to be appreciated. Send for it on 30 days free trial. No. A116. 9 x 12 ft. size. $24.65. $1.00 cash. $2.50 a month.

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Letters to the Editor

(Coedited by page 12)

worth about the players as they are about the plays.
In all of the letters I have read (and I have been reading them for a long time) I don't remember a single word about Marguerite Clark that was praise. I do not think the critics have been very kind to her lately, but then she has not had a good play in such a long time that she has had no opportunity to show what she can do.
Norma Talmadge's experience has been different from Marguerite Clark's. She has had the most (for that time) to five plays. If it were not for that, I doubt seriously if she would be so popular. Too, she has had fine advertising from the first and Marguerite has not.
I am perfectly sure if Miss Clark had the opportunities of some that she would be far above her present position. I am also very fond of Peggy Thynan. Any one who saw "Rose of the South" and "Faith" would be sorry that she has left for England.
And I agree with Dorothy Parkhurst in thinking Lila Lee a clever little actress.
Yours truly,

Claude D. Davidson,
131 Pinckney Street, Chester, S. C.

It is always interesting to know how the fellow fans of other climes feel about the players and the plays, too. Below is a letter from the Philippine Islands, which finds Wally Reid enjoying great favor:

Dear Editor—Your Motion Picture Magazine is, I think, one of the best magazines ever published. I have been reading it for about two years and enjoy it very much, especially the mention of the players' private life.

In the first place, I wish to tell you that the Paramount and Artcraft pictures are the best shown here in the Philippine Islands, and the most popular players are those in these pictures.

In the second place, my favorite screen actor is Wallace Reid. He is one of the handsomest and the most popular actors I have ever seen. There are other popular actors, but I prefer Wallace Reid. His pictures are very enjoyable and are well liked by all. He fights well and acts well. I never miss any of his pictures and think one of his best was "Believe Me, Xantippe," which I will never forget.

His leading woman, Ann Little, is also a very charming actress, and she is the right woman to play with Mr. Reid. Whenever they appear together on the screen, the scene is a splendid one.

I have nothing more to say about the famous Wallace except that I am particularly happy when I read of his success.

Good luck to him, and to the magazine you are editing.

Your sincere reader,

Jose Manalac

S. Naval Station, Cavite, P. I.

A tribute to Alice Joyce and an expressed hope that she will not de-vote herself entirely, at any rate, to the comedy-drama:

Dear Editor—Just recently there was an interview in your magazine with Alice Joyce. At I am very, very fond of her, I wish to comment on that interview. Miss Joyce stated that she would like (Continued on page 16)
"OH, MOTHER!
My story's accepted!"

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it couldn't be done to be an Emotionalist with long hair and strange ways. They were always trying to prove you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that "nearly all the English-speaking race want to write!" "It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century!"

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of all the English-speaking race who want to write! Astonishing new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain."

You may learn it just as you may learn anything else under the sun! There are certain simple, easy principles to guide you. There are new methods that produce astonishing results for beginners. A remarkable New System, covering every phase of writing, has been perfected by a great literary bureau at Auburn, New York, now busily supplying this information abroad. And this New Method of writing is not for the select few. Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate, but for men and women of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever — thousands who don't even dream they can write! This institution at Auburn is the world's school for inexperienced authors — a literary institute for all humanity. And everybody is taking up the idea of writing. The fascination has swept the country by storm! People are dumbfounded at the ease with which they learn to write!

You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage is all around you filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Screen of Humanity and its constantly changing tide of Human Emotions — Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. There is never a lack—it flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstance like Tennyson's brook—forever! Every person you know is a type, a character. "Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies that furnish material for you. The daily newspapers are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents for the Pen of Realism.

There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. Authorship carries with it new power and appreciation, new satisfaction and new intellectual rewards. It's much, much more than writing! It is a whole new world of living, a world of interesting people who want to become writers. Within its covers are surprises and revelations for dreaming beginners that have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is crowded with thrilling facts that prove your expectations—good news that is due to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that entice; stories of success, brilliant instances of literary fame coming unexpectedly; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know!

"The Wonder Book for Writers" tells how stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many suddenly realize they can write, after years of doubt and indecision. How the scenario starts. How they quickly rise to fame and fortune. How ordinary incidents become thrilling stories and plays through these: New Easy Methods that simplify everything! How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to really test your natural writing ability. How stories and plays are built up step by step. How to turn Uncertainty into Success.

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The Authors' Press, Dept. 162, Auburn, N.Y.

Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE "The Wonder Book for Writers." This does not obligate me to do any way.

NAME

STREET

CITY
Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 14)

To act in comedy dramas. Oh, please tell her to procrastinate. Miss Joyce doesn't seem to me to be that type. If she felt that her health would not permit the constant busy work, it would be better, for she would be good in anything, but I do not think she would be as popular in this sort of thing.

To me, Miss Joyce is the most beautiful of the American brunette actresses. True beauty expresses a soul, and that is what Miss Joyce has. Her face is revealed by her virginal eyes and her sweet, sad smile. Her smile is always sad, even in her pictures, and her tears always seem touched with sadness, even in her most dramatic moments.

However, I cannot say that she is the most beautiful of all the stars. Of the blondes, I like Elsie Ferguson. She also has a soul. I think most blondes look alike, but she is different.

With best wishes,
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Dead Men Tell No Tales

Using the words 'ism' and 'my nose.'
How Every Woman Can Have a Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality because I have been so often asked to give lessons on how to develop one without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without personality, it is impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people, and I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will unmask the unrevealed large bead on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in this here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired by the French women just as they would learn to cook, or dress their hands with cosmetics; they know the true secret, and often the winning woman is in the thrills,forty, or so seen fifteen years before they appeared. You know what I mean. They drew no韬on to subtle power which some of the women from France to talk to them and do things for them. In their presence they have often been good, good friends for every long.

The French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was moved to wonder of most of the women I met were exchanging.

"You are born that way?" I asked my friends.

"We are born that way." I would often answer my friends.

"And they smileingly told me that "personality," as we know it here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or dress their hands with cosmetics; they know the true secret, and often the winning woman is in the thrills,forty, or so seen fifteen years before they appeared. You know what I mean. They drew no韬on to subtle power which some of the women from France to talk to them and do things for them. In their presence they have often been good, good friends for every long.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their fascinating powers.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulas that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or oversensitive disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become charming and charmingly daring, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you how to bring out your charms which you do not know you possess.

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity

If you are an anxious woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you how to become tactful and audacious, not by the white and unthinking, tactless way the fabric of your repealing and ingraining passions, shall and reduce it with another that wits and acts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, without unconcern or misplaced anxiety you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her, and show how to bring out your charms and bring them to the attention of every man who passes your way.

Become An Attractive Woman

You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now

What is called personality is made up of a number of little things and is by no means vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good breeding, culture, grace and manners can all be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules, and put them into practice, you can be charming. If you can acquire an appealing personality, then I think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be taught, for the secrets of charm that I have collected and transmitted, are in every instance the most fascinating book you ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, you become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the movement in your appearance, how you sit down with cancer of people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in small little ways (and big ones too) life gets to hold on to you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

There is no further thing is known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my friends have understood the value of a woman's common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be. I could not go on to tell you for you will readily see the importance of this remarkable course, but the space does not permit. However, I have put quite some important secrets for you into my teaching by the French feminine charm. I want you to read The Gentlewoman Institute, and this book of secrets, and this to send to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book "HINTS" if you want good advice on the cultivation of personality and to become happy with the compliments that will come your way of a winning personality.

Juliette Farr

Mail the coupon for free book.

Important: To obtain Madame Farr's little book "How," free, you may fill out the coupon and send in, or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:

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Colgate’s is a _safe_ dentifrice. It cleans thoroughly, polishing the teeth to natural whiteness. It makes no claims to “cure” abnormal conditions. If your teeth need _treatment_, see your dentist.

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_New York_

---

1. [Image of a smile]
2. [Image of a smile]
3. [Image of a mouth]

---

**CO**

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I know who’s smiling; please send me the trial tube.

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BLANCHE SWEET

Blanche Sweet brings to mind the pioneer days of the silent drama—D. W. Griffith and the old Biograph. She is really one of our first impressions of the cinema and, like all first impressions, she will not be easily forgotten. At present she is working on "That Girl, Montana."
Mary Miles Minter

The flapper age has no more able exponent, in so far as the silver screen is concerned, than Mary Miles Minter. With even her early childhood spent in training on the stage, Mary's teens find her taking a place among the brighter lights and "party of the first part" to a well worth-while Realart contract.
ESTELLE TAYLOR

Who has just completed "While New York Sleeps" for William Fox and who, it is rumored, will soon be promoted to a stellar rank.
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Clara Kimball Young has never rested upon her laurels. With her early work in Vitagraph productions winning for her innumerable friends, she has always gone forward in her cinema characterizations. Now at the head of her own company she is offering many fine things, among them "For the Soul of Raphael," "Midchannel," and "Hush."
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Crescent Talking Machine Co. Inc. New York
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.

Paying the Price

HAVE you ever stopped to think that Life keeps a cash store and in it you can purchase only that for which you can pay?
There are many people who would eat of Life's golden apples, but they are not willing to pay the price.
You get out of life exactly what you put into it.
I know one young cinema actress who has spent all her energy in perfecting her art. She has always been ready and anxious to learn from each director under whose tutelage she has been, and by concentrating entirely upon her work she has assimilated all the knowledge of more experienced people. Today, at nineteen, she is a star, while other girls of her age are still running with the field. They were not willing to pay for fame by spending their days and nights in preparation.
I know one young wife who DEMANDS her husband's utter devotion, but it never occurs to her that she must win that devotion with a sweet disposition, cheery companionship and helping hand.
I know a man who is friendless and old . . . in his youth he couldn't be bothered to do the little things for his acquaintances that would have made them lifelong friends.
It cannot be done! You cannot short-change Life.
And the quicker you pay your bill, the greater the discount Life will give you.
Life's larder is well stocked: fame, love, money, happiness, adventure, all are there. It is for you to make your choice AND PAY THE BILL.
The price of fame may be love.
The price of love may be a complete abnegation of self.
The price of money MAY be love AND fame.
Happiness' price tag may spell giving-up-ambition.
Adventure, giving up home.
And so the moving finger writes, and in the Book of Life you are held to a strict accounting.
Make your choice and do not be afraid to pay in big instalments, for the greater the price you pay, the sooner you will attain your Heart's Desire!
As They Were

Dramatis Personæ
Mary Pickford.............Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks. Douglas Fairbanks
First Interrogator.............
Adele Whitely Fletcher
Second Interrogator...........Gladys Hall
Chief High Intermediate...........
Kenneth McGaffey


The scene is a corridor in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City. In the course of action, it dissolves into the bridal suite of the two main characters. The two main characters, it might be added, of more than this modest one-act play.

In the corridor, properly carpeted in velvet and well interspersed with chambermaids, are "discovered" Adele Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall. They clutch one another spasmodically and their voices are excellent imitations of the famous death-rattle.

G. H. (nervously)—See the crowd around that door. What is it? Is anything the matter?

A. W. F. (consulting number on door)—It's their suite . . . of course.

G. H. (unimpressed by this display of superior wisdom)—What shall we say? We ought to think of something to say. Some brilliant opening remark, I mean.

A. W. F.—What do you usually say? Haven't you ever been on an interview before?

G. H. (tapping at door, feebly, having battled valiantly thru the crowd of chambermaids, camera-men and others) [If odd, they'll say something.]
A. W. F. (with asperity)—Mehlbe: I'm nothing but an editor still, that they will say something is my humble opinion.

(Chieftain, center, the happy trio, consisting of Doug, Mary and Mother Pickford, snapped at the reservation, and, below, another exclusive portrait of Mary)

While five boxes of flowers and a huge budget of mail were received, any other calls, flowers and letters were taken by another officiating secretary, a maid, et cetera.

One very special box arrived—containing a corsage bouquet of orchids—the interrogators looked their parts.

Chief H. I.—“Every morning I send thee orchids”—as it were. From Doug. He does, as a matter of fact, never miss. His daily offering.

(Interrogators begin to realize how it feels to be presented to royalty. Life can never again hold any thrills for them.)

In the meanwhile, the large French grey-and-white room keeps gradually filling. Three or four more interrogators stroll in, looking perplexed, exalted, timid or defiant, according to their several degrees of confidence. A Turkish or Armenian gentleman comes in with the idea of presenting the famous bride and groom with a ten-thousand-dollar rug—a small token of esteem. An Englishman representing the press and, finally, so it would seem, the press itself in a body.

There is a bustle and some confusion. The hum of many voices. One enterprising interrogator has cornered Mr. Benjamin Zeidman, generally called Benny, and the details of the tour abroad which he enjoyed with Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks can be heard dropping, pearls...
for the ever-curious press, from his informed lips.

Impartially dispensing hope and happenings, lounges the C. H. I.

Something happens. At first one doesn't know just what. Then realization comes."

It is Doug. He enters strongly, breezily. He carries a memorandum in his hand. He advances upon us. He holds out the slip, that all who look may read.

Doug (with his ever-present broad grin—and a groan)—Look what I have to do today. (Reads) Shoes, socks, leading lady, tailor, stationery, tooth-paste, etc., etc.

Not that I'll attend to any of these things. Do you know, we haven't seen a personal friend or attended to a bit of personal shopping since we landed here—or abroad, either. We intended to buy presents for the family, and not one did we get. We're just sniffing New York at this rate. Mary will be out in a minute. She'll be glad to see you all again. Yes—Europe was great and we loved it, but we're glad to get back. No, we're leaving for California tomorrow. Have to get back and get to work. Studios and staffs are waiting for us. No workee, no eatee, now that we have our own company together with Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Griffith. Yes, we've got to steal a few minutes to shop today. Mary wants to get some French dresses, or whatever you call them, for little Mary—something for Lottie and something for her mother.

(There is a sibilant sound of ohs and ah's and yesses and noes, from the press, sitting on the edge of its (their) chair, pencils, Coronas, Watermans and dictographs poised.)

A. W. F. (eagerly, lest the opportunity pass by)
—Are you and Mar—I mean Mrs. Fairbanks, going to play together?

Doug—We are if we can get the proper sort of story, but not right away. We help one another with our pictures, too. Mary is my best critic.

Suddenly there is a deep quiet, as tho a flower, a cool, white pond-lilly, perhaps with heart of clear gold, falling into a pond, had sent out broad circles of peace.

It is Mary.

She stands in the doorway, a tiny figure, all in white. Simple white, with narrow black velvet ribbon encircling her slender waist, ribboned sandals on her feet, and her gold hair—the famous gold of Mary's hair—plied charming and high. Her big eyes are wistful—just Mary's eyes.

And her mouth is wreathed in a smile. She seems to be holding out a shy greeting to one and all. To one rather than all—and to all because of the one. Saying, "I am glad. You are welcome."

On the proper finger of her left hand is a simple wedding-band.

A rap-tap of high heels on the polished floor.

Doug places a great chair for her.

Mary smiles—Doug grins.

(Continued on page 118)
G O O D things may come to Constance Binney by the score; critics may unanimously laud her work and managers may frantically seek her services; great wealth may come to her, yet, methinks, she will always hold tenderly to her serene little perspective and smile happily as she did the other night in the dressing-room of the New York theater where she was appearing in "39 East." She will appreciate the very joy of it, and yet, in accepting it as her own, as something she has won, she will do so with a wise understanding.

Her success has come quickly, and the last year has found her winning for herself a definite place on both the stage and screen, while the future beckons brightly. But this has not robbed he
You never can tell. From all appearances, Tony Moreno would have been expected to have grown to be a toroador in sunny Spain—Madrid in particular.

Instead, he disports himself in thrilling feats of Vitagraph serials. It's a far hail from one to the other, but it is evident that Tony enjoys it, for he has just resigned with Vitagraph for a long term.

There's a slight possibility, however, that all of this time will not be devoted to serial making, but rather to feature productions such as he made in the days of yore.
Wesley, Westerner

Wesley Barry believes in preparedness. The movies have discovered him and he has no reason to believe that they will let him escape from their merry midst. Incidentally, Wesley has decided ideas on the sort of thing he wishes to do—he scorns the conventional hero type and gazes tenderly on the figures of the screen's cowboys. Therefore, he is learning all the tricks of the trade, and enjoying himself to the utmost, in the meantime, with the most noted horsemen and lariat throwers of the film colony as his instructors.

It is quite all right for Wesley to build his boyhood dream castles about a well-stocked ranch and cowboy roles in the future, but we find it in our heart to rejoice over the fact that it will be many years before he grows up. Wesley—his grin—and his ginger-snap freckles occupy a place on the silver sheet which no other can fill.
A certain amount of sinfulness is inseparable from the stage, according to the ordinary clergyman's viewpoint. His idea of one of the straightest paths to hell has been, in more darkened ages than this, the adoption of the mummer's art as a profession.

A superstition almost as popular as the above is that the sons of clergymen are wild.

When I tell you that Douglas MacLean is the son of a clergyman, you will probably draw your own inferences, but they will be wrong, for the "wildest" characteristic about young Mr. MacLean is his uncommonness when sought for an interview, and this, after all, is only an attributable wildness on the part of an equally wild interviewer.

California roads are excellent, and so is Mr. MacLean's car... and... after having chased him for many miles, I bowed to the superiority of his machine, decided all sorts of uncomplimentary things about young men who failed to keep appointments, and drove by with a smile.

Only to discover that another Mr. MacLean

(somehow I wouldn't venture the familiarity of even thinking of him as Doug) had been chasing after me, not away from me.

His explanatory voice over the telephone was so very attractive and bespoke such culture that I decided he lacked even that singular wildness I had attributed to him. So dismounting from my high horse, I stepped once more on my self-starter and again speeded to the Thomas H. Ince studios.

And he was ready to go to bed.

His pajamas of heavy, brocaded, pale yellow silk peeped from beneath a stunning tan, woolly polo coat, which had evidently been donned hastily when he was told that I had arrived to interrupt his slumbers.

But there... before I shook you from reading farther I must hasten to confess that Douglas MacLean was only

When Douglas MacLean wired his father he was going on the stage that good clergyman immediately took a train and upon reaching New York he remonstrated with his son whom he visualized as already going to the dogs. Left, a portrait study, and, below, with Doris May
By
HAZEL. SIMPSON NAYLOR

prepared for a prop bed for the purpose of enacting a dream in his
newest farce comedy.
He postponed this very interesting event to tell me the story of his life.
Douglas MacLean just happened!
That is, our screen Douglas MacLean just happened. He was prede-
tined by desire to be a civil engineer, and he prepared for his college
course in engineering at Northwestern University, Chicago. He never
reached the complete rank of engineer, for his
father, that clergyman mentioned in a former
paragraph, established him and his cousin in
the bond business in
Philadelphia.
Engineering, bonds
and Philadelphia, a long
step from the stage,
you'll say, and yet Doug-
las MacLean hurdled
this Herculean jump
with a facility which
characterizes all his un-
takings. It happened
in this manner:
The bond business had
been doing very well, so
MacLean planned a va-
cational trip abroad with
a friend of his. Italy
was particularly the
chosen land. Every-
thing was completely in readi-
ness when Douglas MacLean left
Philadelphia and arrived in New
York, and then—his friend was
taken ill and the sojourn abroad
had to be abandoned.
Having counted upon his va-
cation, Douglas refused to give it
up and so decided to spend it in
New York. There, during a
dinner party at the Plaza, he met
Mr. Frohman—and Mr. Froh-
man asked him why he didn't go
on the stage.
Our young hero was quite
taken aback and said he had
never thought of such a thing
Mr. Frohman suggested that he
consider it seriously, for juve-
niles were needed badly in the
profession just then.
Now, Douglas MacLean had
taken part in college theatricals
and he had liked them, and the
more he thought of Mr. Froh-
man's suggestion, the more
tempting it seemed. So in the
morning he went down to the
Garrick Theater and—the long
(Continued on page 98)
Even movie stars in sunny California find the shortage of houses threatening their peace of mind. Edith Johnson stood it as long as she could and then decided that she experienced shocks enough in spells without those her landlord supplied every time she paid her rent by informing her what he expected his property to bring the next thirty days—
There has been no formal announcement, but it is rumored in reliable circles that the Vitagraph adopted the role of Cupid when they cast Edith with William Duncan in their thrilling "Continued Next Week's." Evidently, Bill has grown so accustomed to watching over Edith that he wants to make his role a lasting one—

— At any rate, Mr. Duncan shows decided domestic tendencies and he has come to find the Johnson domicile the most attractive place in the whole of California. He always stops on his way from the studios to see how the garden is setting...
That Exotic Frenchman

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

Perhaps pictures will develop in the next two or three years more than they have in the past three or four, perhaps the various obstacles that today stand in the way of producers will be removed.

Maurice Tourneur, the man who has brought stagecraft into photoplay production, altho he says that the market is filled with worse plays at the present time than it was two years ago, looks hopefully at the silver screen, feels the public pulse, and refuses to prophecy. Prophecy is mere speculation, and he emphatically says that he will not take a chance.

Therefore, we shall deal with pictures as they are and have been—not as they will be.


Today the same men, Griffith, De Mille and he himself, are putting forth romances of happy valleys, sporting lines you can't have every

things, et al. But Tourneur believes—and says—that the public taste is not lowered; the reasons are multitudinous mediums between the public, the exhibitor and the producer. Why, he doesn't know, altho to him the mediums are potent.

"When we were working on a program we could make pictures as we wanted," he sighed. "Now we who are independent producers must consider our market; we must regard the little exhibitor in the Bad Lands of Dakota as carefully as we look to the various Sam Kohnfels of our biggest metropolis.

"The future? We shall have to do something—something to get out of the rut. It is a rut. The new director will be a young man who will neglect everything done by his predecessors. Above, a portrait study; center, with Wesley Barry, and, below, when he directed Mary Pickford in "The Poor Little Rich Girl"
By GRACE LAMB

"YOU'RE sure I can . . . can keep on dancin'?"

The kindly appearing doctor smiled at the anxious, frail appearing inquirer. He considered his reply for a moment, then said: "There is nothing to interfere with the continuance of your dancing . . . but you must forever give up hope of having children of your own."

Milly West didn't appear to hear him. Life had forced her to live for the day and its pay. The day and its pay meant the sprightliness of her nimble feet; meant the cabaret and Hughie Ray, her dancing partner, with whom, while doing an especially wild Apache turn, she had met with the disaster that had brought her to the operating table of the hospital from which she was now being dismissed—with the reassurance.

"Oh, thank you," she said, gratefully, and went out into the wan sunlight of the oncoming spring.

"She didn't seem to hear me," the doctor mused to himself, and, shaking his head a trifle, turned away.

Milly, humming the latest "rag," walked with gay uncertainty of step to Mrs. Babbs' boarding-house to tell the "bunch" she was as "fit as a fiddle."

David Mair, walking up the odoriferously carpeted stairs of Mrs. Babbs' boarding-house, came to a sudden halt. On the bend of the stairs he had, when he had first come in an hour or so ago, placed the bough of delicate ash he had brought with him from the country. It had occurred to him that he might be coming to just such a dingy place as this—and then there had been the possibility of his mission being met with a need of kindly flowers.

The ash bough was still there, ephemeral green and fragrant. Against it was what seemed to him, on first sight, to be another straining bough of ash, but which, as he rubbed his eyes, resolved itself into a slim girl. The slim girl had an aureole of tarnished gold by way of hair—and she was sobbing. David was not given to whimsy, but it came to him that if a bough of ash could sob, it would do so in just this silent, slender fashion. Then he said, "What is the matter?"

Milly West looked up, rubbed her eyes and sprung to her deft feet.

"It—it got me," she said, with apparent irrelevance.

David smiled. His was an inviting sort of smile, because it came from his very big heart. He knew what she meant.

"Things like this do," he said, "when one has known . . . the country."

Milly smiled, rather shamefacedly now.

"I haven't been there in a great while," she said, "and I've been—been ill. I guess I'm sort of toppy yet. This—this sorter gave me the Willies."

"Why don't you come back?" David used the term "come back" involuntarily.

"Oh . . . how could I? I've got to work. Only one kind I know. That's in my feet. Don't get paid for dancing in the fields and streams."

"Oh, I see. You dance?"

"Uh-huh. Whata you doing here? You . . . don't look here."

David smiled again. "I'm here on what might be described as a fool's errand," he explained, dropping onto the topmost step. "My next-door neighbor up home has a foolish son. He is in love with some girl here. Yes-terday she had an incoherent scrawl from him to the cheery effect that he had committed suicide. She has had several of the same kind before, but that does not seem to prevent her from believing in his—er—good intent. On this repetition of the occasion the good woman was so unusually upset that I came down here to verify it. I found . . ."

Milly interrupted him, rather feebly. "W-what is her name?" she asked.

"Oh . . . Ennis. Her son is Tim Ennis, a harmless youth with perpetual founts of emotion. Do you know him?"

Milly essayed a rather wan smile. "He—I—" she paused.

David stared at her, then enlightenment touched him. "Oh," he said, "I see. You are the inspiration of this fount. Is he a rejected suitor?"

Milly laughed. "I s'pose you'd call it that," she said. "Where did you find him?"

41
“Demonstrating davenports or fireless cookers or some such household commodity,” laughed David, “with perfect good humor in some plate-glassed window shop. He seemed to be thoroughly of the earth earthy.”

“He proposes every day,” said Milly, “and I refuse him every day, and every night he threatens various modes of death. At first I used to get the jumps for fear he would. Then I got him to and I tell him to go ahead, for all of me. That makes him so mad he does go ahead—and gets a job. For a while he’s all right, then it takes him again, and he’s off . . . Oh, well,” she brushed her hair from her eyes where “a tangled skein of it obscured her very blue vision; “it’s a rum old world, isn’t it?” she said. “I’m doing a new turn at Garafola’s tonight. Gotta get ready, ‘cause I’m a new special and it’s a big thing for me. More pay and a better class of people. So long. Give my regards to the country when you get there.”

David had planned an immediate return. He disliked the city . . . wasn’t used to it, nor it to him. He was the sort of man who liked the things, the people, the places he was used to—his own hearthstone, his own pipe and chair, the roads he had trod in childhood, the familiar faces and greetings. He got into the city as seldom as need be, and out of it as rapidly as he well could.

On this occasion he didn’t go back.

The vision of the girl who had wept beside the ash bough and said it “gave her the Willies” kept recurring to him. He wanted to see her work. He wanted to see how she got thru with the big opportunity. Somehow, he felt that he wouldn’t be satisfied just to go and leave things as they were. It would persist, he knew, the picture she had made on his mind, the impress she had made on his heart. His was too simple and consequently too direct a nature to quibble over what he knew to be a truth. She had made an impress on his heart. He felt oddly at a loss about her. He knew she was out of place here in this tawdry boarding-house, among these tawdry people. If she had had a mother, he felt, she would have been designed for better things, better chances . . . Well, he had only himself to consider. He would see her once more before he returned.

He went to Garafola’s.

Milly made a tremendous effort. David, his heart pounding unmercifully, had to grant her that. Above all things, he loved spunk. Particularly in woman, where, he thought, it was a rarity. It was such a portent . . . courage in woman. It represented conscious effort. But she couldn’t do it. Not quite. The vitiated air, the illness she had but inadequately recovered from, the uncertain food, the emotional strain of the day, all conspired against her. Before she had got half thru the selection of songs she had toiled so desperately over, she was on the floor.

It took them fifteen minutes to bring her to.

“She can finish, all right,” the proprietor said, with a shrug.

Hughie Ray, her partner, thought so, too. “She can rest in the morning,” he said, to atone for a seeming lack of heart. Her dead-white face and black, flattened lashes reproached him against his professional instincts.

David Mair just smiled. It had an ironical touch. “As a matter of fact,” he said, “this girl is not going to finish either tonight or for a great many nights thereafter. I
know something about the human frame, and I know that this poor, tired frame deserves and is going to have a rest."

Before the proprietor and Ray could do more than sputter with their hands and mouth incoherencies with their tongues, David had Milly in a taxi and on her way home.

In the morning, he took her to his home town, the field bounded, wood-bounded, utterly simple and uninteresting little village from which he had come with his bough of ash.

Milly was, in reality, too weakened to protest. And her yearning for the smell of the fields and woods was actual and acute. It was peaceful riding along on the slow-moving train. It was soothing to listen to David's easy small talk, and not have to answer. Things that had been snarled and twisted suddenly seemed simplified and straight. She didn't know how, and she didn't feel that she had to ask. Before they had reached the village station Milly knew, with a thud of her heart, that she loved David Mair. Against the sudden and revealing glory of it she shut her eyes.

David had arranged for Milly to stop with Parson Neill and his buxom, capable daughter, Hester.

They arrived in time for luncheon, and Milly thought the gods on Olympus had not such delicacies as the cold chicken and biscuits and home-made jams and fresh fruits served her by Hester's kindly hands. It would have tasted sweeter, tho, had she not noted the exchange of looks between David and Hester.

"Of course," she thought, with a sudden, acute nostalgia, "I might have known there would be—a girl. A point of view and she theirs. She could sing for them, too, and tell them quaint little stories in dialect.

"You ought to have children when you get married, Milly," Hester told her, admiringly. "My lands, I wish I could be as good with them as you are. They flock around you like bees around their queen. It's real sweet to see."

"Yes..." said Milly, carelessly. She was living in the moment.

David, watching her, smiled. She loved children, then, even as he did. There wouldn't be a bond between them which needed no enhancement, which in itself would be enough.

THE CITY SPARROW

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Paramount production based on the scenario of Clara Genevieve Kennedy adapted from the story by Kate Jordan. Directed by Sam Wood, starring Ethel Clayton. The cast:

Milly West... Ethel Clayton
David Mair... Clyde Fillmore
Tim Emnis... Walter Hiers
Hughie Kas... William Boyd
Ma Emnis... Lilian Leighton
Amie... Rose Cade
Parson Neill... Robert Brower
Hester Neill... Helen Jerome, Edith Mrs. Bal... Sylvia Ashton

The ash bough was still there, ephemeral green and fragrant. Against it was what seemed to him on first sight to be another stripping bough of ash, but which, as he rubbed his eyes, resolved itself into a slim girl.
There was nothing else to say. She did think so, too. She thought so, too, about anything and everything that David thought. She could not have said "me and Hester," There seemed to be, in his mind and in the minds of all of them, an unspecific, unspecifiable, Hester and David! Of course, there was a fitness. Milly couldn't deny that. The fitness was, what buy the most. It ranked her so outside the whole. She wanted so uncertainly to belong, and yet she would, always, the dust and dirt of the cabaret, Hugheley Rye's arms, about her in the abandonment of their playing, that sickening fall that had sent her to the hospital.

She had been there for a week or more when Tim came appeared on a trip to his mother. He had come to tell her a person that Milly, the only girl he could ever love, had escaped him "with another man" and that, once again, life was done for him. Mrs. Ennis had been amply reassured by David as to her son's absolute certainty to regain the breath in his mortal frame. She had decided that he was "a great good" and that she would pay no further heed to him. More than one good baking had he spoiled by his goings on, and not another would he, not if she knew it! When he arrived and turned the fount of his misery upon her, she told him to begone, and also that his Milly was over at Parson Neill's, stopping a spell, and was probably doing their Saturday baking for them, to go and see some honest work being done and try to profit by it.

Tim departed, to behold the phenomenon of Milly over a cook-stove, flushed, more rounded, lovelier by reason of these things. It all went to show that one never could tell about a woman. If the odoriferous baking hadn't been so savory and Hester Neill so much more comely than, back in the city, he had remembered her, he might have attempted a new form of suicide via the creek or some such handy spot. As it was, he stayed on, talking to Milly, and was unaware of the fact that she left him abruptly because the sight of Hester and David in close confab was too much for her. David, a few minutes later, came upon her, sobbing over the new brood of chickens.

He couldn't keep it back any longer. Like a child, he raised her and held her in his arms, kist the tears away, kist her tremulous mouth, whispered his love against her hair, against her breast, into the palms of her hands, still flowery.

"Oh, David, oh, David, I do... I do..." was all Milly could find to say, but David seemed content.

In the evening Parson Neill sat with her on the porch. "You've done as well for yourself, Milly, my dear, as David has for himself," the old man said; "David will make a splendid husband and a more than splendid father. I think I have never known a man so protective and so tender in his instincts, with such a great heart for the weak and young... a fine man, David, fit for the rôle of paternity..."

Parson Neill said more along the same line, his sonorous voice rolling richly out into the deepening dusk, but Milly did not hear him. She was smelling, in place of the syringa and honeysuckle, the deadlier sweetness of anesthetics; she was seeing, not clerical black, but hospital white, and she was hearing, really for the first time, the doctor's words, "But you must forever give up hope of having children of your own... forever give up hope... children of your own..."

That hadn't meant anything—then. There had been no David then. No need had been quickened...
within her, no yearning. She had had no vision of David, his strong arms—empty—his great heart—untentanted. She shut her eyes and pressed her fingers against them. "I'm so tired," she said, suddenly. "Please, oh, please excuse me..."

Up in her room, she crouched against the window-ledge and leaned her head against the sill. The slow moon rode the heavens, and a heavy stillness hung, palpably, over the earth. The scents of the night assailed her. She wept. After a while someone came over the hill. It was David. She knew him by his long and sure stride, by the tilt of his head, by the way his boots crunched the earth. "Oh, God," she breathed involuntarily, "I love him so... I want him to be happy... give me strength..."

David was carrying something and Milly strained her neck to see what it might be. It was a tiny calf, born that night in the out barn. When Milly, strangely chilled, crept back to bed, she knew what she must do.

In the morning, after her work was done, a coincidence precipitated her decision. Hughie Ray appeared in a new roadster. He was, he said, "doing the movies" now. He talked in very large figures. It was "the life!" Milly was a great goof; she could "get in soft." They wanted her type, would go crazy over it, what with her dancing... it would be "a clean-up."

Milly promised to catch the next train. Hughie patted her on the shoulder with some benevolence. Said he knew she'd soon "go loco in this burg." Milly smiled wryly, but did not answer. All at once, she found that she had nothing to say to the Hughie Rays. If she had not been so innerly weary she might have evolved a violent hatred of him. If it had not been for him... and the way he had flung her about in that Apache dance... just to make a few sated idlers leer and gape at them... what a price for what a game!

The spring had gone out of her feet. That may have accounted for the missing of the train. The suit-case was heavy; she had to be wary in escaping the house. The road was long and hot and dusty. When she found that the train had gone, she crossed over the tracks and sat in the woody spot where they had first had their picnic. It seemed so long ago, almost as tho it had never been. Over her head the ash-tree was waving its fruited green, slender arms. She pulled a piece of it to her lips and kiss it. What a price... her life... David's... too... for a dance in a third-rate cabaret! How far people get from the essentials! David... there would be some time, Hester for David. Somehow, the thought did not accord Milly the comfort it should have... and then David was with her! His strong arms were holding her as they had the day before; he was asking her what it all meant, to tell him... Hughie Ray...

Before the hurt on his face, Milly collapsed. The doctor's ultimatum sobbed itself from her. Arms about him, she choked, "You deserve the best, David... so I... so I..."

"So you were taking the best from me?" His tone was reproachful, vibrant with the tenderness of his commiseration, his understanding.

(Continued on page 96)
Presentation's the Thing

By ELLEN D. TARLEAU

WHA\[\text{t}\] is the secret that makes of two motion pictures, both carefully produced, both well written and ably directed, one a phenomenal hit that sweeps the country and the other a failure, or at best only an indifferent success? I asked this of Hugo Riesenfeld, who manages the Rialto, the Rivoli and the Criterion, three huge theaters of New York; who arranges the musical accompaniment to the pictures as well as song and dance numbers shown at his theaters; who conducts the orchestra when the fancy seizes him and who, in his spare moments finds time to compose really good music.

And the busy man replied briefly, "Presentation."

This is true, for nowadays motion pictures have long outgrown their proverbial "infancy." They have even passed their intermediate or sub-deb stage and are now emerging on Broadway with all the glory and all the winning charm of a full-fledged debutante, and that this divinity may be able to hold its own among its sisters, sages and cousins, the legitimate or spoken shows, it must be properly clothed and introduced to the theater-going society. It is all very well to speak of beauty unembellished, yet, a debutante in a last year's outfit, or a motion picture shown on Broadway merely as such, without the embellishment of proper music, inviting posters, clever novelty acts, fascinating decorations and settings, is equally unthinkable—they just are not, that's all.

Of course, proper presentation is up to the exhibitor. The motion picture company is thru—the director has done his level best and has finished the production. Now the exhibitor, especially the one who gets the picture first, can make or mar its success. And, since success, translated into business English, means cold, hard cash, a thing not to be treated casually these times, with ice cream soda twenty-five cents apiece and the price of sugar steadily on the upward path, the shrewd exhibitors along Broadway and in its immediate vicinity vie with each other in making their theaters cases of comfort and entertainment and sheer aesthetic beauty in order to coax the elusive dollar from its lair in beaded bags or vest pockets.

Out of this wholesome competition has developed the standard modern motion picture theater, a place of classical beauty, of great restfulness and comfort, of the best in music, the cleverest in decorations and settings, and while all this is the general standard, the details constantly vary. There is always something new, something that has never been done before, or shown before, that keeps alive the interest of the jaded audience. And all this is built and arranged and composed for and around the motion picture as central attraction.

In short, the exhibitors of today are past masters in appealing to the mind and the heart, and, incidentally, the purse of the public; and chief among the exhibitors ranks Hugo Riesenfeld.

By rights, Mr. Riesenfeld should be bent and grey, for unlimited responsibilities rest upon his slim shoulders. The successful managing of three large theaters entails such masses of detail and makes such a demand on energy, imagination and good judgment that a lesser man would grow stale, would finally be devoid of ideas and originality and handle his affairs as routine matters only. But Mr. Riesenfeld is, I might say, indomitable. What else would you call a man who, overburdened and pressed with work, sits down to write the score for an operetta as a sort of relaxation? Take a man of Mr. Riesenfeld's ability, nay, genius, and theaters as luxurious and as beautiful as the Rialto and the Rivoli, and you will have a combination to conjure with.

Mr. Riesenfeld has his own views on the subject of presentation. He says, "You must bear in mind that whatever I do is done with a view to please the public. Just this and nothing else is my entire ambition, my slogan, so to speak. With this in mind, I select the feature, always the best that is to be had. I have no distinct policy, boost no distinct type of picture, just as long as the play is interesting and wholesome. Around this picture I build the rest of the entertainment."

"There is, first of all, the overture." Here a pardonable note of pride crept into his voice, for musicians yield, after all, he musicians, even if they be managers and
business men besides. “This overture,” he continued, “consists of the best in classical music, rendered by an orchestra of fifty. I try to get something that will put the audience into a receptive frame of mind for what is to follow. Something gay and sprightly if the feature be a comedy or light drama, something touching and sentimental if a pathetic story is about to be told. Yet I always offer something new in the line of classical music. I don’t care to repeat the time-worn old standbys, that are as familiar to the people as a nursery rhyme, for I have found that, contrary to general opinion, the great majority of the people appreciate really good music, classical music.”

Mr. Riesenfeld seems to be a man who credits his public with good taste and good sense, which maybe accounts for his success. If only some producers of musical comedy would follow his example, there might be fewer failures along Broadway.

Besides the great overture, he arranges or supervises the arrangement of all the music accompanying the pictures. Quite a task! For motion pictures need expressive music to set them across. Music takes the place of words in picture plays, just as much as the subtitle, and therefore the music has to be carefully selected and combined to fit all the different scenes.

Wedged in between the motion pictures and concert are little acts, offerings of song or dance or pantomime, or the three of them combined, which pertain to and serve to enhance the feature picture. This is no ordinary vaudeville, for these artists are not to be seen or heard at any other theaters. Mr. Riesenfeld maintains a large staff of talented people, under contract. From their ranks he selects the weekly performers for his three theaters. He personally coaches them and arranges their acts and also the settings.

These settings deserve a paragraph to themselves, for they really are an artistic triumph; they draft the best in stagecraft into service for the enhancement of the motion picture. It is truly marvelous—on a stage no broader than the motion picture screen, and maybe four or five feet deep, settings of unsurpassed originality in conception, lighting and coloring call forth impressions of vast spaces. There is nothing cramped; the illusion is always preserved.

Mr. Riesenfeld, who, as I have said, believes in giving his public the best, has employed eminent scenic artists to design settings that are in keeping with the act. Joseph Urban, Willy Pogany and John Wenger are among the artists who have gone to work for the “movies.”

Democracy of art? No matter, the fact

(Continued on page 111)
Around the Globe

On January first, 1919, the editors of the Brewster Publications decided to start a Fame and Fortune contest which would enable many of the readers of these magazines and their friends to come into closer contact with the celluloid world.

The editors believed, and still believe, that throughout this country, and in many other countries, there are thousands of girls who, if given the stepping-stone of opportunity to do so, would develop into motion picture stars of the highest caliber. Thru the medium of this contest, as announced by the Brewster Publications early in 1919, thousands upon thousands of readers, some in tiny hamlets, others in large cities, have had their chance to enter this contest and to try their screen personalities out in the most thorough way possible.

The life of the average movie star is usually one of short duration. Of course, this depends a great deal on the personality of the star, but with the thought in mind that the motion picture industry is the fourth largest industry in the world, and that there are only comparatively a half-dozen men and women representing this tremendous factor of modern success, we realize that the necessity for new personalities on the screen is very vital. Every now and then the newspapers and magazines come out with the story of some new luminous who is about to be discovered on the silver sheet. Some new girl has appeared on the horizon of the screen who has something unusual to offer to an always expectant public. Sometimes these stars live up to the advance press stories circulating about and really make good; more often they flash across the sky of public notice and, like a shooting star, fall from sight almost immediately, leaving not a trace of remembrance in their wake.

The realization that surely out of the thousands of girls living in quiet little corners of the country, dreaming away a lifetime of unexpressed hope and ambition; the knowledge that the screen really needs new blood daily, and as much of it as it can possibly get, was the beginning of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919. At its close it was voted such a tremendous success by not only its readers, but by outside motion picture companies who realized its possibilities, that there were four winners announced instead of one. And four young girls were started on the way to stardom.

Of course, this first contest was a great deal of help to us in conducting the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920. We profited by experience, and taking into consideration all the mistakes which we had naturally made in our first attempt, we have succeeded in making this year's contest one quite unique in the annals of motion picture history.

The news of the contest spread afar; overwhelming results in the form of thousands and thousands of photographs have poured into these offices, and the contest manager and the judges' committee have been buried alive, as it were, under the deluge. The most impartial
Honor Roll Covers Wide Area

and careful judgment has been exercised in the selection of the winners from these photographs, and in a great many instances, when a photograph arrived showing a perfect profile of a fair contestant, the judges have written, demanding other photographs showing the contestant from all angles, so that the high standard set by the committee for the contestants might be kept inviolate.

Last year there were two opportunities given to the contestants to have screen tests made free of charge. This year, there have been something like thirty days set apart during the run of the contest in which hundreds of contestants were given the most thorough and practical camera tests. Very often, when the first camera test had been viewed by the judges' committee and it was discovered that some one had revealed unusual screen personality, another test was made of this person, sometimes running into hundreds of feet of film. In one case, a young girl was given the usual camera test, and when it was shown to the judges' committee, they were so convinced of her unusual possibilities that another and another test was made of her. Some time later she was sent up to the D. W. Griffith studios, where she so impressed Mr. Griffith and his staff that a whole afternoon, the entire lighting of the studios, in fact, the whole place, was used in making a screen test of her. Mr. Griffith himself directed her, and thousands of feet of film were used in making the test. It is not known at this writing what the decision of Mr. Griffith is, but a great deal of expense was involved in the making of this camera test.

Various important motion picture companies have offered to take one or more of the winners. A representative from one of the big companies has visited the offices several times and has announced that he will be willing to sign up with a substantial contract the contestant who fits the type he has in mind. These representatives of the various companies are shown the screen tests of the contestants, and they are only awaiting the final close of the contest before making their choice.

Last year we produced in connection with the contest a two-reel feature called "A Dream of Fair Women," in which the final winners and all the honor roll members took part. The picture was released throughout the country and created a great deal of interest everywhere. Acting upon the success of this novel venture, (this being the first time anything of this sort had been done in connection with a Fame and Fortune Contest), there will be produced a five-reel feature drama in which the players run the gamut of human emotion and which will give the contestants every possible opportunity to display their histrionic ability. "Love's Redemption" is the name of this feature, and it is very unusual in that it has in its cast many notables who have never before appeared on the screen. Prominent in the cast is Edwin Markham, the

(Continued on page 117)
DOROTHY GISH

Miss Gish is now portraying a new rôle—that of a tourist. Together with the Talmadges, she is spending a few months in Europe, and upon her return in the early fall she will again take up her work in the studios.
Ruth Returns

Ever since the old Essanay days, Ruth Stonehouse has held a place in fan hearts. For a time she was away from the screen and her friends missed her. But she has come back in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," and at present she is busily at work in the Metro studios on "The Hope," a famous Drury Lane melodrama.

Just a short space up Laurel Canyon, a quaint house nestles in the mountainside. Folks in Hollywood call it "Stonehouse Castle," for it is here that Ruth presides when she is not busy at the studios. The stenciled walls and furnishings—the hangings and draperies—all are the work of her own hands for, away from the Kleig lights, she is Mrs. Joseph Roach, you know.

All photographs by Browsers, L. A.
Sidelights on Dorothy

Dorothy Dalton seems to be one of those rare, naturally sensible people—she belongs to those who know most things instinctively—with a surety. Those who find life pleasant and simple; who never seem weighed down by personal problems.

DOROTHY DALTON'S name is listed on the pages of my desk diary for six consecutive days and interspersed here and there on other pages, covering, all in all, a period of three weeks. To get into any direct communication with her seemed next to impossible. First she was at Saratoga, resting, and then her company spent every day away from the studios on location. Never did a picture have so many exterior scenes—it seemed as though they would never finish filming them.

However, it eventually came to pass that every exterior in the entire production was completed and she was working inside every day. So with a one o'clock appointment, I betook myself to the Famous Players studio and climbed the iron stairs from the stages to her dressing-room.

She opened the door herself in answer to my knock—evidently dressing for her next scene—with a vivid kimono thrown over her shoulders.

“What do you suppose?” she announced informally, relieving the situation of any lurking strain.

“After I asked you to come at one o'clock, they moved forward our luncheon time, and now we'll have to talk between scenes. I suppose you're furious, but it just couldn't be helped—really.”

I wasn't furious. As a matter of fact, I reassured her, descended the stairs and, with the help of numerous stage hands, managed to find the Dalton set, where ensconced myself in her special chair, marked "Dorothy Dalton" in great black letters, just as she had directed me. You would be apt to do as she suggested, because she is one of those rare, naturally sensible people. There are those who spend their lifetime studying theories, dissecting life and every one with whom they come in contact, who pass on to the grave with an enviable knowledge in the acquisition of which they have spent their days and energy. Dorothy Dalton is not one of these, altho life interests her to a great degree. Rather, she belongs to those other people who know most things instinctively—with a surety. Those who find life pleasant and simple; who never seem weighed down by personal problems. I mentioned this to her later when we sat talking. She smiled and asked me if I thought there was in this pale an existence not encumbered with difficulties.

"Every one is searching for the solution to some definite problem which confronts them," she said. "And I do not think that in the personal problem we can help one another. There is one thing from which you can never save people, try as you will. And that," she paused, "is themselves."

Conversation was fragmentary, for her presence was
girlish heart, to a high development of dramatic power.

Over the luncheon table, a little later, Ann chatted freely about herself.

It was on a wild, picturesque island just off Denmark that she was born. With the stormy North Sea beating against the rugged shore below her home, it may be that this child, with the blood of Viking ancestors flowing in her veins, imbied some of the intensities of these early environments.

"I have always loved big things," she told me.

"Wide spaces—inimmensities—that is what most impressed me about America. With my first glimpse, I was thrilled, and I have never outgrown that awe.

"My little brother and I were left in Denmark when the family came over, and I was fourteen when we joined them. Oh, I love Denmark, love it, but never again could I be contented to live there. Of course, I want to go back sometime; the whole family cherishes a dream of spending another Christmas in the old home. Christmas in Denmark is a wonderful experience!"

"See how firm and muscular I am?" and Miss Forrest straightened her slim body. "That is my Norse inheritance. I learnt to swim and skate when little more than a baby. This is the hidden tragedy of my life," and she merrily lowered her voice to a sepulchral whisper. "I'm trying to get fat. I am taking oil rubs and drinking goat's milk, and some day I hope to be so—" and she drew imaginary lines of ample proportions in the air.

Ann is one of a large family, there being three brothers and a sister. Recently they bought a new home in Laurel Canyon, perched on the side of the hill, commanding an inspiring view, with the world spread out before them.

"We have been trying to find a suitable name, and yesterday mamma suddenly thought of 'For-Rest Lodge,' and we were all so tickled that we had a celebration in its honor. We are such a happy family. My best chum is my sister Mabel. She is very pretty and such a good little scout. She doesn't like pictures; I had her try in some of mine, but her whole heart is in music and she has a marvelous contralto voice. I am planning that she shall have the best of training, and I am sure she will be famous some day."

It was William Farnum who named her Ann Forrest. Of course, the Ann belonged to her, for she was the first girl on

(Continued on page 106)
PERHAPS a dozen or more dinners, an equal number of teas, with motor rides interspersed here and there, would give an impression of Bryant Washburn equal to that derived in just one breakfast. Breakfasts are revealing sorts of things. It has even been said that breakfast in public is a mistake and, undoubtedly, it is, for some people. Among that number, however, I would fail to place Bryant Washburn.

It was a late summer morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Washburn were at the Biltmore in New York—on their way for a belated honeymoon abroad and, incidentally, he was to make his first production for the Bryant Washburn Pictures in England.

And Mrs. Washburn, presiding over the coffee urn and impressing the waiter with the importance of bringing the toast crisp and buttered, caused one to believe that all the talk Sherlock Holmes to know that Bryant Washburn may have his own company, may be starting out to do the things he has always wanted to do, and may be sincerely fond of his work—yet more than any and all of these things, he delights in being "daddy" to Sonny and the ten-months-old baby. Several pairs of eyes in the dining-room were focused upon him, but he didn't see them. He was quite occupied watching the little woman, charming in sport togs, who was pouring his coffee while he told me how the boy came home from Sunday-school one day to ask him if God was Hollywood.

He said:
"'No, Sonny,' I told him. 'God's not Hollywood. What made you think He was?"

"'Well,' said Sonny, 'today we said, 'Our Father, who art in heaven, Hollywood be thy name.' We said that, daddy.'"

He laughed heartily as he told the story and Mrs. Washburn smiled.

"You know," she said, "Bryant and I have come to the conclusion that it is quite useless for anyone else in the
world to have children. But they are darlings, really, and it is only because they are so well cared for by an old Scotch nurse, with mother and father right there every minute of the time, that I came along. It is really our honeymoon, even if we have been married some years, and with the kiddies looked after, we can enjoy every minute of it. When we were married, Bryant was so busy in the studio that we just couldn't get away; then the children came, and it's the very first opportunity we have had to go away together."

Of course, had it been the dinner hour, the talk would have drifted to all sorts of different things—various philosophies, new theories; however, such conversation would be incongruous with breakfast fare, and because of this the talk was always in a light vein.

"I often wonder," Mr. Washburn ventured, "why we movie folk are interviewed. For instance, my own life is divided between the studio and the home. Perhaps there is no one who has less time to glean opinions on various subjects and keep abreast of the times than we who work constantly before the camera. Mabel and I were saying this morning that we'll come on to New York every year in the future, making a few pictures here each time, but more than anything else, to avoid getting into a rut. It's so easy to forget the great world going on outside of Hollywood—I've come to the conclusion, too, that our mode of living is purely a matter of habit. Some things we do are habits easily acquired—others are not. Look at those people we all know who think they must dash hither and thither, doing bizarre and hectic things in order to be happy. They gradually come to find their own veranda or fireside boredom—they overlook the real pleasure afforded in the pages of the books they have, old and new—and without attempting to exploit what has come to be termed 'Pollyanna stuff.' I think being happy is largely a matter of habit."

(Continued on back)
ADAME NAMARA belongs to The Woman Pays Club. So do I. So does her P. A. It occurred to all three of us one day that a very brilliant thought would be to kill two birds with one rock. In simple, every-day language, to interview while we ate. At the meeting of the club following the inspirational plan, I was very much there present.

Namara was not.

Now, I may as well tell the truth. Namara says she always tells the truth about herself, even when that same propensity for truth compels her to admit that she has a personality, a voice and extraordinary clothes. Feeling as she does, then, about the truth, she can have no objection to my following the rigid path of adherence she has set.

Namara was late. Further, to press the issue, she generally was late (at the club). Midway in the meal she would arrive, always rather sensationally, always

"I believe in being frank," she said, "about all things, about everything. A great many persons will say, 'Namara is a conceited fool.' Let them! There are others who will know that I am not." Top, a portrait center, on her Long Island estate with husband Guy Bolton, and, right, with her little daughter, Peggy.

always with a perfect torrent of explanatoriness, which, I am bound to pursue, was purely feminine explanatoriness.

On this particular day she was very late. Very late, indeed.

She had a young musician with her, and it was with great difficulty, (and the aid of said young musician), that we steered her off the subject of his vast talent and onto her own exploits.

She sat at a side table (with the Y. M.). Her P. A. and I sat with her. She talked a great deal and consumed quantities of stewed prunes. She said she adored them. She said that she always adored them. She didn't know why. She said that she hoped I would ask her a great many questions, but not about where and when she was born and all that sort of thing. She said that she would inform me that the only thing of interest in her early life was the fact that her parents were always in a state of despair over her. They never knew, she said, what was to become of her. Evidently they told her so with some frequency. "Mamma," she added, "has only become more or less resigned to me lately. She agrees with me on almost everything now, but I (Continued on page 102)
"He and She"

Stories may come —
Stories may go —
But the love story, as old as the ages, will go on forever —

In "Love's Redemption," the Brewster production filmed in conjunction with the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, Blanche McCarity portrays "She," while Lynne Berry is seen as "He," as shown in the photograph above.
Across the Silversheet
New Screen Plays in Review

THERE is always a radical drop in the average of good productions during the summer months. The producer holds the better pictures which come thru from the studios for the autumn and winter releases. So with the warm weather a thing of the past, better pictures are being offered. And among these better pictures it is well to mention "Earthbound," which the Eminent Authors of the Goldwyn Company offer.

"Earthbound" is a Basil King story and most unusual. It tells of a man who becomes enamored with his friend's wife, even to a point where he neglects his own wife and child, whom he really loves. His wife goes to the woman's husband and warns him of the existent conditions, with the result that he kills her husband a few hours before he and his wife had planned to seek together some far corner of the world.

But before he can leave the earth in his wake, this man finds that he must make right those things he left wrong—he is, then, earthbound. His spirit haunts the familiar ways, and every now and then some one who sees clearly and who understands gets a vision of his spirit amid the haunts he previously frequented.

The severance of his last earthly tie comes when the wife he has wronged recognizes his spirit and, with forgiveness on her lips, bids him go beyond.

Thanks to the consistently good direction of T. Hayes Hunter, the picture's interest is well maintained, with no instance of flagging, while the photography, which is particularly difficult because of the ghost-like form moving about in the majority of the scenes, is excellent.

Mahlon Hamilton plays the wronged husband, Flora Revales his wife, Wyndham Standing the earthbound man, Naomi Childers the neglected wife and Alec Francis the rector.

As a matter of fact, each artist plays his individual role convincingly, with many of the scenes enacted in a suppressed key—suffering thru no heroics, as it were—and this is a phase of characterization which many screen players are adopting with splendid results.

To Naomi Childers goes a special word of praise for her work. She has never done anything better than the neglected wife, who is, to a great extent, one of those people addicted to tears and unable to repress their feelings.

This production comes at an opportune time, too, when people everywhere are extremely interested in this phase of living—or dying.

THE PERFECT WOMAN—FIRST NATIONAL
A subtitle in "The Perfect Woman"
told us that Constance Talmadge was a stenographer, and we had no reason to doubt it. Too, she dealt with the well-known Pitman hieroglyphics throughout, but we must admit that we thought all the time that the end would explain that she was really a very wealthy young woman who labored under some radical beliefs and, therefore, toiled daily. But no such thing happened. The only radicals in the picture were some Bolsheviks, who attack the hero and permit Constance to prove that even a pretty woman can be efficient when the occasion arises. So we are still wondering how a stenographer could manage the wardrobe which Constance exhibited throughout the entire picture.

Again Miss Talmadge is the innocent vampire type and, as always in this sort of rôle, she is very attractive. With a close-up of her eyes a subtitle is superfluous, but now and then, we do wish she would have a story not wound around one tiny thought.

**SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT—**

**FAMOUS PLAYERS**

In "Something to Think About," Cecil de Mille forges the luxurious sex drama and deals with a theme which at times soars to the spiritual. And it must be said to Mr. de Mille's credit that he handles it as skilfully as he did the former.

The story tells about Ruth Anderson, daughter of the village blacksmith, in whom David Markley, a curious collector, unbeliever and cripple, takes a great interest and sends away to school. When she returns, he realizes he loves her, and Ruth, prompted by gratitude, promises to marry him.

Into her life comes another, a Jim Dirk, who, altho without funds, possesses the beliefs and strength which David lacks, and the night before her wedding day, Ruth runs off with him.

Events follow in quick succession. With Ruth about to become a mother, Jim is killed, and after months of misery and suffering, she returns to the little village, to find her father now blind and about to go to the county farm, refusing David's aid, with his heart hardened against her. She is about to seek oblivion when David finds her and offers her once more the name and position she ran away from months before. She accepts his offer, and the story spans the years until we find her son a boy of eight or more summers and quite master of David's heart, altho David and Ruth herself are still far apart. She has come to

(Continued on page 108)
Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

MIDSUMMER found the Hollywood colony suffering a series of misfortunes. The death of Lieutenant Omer Locklear while performing the last stunt for a Fox feature filled our hearts with sadness, for the young man—he was only twenty-seven—was one of the best-liked of the younger set here. It did seem a profligate throwing away of a splendid young life, and one can only hope that this tempting death for a picture thrill will soon become less popular.

At the same time the reaper Death put its finish to the work of that splendid film artist, Jean Gau dio.

And Mildred Harris Chaplin, the young wife of that very real genius, Charlie Chaplin, sued him for divorce, with a long list of all the things he did do and didn’t do, which she classified as mental cruelty.

Mr. Chaplin to date has refused to make any personal statement. It is said out here that he suffers, as do all geniuses at times, from tremendous fits of depression. Just what effect this divorce will have on him none can say.

Elliott Dexter, after doing the finest work of his career in “Something to Think About,” is still waiting for another appropriate part, for “this whispered he still must play with the aid of a cane.


And, speaking of Allan Dwan, I often see him taking his Sunday swim in the waves at Long Beach, Cal. He has a very lovely home right on the ocean front.

And Cullen Landis, the boy who looks like the biggest comer out here because of his splendid work in “The Empire Builders,” also has a home in Long Beach and a lovely young wife and baby.

At the Lasky studio William de Mille is busily at work on “His Friend and His Wife.” At the last moment, Lois Wilson was substituted in the leading role for pretty little Ora Carew, while Lilu Lee was given the role previously assigned to Miss Wilson.

Likewise, Cecil B. de Mille, in his new picture, substituted Clarence Burton for the role which was to have been taken by King Baggot. Burton landed in Hollywood from location work on “The Rucklins” just in time to begin work and, as Mr. de Mille explained, the role was
The wrong and the right way to manicure

Cutting the cuticle is ruinous. When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

You should soften and remove surplus cuticle without cutting. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle.

The moment you use Cutex you realize how exactly it is what you have needed. It does away with all need for cutting, leaves a firm, smooth line at the base of your nails.

First file your nails. Then wrap a bit of cotton around an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it in Cutex, and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you need not manicure as often, apply a little Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Regularly, once or twice each week, give your nails a Cutex manicure. You will never again be bothered with coarse, overgrown cuticle or hangnails.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish, and Cold Cream come in 35 cent sizes. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent size. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and all chemists' shops in England.

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Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, large enough for six manicures. Send for this set today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 811, 20 Mountain Street, Montreal.
May Allison has purchased some very beautiful new gowns for her new screen drama, "The Marriage of William Ashe." I saw her in Los Angeles the other day, and she was having the time of her life, for there is nothing she enjoys so much as planning new costumes.

Out at the Haworth studio the other day I saw several scenes being taken for "Kismet." On the side lines sat Rosemary Thoby in a very, very thin Oriental costume. She is really lovely to look at and is known as the best little fox-trotter in Los Angeles. Every night finds her dancing at some café—she says she has given up going out so much, but, you know, a woman's prerogative is to change her mind.

A charming little romance is that of ZaSu Pitts, who eloped with Tom S. Gallery, her leading man, on July 25th, and was married in Santa Ana. King and Florence Vidor were witnesses. Only eight months ago Tom S. Gallery was a young reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper. One day he stood watching them work at the Brentwood studios. "That looks easy," he said. "Wonder if they'd let me try?" The camera-man gave him a (Continued on page 111)
What is more invigorating than a walk or drive on a crisp, clear day in early autumn, when sharp winds bring a ruddy color to one’s face, and stimulate the joy of living.

But these same keen winds produce other effects. They roughen and chap tender skin, they catch up little particles of dust and lodge them in the tiny pores of the face, and trouble results. The natural oil of the skin combines with the dust and the complexion becomes blotched, gray-looking, and rough.

Prevent these conditions—help to keep your skin clear, healthy and soft, by cleansing it with RESINOL SOAP. Let the pure, refreshing lather sink into the pores and rid them of lurking impurities.

But Resinol Soap is not only for those annoyed by complexion defects. It has been for years a favorite among women for daily use in the toilet and bath.

Sold by all druggists and at toilet goods counters.
Let us send you a trial size cake. Dept. 111-G,
Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Shaving Stick gives a creamy, non-drying lather which is alone sufficient to warrant its adoption by the discriminating man.
Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playeland

Mrs. Sidney Drew has been engaged to portray the leading role of Alice Joyce in the play "The Great Adventure" at the Art Theater. She will be directed by the stage veteran Charles Frohman.

Alice Terry, one of Metro's newest featured players, will play the leading role of "The Great Adventure." The play is based on the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Edward Earle will direct the production.

Wyndham Standing's admirers, especially those who wrote him "fan" letters, will be glad to know that he now has a permanent address, having signed with Metro Pictures as a star player of the organization.

Carmella Skinner makes her debut in the film version of "The Great Adventure." She will play the leading role in which she created the same role in which she appeared in the stage production.

Frances Marion is to direct Mary Pickford in an original story written by Miss Pickford and Miss Marion.

Mrs. Morgan Belmont, well-known as "Miss Pickford" at New York and London, will play the part of a Boston matron in D. W. Griffith's production of "Way Down East." Betty Blythe will play the leading role in the first Russell Film Co. production, "The Passion Boat," an Albert Hackett story.

Norma and Constance Talmadge are planning to spend this summer, and for the first time, they will visit some of the world's best known and most popular resorts. They will travel by train from San Francisco to Chicago, and from there to St. Louis, and finally to New York.

Fred Niblo will direct Douglas Fairbanks' next production to be filmed in California.

Edward Earle, known as a "typical type," will appear as Doral in "The Passion Boat." Kay Hammond will direct the production.

Hallum Cooley appears as leading man in "The Passion Boat." Dorothy Gish, renowned for her acting ability, will play the leading role.

Stuart Holmes is the newproducer of "The Passion Boat." Dorothy Gish, who played the leading role in "The Passion Boat," will play the same role in the film version.

Dorothy Gish spent a few weeks abroad during the summer, and was recently engaged as a motion picture star in a new production to be made under the Robinson banner.

Gale Henry has signed a contract with Special Pictures, which has already obtained the rights to the novel of "The Passion Boat."

Miss Ann and Master Michael Cudahy, youngest son of the Kansas City family of actors, have signed with the Pictures Studio to play the leading roles in a new production of "The Passion Boat."

Foy Stewart, who has been signed with Special Pictures, will play the leading role in a new production of "The Passion Boat."

Margaret Loomis and Carmen Phillips, two of the most talented actresses of the stage, have signed with Special Pictures to play the leading roles in a new production of "The Passion Boat."
"Look at this check for $25.00—payable
to me.

"I made this money easily and pleasantly
—in the spare time left over from my
housework and the care of Bobby and Ann,
my children. In fact, they helped me to
make it. I make as much, and often more
every month.

"Before I found this new, easy way of
making money right at home, in privacy,
freedom and comfort, my husband's salary,
while sufficient to meet our absolutely nec-
essary expenses, was really not enough to
give us any of the little extra pleasures that
mean so much to a family. Everything we
care or wear has gone up so high, and sal-
aries haven't kept pace.

"But now we have more than the neces-
sary—we have bought the tender old H.
G. of L.—and we have our little luxuries and amusements too.

"How do I do it? Simply by knitting
socks. No, not by the slow old process of
hand-knitting, but by using the Auto Knit-
ter, a marvel, but very simple, easily
operated machine. Now I have gained
practice with the Auto Knitter I often make
a sock in 10 minutes!

"And the best part of it is that I have a
guaranteed, constant market for every pair
of socks I make, at a guaranteed price.
I simply send the Auto Knitter Company
the finished socks, and back comes my check
by return mail, together with a new supply
of yarn to replace that used in the socks sent
them.

"Free Yarn Sent with the Machine
and They Pay Me for the Socks"

"The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company is an old,
firmly established American corporation, engaged in
the manufacture of high grade seamless socks. They
have always preferred home manufacture.
Little Mary Pickford Rupp, four-year-old daughter of the Pickford Rupp, has been legally adopted by Mrs. Charlotte Rupp, with full consent of both parents. The little girl will hear the name Pickford.

Lieutenant Omer Locklear and Milton Lewis, his pilot, were instantly killed on the night of August 2, while making a spectacular demonstration for the last scenes of a Fox feature, "The Skywaggon.

Of unusual interest to the film world is the publication of Robert Browning's poem, "A Light Woman," just completed. Helen Jerome Eddy is producing, Clare Darrow is the "light woman" and Hallum Cooley is the youthful dupe of the siren.

Pauline Frederick's first picture for Robertson & Co. will be a screen version of S. Arthur Waller's play, "The War."

Clara Kimball Young, spent a few weeks in New York City recently between productions while she shopped extensively and posed for scores of unique new photographs.

Gaston Glass is busily at work on "The Forger," a First National production based on the book by Ralph Connor. Canada forms the background for the exteriors, and upon the completion of these, the company will journey to California, where the pictures will be completed.

Edith Roberts, of the Universal stellar roster, is in New York, where she is deciding upon a stage play in which she will appear this season. Edith is another star who feels that the combination of stage and screen work is an ideal one.

Alice Brady has spent the last few months reading more or less. She has been doing her picture work, but the inactivity between the closing of her stage play, "Forever After," and the new production in which she is to appear, left her a few weeks in which she only hoped it necessary to continue studio pictures, shop and rehearse, and so far, served her new play's premiere.

George Loane Tucker is now cutting "Love's Last Laugh," the picture on which he has been engaged since completing "The Miracle Man," which received such great success.

Jerome Storm will direct the first Lubin-Goldwyn picture, and inevitably will be the first director to produce a feature with music by Edison P. Gish.

Malvene Polo, supporting Viola Dana in "Cinderella," is at work on the part of D. W. Griffith.

Robert B. McIntyre, former stage manager for Goldwyn, has been in New York for several years associated with William N. Gravatt, has gone to the Coast to take charge of Maurice Tourneur's studios at Universal City.

"Sentimental Tommy," the famous story by Sir James Barrie, has been adapted to the screen by Josephine Lovett and will be directed by Frank Preyer. Lara is to appear in the picturesque role of "The Humming-Bird."

Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne are back in Los Angeles and are doing double service. They will appear in a new Morosco play and will also transfer to the screen "The Master Thief," their stage vehicle for the past season.

Robert H. Tremaine, of Ithaca, whom Mrs. Vernon Castle married some two years ago, has been designated as the Democratic candidate for state senator from his state.

Edwin Markham, great American poet, plays an important part in "Love's Redemption," the feature film feature just completed by Eugene V. Brewster.

Annette Kellerman has formed a new film producing company with her husband, James Sullivan, as head of the organization.

Gladys Valerie is playing ingenue with Dorothy Dalton in her newest picture, "In Men's Eyes."

Eugene Gaudio, cameraman for Emil Jannings and one of the pioneer camera-men of the Hollywood film colony, died recently, following an operation for appendicitis.

Tom Forman is directing Thomas Meighan in "Easy Street" at the Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Dorothy Dickson, featured dancer in many Broadway productions, is playing a leading role in "Money Mad," a special picture directed by George Fitzmaurice for Paramount.

"Black Beauty," the famous story known to readers in every civilized language, is being filmed in Vitaphone. Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester spent several months on the adaptation of the story by Anna Sewall and a special cast was selected.

Marie Wainwright, whose own celebrated past covers the last half century on the stage, is playing a part in "Polly with a Past" with Ina Claire.

Chet Withey has adapted the Cosmopolitan Magazine story, "Coincidence," for the screen. Bobby Harron will star in the picture, and June Walker, who comes to the screen after a successful stage career, will be Mr. Harron's leading woman.

Ward Crane, who played opposite Billie Burke recently in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," is seen as Constance Binney's leading man in her latest Realet picture, "Calderon's Prisoner."

Hope Hampton came East immediately following the filming of "The Tiger Lady," a Maurice Tourneur production, and was a pleasant visitor at our lunch-table recently. Her next production, now under way, is directed by Jack Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. John Emerson have returned from their trip abroad and are busy on a new story for Constance Talmadge.

Percy Marmont has a new lady love. He is playing the leading male role in Hope Hampton's new production.

Max Linder, the French comedian, has finished his first independently produced American-made five-reeler at the Maurice Tourneur studios and announces that he will continue his screen career entirely in America.

Alice Joyce will do "Her Lord and Master" as her next picture.
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This simple test has shown to millions the way to whiter, safer teeth. It is a free test—you should make it. It may bring life-long effects.

No other method known can do what Pepsodent does for teeth.

To end the film

The object is to fight the film, which dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles. Dental science has worked years to do that.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does little to combat it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

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. Thus all these troubles, despite the tooth brush, have been constantly increasing.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after years of research, has found ways to combat film. High authorities have proved their efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests.

The best dental opinion approves these methods. Leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption. Now millions daily use them, largely by dental advice.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent, so all who will may quickly know how much it means to them.

The new effects

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits which cling and form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Pepsodent combines the best that modern science has discovered to combat the tooth destroyers. And to millions it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch it act

This is to offer a ten-day tube. Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The new tooth luster will show you its effects. The book we send will tell you what they mean. Then you can judge for yourself.

Men who smoke

Smokers' teeth often show film-stains most. Children's teeth are most affected by the film. Young teeth are most subject to attacks. With older people the chief danger lies in pyorrhea.

So to all this test is most important. For your own sake don't forget it. Cut out the coupon now.

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY
E. E. M.—Yes, William Farnum in "Ben Hur." Kalem produced this years ago and got sued by Harper & Brothers for infringement of copyright, and I think it cost them $200,000.

Pauline G.—You refer to that player as being too kittenish. Well, it is better to be kittenish than catish. Hoot, mon. Nay, nay, Pauline, Darrell Foss is about 27. Oliver O'Neill is playing in "A Woman's Business." Some title.

Coryville Movie Pall.—By heck, always glad to hear from our small-town friends. Billie Burke in "Frisby Mrs. Johnson." Well, you ought to see Wallace MacDonald playing the violin in "Moon Madness." You let the Brooklyn Dodgers are coming along fine now. By the time you read this we will probably know the final result.

Marion 15.—Thanks for all the kind things you say about me.

Oriental Main.—Come now, you say I am so "stuck up and proud of myself." Sure thing, why not? You make me laugh.

Tom Boy Taylor.—I'm afraid the population of the U. S. is estimated at about 160,000,000. Seems like that many right here in New York. Bebe Daniels is from Texas. Well, I don't know what the fellow said when he remarked that "he sleeps with his gloves on in order to keep his hands soft" when he was asked if he slept with his hat on also. Thanks, old man, for the picture of yourself. You should be in the movies.


Jessie A.—I would rather say nothing about that. I must be going.

Sass Box.—Horrors! Your mother ought to spank you. Well, the reason why women are so clem-minded is because they change their minds so often. Victoria Forde was Roberta in "Western Blood.

Cupid; Violette; Helen M. G.; U-23 and G. E. B.—Howdy! See elsewhere for yours. What you don't see ask for.

Helen G.—Harold Lloyd married? S'a secret! Of course, there are baby carriages propelled by electricity. Pauline Frederick has been married. Marion Davies has been in pictures steadily for about two years but she played some before that.

Jeanne B. Thanks for your kind words. They go a long way. Blanche McPhariry has the lead in "Love's Redemption" and does it splendidly.

Blue Eyed Violet.—One may fall, but he falls by himself with but himself to blame. Wyndham Standing is 7 feet 1 inch standing and has brown eyes. He is half an inch taller than George Arliss. Favorite word in "She Played and Paid." A fitting title for the weaker sex. The woman always pays.

Lisa Tuck.—Praise Ameyta, Clara Horton and Irving Cummings had the leads. Mabel Taliaferro is playing in "The Rich Slave." Seems to me that you are always wishing for something. Aren't you ever satisfied?
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Send only $1.00 with the coupon and we will send you this stunning, rich-looking coat. Examine it. See yourself in it. Then, if you wish to send it back for any reason, your money will be returned instantly. This is a wonderful chance to get a splendid coat and pay in small monthly sums. Send the coupon now.

Contrasting Collar
This extremely stylish ladies' coat is made of fine quality rich velour plush. Handsome Beaver-vertex collar in contrasting color gives charming, fashionable touch and at same time is very becoming. The collar may be worn open on shoulders or buttoned high around neck. The smart all-around belt is buttoned in novel style and is ornamented with a handsome buckle in the back. Latest curved pockets. Coat is lined throughout with lustrous, durable, fancy mercerized twill sateen. Colors: Your choice of Burgundy, Blue or Rich Green. Sizes 34 to 44 and Misses 16 to 20.

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The Answer Man

1. R. Poole—l should say L. B. Lucky! I've corrected that mistake before, thank you.

2. M. G.—No, Walter McErlain is not married. He is 6 feet, in his silk socks, weighs 175, in the alto-gether, and has dark hair blue eyes, and under his brows. Lou Chaney, whom you will remember for his wonderful portrayal of the Frog in "The Miracle Man," is being starred by Goldwyn in "The Penalty" on Rex Beach. He is to play the part of a legless man.

3. A. L.—Yes, I am wrinkled, but my wrinkles merely indicate where smiles have been. Lillian Russell never smiled because she never got any of wrinkles; whereas I am proud of my wrinkles. Yes, Wallace Reid in "The Charm School." So you have seen Harrison Ford, Lowell Sherman, and William Desmond in your stock company.

4. Jaw.—Helen Jerome Eddy in "The Blinding Trail." Heap much thanks for your adulation. Adulation is lending your trumpet to others. Get a more respectable instrument.

5. Exquisite.—Oh, I'm just a happy-go-lucky old man who has nothing to worry about and gets a lot of happiness by trying to make others happy. But the reason you think I am so good is because I never do wrong when anybody is looking. Fatty Arbuckle began as an extra man at $3.00 a day for Keystone in 1913. "Whirled Westove was the girl in "John Petticuts."

6. Pixie Queen.—Yes, I am a man of few words, and these are generally disagreeable. So you don't care for Eugene O'Brien. No, Lillian Gish has never been married. I haven't anything against Philadelphia, it's a nice quiet town. Is Doris May any relation to June Elridge? Zounds! I suppose next you will want to know what relationship Largo is to stone. What put that thought in your head? Some artist—such as you.

7. A D. O.—I am afraid you are a spectre. Do you say that in five years we won't see a horse on the streets of the cities. Very well, they will be much safer on the sidewalks. As I have many times said, Richard Barthelmess can be reached at the Mammoth Studios, New York. No, I never was married—honest.

8. Marjorie K.—Sorry I haven't her name. Fannie Ward is in Europe.

9. J. L. Q.—That's the ticket—mystery lends charm, therefore I always hope to be charming. Taylor Holmes is all right. The "Three Friends" of Whittier were James T. Fields, Bayard Taylor and Whittier himself. As for the "Whirled" Westover, you may remember that "The Atlantic Monthly."

10. Lockie.—Good for you. Thanks for all the nice things you say about me. Be patient, and you will all be answered. You going to Cuba to cool off? Pretty warm place these days.

11. Bool.—Hoot Gibson—why, he played with Virginia Faire, our 1919 Name and Fortunue beauty. The three Wise Men of the East were Kaspar, Melchior and Balthasar. Tennyson wrote "Lockley Hall."

12. Asbert C.—Oh yes, the "Three Musketeers" has been filmed, but not in recent years. The first secre- tary of the Treasury was Alexander Hamilton, in 1789. Darrell Burton Foss was born in 1893 in South Wisconsin. He played with Kalem, Ince, Triangle and Metro. Has brown hair and eyes, and weighs 165.

13. Antonio Di I.—Oh, it would take me a month of Sundays to give you a description of all the players you mention. Sorry, old man, but write me again.

14. Benedetti.—I would advise you and every young man to read the maxims of such fellows as Benjamin Franklin and William Penn. The young men that I see growing up are putting a very poor foundation. There are not enough discipline, order and method nowadays.

15. Two Guns.—Well, it's worth seeing, especially so to those who have been abroad. Liberty, Enlightening the World, erected in New York Harbor, is the larg- est statue in the world. Never heard of the player you mention. (Continued on page 113)
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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 give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance. When a rating is given twice, 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 both entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction. Underneath our own list we will print a similar one 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 Dyuffed Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Studio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dark Mirror, Thumb</td>
<td>D-8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Dalton—Famous Players</td>
<td>D-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daughter of the Regiment, The</td>
<td>D-5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norma Talmadge—First National</td>
<td>D-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dawn—D-7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dreer—Gordon—Blackstone Prod.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drake, Sex—MD-5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blanche Sweet—Pathé</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devil's Pass Key, The</td>
<td>MD-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voni Newcomb—Universal</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't Ever Marry—C-5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Majorette Daw—First National</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Double Speed—CD-8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallace Reid—Paramount</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—MD-10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Barrymore—Paramount</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eastern Westerner—E-9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earthbound—D-9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Basil King—Golliwog</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everywoman—Allegorical—6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Star—Paramount</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excuse My Dust—C-7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallace Reid—Paramount</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fair and Warmer—F-9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May Allison—Metro</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faith—CD-6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peggy Hyland—Fox</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pear Market, The—MD-7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alice Brady—Reclart</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fighting Chance, The—D-10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conrad Nagel—Paramount</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Q. Nilsson—Paramount</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Footlights and Shadows—D-6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olive Thomas—Selznick</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forbidden Woman, The—D-8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clara K. Young—Equity</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For the Soul of Raphael—D-8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clara K. Young—Equity</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fortuné Hunter, The—CD-6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earle Williams—Photographe</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gay Old Dog, The—D-11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hobart Henley—John Cumberland</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girl in Room—29—CD-7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Mayo—Universal</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go and Get It—CD-9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pat O'Malley—First National</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agnes Ayres—First National</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Great Accident—D-6</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Tom Moore—Goldwyn</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great Adventure, The—D-6</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Tom Moore—Goldwyn</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greatest Question, The—D-9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Star—Griﬃth Prod.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half an Hour—MD-7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Dalton—Paramount</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harpins—CD-8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enid Bennett—Famous Players</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haunted Spooks—F-8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harold Lloyd—Pathé</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heart of a Child—MD-8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nazimova—Metro</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heart of the Hills—MD-7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Pickford—First National</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heartstrings—D-7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Farnum—Fox</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her Kingdom of Dreams—D-6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anita Stewart—First National</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>High and Dizzy—C-9</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Harold Lloyd—Pathé</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>High Speed—CD-13</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Earle—Hallmark</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gladys Hulette—Hallmark</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His Majesty the American—CD-7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His Temporary Wife—D-7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruby De Remer—Hallmark</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huckleberry Finn—CD-8</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Paramount, Humoresque—D-11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hustler Hour, The—D-6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blanche Paul—Geneva</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idol Dancer, The—D-7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarine Seymour—Griﬃth Prod.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Barthelmess—Griﬃth Prod.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Continued on page 92)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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329 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Breakfast With Bryant

(Continued from page 65)

I asked him about his plans for his new company, now that he has left Famous Players, and he told me he was going to do those things he had always wanted to do and, thru force of circumstances, left undone.

"I'm going to do both comedy and drama," he explained. "A number of my friends and some exhibitors, too, have written from time to time asking me to do heavier things and, in the future, these will be well interspersed among the roles of a lighter vein. Of course, it is up to me now to 'deliver the goods,' so to speak. Mabel has undertaken to read stories for me and this nudes a great assistance, for every story she has ever chosen for me has been successful. You remember the Skinner story, perhaps. It was Mabel who suggested that. Eugene Mullin is going to direct and with the confidence I have in my assistants I feel comparatively sure of the future."

He hesitated.

"Right now," he went on, "I know that I'll welcome every suggestion or criticism anyone gives me. I feel that I can learn by doing to anyone and everyone. The more varied opinions I glean, the better off I'll be—the more apt I'll be to please the greatest number of people. I think then that feeling that way is, in a certain sense, a good sign, and I hope that I'll be able to keep on feeling that way and not ever disillusion myself into thinking that I'm above help. If I ever reach that deplorable state—"

"You wont, dear," said Mrs. Washburn, "but don't worry about it. If you ever do—at the first symptom, I'll do something frightful enough to bring you to your senses."

He laughed. "You see," he said, "we're partners in every sense of that word. Mabel will do just what the says, too, I know. She wants me to go on, doing bigger things always. There is, then, no alternative. I've got to do them, that's all!"

All in all, there was something refreshing to that breakfast—it was, in an indirect way, a glimpse into the home life of the wholesome American man who lives for his wife and kiddies. Who do the great things that they may be justly proud of. Who knows, with a wisdom greater by far than that of the ancients, that he will never build anything finer than a happy fireside; who knows that he will never win anything of more value than the love his family gives him in boundless measure—who knows he will never hear a sweeter sound than children's tongues hissing—"Daddy."

The City Sparrow

(Continued from page 45)

"The best!"

"Yourself, my child, my sweet . . . Milly, if ever you and I are not enough, the one for the other, we have but to turn to the right or the left and there we will find little children, motherless and fatherless . . . the love of children, my dearest, is the love of all children, all young things . . . we can know that, Milly . . ."

"Yes, David."

"Do you understand? Do you feel that I am content . . . just with you?"

"Yes, David . . . ."

"Oh, my dear . . . my dear . . . ."
A New Art
is calling to people who have ideas

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new workable story-ideas, for there's a famine in photoplays which has now become acute. New writers—now unknown—must be developed soon. So this is a call to you to take up a new profession and win a new success.

SOMEWHERE in America this year scores of new photoplaywrights must be developed, and your opportunity to win success is as good as anyone's.

For literary ability is not required—one need never have written previously for any purpose whatsoever.

Ideas about life, imagination, and a willingness to try are the sole essentials.

Who hasn't thought while viewing some picture, "I have a better idea than that"? And who hasn't had the desire to try a better play?

The thing to do is act now—begin today—learn how to put your ideas into the proper form for presentation to producers.

The Form's The Thing

Next to ideas, the most important phase of this new art is the arrangement of ideas. And that is what is now being taught most successfully by correspondence through the Palmer Plan—taught to people who have never written and who never thought that they could write.

Note the pictures of men and women on this page. Learn what they have done. Only a few months ago they, too, were novices like you. Only a few months ago they, like you, became interested, and sent us the same coupon that you can send.

5000 New Photoplays Are Needed

The dearth of photoplays plots is an actual one—5000 new ideas are needed. The great producers must have many for immediate production.

For 20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily, and they don't want the same plays twice. This, remember, is now the world's fourth largest industry, and it still's fastest growing one.

Producers are paying from $250 to $3000 for successful first attempts by unknown writers. They must hold out these inducements to get the stories, to develop new writers into photoplaywrights.

On this great wave scores will rise to new fame; and you may be one of them. Don't think you may not be—"what you think, so you are," is a truth that all should seriously ponder.

In addition to those whose pictures are shown, the following novelists have lately won success under the Palmer Plan:

George Hughes, of Toronto, Canada; Martha Lord, now staff writer for Clara Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selelson); Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since enrollment less than a year ago; and Frances W. Elijah, author of "Wagered Love," recently purchased by D. W. Griffith.

You have as good a chance as these to succeed and sell your stories.

The Palmer Plan

The Palmer Plan of Education in Photoplay Writing teaches the technique of photoplay writing. It is indorsed by the substantial men of the profession because it represents their idea of the proper kind of training—and the training of new writers, they plainly see, is the industry's vital need.

So on our Advisory Council are such famous producers as Cecil B. DeMille, director-general of the Famous-Players Lasky Corp., and Thos. H. Ince, head of the renowned Thos. H. Ince Studios. Also Lois Weber, noted director and producer, and Rob Wagner, who writes the industry in the Saturday Evening Post.

Twelve other leading men and women of the profession contribute lectures to the course.

And the best known players of national reputation who constantly need new plays, unqualifiedly indorse this plan. It includes personal instruction and criticism by experts in all departments of the art. It is of university caliber in all respects. It brings to you all the best experience of the practical men of the profession. From no other group can one learn so much of the essentials of the art.

A Feature of This Course

The Palmer Plan also includes a vital aid to students—the Palmer Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbyn, acknowledged judge of stories and author of photoplays for William Far- num, Frank Kenna, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars.

This is the bureau to which producers come for photoplay-stories—the great clearing house for idea-material for the screen. Situated in Los Angeles, motion picture capital of the world, and in constant touch with the great studios, this bureau helps to sell your work.

Scenarios are submitted in person by this bureau direct to producers, stars and editors. This is an exclusive service available to all Palmer students.

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If you are seriously interested, send for free book which explains the course in detail. There is no obligation. Simply mail the coupon and completely satisfy yourself.

The demand for new writers is enormous, the field wide open, and the rewards greater and quicker than in any calling we know. Mail the coupon now. See what it brings to you. You'll be glad you took this action.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

He Just Happened!
(Continued from page 37)
and the short of it was... he was offered a part.

Whereupon he wired his father. That good clergyman, who was then living in Harrisburg, immediately boarded a train, reached New York and remonstrated with his son, whom he visualized as already going to the dogs.

But son had made up his mind to have a try at theatricals. When he suggested to his father that, as he only expected to give the stage a try-out during his vacation, he change his family name, his father said:

“No, sir, if you are going on the stage, go under your own name and make it one to be proud of.”

And Douglas MacLean has done this. From the first he was a success, playing with Maude Adams and other equally well-known celebrities. He says it “just happened,” but I know of his honest endeavor, his attendance at the foremost schools of pantomime in this country and his thoro study of the best histrionic methods.

Later, as he told me, he just happened to meet Mr. Broulantour who asked him to play opposite Alice Brady in “As Ye Sow,” a World photoplay.

This plan also met with opposition from his friends, for pictures had little prestige then, nevertheless, he made his screen début in “As Ye Sow.”

After he had fulfilled a two years’ contract with World Film Company, he came to California to play in the Morosco Stock Company. Here, according to his version, he again happened to make good and was sought for leads in Paramount pictures.

Later, Thomas H. Ince asked him how he’d like to stay on with him. “Couldn’t think of it,” said Douglas MacLean. “I have intended all along to return to the New York theater. Now I am going.”

“But I mean to star you,” protested Mr. Ince, and so Douglas stayed and he again happened to make very, very good.

“I still think that, some day I shall return to the New York stage,” he told me with a slightly quizzical smile edging his fine mouth, “but you never can tell. I shall probably remain here. After all, pantomime is pantomime, whether it be the screen or the stage, and I love pictures, they are such fun to do.”

At this point, Jack Nelson, Mr. MacLean’s director, requested him to return to his stage bed that they might shoot the scene.

Whereupon he apologized. “I dont believe I have told you anything worth while,” he said, “but you writers are quite wonderful. I remember a short while ago one young woman interviewed me for ten moments and when the result appeared in the magazine there were four full pages. I really dont see how I could have told her all that, do you?”

I smiled. “She probably spent several hundred words describing the length of your eyelashes,” I explained, being quite interested in watching the gymnastics of said eyelashes in their endeavor to keep out of his clear hazel eyes.

“Oh, I hope not,” he spoke seriously. “I shouldnt like that sort of thing, not at all!”

And he wouldn’t.

For Douglas MacLean is as yet unspotted. He is an extremely charming gentleman in the true meaning of that word. He is the result of generations of culture and refinement. He is particularly well read and particularly good looking. To me his greatest charm is his straight-
forward honestly, but his well-bred voice and his keen intellectuality are close seconds.

He admits he loves to play golf and enjoys a swim now and then; his spare time in the evening is occupied going to the theater and pictures. As a rule, ten o'clock finds him in bed (really) and seven-fifteen is his hour for arising; thus only can he be justified in his work, he says, but Saturday nights are his nights off, then he goes to a dance, parties, or any amusement that occurs on that evening.

He has two sisters, both having married into the navy, the elder being the wife of Chester Mayo, son of Admiral Mayo. He believes that marriages can be and are being made even by-products of the war when women as well as men wish a career.

All in all, he is a successful clergyman's son who lacks the reputed wildness that goes with that relationship. And ... he will never return to the bond business!

Constance Seeking
(Continued from page 33)

do the part. Miss Crothers sees me play may be every month or two and she then comes to me and criticizes my work in what I know to be a fair manner. I have the utmost confidence in her, and when she tells me a thing is so, I know it is so, and if the thing be detrimental I take steps to correct it."

"You always wanted to go in for theatrical work?" I queried.

"It's about the first thing I can remember thinking about seriously," she told me. "Faire, my sister, you know, and I thought mother's dreams had come into the world of realities. Mother wanted to go on the stage, but her parents wouldn't permit it, so when she found our inclinations tending in the same direction, things were made easy for us and we were taught elocution and dancing.

"I never thought much about doing both stage and screen work at the same time, but the combination works out ideally if you manage it so that you do not promise to accomplish more than is physically possible. I find that I can make four pictures a year, for which my Reallart contract calls, quite easily, and in making four pictures instead of eight I am able to have infinitely better stories. One script doesn't have to be prepared before the previous production is completed, and this allows time to breathe in between.

"During the next year," she continued, doming her make-up preparatory to going on the stage for the evening performance, "I'll be doing both at the same time again, but only if I can get the right sort of stories. I think it's foolish to dash wildly about, trying to do more than can reasonably be done well. I want each and every one of the pictures to be good and the play to be good. Otherwise I'd be better off on the farm up in the country, away from it all."

She laughed softly as she slipped on the pink linen frock which she wears in the first act.

"Managers get perfectly furious at me," she declared, "because I'm always rooting for good things. They keep telling me you'll write, have a good story every time, and that everyone has to take an ordinary one now and then."

She sighed.

"I've come to the conclusion that I'm not practical and that I'm an idealist, but goodness knows there are enough bad stories here's no need to refer to the number. Better, by far, to do something to counteract the others, don't you think so?"

"This career?" I asked her, "how do you feel about it? Do you think, as some.

Youthful Stars
of America's Stage—and
Their Dressing Tables

HERE'S another
new star in the
firmament—Miss
Grace Christie,
whose Silver Bub-
ble dance is such a
charming feature
of the John Murray An-
derson revuesical comedy
"What's in a Name."

We never suspected embroidery and knitting contributed anything to Miss Christie's success in her unique dance until, in a moment of con-

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Federal School of Applied Cartooning
From McCauley Cartoon
01650 Warner Building Minneapolis, Minn. [Chicago Tribune]
that you could manage it and marriage at the same time, or does it take all of your time?"

She hesitated, toy ing with the rabbit's foot on her dressing table, some minutes before she answered.

"The subject of married women having careers is receiving a great deal of attention just now," she said, "plays are being written about it, and books, too. Somehow, tho, I think it depends almost entirely upon the individual. Personally, I feel that my career is just about launched. Right now it needs all my planning and all of my efforts. But if it were well founded, an accepted thing—then it would be different. There are women who have been successful in their career and have, at the same time, enjoyed a very wonderful motherhood. Sarah Bernhardt, for instance, is such big—such very big things," she mused, "that combining them is a great step. I should want one well able to take care of itself almost, before I took on the other. After all, in every case, I believe in doing only a few things but doing them well. You might attack the work with a one-track mind—as a matter of fact it may be, but I believe, to a great degree, in concentrated effort. There is no worse squander than of effort. And yet, I can see no reason why a woman must miss the greatest things any woman can know, simply because she finds herself with a career—that would be hardly fair to either the career or to the woman. Too, I think the normal woman is more adept in her career, especially when it is of a creative nature, when she has accepted her mission in life."

Inasmuch as she did not go on the stage until the first act was well under way, we talked to many directors, for whom she has the greatest respect. In fact, she believes that directors should cut their own, a man is able to take the scenes and construct the story, he is able to decide which scenes possess most value. I have faith in the director’s cutting the pictures would, and she smiled, "I have faith in the director.”

When she finishes “39 East,” which she will bring to the screen as her next picture, she goes to her mother's farm in Connecticut where she will rest until the opening of the next season.

"It’s a real vacation up there,” she told me, "there’s none of the artificiality you get at the resorts and all there is to do is ride a bike, swim and rest. When you come back you are ready to battle with the world once more."

There are some people who feel that they can disregard their thoughts provided they care for their actual actions. Constance Binney is not among these, for even after talking to her for an hour, you realize that she would be as loyal in her thoughts as she would be in her actions. In fact, she intimated quite broadly that she thought it was quite as bad to think wrong as to act wrong.

"Out of our thoughts our deeds are born,” she said. "That makes it quite important for us to watch our thoughts."

The histrion of youth in her eyes; the glow of youth upon her personance and the grace of youth in her step—these things tell of her youth. Yet without any of them you would know. She is seeking—the true and all the things she is hungry for Life, believing too, in the gossamer and cherishing her ideals, defiantly refusing to let down the bars that anything ineptulent may come through—

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Prunes, Not Prisms

(Continued from page 60)

I suspect that she's only being tactful and admitting her resignation.

I asked her what induced her to take up the call of the silversheet.

"For advertisement," she said, with admirable frankness: "I may as well tell the truth about it, I did it to advertise myself as an opera singer."

"For quite some time different companies approached me with offers to go on the screen, and I never refused them. Then one day it occurred to me: 'Wonderful advertisement! Ah,' I said, 'I will do it. There could be no better way.' The next thing I knew came my way I took it up and here I am. Just finished my first picture, 'Stolen Moments,' for American Cinema, and now I'm settling my second. My husband, Guy Bolton, has written it for me. I should like, then, to do a series featuring me as an opera singer."

I asked her how she had liked it.

"Why, I am quite mad about it," she said, "they have been charming to me. I have my piano, or a piano, at the studio, and practise there every bit as much as I would at home. It rests my voice and there is the advertising!"

"You are frank about your motives," I said, not without appreciation. Still, to whom consumes prunes with such zest could hardly orate on art for art's sake... at the time of consumption."

"If I believe he is frank," she said, "about all things. About everything. A great many persons will say, 'Namara is a conceited fool.' Let them. There are others who will say that I am not. Those others are the ones who will matter. For example, I know that I have an unusual personality. I shouldn't I say so? Why shouldn't I exhibit it? Why should I hide under my hat—quite an effective hat, by the way, don't you think?—and simper and say nothing. Why shouldn't I talk, a great deal, and make myself generally heard? I see no reason why I shouldn't and every reason why I should. So I do. I know that I have an unusual speaking voice and I use it. I know that I wear spectacular clothes and wear them well and I want the world to know it, too.

"Besides, I think this phase is an essential one in getting on in the world. I think the modern advanced more rapidly is because, until quite recently, I did not have the knack or the courage, to talk about myself to the right people."

"I would like to have heard you say, and would sit by the hour listening to her talk about herself. All wrong. I should have listened for as long as possible because I could make it, and then I should have launched forth on myself. I should have left her with the atmosphere of Namara about her. Hiding one's light under a bushel is in this little game, leaves one—under the bushel. Permanently."

"At home Madame Namara is the wife of Guy Bolton, the mother of three-year-old Peggy Bolton, who appeared with her mother in the picture "Stolen Moments," and the daughter of the woman who was at one time called the Forest City Nightingale," and who first taught the small Margaret how to sing. How well she succeeded the records of Namara go to brilliantly. The last home home is at Great Neck, L. I., where, Namara says, they live very quietly.

She has a passion for the mixing of perfumes, for hats and for the exotic generally.

She dislikes smoking, society and being socially honored. She dislikes, too, persons who care nothing for her as a person.

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Donts hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents

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Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bother some corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

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He was putting in long hours at monotonous unskilled work. His small pay scarcely lasted from one week to the next. Pleasures were few and far between and he couldn't save a cent.

He was down—but he wouldn't stay there! He saw other men promoted, and he made up his mind that they could do he could do. Then he found the reason they were promoted was because they had special training—an expert knowledge of some one line. So he made up his mind that he would get that kind of training.

He marked and mailed to Scranton a coupon like the one below. That was his first step upward. It brought him just the information he was looking for. He founed he could get the training he needed right at home in the hours after supper. From that time on he spent part of his spare time studying.

The first reward was not long in coming—an increase in salary. Then came another. Then he was made Foreman. Now he is Superintendent with an income that means independence and all the comforts and pleasures that make life worth living.

What about you?

Are you satisfied merely to hang on where you are or would you, too, like to have a real job and real money? It's entirely up to you. You don't have to stay down. You can climb to the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! The I. C. S. are ready and anxious to come to you, wherever you are, with the very help you need.

Surely when you have an opportunity that means so much, you can't afford to let another priceless hour pass without at least finding out about it. And the way to do that is easy—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon.

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We carried ultravioletin and dynamite; box after box of high explosives. One of my assistants insisted that he would not feel safe unless he had those explosives where he could see them. He said that so long as they were in his sight he knew that nothing could happen, so he took them up to his room and stored them under his bed.”

Larry Semon had the next room.

In the night, he continued, “I awoke with a lurry idea that someone was having a quarrel somewhere. A voice was saying, ‘I let go of that child, I tell you!’ and a lot more in the same strain. Fully awake, I realized the strain in the next room was talking in his sleep. It came to me that if he could talk in his sleep he might walk in his sleep also. I turned on my light, opened the door, and stepping up to his door, I turned on my light, opening the door, and stepping up to his door, I turned on my light, opened the door, connecting my room with his, and sure enough, there he stood, a stick of dynamite in each hand. I lived a thousand years in that minute. I knew that any sudden exclamation on my part would result in his waking up and in all probability throwing the dynamite at himself or myself or the wall. So far as I was concerned it wouldn’t matter which. The situation was as entirely outside of human control as a cyclone was over a minute; he put the dynamite down himself and I awoke him. But, I invited myself to stay with him, for as long a time as the dynamite would lie his bed.”

Luncheon was soon over and I accompanied the actor-director while he “doped” out another “gag.” (In making comedies, everything which is to get a laugh is called a “gag.”) We walked all over that rock-crusher and owing to the tremendous racket the “gag” was explained to his co-workers in the manufacture place as exclusively. At one place he stopped and picking up pencil and paper drew a diagram of the gag. On the ground again, he wrote the action of the gag in detail in a little book he carries for that purpose.

Larry Semon is the only man directing and acting in slapstick comedy, who did not receive his first training under Mack Sennett. He has never been with Sennett at all. He was for seven years a cartoonist on the New York Evening Sun. He was also on the New York Herald and the Evening Telegram, tho his training as a star goes further back than that. In fact, he was practically on the stage at so early an age that he cannot remember the occasion.

His father, Zera Semon, was a professional magician, cartoon artist and tumbler in vaudeville. Larry’s earliest recollection is of having been the baby in the portfolio in one of his father’s most spectacular tricks. The magician walked on the stage carrying a flat portfolio, such as is now used for script. This portfolio he put on a flat table, then opened it and drew from it a picture of a bird-cage. After showing this to the audience, he would take from the still flat portfolio, the actual bird-cage, and so on to the grand finale; he would draw from it a picture of a baby just old enough to walk, and then the baby itself—Larry. This trick never failed as a source of wonderment.

“The old magicians are gone now,” said Larry Semon. “They were too careful of their secrets and so it happened in cases those secrets died with them. My father did not want me to be a magician, however, tho he taught me many of his tricks. He wanted me to be a cartoonist; he had me trained as a cartoonist and he kept after me until I did become a cartoonist.”

Larry Semon’s success in the field of cartooning is too well known for extensive comment here. He handled heavy political stuff, for the most part, tho his own desire was to do comics. On one occasion he drew a cartoon of President Taft, which the President sent for from the White House.

It was thru his work as a cartoonist, that he met J. Stuart Blackton, vice-president of the Vitagraph Company. It was from Commodore Blackton that he got his training as an actor and director.

“I am as careful in matching up my comedy as he would be if I were shooting drama,” he said.

His people are all very high-salaried and consequently content. It is an interlacing of the two things they understand, so thoro’ly, what he means by a mere look or gesture, that no rehearsal is required.

He lived in England while Harold Way in Hollywood, has a Japanese cook, Japa- nese butler and Japanese chauffeur. By which it may be seen that he is not a very strong believer in the “yellow peril.” He is twenty-nine years old and unmarried.

That Exotic Frenchman

(Continued from page 40)

time-exposure camera. We shall notice a great difference, a dissimilitude as great as that between the present-day war pictures made in 3 Hollywood trenches and the pictorial views of the European battle-grounds.”

Artificiality in plays today is one of the decadent reactions. Contemporary screen love-making is a thing of public interest, pitorially speaking, that takes place amidst the most sumptuous surroundings. Touneur looks forward to the day when every film, every scene, every gesture, every movement that the director of the future will open the doors and the windows and let the sunlight in. With this preamble, permit me to introduce Maurice Touneur, the man. He is a big-hearted, generous Frenchman, perhaps in his late thirties, who refuses to glimpsy life thru a pair of rose-colored spectacles held in place by egotism. He has struggled through the perilous craft to a leadership in photoplay thought. His first days on the stage were spent as a chorus-dancer for a French company on the outskirts of Paris, in which he frequently played not only the butler who announced the guests but the guests themselves. And received ninety-five, fifteen dollars, a month for the performance of such domestic duties.

“It was the salary I asked for,” he chuckled. “The director said to me, ‘Can you get along on it?’ and I said, ‘Yes.’ I didn’t get along very well, altho I saved a little money. Things weren’t expensive in those days and I didn’t have much to eat.”

After a number of seasons in repertoire, each season with a better company, he played with Racine in the South American tour, and still later with the great French director, Antoine. He has been making pictures in America for five years, developing himself new re-lease, making practical his theories, and carrying out his convictions.

His record in this country reads like the tale of any one-who-have loved-professionally, as his work has been with everyone from Emma Dunn to Pauline Starke, including Elsie Ferguson, Petrova, Mary Thedford, Margaret Clark, the Bunney sisters, Constance and Faire, and Alma Hranol, in such plays as “Mother,” “Barbary Sheep,” “The Rose of Jennie Cushing,” “Rose of the World,”

Legend has it that Tournier is temperamental, a leader who drives with a hard rebah that he is eccentric. Not at all, Tournier, when I saw him, was fearfully worried lest the Klipses were too bright for the leading lady. But, when the director would make him a laughing-stock on the street. He looks and dresses like other normal people, not to tell about anything that he wasn't true. If he is either eccentric or egotistical, he leaves no such impression.

Stories are his particular "kite noir." In each he requires a great deal of human sympathy, understandable psychology, and intense, quick action.

"Show the people anything, but show them something," he declares. "This can be either funny or dramatic, but there must be something."

And at this picture Tournier proves something of an iconoclast. The screen ought not to be a platform for the uplift of the masses, he told me. Its part is amusement.

"I do not believe in using the screen as a way of teaching; we have the pulpit and the colleges. It may be a means of propaganda, but I do not intend to use this as such."

He doesn't believe in the star system, and says no good story can be built around a single glib personality, as there are no real "stars" in real life. The most obscure man in a moment become a so-called "star" afterward only to return to oblivion. The man who stops the run-away, Tournier tells, is the star of the moment. And after the incident, typically, he is forgotten.

"And neither is anyone very good or bad," he remarked.

He asked me a question differently with his actors than with any other director. He tells them the story as he goes along and asks them to think for themselves. When I saw him in the "set" of a cheap London playhouse Dramatis personae, typical cockneys, and afterward he told me that the entire effect was practically an exercise for the director and audience of the little repertoire company on the outskirts of Paris.

I noticed particularly that he showed the effect on his audience of the supposed drama on the stage below. But not the drama. This is his particular fad. In none of his plays has he showed the subject of the previous presentation. A story is told on the stage next to the one which the actor is supposed to speak. He showed the effect on his audience of the supposed drama on the stage below by giving another key, the footlights. The audience are more interested in the movement of the doll with their eyes, evincing more or less signs of emotion.

"He's got a knife," yelled the "heavy," with his left hand to his chest. "Shut up!" echoed an extra in the top row of the gallery.

By that method Tournier will hold the attention of his audience in the theater without showing an actual flash of the play within the play. The suggestion is far more dramatic than the actuality, is his theory. In an electrocution, for instance, he says that he would show everything but the actual death in the chair—the warden, the empty cell, the

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Chair, the printer, the reporters making their notes—anything but the very thing. Such a news gives the audience's mind a chance to work and every individual will at once form his conception of the subject.

The director must be a psychologist who can fathom the mind of his audience as well as of his actors. His duty does not consist in showing artists their business, says Tourneur, and when he works with stars he does not consider it necessary to teach them their work, nor they to instruct him in his. He must create "atmosphere."

You can't tell a girl that she has lost her father and must emote over the incident. With the noise of the carpenters, the sight of the bystanders and the irregularity of the entire situation, she may be so conscious. Tourneur tries to talk her into the mood by explaining the situation and suggesting the atmosphere. When she is emotionally in the right mood she'll do her scene, he says. If not, he will work with her until she has grasped the meaning.

Nor can a director get results with his actors by thunderting at them, he insists. Some are self-conscious and will lose their heads if yelled at.

"Just tell them and the work is easy," is his motto.

"The whole motion picture business is our joy, our trouble," he remarked philosophically. "We think, we talk of nothing else. Nothing else but our work interests us. If we make money, it is all right, but that is, if we believe in picture standards and have ideals to guide us. Personally, if I don't make money on this picture or that, I shall try again. We are all in business to succeed, to make the most of what we can.

"Only now since I am in America, am I getting to know what money is and how to have a good time. We owe all this to Mr. Griffith.

"Whatever new effects we try to get, we discover that Mr. Griffith made them before we did. Without him we should not be where we are, riding in limousines and talking in terms of sunken gardens and fine homes. Griffith has invented everything in our business. I can't see a thing he hasn't done."

"It's a shame we use the screen the way we do. When I see that beautiful white sheet I realize all the lovely things that we haven't done. We have no limitations as to production funds, nor as to ideals. And still we do continue to see cowboysioted around bars, and vampires smoking cigarettes. We have been falsified so many times and from so many sources that it is a lifelong task to live down the effect."

Toward the Stars Thru Tears

(Continued from page 63)
to small parts. She watched and studied the stars and waited patiently, never once doubting that her opportunity would come. Guiding in true girlish fashion, Ann told me of her first role:  

"It was in an awful Triangle picture, the Princess Chapa, I didn't once curl my hair. I wanted to feel the part. Why could one even think Puckers with curled hair? She was such a pathetic little creature and I became fond of her. 

Ann believed that a lover demands all her strength and thought and when she is making a picture she puts aside all else. Her only relaxation during that time is to drive down to the beach—which is but another Viking instinct—that wild love of the tang of the salt sea breeze, it stimulates this daughter of the North! 

"While making Dangerous Days," Miss Forrest went on, "I felt that poor girl's tragedy so keenly that I dreamed about it every night. That was the hardest role I have had, but how I loved it. I thought people who believe we are not swayed by the emotions we portray could have been around the day we made that big searing scene. I am sure they would have changed their minds. Everyone about the set was deeply affected and after it was all over and they came to pick me up I was sobbing so hard that I couldn't speak and that started them all again."

One of Ann’s chief beauties is her lovely blonde hair, which, of course, is real. She affects plain, straight lines, for ruffles do not seem to belong to her type, and this day she was wearing an adorable frock of white tricotelle with a gorgeous, flaring sash wound around her slender waist. She said she loved "wite" clothes.  

"Oh, the family think I am wonderful," she laughed, "and whenever there is a picture of mine shown we go in a body. Father is my severest critic, but so constructive that I learn much from him. Little brother—he is eleven—was so thrilled all the time I was making my picture with Houdini, for we did a lot of flying and every night he'd tell me about it. I enjoyed it too, and some day I am going to fly to Denmark."

"I don't believe my picture has yet reached there, but I hope they will soon. The Danish people are full of sentiment and have a deep understanding."

"My future?" Ann leaned across the table, confidentially. "Well, some day I hope to go on the stage. When I have grown big in the art, I want to talk as well as act my parts."

Weeping herself toward the stars—wistfully—appealingly—has been Ann Forrest’s role so far in her career, but she may blossom forth in something quite different in her next picture.  

When I asked Mr. de Mille if there would be tears—he flashed a sphinx-like smile—"It will be a bit of life!" he said. 

**SPECIAL NOTICE**  
At the time of going to press, word comes from the Lasky studios saying that because Ann Forrest is not the type for the next production, she will appear under the direction of George Melford in his next picture. However, so far as is known, this is a temporary arrangement.
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 77)

care for him with a great love, but he, again hearing the prompting of gratitude, makes no response.

Their housekeeper, devout in her belief of an encompassing Divine Love, is instrumental in the breaking down of barriers and a final reconciliation.

Elliott Dexter plays David Markley, Theodore Roberts the blacksmith, Monte Blue, Jim Drisk and Gloria Swanson, in the role of Ruth, proves her versatility, although we must admit that we find her most attractive in those episodes where she portrays the sullen woman. It marks the return of Elliott Dexter after his illness and it is a treat to have him with us again. And Mr. Roberts and Mr. Blue were both excellent in their respective roles.

As for the subtitles, they number among the best we have ever read and are one of the most attractive features of this very fine production.

Undoubtedly Cecil de Mille knows his man—the director, too, of everday. In truth, he holds a mirror up to Life and his productions reflect the image he finds there. He has done commendable things in the past, but in “Something to Think About” he strives towards greater things and his striving is not in vain.

Go and Get It—First National

Any one who has read Edgar Allan Poe’s “The Murders in the Rue Morgue” will find themselves always a reel or two ahead of Marshall Neilan in his latest production, “Go and Get It.” This is a newspaper story with a rapid-fire action which includes secret passages, scientific experiments which demand weird operations and, last but not least, a thrilling chase in which aeroplanes, fast trains and hydroplanes figure prominently.

The photography is far above the average, with Agnes Ayres appearing very beautiful and constantly remanding one of Alice Joyce. Pat O’Malley plays the reporter hero and Wesley Barry makes his role of the bespectacled office boy a very fine characterization.

The story, briefly, tells of competitive newspapers, with the managing editor of one working so hard that his partner may eventually be purchased by the rival press for a mere song. Then the owner of his paper dies and his daughter takes a hand in things—things including the solving of several serious murders which baffle the police. In the end she places her paper on his map again, so the title reads, and marries the managing editor—only by this time the erstwhile reporter has risen to this proud estate.

It is not an artistic production, and although the action is generally accelerated, it is, at times, thrilling. And Bull Montana in the role of a gorilla proves conclusively that the so-called “genuine art of make-up” is not so gentle after all.

The Scoffer—First National

“The Scoffer” is a gripping picture during which the interest does not once flag. And its message is simple that you marvel something similar has not been done before.

In the first place, Allan Dwan has a real story—and he has undoubtedly chosen each character especially for each part, giving the matter a great amount of conviction. For secured authentic information where such was desirable and found backgrounds which do not obstruct upon the action but which suggest the proper vast spaces and lend a colorful atmosphere. After all this, he has given it a masterful direction, with the result that it is an excellent production, one which will probably advertise itself by the comment which it will receive and one which will gain in popularity as it is shown.

The title gives a broad hint of the story, which tells of a doctor who has dedicated his life to his work, feeling himself to be a servant of God with his hands always ready to do His work. When he is unjustly and unrightly accused by some in the penitentiary he takes the scoffer’s vow and determines never again to raise those hands to help God or man. At the termination of his sentence, he goes into the great Northwest and eventually comes to a little settlement where they have no doctor, merely a faith healer. Mary Thurman proves that recruits from the farce make able exponents of the drama. As a matter of fact, every characterization is artistic, with Noah Beery the backwoodsman, the neurasthenic woman, Ward Crane “The Albany Kid” who has come to the North Woods, Bernard Durning a clergyman, and Philo D’Alton a physician who abuses his profession.

Allan Dwan has given the screen something in his Mayflower production, of which he may justly be proud.

Lady Rose’s Daughter—Famous Players

Even Elsie Ferguson could not save “Lady Rose’s Daughter” from the fate of a very mediocre production. The story concerns itself with three generations, the first two acting as something of a prolog in which both of the ladies mentioned call to mind the scribes and bands’ hearthstones. It is true, in both instances, the husbands were not exactly fuel for the fires of romance, but the idea is that the noble relations decide to do all in their power to save Lady Rose’s daughter from the errors of her mother and grandmother. They endeavor to do this by permitting her to realize the capacity of a companion and secretary; causing scenes and hurling anathemas at her every now and again of the pampered male members of the family finds her attractive. In truth she very nearly comes to a sorry end, but the nephew on whose entire family’s happiness she had brought her to a realization of things and the fade-out finds the disagreeable relations asking forgiveness.

(Continued on page 110)
Shadowland for November

Walter Prichard Eaton—

One of our foremost writers, furnishes an article on the American playwright which every lover of the theater will enjoy.

Heywood Broun—

Dramatic critic of The New York Tribune, and acclaimed as perhaps the ablest theatrical writer in this country, contributes one of his whimsical, delightful book reviews.

Oliver M. Sayler—

Whose contributions on the importance of the cabaret in Russia; on the Russian Ballet, etc., have you enjoyed in SHADOWLAND, offers another story on the Japanese Drama, which is one of the most interesting features of the November number.

Frederick James Smith—

Writes a story of the Photoplay of Today and Tomorrow, which brings a new light on the conditions of the screen.

Wynn—

The last steamer brought Wynn's monthly contribution of cartoons and pertinent comments on Persian life—as seen thru his eyes—and Wynn's viewpoint is worth while investigating.

Shadowland

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.
Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 108)
As for the subtitles—they are blatant. "You have a gift of music," says a guest and Lady Rose's daughter answers brilliantly:
"It is kind of you to say so, Lord—" or something to that effect.
People do waste words on such trivialities perhaps, but it is a pity to waste footage on them at the present price of film.

The Right to Love—Famous Players
George Fitzmaurice did his best—so did Mae Murray and David Powell, but they were greatly handicapped thru the lack of a good story. However, he said that their best makes "The Right to Love" a production well worth going to see. The settings, too, are exquisitely beautiful and long after the picture was over, we found ourselves thinking of the soft close-ups of Mae Murray, in which she appears a shimmering creature of some fairyland. In several scenes, too, the photography was especially beautiful, but the story itself is most unsatisfactory, which is a pity. To give it such settings, artistic portrayals, direction and photography is like building a beautiful structure upon a poor foundation—it trembles—it lacks a stability.

The story tells of an Englishman, powerful in the tropics where he lives, who brings an Englishwoman into his home and thus constantly humiliates the wife, of whom he has tired. Things reach a crisis when he threatens to send their son away to school in England because he knows it will pain her and, at just this time, she learns that her childhood sweetheart from America is in the vicinity. They meet to find their love still a living thing. . . One night during a frightful storm the American discovers the husband plotting to shatter his wife's life so that he may seek his own paths, and, furious at the wrong which is being done his former sweetheart and countrywoman, he kills the husband during a flight. When she, thru circumstance and false evidence, is convicted, he gives himself up, but the authorities take the law into their own hands and America becometh them to a happy future.

David Powell plays the American sweetheart and is indeed likable. The title, however, are in several instances very poor and fail entirely in bolstering up the story, as it is often possible for the right sort of titles to do.

The Jack-Knife Man—First National
"The Jack-Knife Man" in its own simple way is one of the finest pictures which the silversheet has ever reflected. In it King Vidor gives a broad promise of the things which may be expected of him—he has made the two old men who whittle toys from driftwood and sing jingles for the amusement of a little lad who comes into their lives, real folks. Taking the human story of "The Jack-Knife Man," he has turned it into a picture which has thrust a poetic beauty.

Fred Turner plays Peter Lane, the title role, with a touch of genius and every other character is well chosen, with Harry Todd in the character of Booge, thus named by Buddy, who is portrayed by Bobby Kelso, and the charming Florence Vidor as Miss Montgomery of New York.

There is nothing hectic or bizarre about the story, which tells, in a simple, unaffected fashion, of natural events in the life of the jack-knife man, who spends most of his days drifting along with the currents of the winding Mississippi. It is a close-to-the-soil drama—ringing vitally true every minute of the time.
Presentation's the Thing

(Continued from page 47)

remains that really worth while things are offered to the public, and the public responds with unfailing interest and enthusiasm.

And so he went on to explain that he tells the artist whom he is consulting just what kind of an act it is going to be, and together they discuss the setting required. The artist then submits a sketch in scale, that is, a working drawing proportionately small. But this drawing contains all the details and colorings that are to be used in the real setting. From this sketch, stage carpenters build the framework and cover it with canvas, and skilled scenic painters carry out the color scheme. The artist himself supervises the final putting together, especially if, as is often the case, the scene in question consists of painted back-drop and wings, but merely of soft chiffon draperies and veiled lights.

And last, but by no means least in importance, is the lobby display of posters. The people passing a theater have not seen the picture yet. They have no means of judging whether they will like it or not, but the posters attract them. Vivid colors and odd designs and vague outlines of a scene or two give a hint of what is to follow and exert a subtle influence; they intrigue the people and few can resist the invitation. Mr. Reisenfeld has engaged C. E. Millard, a poster artist who admits he is a "great young man" to thus vamp the public, and Mr. Millard has established a record of artistic quality by his Rialto, Rivoli and Criterion posters which other theaters find it hard to maintain.

Now add all this—posters plus settings plus music plus beautiful surroundings and the total will be: good presentation. And "Presentation's the Thing," said Mr. Reisenfeld, shrewdly paraphrasing Shakespeare, and the success of his three theaters seems to bear him out in this. Which makes me wonder, what would the immortal bard really have said, were he living in this day of submarines, aeroplanes and motion pictures? Cloyer showroom that he was, he might have agreed. This, however, is a question that cannot be settled unless we consult the ouija board.

Our Animated Monthly News and Views

(Continued from page 80)

try-out, with the result that today he is the star of "Brighter Skies," and the husband of ZaSu Pitts, whose salary is quoted as 1,000 dollars a week.

The divorce animal is again rampant in our midst. Beside the Chaplin divorce suit, our courts are busy with a divorce filed by Lottie Pickford against her husband, A. G. Rupp, a New York stock broker. Desertion and non-support are the charges. Meanwhile little Mary Pickford Rupp, her four-year-old daughter, has been adopted by Mrs. Charlotte Smith, mother of our own Mary, and her name legally changed to Mary Pickford the second. The Osbornes, too, have been granted their freedom, Mrs. Editha Osborne being given the custody of "Baby Marie" Osborne, the cinema child star. Mrs. Joyce Eleanor Mayo dropped her second suit for separate maintenance that she filed against her husband, Frank Mayo, so Frank promptly turned around and sued her for divorce.

The whole California coast is a happy playground that abounds in jolly cafes and cabarets. For miles and miles and
miles the beach stretches, smooth, sandy and alluring. The waves dash at just the most enticing velocity—and the California moon—well, all I can say is, it is a wonder so much work was accomplished in this happy hunting ground of pleasure, for never have I seen so many temptations for a perpetual playmate. Daytime the breakers roll the purest bathing suits call, evenings the dance halls and the jazz bands.

One of the cafés popular with cinema folks is Sunset Inn, located on the broad boulevard at Santa Monica overlooking the dazzling Pacific. Here the very jazziest orchestras play in the morning. The night I was there I saw, among other famous people, Larry Senmon and a party, and Blanche Sweet and a party. Miss Senmon of nothing so much as a full-blown white rose. She has lost a great deal of her former fragility and seems a jollier and more robust blonde.

Just outside of Venice is Crystal Pier, where all filmdom goes swimming and just inside Venice is perhaps the most popular café of all. Saturday night is playtime and you can see the stars of the shadow world all twinkling in the flesh on the lights.

Jack Donovan, one of the younger leading men who has appeared with Edith Storey, Blossie Love, Lois Weber, etc., has organized his company and has a well-equipped studio in Hollywood. He also owns a handsome home on Sunset boulevard and a dog named "Pumpkin."

The recruits of the cinema land sometimes. For instance, a new star in a new story produced by a new director is the latest at Universal City. Eva Novak is the star playing "Koko Plus Ton," being produced by Stuart Paton.

Just before Nazimova started for her vacation on her farm in Fortcheater county, she gave her word that she would remain in pictures and not return to the stage for the present. She will return in November and complete the two pictures due on her present Metro contract. She said it is likely she will remain with Metro, for that organization has made her so happy! She has her own offices, cutting and projection rooms. She chooses her own stories and directors and is allowed to work as she pleases. Madame Nazimova could not imagine herself so happy anywhere else.

Did you know that Ralph Bashman, son of the famous Francis X., is in Los Angeles? May Pickford will indeed watch out for him, girls, in "It's a Great Life."

A new Australian film-producing concern has sent Rosemary Theby an offer to star for them in eight weeks at a weekly salary of five figures. It is probable that Miss Theby will go to Melbourne to arrange negotiations for her daughter.

Gossip says Helen Ferguson may soon be a blushing bride. Page William Russell.

Casson Ferguson has just bought a new home on Highland Avenue, Hollywood.

Annette Kellerman will again star in pictures September first. Meanwhile she is spending her vacation at Santa Monica.

Marguerite de la Motte is wearing a beautiful yellow frock.

Harry Carey has installed a swimming pool on his ranch in San Francisco Canyon.

Eileen Sedgwick's arm was broken while taking a scene for the Universal serial, "The Queen of Diamonds."

Mary Pickford will again go abroad after making a picture at the Brunson studios with Frances Marion directing.
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 88)

EVEYONE'S FAN.—Some interesting letter of yours. Glad you like all three of our publications. We want to please, so please let us know what pleases you. Sorry to say, but we can't curl. The shot come with hall bedrooms in New York. Anyway, I have nothing to put in it if I had one.

Ducks.—You have a live lunch, and I wish I could meet you all. Have a good time, and write me again.

Alto B. S.—Some letter of yours. Saturday is not the same. Did you know that one-third of the seventy-seven Presidents of the U. S., including nearly all those who achieved fame and popularity, were inaugurated on Monday? Next time you write, why don't you get three or four more kinds of colored inks?


Fluff.—Who is Rose Shuisinger?—she is Mary Pickford's personal representative, and she certainly is a live wire. John Halliday was Daniel in "The Woman Given." William Conklin was Mr. Moreland in "The Great Gatsby." Helen G.—As Solomon has said, "There is nothing new under the sun"; and perhaps destruction has caused as much novelty as invention. That is often a review which we think a discovery. Ralph Kel- lard was born in New York, and was with David Warfield in "The Music Master" and later had his own stock company. Married, well, new girls.

Curious Tennie.—Correct in your assumptions. Mary's beauty is surely born to die of—surely. Yes, Conway is better known.

Sammertina.—Of course, I like Carlyle Blackwell; remember his bit for nine years ago when he played with Alice Joyce for Kalem. Yes, as a rival to the "See America First" France might say, "Visit us and get a drink."

Ingenue-istic.—Hara-kiri is a method of suicide formerly practiced by the Jap- anese, and cut the bowels, permitted to offending nobles and military officers to save them from the disgrace of a public execution. Yes, I think Gloria Swanson handled her own screen personality. The poem "About ben Ad- hem" was written by Leigh Hunt.

Cyma.—I decline to advise you about choosing wife. I say that you should choose one as you would choose a shoe—so that one will wear well. Norman Kerry in "Passion's Playground." Cant tell you at this writing.

Marguerita B., and Several Others.—The Fame and Fortune Contest is closed, but my winners have yet been selected. Many thousands of photographs are still being considered, and several hundred tests have been made of the more promising contestants. They are finding it hard to select real Mary Pickfords, Norma Tal- madges and Nazimovas.

Lola Lorraine.—No, Zona Porter is not the same. Remember this old formula? Oh, yes, Lew Cody has been married. The date is the staple article of food in Persia, and a good cook there can prepare over forty dishes in both of which dates figure in an entirely different way. The date goes astray. Mabel Normand is playing in A. H. Jones' stage production. We have no trouble. Cutie.—You are still the quarrel started from your insistence on exploiting your husband's pockets, which is not a proper thing to do. As your companions, you found material for a lecture.

(Continued on page 120)

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the skirt of the same shade of taffeta. There were peach-colored flowers combined with orange blossoms, and a beautiful lace and pearl-necklace in the front. Wearing her head, high, and a wonderful black velveteen Gainsborough, she was the English noblewoman to the man born. Fashion magazines are always applying for most glamorous looks, looked back to the new ideas in costuming, home decorating, and the girls at the studio are forever begging her to give them advice on the subject of decoration.

Miss Childers reminds one of some cool, white-water-flying nestling in a seashell pool. Shy, very cordial, has a fine sense of humor, is delightfully well educated, takes great interest in everything occult, and is of the spirituelle type. She has studied palmistry and astrology, too, and believes that people make more rapid progress financially and toward happiness by following the lines of least resistance. "There is such one has talent," she asserted, eagerly, "is to fit one's self for the special niche in this world for which one is intended. It would be foolish to try to make a picture of yourself, as Edith Storey is a screen idol and personal pal. One could hardly imagine a greater contrast. Miss Childers is so likable and so easy to make her drives to and from the Culver City studios, and spends her free days shopping or sewing at home.

I should say that quiet is essential to Naomi's happiness, quite as much as occasional excitements—for she says she loves thrills and mysteries. Her rooms spell restfulness, with their grey walls, furniture and carpets, enlivened by the brilliant cushions and beautifully framed photographs with her closest friends. Edith Storey is Naomi's screen idol and personal pal. One could hardly imagine a greater contrast. Miss Childers is so likable and so easy to make her drives to and from the Culver City studios, and spends her free days shopping or sewing at home.

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Send for My New Book

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It is the latest Handsomely illustrated book of photographs of myself and the world's best athletes whom I have personally trained. The book can be sent on receipt of only $1.00 and might cover cost of wrapping. I guarantee it. Get right down now and send the coupon today. The sender gets a free copy of the book and it will be shipped gratis. It will be shipped gratis.

Earle E. Liederman

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

The Patrician Naomi

(Continued from page 69)

"What most contributes to an actress' success, Miss Childers?

"The story first—the director next. I am not one of those who believe that the director and the actress are the same person. There are directors, who, tho capable, just the entire aggregation of players. I believe there is so much to be gained by a good director, I am his equal part. My pet director at Goldwyn scarcely raises his voice, allows one to rehearse without suggestion, then shows one what to eliminate or add to strengthen the role. Naturally, that gives the entire company poise and confidence, and there is no waste of time.

"I should say that quiet is essential to Naomi's happiness, quite as much as occasional excitements—for she says she loves thrills and mysteries. Her rooms spell restfulness, with their grey walls, furniture and carpets, enlivened by the brilliant cushions and beautifully framed photographs with her closest friends. Edith Storey is Naomi's screen idol and personal pal. One could hardly imagine a greater contrast. Miss Childers is so likable and so easy to make her drives to and from the Culver City studios, and spends her free days shopping or sewing at home.

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It is the latest Handsomely illustrated book of photographs of myself and the world's best athletes whom I have personally trained. The book can be sent on receipt of only $1.00 and might cover cost of wrapping. I guarantee it. Get right down now and send the coupon today. The sender gets a free copy of the book and it will be shipped gratis. It will be shipped gratis.

Earle E. Liederman

Dept. 311, 305 Broadway, New York
ment that his practised eye knew too well. Once he himself had skinned in the shadow with a knife at the dimly-blur-
keted moon. He gripped his stick and
moved forward.
At the corner he waited where who-
ever passed must step into the rays of the
street lamp. He felt the lump that meant
his revolver, but did not draw it. His
senses had been sharpened by years of
listening to the indistinguishable sound
of the tumblers in sale-combinations,
straining to catch the fine, insidious
harmonies that meant success. He had
learned to see in the darkness, to smell
the presence of anything alien, enemy.
Now his ears caught the shuffle of feet,
the rasp of clothing against the cement
wall, but oddly enough, his nostrils ap-
prized him of a faint perfume.
"A woman?" he thought; "but no, those
arc your’s real’s hoe—he turn the corner, a small,
undersized boy creature with yellow hair
under a cap low. The form came
forward stealthily almost, so great was
the caution, peering now to right and now
to the left, anxiously gazing about as if
the fear of detection was the very heart
of his being. At his quick breath the
head lifted and Square Kelly found
himself gazing down into Rose’s tilted
face, drawn with dismay. Traveling
closer, he took in the details of disguise: the
boy’s suit, hair hidden under the huge cap,
the great clumsy shoes. His face grew
hard.
"What’s the idea?" he asked briefly, and
he found himself striking his voice, even
in a gruffness, against the great hurt which
was tearing up within him. "Where’s the
gang you’re playing lookout for?"
She drew back, quivering at his scorn.
"I’m—I’m not a lookout. I’m taking a
way. I guess I’ve got a right to be here."
He was not listening. Over the wall
a shot sounded, spattering into echoes on
the silent surface of the night. Rose
crushed at him. "Don’t go! For God’s
sake—it’s a plant! Square—your shame—
mustn’t—"
He tore away her hands and flung his
great body over the wall, her wall of de-
spair sounding in his ears as he ran across
the lawn. A sinister silence had succeeded
the shot. He was unconscious, as if the
house was shut up and vacant, except
for the intruders, whose presence was in-
dicated by a broken shutter swinging from
its hinge by the wind. Square Kelly drew
himself up painfully across the sill and
sent the prying finger of his flashlight into
the thick dark, then he gave a cry. Stretched on the floor beside the
rifled safe, lay, face down, the body of his
brother Jim, a dark hole in the back of his
yellow head.

The papers the next day held dramatic
accounts of the shooting of a burglar by
his brother, who was a policeman, and
who, in so coming, left the act of robbing
a safe. Square Kelly would not talk
about the affair. He bore the shrill re-
proaches of his mother in silence. He
sought unconsciousness in the current
stream of his fellows on the force, and the open
contempt of his one-time friends at his
brother’s funeral. With a face like a grey
mask he went along in his daily round
now and again, if one had watched him
closely, it might have been seen that he
touched with his finger-tips a curious burde
in the pocket of his uniform.
After his duty was over he put on his
civilian clothes, transferred something
from the pocket of his uniform to his
coat, and went straight to Tierney’s su-

**The Cradle of Courage**

(Continued from page 74)

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"You're crazy," gasped Tierney, and reached with a surprisingly swift movement, for such a fat man, for something on the clothes. "I wasn't near the place—I got an alibi—"

Square held up the thing in his hand, an old revolver, heavy and antiquated. "Don't you suppose you ought to give me that?" he asked; "it's the one you've kept under the bar for years, Tierney—it's the one you killed poor Jim with, in the back like a coward, and it's the one that's going to kill you—"

"I tell you I don't know nothing about it. He does, too!" It was Rose's voice from the door. She stood, clutching a cheap silken kimono of geranium color about her breast, pale in the face, but not very sickly, silent and placid—her words. "I heard him planning how they'd plant you—rob a building on your beat and get you turned off the force. That's why I followed them—to get you out of the way.

"He was trying to double-cross me," Tierney snarled. "I saw him pocket some of the swag—he was yellow—like the rest of the Kellies. A little killing was good for him—"

His revolver barked and Square Kelly fell back, clutching at his arm. Thru the reeling tag of the curtain Tierney turned upon Rose, veum in his face, with the smoking weapon leveled. Taking the gun from his limp right hand, Square lifted his left, and with his last conscious effort pulled the trigger.

His recovery was slow at the hospital. There seemed to be, the nurses agreed, something that pained him more than the fever of his wound. They tried to tell him that a coroner's verdict on Tierney's death had absolved him from all blame, but he did not seem to be interested. "I believe," they told each other, exasperatedly, "he doesn't want to get well!"

"I prescribe," to the youngest intern, "a dose of cherchez la femme." A week later two women, one small and white-haired, the other small and yellow-brown, were followed by the rigid cleanliness of the place and the nurse's uniform, asked to see Policeman Kelly.

"He's very bad," the nurse told them, leading the way; "you mustn't do or say anything that will excite him."

Five minutes later she passed the door. The patient, an arm around the little old woman, an arm of the little young woman around him, was talking joyously. They seemed to be discussing a little house in the country, and from the front porch where "Mother" could knit and a kitchen where "Rose" would wear a pink chambray apron. She entered, put a cup of coffee in front of the patient. The doctor met her later in the hall. "How about Kelly?" he asked.

"A good nurse, tight-lipped. She was, by the way, a spinster. "He's in—"

"A fever?" demanded the doctor, anxiously.

"Worse! In love," snapped the nurse; "otherwise the fever's gone, and his pulse is regular. He seems quite normal."

"He was fevered and delirious! cured for him forever, and for the first time in his hotly lived years Square Kelly was normal at last.
Around the Globe

(Continued from page 49)

famous poet, and author of "The Man with the Mustard," the well-known inventor, also appears in the cast, and many others of equal fame.

The filming of this picture has been completed with the localization of the scenes in which the final winners of the Fame and Fortune contest appear, and as soon as the arduous task of final selection from the photographs has been completed and the final decision of the judges has been announced, these scenes will be made, and the picture will be released throughout the country so that all participants can see the contest and all our readers and their friends may see the picture at their home town theater.

The libretto roll for this month is as follows:

Betty Pomroy Hanson, Box 58, Rugby, North Dakota, is another fair contestant whose red hair and brown eyes form a striking combination. Miss Hanson has played small parts in pictures.

Marguerite Cantrell, 1870, Beaubien, Detroit, Michigan, is a brunette who has had some slight experience in musical comedy.

Dorothy Farrar, 604 Coast Ave., Fremont, California, is an unusual type. She has auburn hair and grey eyes, and her only experience has been as a model in San Francisco.

Judith Jordan, of Fall Brook, California, is a fair contestant with brown eyes and brown hair. She has never had any professional experience.

Blanche Bedford, 86 Abbey Road, London, N. W. S., England. Miss Bedford is unusual in type and very beautiful to look upon. She is a brunette with large brown eyes, brown hair and a creamy complexion.

Ellen Viking, 38 Yamhill Street, Portland, Oregon, is another brunette whose appeal to the eye is unmistakable. Miss Viking has had a good deal of dramatic experience on the stage.

A LOVE SONG TO A LADY OF THE SCREEN

By John Hanlon

You have been to me as a wildflower in a hedgerow,
Leaning color, fragrance to a dusty lane,
A star among the brambles to remember past the turning,
Soothed to the weary eyes as tender summer rain.

You have been to me as a simple song at evening
While the new moon dreams its way thru a red cloud's rift,
Lullaby or love song, which it scarcely matters—
Back from bygone yesterday's haunting echoes drift.

You have been to me as wind among tall willows
Blown with early violets by a river's brim;
Or as a quiet pool in some forgotten forest,
A place of trembling shadows, of twilights ever dim.

You have been to me—O words could never utter
The glory you have woven thru my life's grey tapestry.

With fabric, love'song, woodland, and cool wind among the willows,
All things that are beautiful you have been to me!

For Beautiful Hair

Take the advice of highest medical authorities

The council of the American Medical Association has recognized Resorcin Monocate for the treatment of dandruff (seborrhea) and baldness (alopecia)—the common foes of beautiful hair.

Resorcin Monocate is an important ingredient of "La Creole" Hair Tonic. This preparation approved this famous preparation. Abundant vigorous hair is now easily attained.

Two or three times a week rub "La Creole" Hair Tonic on the scalp. Circulation is stimulated, hair roots supplied with needed nourishment and dandruff quickly eliminated. You will soon notice the new liveness of your hair.

Shampoo also

Regularly every ten days or two weeks shampoo the hair thoroughly with "La Creole" Liquid Shampoo. It is the only shampoo made from a nutmeg-cocosnut oil base. You will instantly notice a delightful cooling effect. The hair becomes soft and lustrous, scalp and pores glow with clean health and vigor.

After shampooing, apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic. The tonic and the shampoo are designed to aid each other.

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is a treatment for the gradual restoration of the natural dark color to hair that has grown gray, gray streaked or faded.

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and write your address plainly
As They Were
(continued from page 32)

The interrogators forget to be awed any longer.
She spreads her wide white skirts and sits down. There is a delicate whinny in her face. She knows it all— the truth, but perhaps, the love.

Mary—Who comes first?
C. H. I. (indicating G. H. and A. W. F.)
Mary—What can I do for you? I tell you.
A. W. F. (clutching the air frantically in search of the English language)
G. H. No hope there. Says, with a gasp— How does it feel?
Mary (spreading her hands, palms upward)— It makes us feel that we must go on—doing worthy things more than anything else.

Douglas (grinning)— Most times there's no time to feel. We're always about three hours behind schedule. Not once have we caught up.

Mary—We will rest on the trip across the continent. We'll have to. Frances Marion is going to direct my next picture, you know. She'll arrive a few weeks later and everything must be in readiness. And I don't want to go back tired and tired. We're just like a family at the studios, and if one person is cross, I have noticed that it upsets the rest of the company.

A. W. F. said to Douglas and Mama, "Now that I have enough money to buy bread and now and then caké for the rest of my life, I will have happiness in my studio." No matter how valuable a person is they must go unless they are pleasant to everyone.

Mary—Our work is our life and sometimes I stay at the studios until late at night— and if it isn't a happy atmosphere, what use is anything? Douglas feels the same way. And too, there must be time for everyone to appreciate the fine and beautiful.

Douglas (still grinning—still standing by Mary's chair)— Absolutely. Smell, (as he waves his handkerchief, waiting a lovely perfume.) Some people think men should not use perfume. Ridiculous. Men should enjoy the beautiful the same as women. And crushed flowers—what is more beautiful? I want all of the beautiful I can get—

Mary—Every day Douglas (she always calls him Dough, and now and then in fun "Doughgie" which is what he was called abroad) and I make it a point to enjoy one beautiful thing together. Maybe it's the fading lights on the mountains near our home and it may be the sunset, but every day we stop to appreciate the beauty of some one thing. Douglas says he thinks it's sort of a religion.

G. H. What sort of story is your next picture to be? Is it going to be like "Polyanna"?

Mary—No. Every once in a while I want to do a picture a little different. I always think of the tired business man who gets home and is about to settle down with his pipe and paper, when his wife says, "Hi, honey. Did you get my telegram tonight. Let's go and take the children."

And Ben thinks to himself—"Mary Pickford. Oh, that's the little girl with the curls and the smile, and the beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 complex harmonies and person of music."

YODER IN YOKOHAMA
By Thomas J. Murray

Lagoons and atolls fade afar for me, And all the ardent coasts where I was wont to roam; To eastward fare my dreams where I would ever be.

Yonder in Yokohama, where the red morn's foam.

A silver stream cascades to saffron sands, Westward the restless purpling ocean leaves afar.

And I am lonely for those sunrise lands, Yonder in Yokohama, where the geishas are.

A slender maiden loiters by the stream; Soon with the slowly lifting stars Bing silver sheen

Across that lotus-land of which I dream, Yonder in Yokohama, on my painted screen.
Sidelights on Dorothy

(Continued from page 53)

short enough for any eighteen-year-old flapper despite their flesh of forty-odd summers.

"I often wonder," she mused, "why women all believe that every age has its own particular charm. I think the wise woman adapts herself to the different ages thru which she passes. In her way the matron is every bit as attractive as the débutante. But from the matronly matron who would be the débutante," she raised her hands in mock horror—"deliver me!"

The interruptions were many, because she was to finish the picture, which is, incidentally, "In Men's Eyes," from the E. Phillips Oppenheim story, "Jean of the Marshes," before she leaves for Chicago to open in "Aphrodite," the spectacular stage production in which she scored a tremendous hit last season.

The title was changed, she told me, because "Jean of the Marshes" sounds like the tale of a country girl, and it really isn't such a tale at all. She went on further to say that she thought a title should be subtle, but, above all, euphonious. "Earthbound" she considers an excellent example of euphony.

"And it means something," she explained. "It suggests a train of thought. It's a title you'll never forget, once you've heard it.

"Aren't some of the titles frightful, tho?"

I admitted without hesitancy that they were—quite frightful.

"I'm only playing the Chicago engagement beause I belong to the Windy City," she explained. "The engagements in four weeks and then I'll return to New York and perhaps open in a new play which I'll do in pictures anyhow. It would be a novel experience to be doing the same thing on the stage and in pictures at the very same time. Unless I do the same play," she added, "I never will do stage and screen work at once—never so long as I live; and if I should attempt it, I hope some one who is really fond of me will have me put away. It's so foolish. Last winter I tried it and I came to the conclusion that with such an existence life was not worth living. We have no guarantee how long we are for this world—today is here, enjoy it—wisely," she added, as an afterthought. "Why should I do both?"

"Others do," I made reply, altho I realized at the time I was not being adequate.

"I guess," said Dorothy, shuffling about in her lavender satin mules, "I'm a plain nut. I can't see it. I'm not money-mad, and when I leave all this," waving her arms so that they encompassed the stages, "I'll hire myself to a few acres in the country with a little house on them somewhere and I'll have cows, dogs, cats and just wads of chickens. To 'Cafe life? It's a bore when you really get to know it. Now and then, all right—but it doesn't mean anything. And to live on a farm in the country doesn't take a fortune."

Undoubtedly I showed my amazement—

I had expected to find Dorothy Dalton redolent of the luxurious orchid, a hot-house growth with an exotic truculence colorfully interspersed here and there in her make-up. Instead I found a girl, much smaller than my mental picture of her, with a superabundance of health and a healthy glow in her being which is born only of a life in the open.

Her manners are almost abysmal; her logic is sound; her perspective is broad and healthy. She accepts each day as it comes.

"Your hair is your fortune" might well be said, for it is surely one of your most noticeable features of beauty.

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N. E. H.—Shakespeare says, "I would rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad." Yet I have both, and lots of them. Viola Dana is our Metro on the campus like a golden dog as my pet—what kind have you?

MERRY.—This is twice that I have heard from thee this month. I believe Universal City has created a studio. The independent producer is simply one who makes pictures for distribution as he sees fit and does not work under an alliance with a producing firm nor is in its employ. Yes, King Vidor is an independent producer, his pictures being given to the public thru First National Exhibitors Circuit.

N. E. C.—Just a little late for contest. Mrs. Crawford.—Have passed your letter along to George Swisher, advertising department, and there will answer you direct.

ANNIS.—Aye, aye, sir! Pearl White is now in New York City. Yes, Blanche Sweet and Mrs. Charles are in a deep blonde. Yes, yours is the view of a pessimist, and a pessimist's point of view is only a point.

GLADYS S. AUGUSTA.—You know, they say there's little of dignity in modern femininity. Tyrone Powers is not West, I believe. Ruth Roland is the only name she has.

WILLIAMS.—Thanks, old man. I'm afraid you would have to direct your inquiries to the firm that produced it. You haven't the name of the attendant. Sorry.

E. W. H.—A little advice to you would be—in bathing over thin ice, our safety is in our speed. Detour! A list of the directors and players—yes gods! Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

FULLA PER.—I'm with you. You say Pasha Pita is just a ray of sunshine sent to enlighten some dark corners of life. Please don't—you want to think of me as you do of Wally Reid. Sobel!

Babe B. Jackson.—Oh, this is an accommodating little miss. Willing to write a playlet? for Marshall Neilan. Well, I would rather you take the matter up with him directly. Average $25, but don't you please say that the show is worth just what the Government takes for war taxes—$20.

JACQUETTE DARLING.—You are one of those who seems to want this department to be devoted to answering questions about myself. I much prefer to remain in the background and to be known by my work. I eat, how I sleep, how long I expect to live, the length of my beard, the size of my shoes, etc. will all be written on tablets of gold 

If I were a pose of which a million copies have been sold.

Don't let another day go by without submitting a poem to us. Do it today, The Metropolitan Studios Department 136, 9165, Main Ave, Chicago.

AMO, WINNIPEG.—Yaboo! Why, I'm fine, thank you. Thanks for the sign—I had two carfarees on you. At the Reformed Church, where the audience was nominated, there were eight candidates, but there were no nominating speeches. Ann May is having an important part in Bryan Willingham picture, "Wanted, A Blemish." May Ann not get the blenheim.

MILDRED K.—Yours was fine, Mildred. They are quite a batch in dancing are seldom found advancing. Copernicus first discovered that the earth revolves around the sun. So we're never standing still are we?

No. I didn't care a bit for "One Hour Before Dawn." Very gruesome and not at all pleasing. And did you see our old-time matinee idol, Augustus Phillips, taken off jail for committing the murder? How might the mighty have fallen?

JOIN F. L.——I never had red hair.

Red-haired people are said to be less liable to baldness than those with hair of any other color. Why, you didn't enclose the stamp, although I'm writing low, sweet harlot, I'll stand for anything.

A FUND AMENITY—You remind me of the little girl, who, upon being asked if she had any kind of a secret weapon, said no. I have finger nails. Pearl White lives at Bayside, L. I. Why, Rosemary Theby is playing opposite H. B. Warner in 'Going Straight.'

NOTING 2.—That's very considerable of you, to save my eyes. I never would have thought of it. So you liked Robert Gordon in "Diamonds Are a Woman." Sorry I haven't seen it yet. Yes, the old-time old timers have vanished—you mean Olga Baclawski, Jr., Stiff; W. T. Henderson, etc. Sweet magnolias—you say of me, "Without doubt you live comfortably and move socially in a large and pleasant circle.

Why, because you show wide social experience and the breadth of vision of an individual of culture, and most of all, you so pre-eminently have the faculty of saying the right thing at the right time, to the proper person." Yes, I have a set of encyclopedias in front of me, card indexes behind me and letters all around me which is the result of my social activities. Thanks, muchly, for your interesting letter.

BILL RUSSELL'S PAL.—How do you do? You want to hear more about Frances Nelson? Yes, I believe Mary has more names than any other player—Mary Smith, Pickford, Moore and Fairbanks.

Oh, yes, I have a telephone on my desk, but it's only ornament, The United States has one telephone instrument to every eight inhabitants.

HORSTEN.—Well, a duck of a man often makes a goose of a husband, so beware, little one. Yes, ridicule is a dangerous weapon. Garbo has adopted three orphans and has sent them to his ranch for the summer, and is going to send them to school.

OPAL SEBER—Aha, so you have been taking yeast to make you stout, and went a-calling one night, and devoured a couple of pieces of cold chicken and wine before you went where you went out. Some combination. You are a rising young man. Garbo bien. Sure thing, write me often.

MADEX VISTA.—Yes, it's only a joke of my own, Bay Doll—Me make fun of people?—never! Well, if you never make a mistake what's the use of having a rubber on the end of your pencil? Ethel Barrymore was born in Philadelphia in 1879.
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Idols of Clay

(Continued from page 60)

to Limehouse. He absorbed the vices as

a sponge might absorb vicious water.

After awhile, the vices absorbed him.

Still later, he became drunk. Even in his

stupor he had too many waking

unforgettable moments. In every one of

those moments, Faith's face came to him,

as he had seen it first. As he had seen it

last.

At that, at the last moment, he would put

his fingers over his eyes.

"My God, my God!" he would scream, and

on one of these occasions he stum

bly into an opium den where the sale

of a girl was in progress.

He joined the raiders. A motley collec

tion; Chinkies, lascars sailors, Malays,

a few besotted Englishmen, a nigger or
two. He didn't feel detached. He didn't

want the girl, he didn't want the row.

He wondered who would get her. He

bet on the place was a Chinkie and he was

informing the crowd that the girl was not

touched. "She blin slick," he said, "ever

since she came here. I tend her like lil

babies.

This increased the bidding. Somehow

or other, he didn't know how, Dion won

her.

He gave them and jeered, scoffed and

loudly and viciously envied. The pro

ducer, evilly winking, escorted him up

the stairs. A green light winked on the

first landing like some nosy eye.

Chinkie opened the door. He told Dion,

"Goll in there," and left him.

The girl was muttering to herself. In

the semi-darkness of the green light, her eyes

seemed almost like the green light he had

noted on the landing.

Dion thought almost subconsciously that

it was too late to make any, that she

should leave. This state. He wondered what twist of

Fate had brought her here... he won

dered if she was just one of the ordinary

girls.

Still wondering, he came closer.

The girl was Faith! For a minute he couldn't

grasp that which his eyes had seen.

The two stared at each other. And then

Thru their fumed, crazed brains, the recogni

tion was piercing, crucifying. A cry

choked their throats. The sea, the

moons, the stars found about them

in the heavens. Their hearts bled until

some of the impurity seeped from them.

The drugged, crazed thing on the bed

held out thin. The man stumbled to the shelter

of them. Their thick breaths intermingled with their

sobs.

"There's a light, a blue girl, said, row

her.

"Goll... I see it...

The man hid his eyes. "It's an evil

light," he said, "it's making fun of us."... "it will

come out!" she screamed, suddenly, "take me out...

take me out...

A sudden penetration seized Dion. To

get out. Away! To have faith... to

have Faith again.

He seized her in arms.

There came again, to the woman and

the man, an echo of golden, flower

soaked days and thickly moonlit nights.

Out of Limehouse they emerged, made

indissolubly one. Out of their hurt and

stress they sought again the far-away

island that had given them one another.

Dion, again to his incredulity, found his

work returning to him, marvelously,

doubly recreated. And always there was

Faith. Faith, herself.

Faith in the morning to lend it its early

rose. Faith in the high bright gold of the

incorparable noon. Faith at twilight.

Faith, restored. Faith, his own.

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Pauline Mc—Now, how am I to make
up a list of the studios in Fort Lee, and a
list of the dramatic schools and "look up
our advertisers, Pauline.
Katherine K.—Earl Metcalfe can be
reached at Lamb's Club, N. Y. C.
Mrs. Mc; I've told you to read this, but
I'm going to try it like this. Be kind enough to
read it, Pauline.
G. J. R.—The idyllic wife is a beautiful
thing to read about; but in practice idyls
should be kept episodical; hence the
idyllic wife is a little too dinner like that.
I agree with you in some of your
opinions. Write some more.
Mitzi. We can't have anything we want.
Marion Davies was born in
Brooklyn, 1898. She played in "Cecelia of the Pink Roses." She has golden
hair and blue eyes, and weighs 123.
Lorene M.; Jane Alice; Hazel A. K.;
Barrymore & Ahmber; Patricia M.; Peggy
C. race; Helen; M. M.; Pauline C.—See above for your answers,
and better luck next time.
Lispenard St. John.—Why, Catherine
Calvert, it is written in "Dead Men Tell No Lies." The largest library in
the world in the number of its volumes is
the Bibliothèque Nationale in
Paris. We're in luck; there is no
Kerry. Yes, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was also
produced by Pioneer with Sheldon Lewis.
L. B.—Alice, I don't look a bit like
that. In the summertime they have
to put me on ice for fear I'll melt.
Yes, we had a picture of William Farmen in
the November number of our magazine.
E. W.—You mean Jack Crosby.
Josephine B.—You cannot reach Mrs.
Sidency Drew now; she is in Chicago.
Victor Studios are at 645 West 43rd St.,
N. Y. C.
A. L. K.—Be above the opinion of
the world, and act from your own sense of
tight and wrong. The "River of Death"
was discovered by Theodore Roosevelt in
South America, and is now known as the
Rio de la Plata. The poem is by
in "The Passionate Pilgrim," Cosmopolitan
Production, from the novel by Samuel Merwin.
Joseph H. H.—Thank you, but when you
look over these columns, you should over-
look their shortcomings. Frances Kaye
was Elizabeth, Bradley Barker was Paul,
and Albert Hackett was Charles in "Come
Out of the Kitchen." Jack Holt was
Lord Rae. I don't know of any one who
wants to swap prices with me, do you?
J. W. D.—Wish I was haven't
the name of the fortune-teller in "Smashing
Barriers." Buffalo is pretty large, but
Melbourne, Australia, has the greatest
number of train movements at any city
in the world; it has 1,600 trains every 24
hours. They sure do travel out there.
Beulah Blythe in "Nomads of the North."
John F.—You write a clever letter.
John. Yes, actions speak louder than
words, but a woman likes to hear a man
say things that she can't say, too. If you
tell her. Ethel Grey Terry in "The
Yellow Room Mystery," Corinne Grif
th in "The Tramp," and Louise Huf in "Seven.
You are a little be-
hind time.
Ellen C. C.—Ah, sweet one, have a
careful rememberer. Hollywood, here,
writers and actors are very nice to think
of and look at, but awfully hard to live
with. You refer to Pell Trenton in "Fair
and Warner." You want an interview
with Charles Bryce, Florence Dixon in
"Too Fat to Fight." Sure thing, write me often.
James O.—Jimmie, I think I told you
all about that famous sword many times,
but here goes. The sword of Damocles
was suspended by a thread, the
scepter of Dionysus, the elder,
of Syracuse, was invited by the
tantry to try the felicity he so much
envied. Accordingly, he lay down on a
sumptuous banquet, and overhead a sword
was suspended by a hair Damocles was
afraid to stir and the banquet was a
terrible torment to him. Thus ending the
reading of the class, it is over and you may
go home.
Pinky.—Well, I think twice before
I put my money in mines and oil
wells. You may have to go thru many
trying ore deals before you get your
money back. Oh, ha, ha, weee! Grace
Curand you refer to. Darrell Foss is
playing in "Held in Trust" opposite Mary
Alison.
Rose, Australia.—Clever letter, Rose.
You must write me some more.
Gloria Swanson, Elise Oester, Monte Blue,
Roberts and Claire McDowell in
"Something to Think About," a De
Mille product.
Miss Agedez.—As someone has said,
slowness to applaud betrays a cold tem-
er or an elusive spirit. Your letter had
a lot of good things, but don't
read every letter I receive, for fear I will
miss something good. Edmund Breese
and Claire Whitney in "A Common
Level." 
Manhatter.—All right, you need not agree
if you don't want to. It is always
better to be stubborn than weak.
Kaye Gallagher is not playing now. Thanks
for pictures. You are all so kind to me.
Send International coupons next time.
Tess.—Why, yes, I rather liked "The
Dancin' Fool," Thought Dorothy Gish's
"Remodeling a Husband" was interesting,
and Lilian Gish was a good actor, but
didn't care for the plot. The part where
Dorothy attracts men in the park
is the most amusing scene I've seen in some
time. Mildred Harris is playing, and
she is 19.
Judge Gor.—Thanks, old dear, for the
blueprint of myself. Good of you to send
it. Lay on, MacDuff, but don't call me an
old fossil. A fossil is something turned
to stone, and if I were as hard as that I
might say something that would hurt your
feelings. Cleo Madison is playing in
"Big Game."
E. S. B.—Your father is all wrong.
Tell him to stay away.
Lada. Hello, little one. Are you in that
bughouse?—Petersen's Roach Powder Co.;
Lyons and Moran played in "Every
body's Tellin' the Truth.
William & Mary.—Well, the clever
girl no longer crosses between a career
and a husband takes the career with
a little husband on the side! Kathleen
Kirkham is playing opposite Lewis Stone
in "Beau Reve." Write me some more.
Ella Smith.—Yes, Miss F. says she plays
the part of the villain in Anita Stewart's
"Harrriet and the Piper." Marie Doro is
playing in "Midnight Gambles," with
(Continued from page 121).
**The Screen Time-Table**
(Continued from page 92)

**YELLOW TYPHOON**—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.

**VIOLETS OR NO**—C-7.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

**YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP**—SD-8.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

**Readie Critique**

A LADY IN LOVE—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

ALLA'S VALENTINE—MD-8.
Bert Lytell—Metro.

AMATEUR WIFE—D-7.
Irene Castle—Paramount.

BEYOND THE DOORS—MD-10.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.

**BLOOMING ANGEL**—C-7.
Madge Kennedy—Goldwyn.

**DANGEROUS TO MEN**—CD-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.

**DANCIN' FOOL**—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

**DEAD LIFE**—MD-7.
George Walsh—Fox.

Alice Joyce—Vitagraph.

**DOUBLE SPEED**—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

**DR. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**—D-11.
John Barrymore—Paramount.

**EXCUSE MY DUST**—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

**EVANGELINE**—D-8.
Miriam Cooper—Fox.

**FROM HAND TO MOUTH**—F-10.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.

**GARNET GIRL**—D-8.
Corinne Griffith—Vitagraph.

**GEMMA**—MD-6.
George Walsh—Fox.

**HEART OF A CHILD**—MD-7.
Nazimova—Metro.

**HIS HOUSE IN ORDER**—D-8.
Elise Ferguson—Paramount.

**HUMAN DESIRE**—D-8.
Anita Stewart—First National.

**IDOL DANCER**—MD-8.
Seymour- Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

**SEA RIDER**—D-6.
Harry Morey—Vitagraph.

**IN SEARCH OF A SINNER**—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

**JENNY BE GOOD**—MD-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.

**LADY IN LOVE**—CD-6.
Ethel Clayton—Lucky.

**MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF**—MD-9.
William Faversham—Selznick.

**MISS HUSBANDS**—CD-10.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.

**NUMBER 99**—MD-7.
J. Warren Kerrigan—W. W. Hodkinson

**POLLYANNA**—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

**REMODELING A HUSBAND**—C-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

**RIGHT OF WAY**—D-11.
Bert Lytell—Metro.

**RIVER'S END**—D-12.
All Star—First National.

**SHADOW OF ROSALIE**—D-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.

**SHE LOVES AND LIES**—CD-8.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

SICK A BED—F-10.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

**SACRED FLAME**—MD-5.
Emily Stevens—Schroemer Prod.

**TELEGRAPH ISLAND**—MD-8.
Houdini—Artcraft.

**WHAT THE CLOTHES ROLL BY**—C-6.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

**WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?**—SD-9.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.
S. H.—But you don’t play fair—why don’t you sign your name?

ANITA B. F.—All you have to do is put a 25c-piece or stamps in an envelope, address it to him, and his secretary will put it aside for the picture. Most players expect to get paid cost price for their photos. Lucy Cotton in "The Misleading Lady," with Bert Lytell.

ENQUIRY.—Hoo ray! So you think I would have made a good husband. I don’t know —by you say that, you don’t know me. Donald Hall is at the Greenroom Club, New York City. He was born in India, August 14, 1878, and played the baritone lead in "Elflorida." }

Ice House. JACK.—Glad to hear from you. Well, if we are to call man the lord of creation, we should perhaps call woman the lady of recreation. Norma Talmadge in "Curse," Katherine Macdonald in "Curtain." Next time you are in this part of the country, run in to see me.

Billy B.—Most of yours have been answered before. Selah!

LETIE W.—You say you never used to read this department until one day you read the ads and everything, and now you read this department first. Thanks. You will surely find something that interests and amuses you if you read my department long enough. Eugene O’Brien is married. You certainly captured. I frequently wear a collar and necktie, but not always, because with my flowing beard nobody can tell whether I have on a collar or not. I do not wear a collar for comfort, and since nobody can see it, I do not wear it for appearance. It is simply a matter of habit. Some forty years ago I got in the habit of wearing collars and have never been quite able to break myself of it.

L. M. E.—Dude or U-bide-me & He tkle-U. You want to get in the movies. Well, what’s stopping you? Your number is 9764341. Metro are doing "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," with Alice Terry in the cast.


Adam and Eve.—Reminds me of apples, and fig leaves, and—everything. Robert Harron isn’t married yet. He nearly was. The Talmadges left New York August 12th on the Imperator for Europe. Blanche Sweet in "The Girl in the Hoo Nose."—You have lost your temper, my dear, and you should try and find it before writing to me. Anger is a shortlived madness; a mental disorder that usually breaks out at the mouth, but in your case broke out at the index finger and thumb. However, be that as it may, that’s some idea of yours. I doubt whether it can be worked out, but I have passed it along.

OBRENE.—So you thought Nancy Cassell ought to get some credit for her splendid acting in "The Day She Pays." Yes, we should give credit where credit is due and we always try to. I really know very little about foxes, but our eminent authority, John Burroughs, tells us that when a fox is trapped or driven by a hound his expression is not that of fear, but of shame and guilt. The fox has no enemies but man, and when he is fairly outwitted, he looks the shame, he evidently feels. I’ll tell you about the elephants next month.

William Russell Admire.—Well, I may not be rich in this world’s goods, but I have as much as the most because I have what I want. Cleo Madison is on the coast, and I haven’t Mary Fuller’s whereabouts.

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Lucille Worth .......... Anetha Getwell
Mrs. Lane .................. Katherine Bassett
Mrs. Worth ............... Octavia Handworth
Detective .............. Wm. R. Tallmadge
Edwin Markham .......... Edwin Markham
Hudson Maxim .......... Hudson Maxim
Richard Worth .......... Arthur Tuthill
Mrs. Lane’s Maid ...... Cecile Edwards
Officer Kelly .......... Wm. Castro
Officer Reilly .......... Ellsworth Jones
Officer Jones .......... Seymoure Panish
James J. McCabe ........
Broker .................. Joseph Murtaugh
Billy Logan .......... Dorothy Taylor
Mrs. Sykes .............. Effie Palmer
Mrs. Lane’s Nurse .... Bunty Manly
Bill Sykes ............... Alfred L. Rigali
Worth’s Maid, Marie .. Erminie Gagnon
Jewelry Clerk .......... Edward Chalmers
Doctor White .......... Charles Hammer
Another Doctor .......... Wm. White
Rent Collector .......... Norbert Hammer
Worth’s Butler .......... Carl Chalmers
Worth’s Servant .......... Doris Doree
Worth’s Housekeeper .. Mrs. F. Mayer
Police Captain .......... O. L. Langhanke
Pawnbroker .......... Jose Santo DeSegui

The Poet’s Little Friend ........ Ruth Higgins

Edwin Markham, the greatest of living poets and author of the immortal “The Man With the Hoe,” makes his first appearance in this photodrama, and so do Hudson Maxim, the great inventor, and Hon. Lawrence C. Fish, Judge of the Municipal Traffic Court. The leading part is beautifully played by Blanche McGarity, winner of last year’s contest, who takes the part of a fifteen-year-old poor girl. Octavia Handworth, who was for years Crane Wilbur’s leading lady, plays an important part, as also does Anetha Getwell, another winner of last year’s contest.

**Date of Release to be Announced Later**

For further particulars, address

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

The phenomenal success of the Fame and Fortune Contest which has been conducted for the past year by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND has firmly decided the heads of the Brewster Publications that another contest, even more far-reaching in its power, should be started immediately for the year 1921.

The Golden Key of Opportunity Is in Your Hands—
Turn the Key in the Doorway of Success

and thru the portal of the Fame and Fortune Contest you may enter the kingdom of the screen.

Photographs May Be Entered at Once

and the first honor roll winners will appear in the January issues of each of our publications.

Send in Your Photograph Early

We know that you get tired of reading this notice, but if you could have seen the avalanche of pictures which flooded the offices at the last moment, and could realize that there must ensue tremendous confusion, unnecessary work and an inevitable delay in the announcement of the final winners, you would appreciate the value of this warning. Those who have failed in previous contests are eligible to enter the next contest.

Fill Out the Coupon Below at Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Name
Address
City
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.

Blonde or brunette

Height

(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)
In SQUARE cornered box 50 cents

Guaranteed to contain DOUBLE the quantity of former round cornered 25-cent box

On the stage or in the audience—with the stars of drama or the leaders of society—Freeman's Face Powder has always been a prime favorite.

Clinging, dainty, and with an exquisite, delicate fragrance, Freeman's gives to the complexion that soft, velvety look and feel of a baby's skin.

At all toilet counters or send
5 cents for miniature box

THE FREEMAN PERFUME COMPANY
2505 Norwood Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Freeman's FACE POWDER
A miniature set of Woodbury's 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.

You will find, first, the little booklet, "A 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's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions showing you just how they should be used.

Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Company, 910 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Jergens Co., Limited, 910 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Any girl can have the charm of

“A skin you love to touch”

Remember that your skin is changing every day—each day, old skin dies and new takes its place. By giving this new skin, as it forms, intelligent care, any girl can have the charm of a fresh, attractive complexion.

Begin, now, to give your skin, day by day, the special care it needs, and see how quickly it will recuperate from past neglect—how wonderfully its own vital power will help you overcome its defects!

In the little booklet on the care of the skin, which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find special treatments for such common skin troubles as blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, etc. These treatments have helped thousands of women gain a clear, lovely complexion. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. By simple regular care you, too, can win the charm of "A skin you love to touch."

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap 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 U. S. and Canada.
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Mary Garden
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By all means get a Victrola this Christmas, but be sure it is a Victrola and not some other instrument made in imitation. $25 to $1500. Victor dealers everywhere.

Victor Talking Machine Company
Camden, New Jersey
How do you know it will be a good show?

By the name—that's how.

Not by the title, nor the plot, nor the cast, but by the name that guarantees quality in all these.

A Paramount Picture.

Though times change, though personal popularities wax and wane, one thing is constant, and that is the steady demand of the whole nation for Paramount Pictures.

Know what to go by in all the ins and outs of your motion picture experience. Know that Paramount always delivers.

Find that name and you will find a good show.

* That's how you know
Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Vol. XX DECEMBER, 1920 No. 11

CONTENTS

Gallery of Players......................... 19

Partners

Big Little Blanche......................... 20

A word portrait of Blanche o’ Biograph.

Versus Publicity ......................... 22

Tom Moore Becomes Unusual in Staging the Limeight.

Flower Symbols......................... 24

On California Sands ..................... 25

An Actor By Chance .................... 35

Forrest Stanley is Interviewed on Joining the DeMille forces.

The Rainbow Chasers............... 36

Excerpts from Letters to a Scenario Editor.

Her Beloved Villain..................... 37

Grace Lamb

First Fruits ......................... 40

Grace Hall

The Final Test ......................... 41

The camera selects possible Fame and Fortune winners.

Props and Propellors................. 42

Doris Delbridge

Cinema Reflections.................... 43

As You and I ......................... 51

Adele Whitely Fletcher

Satin and Pearls......................... 52

Which gives a hint of Catherine Calvert.

A Thrilling Interview................. 53

Maude Cheatham

The Romance of Mildred................. 54

Edith Montanye

The Highest Bidder...................... 56

Mildred Reardon Comes to New York and Finds Her Prince Charming.

At Dawnwing............................. 58

Janet Reid

Mudge Kennedy’s recent production told in short story form.

Squaring the Round Hole................. 59

Gladys Hall

Which Difficult Fact Ward Crane Accomplished Admiringly.

Unchanging............................ 60

Gladys Hall

The last interview with Bobby Harron.

That’s Out.............................. 61

Tamar Lamb

Witticisms Anek Things Cinematic.

Miss Ibsen............................. 62

Grace Lamb

Norman Bruce

An Old-Fashioned Boy.................. 63

The Charles Roy offering fictionalized.

Katrinka of the Cinema................ 64

Hazel Simpson Naylor

Across the Silversheet.................. 66

Adele Whitely Fletcher

California Chatter....................... 67

New Cinema Offerings in Review.

The Answer Man......................... 68

Himself

W. Lopes

Adrress all communications to

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers.

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief

ELEANOR V. V. BREWSTER, Treasurer

M. HEINEMANN, Secretary

Established December, 1910.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

Copyright, 1920, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

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.

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Across the Silversheet.................. 66

Adele Whitely Fletcher

California Chatter....................... 67

New Cinema Offerings in Review.

The Answer Man......................... 68

Himself
STAGE PLAYS OF INTEREST

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list on reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Brow—"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon Alice Duve Miller's story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree runs away with the production as an old maid teacher, while James Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marse Carroll are effective.

Booth—"Happy-Go-Lucky." Ran a long time in London as "Tilly of Bloomsbury." A typical British farce, the best line to it being, "Oh, P. P. Heggie runs away with the comedy as the bailiff's bumbling aid.

Broadhurst—"Come Seven." Amusing adaptation of the Coole Ohon negro stories which have been appearing in the Saturday Evening Post. All the characters are negroes, played by white players. Funny, but Arthur Ayresworth is excellent as a shiftless darky. Jail Kane and Earle Foxe play the colored lovers.

Casino—"Honeydew." Pleasant musical entertainment with charming score by Efren Zimbait, the violinist. Mr. Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.


Cohan and Harris.—"Welcome, Stranger." Aaron Hoffman's comedy which enjoyed a long run on the Columbia take of prejudice against the Jews in a New England village. Full of all the old theatrical tricks. George Sidney gives a rich performance.

Eltinge—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru now and then. John Cumberland is admirable.

Empire—"Call the Doctor." Jean Archibald's slender little comedy built around a charming feminine doctor of domestic difficulties. The production shows David Belasco's direction and is very well acted, particularly by Janet Beecher as the physician in question.

Forty-Fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of a rural melodrama, "Way Down East." Splendid in many ways with many moving moments and the biggest—and most thrilling—climax since the ride of the chariots in "The Birth of a Nation."

Fulton—"Scrambled Wives." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. People try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances, rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

Globe—George White's "Scandals of 1920." Lively and well-thought-out summer revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in several numbers. Ann Pennington is the shining light of this revue.

Greenwich Village Theater—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1926." Gorgeous and beautiful, a typical John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remark-

(Continued on page 8)

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.

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EDWARD TRENT
12 Calfy Helnan Bldg. New York.
"Love's Redemption"

has been completed and is now being cut and titled. It will be ready for the market about October 1, 1920.

Ask your exhibitor to book it so that you may see it at your theater.

All of the Final Honor Roll and *Winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest* appear in this photodrama, and, aside from this feature, the story is unusually powerful and beautifully played.

Following is the cast of characters:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Actor</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Peggy Logan</td>
<td>Blanche McGarity</td>
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<td>Mike Logan</td>
<td>Dorian Romero</td>
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<td>Ralph Lane</td>
<td>Lynne M. Berry</td>
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<td>Lucille Worth</td>
<td>Anetha Getwell</td>
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<td>Mrs. Lane</td>
<td>Katherine Bassett</td>
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<td>Mrs. Worth</td>
<td>Octavia Handworth</td>
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<td>Detective</td>
<td>Wm. R. Tallmadge</td>
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<td>Edwin Markham</td>
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<td>Hudson Maxim</td>
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<td>Richard Worth</td>
<td>Arthur Tuthill</td>
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<td>Mrs. Lane's Maid</td>
<td>Cecile Edwards</td>
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<td>Officer Kelly</td>
<td>Wm. Castro</td>
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<td>Officer Reilly</td>
<td>Ellsworth Jones</td>
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<td>Officer Jones</td>
<td>Seymour Pane</td>
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<td>James J. McCabe</td>
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<td>Broker.</td>
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<td>Joseph Murtaugh</td>
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<td>Billy Logan</td>
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<td>Dorothy Taylor</td>
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<td>Mrs. Sykes</td>
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<td>Effie Palmer</td>
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<td>Mrs. Lane's Nurse</td>
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<td>Alfred L. Rigali</td>
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<td>Worth's Maid, Marie—Erminie Gagnon</td>
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Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hearing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums. Discharge from Ears, etc.

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"Little Wireless Phonos for the Ears." Require no medicine but exceptionally restore what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible, soft, safe and comfortable. Write for our 100-page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonias.

WILLIAM EARR DRUM CO., Incorporated
210 Court Street, LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. LAWTON'S Guaranteed
FAT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

Stage Plays of Interest
(continued from page 6)

able scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.


Little.—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old play of "Me-Not." New Amsterdam Roof—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revue. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Republic.—"The Lady of the Lamp." A fanciful and highly colored fantasy by Earl Carroll, involving a new and opium dream which reveals a tragic romance of old China. A certain charm is there. George Gaul is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of a sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries ago.

Selwyn.—"Tackle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show with the amusing "Fancy Girls." Lively musical comedy designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza this year is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

ON TOUR

"Abraham Lincoln."—Nothing 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 again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

William Rockey's "Silks and Satins." Another other summer revue, but we doubt if it will even appeal to the tired business man. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out.

"Honey Tree." A very musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." This has speed and humor—well as an excellent cast.

"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty Mackay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent.


"June Cleary." St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running here all season. A drab yet brilliant tale of middle-class English life. Surprisingly acted by the best ensemble in the Arts.


"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and grace. The singing stands out vividly and George Hasel-wood's humor is highly diverting. Too, of course, there is the famous "sexette."
"OH, MOTHER
My story's accepted!!"

O

ut of the rainbow gleams of her youthful dreams she has come to the happy sequel to all her burning hopes—her eager aspirations! The magazine editor has ac-
cepted her story. His letter brings the happy news. She may now be one in a damask. Can it really be
true," she asks herself over and over. And all the while she glows with the pride of authorship, her
aspiring spirit transformed in the bewildering fit
of this new triumph. "This is the life's deepest moment for me.

But yesterday, in her glister fancy, she deeply en-
vied those who live and move in that fascinating
sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her
hopes mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself,
her simple lack of faith in her ability to WRITE. But
yesterday she desired only to impossible the

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a
department store. In her little niche behind the
desks—among the drab—she was hourly destruc-
The drab, grey life was deadening every spark of hope
within her. She dreamed of her youth, of the
day when she would oft hopefully repeat to herself those
lines from some beautiful book, "it is the spring. It is
the spring! And life is so full of flowers! Ah, surely
some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotonous,
the dull, servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied—it went on and on and on—a dumb fate that
seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it
might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores,
but she—she dreamed of the day when she wants
more out of life than the grey, humid existence.
Will she ever succumb to the idea that OTHERS
could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a
brain—she was intelligent, observant, and though not a
genius, surely she told herself, she could learn to write
stories and plays.

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small
advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Five to
writers—this wonderful book. Tells How to Write
Plays and Stories."
"Here, Dorothy dear," said
Mrs. Dean, "Here is something about writing stories
and plays. Here's a concern offering a free book on
the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do
for you? You never can tell—maybe you really can
learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long,
and just think how wonderful that would be!!"

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter on
file. She wrote the free copy. Look at the picture
above tells the happy sequel.

This is a true story, as startling as it is romantic,
and look to it for an illustration of all—a re-
markable discovery that will thrill ambitious men
and women of all ages throughout the world! The
discovery is this: MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN
WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOS PLAY AND
DON'T KNOW IT!

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to
have a special knowledge and a very special talent
to write a story or play. Many people said it was a
gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an
Ernest Hemingway or a Mark Twain. But they
vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been
touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They
discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express
themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority
declared that "scanty all the English-speaking race
wants to write! It's a craving for self-expression, char-
acteristic of the present century."

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth
that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking
race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the
average person" may learn to write! Yes, write
stories and plays! For the modernista world, filled
with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

You may learn to write just as you may learn anything
else under the sun! There are certain simple, easy prin-
ciples to guide you. There are new methods that
produce astonishing results for beginners. A re-
makable New System, covering every phase of writ-
ing, has been perfected by a great literary bureau at
Auburn, New York, now busing this informa-
tion broadcast. And the New Method of writing
stories and photoplays is everybody's property. Not for
the rich or famous, for the rich or famous. Not for
the poor and a fortunate, for men and women of
ordinary education and no writing experience whatever
(thousands who don't even dream they can write)

This institution at Auburn is the world's school for
inexperienced authors—a literary institute for all
humanity, and everybody is taking up the idea of
writing. The fascination has swept the country
by storm! People are dumfounded at the ease with
which they learn to write.

You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's
a stage and all the men and women merely players."
Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without
number. From the great Screen of Humanity and its
constantly changing tide of Human Emotions—
Love, Hate, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create
endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays.
There is never a lack—It flows on in an endless stream
of Circumstances—like Tennyson's brook—forever!
Every person you know is a type, a character.
"Every house has a story." And those who dwell
within have impulsive, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies
that furnish material for you. The daily newspapers
are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect
scenes and incidents for the Pen of Reality.

There is nothing in all this world that so dominates
the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING.
It is a soul-satisfying new magic that charms
all those around it. It lends a new attraction to
your daily perusal with long hours spent in ways
that are new honors, admiration, respect—in addition to glorious

THERE IS A NEW BOOK WAITING YOU
THAT AMAZES EVERY READER—and the most
amazing thing of all is—it's FREE! This new book
is pouring glad sunshine into the lives of aspiring people
who want to become writers. Within its covers are
surprises and revelations for enthusiastic beginners that
have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is
crowded with things that really your expectations—good
news that is a true heart of the all aspiring to
write; illustrations that enthuse; stories of success,
brilliant instances of literary fame coming unexpect-
eedly; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things
you've long wanted to know!

"The Wonder Book for Writers" tells how stories and
plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How
many suddenly realize they can write, after years
of doubt and Indecision. How the scenarios start
began. How they quickly rose to fame and fortune.
How ordinary incidents become thrilling stories and
plays through those New Easy Methods that simplify
everything! How one's imagination properly directed
may bring glory and greatness. How to really test
your natural writing ability. How stories and plays
are built up step by step. How to turn Uncertainty
into Success.

This book and all its secrets are YOURS! You may
have a copy absolutely free. You need not send
a penny. You need not feel obligated. You need
not hesitate for ANY reason. The book will be
mailed to you without any charge whatever.

There is no need to let your laudable ambition
stand still—no need to starve the Noble Flame that
burns at the Altar of your deepest hope—no need to
wait, to wish—to merely dream of being a writer.
Your brilliant opportunity, your golden chance, is
HERE AND NOW! Get your pencil—use the
coupon below. This little act may prove the big,
lucky stroke of your Destiny!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 119, Auburn, N.Y.

Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE "The Wonder Book
for Writers." This does not obligate me in any way.
Name.
Street.
City.
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 through 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

Contestant’s No. (not to be filled in by contestant).
Name ...........................................................
Address ..........................................................
..................................................street
..................................................city............................................state
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.

When born ..................................Birthplace .....................Eyes (color) ..................
Hair (color) ................................Complexion ..........................
Letters to the Editor

New stars, even tho' of lesser magnitude than the old, are in great favor. Life's cake is spiced with variety, not the least of which is the continual appearance of new stars in the celluloid firmament. Pleasure and profit are found in anticipating and favoring the new ones by this reader:

DEAR EDITOR—If I may be permitted, I should like to say a word for a few of my favorite stars. I think I will put Dorothy Gish at the head of my list, as there are several reasons why I admire this young woman. First of all, she is, in my opinion, the screen's leading concomitant. I loved her in the "Hope Chest" and "I'll Get Him Yet." There is never the slightest hint of vulgarity in her work. If there was, I would never go to see her pictures. I hope she will keep up the good work. Her evening gowns are always so modest and girlish that I wonder other actresses do not follow her example. I am afraid clothes that tell us louder than words that the wearer is a lady.

Madge Kennedy and May Allison are close seconds in my affection. Madge is irresistible and her work and actions are always above reproach. I enjoy her every minute she is on the screen, likewise the adorable May, whom I saw one day in the Hollywood Public Library, and who caused me to stare very rudely, because she was so beautiful.

I am fond of most of the actors who have been on the screen for years. At present, I am more interested in watching the progress of Constance Binney, Helene Chadwick, My MacLaren, Alice Blake and Corrine Griffith. The new stars are always more interesting to me than the old ones. However, I never seem to tire of Alice Joyce and after seeing her wonderful gowns in "Slaves of Pride" would call her the screen's best-dressed woman. Elsie Ferguson and Marguerite Clark are splendid actresses, too. I hope the latter will decide to return to the pictures, as her comedy-dramas are clean, and women like her do a great deal to raise the standard of the pictures. I do not like Gloria Swanson, the Mack Sennett bathing girls, or Nazimova, Wanda Hawley or Viola Dana.

But must be great if men are great who

(Continued on page 14)
Screen Stories in Demand

Before sending your photoplays and stories out on the market, be careful to have them first put in proper form and language. The “Detailed Synopsis” is preferred by the studios, as almost every producing company now has its own scenario form, and it would be an utter impossibility for outside writers to learn them all. But, a “Detailed Synopsis” can be used by any company, and, if accepted, will be “pictured” by their own writers to suit their own requirements.

We CRITICISE, REVISE, and TYPE photoplays and stories at reasonable rates, which will be furnished on application. After REVISION, we return the same Carbon Copy and Original, to the writer, along with a complete list of PRODUCING COMPANIES, to whom scripts may be sent directly. This is the method now universally adopted by both studios and writers, and it has been found to work admirably, as it is a distinct advantage to the writers, who thus come into personal touch with the Studio Editors and Directors.

Mr. T. Herbert Chesnut (“Al lan Douglas Brodie”), short story writer, photoplaywright and screen actor, who has made many friends among writers throughout the English-speaking world during the past five years, is now Editor of our SCENARIO DEPARTMENT, and will be happy to extend every courtesy to our patrons.

We assure the readers of MOTION PICTURE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND that we shall be glad to give them every assistance in our power. Send stamp for further information.

Brewster Publications

INC.

SCENARIO DEPARTMENT

175 Duffield Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.
Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 12)

Our Composer will
write the music— we’ll
have complete go-
ahead on your
name, according to
our special plan.

Submit Poems to
Us on any Subject

Edward Hesslerich,
Our leading Composer is a
world-famous pianist, ap-
ppears in concerts with
such celebrated singers as
Sambuchi, Nordine and de
Reszke. Among his great-
est song successes are
“IF I WERE A ROSE” of
which a million copies
have been sold.

Don't let another day go
by without submitting a
poem to us. Do it today.
The Metropolitan Studios
Department 130
915 S. Mich. Ave, Chicago


 does not remind you of any other man."
And it is true—individuality is
only one of the greatest and rarest of
stars. And on the screen or the stage,
individuality is an absolute necessity if
one seeks any lasting
success.

Nazianna, Harold Lloyd, Elsie Fergus-
on, Robert Harron, ZaSu Pitts, Dorothy
Gish and Constance Talmadge—these pos-
sess personalities that separate them from
everybody else in the known world.

Who is there to dispute it when we
say that Nazimova possesses the most vivid
personality that the screen boosts? Is there
to deny that Harold Lloyd is unlike
anyone else acting in playphotol
productions? And who can say that ZaSu
Pitts does not possess one of the most
distinct personalities that has ever come
before the eyes of the general public?

How I admire her! I have watched her
work ever since she played small unim-
portant roles in unimportant pictures, er-
eroneously labeled “feature productions.”
But every one of her “bits” stood out so
prominently that her name came to me
like a thing of wonder. ZaSu Pitts, I sa-
hute you. Only a very brave person
could be like to anyone else. I wish you
all the success in the world and am sure
it will be yours, for the public appreciates
a real personality.

I am glad that The Motion Picture
MAGAZINE acknowledges your recognition to Miss
Pitts, for she deserves it. I know of no
screen personality so worthy of every line
of praise, as ZaSu Pitts—un-
like it be Harold Lloyd. Let us, the public,
get behind these youngsters and boost
them to the success that is rightly theirs.

Come on, screen, you who are tiring
of sugar-plum ingenues and mavis-scented,
arrow-collared heroes. Let us boost the
worth-while players.

And a word of praise for you, dear edi-
tor. Motion Picture Magazine has come
to mean much to me. I wish to thank you
for publishing one of the most interesting
magazines devoted to the interests of the
photoplay.

And, as for Shadowland, it is the most
beautiful magazine in America and, above
all others, my joy is S. ELLSWORTH LARGOON.
Green Bay, Wisconsin.

“Better vehicles for the stars” is a
cry that is becoming urgent and
must be heard sooner or later by the
producers. Stories and plays that
would make tremendous hits on the
screen and rôles adapted to certain
stars are ardently suggested by this
devotee of the photoplay.

My Dear Sir—May I suggest a pos-
sible remedy for the hundreds of poor stori-
es with which producers are boring the
public?

Why does not each company employ a
person to gather and submit stories for
the various stars and directors? I think
the fans would not then so grudgingly
squeezed out their twenty-eight and thirty-
three cents.

There are hundreds of stories waiting
to be filmed. Will not the powers-that-be
please oblige them?

I have wished to see Schiller’s
drama, “Wilhelm Tell,” enrich the silver-
sheet. Will not one of the two famous
Williams—Hart or Farnum—make himself
immortal by doing it?

(Continued on page 16)

Learn to Dance!

You can easily learn Modern Ballroom Danc-
ing now in your own home—no matter where
you live—by the famous

Peak System of
Mail Instruction

Flee-Trot, One-Step, Waltz, Two-
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Courses constantly revised to
include the newest dance ideas.

We Guarantee the Peak System
to teach you to be an easy, grace-
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are successful with beginners and with
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New Diagram Methods: The result of
four years’ practical experience.

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PUBLICATIONS

INC., 175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.; MANAGING
EDITOR, HENRY C. SMITH,
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn,
N. Y.; BUSINESS MANAGERS,
ELLWOOD L. HARRISON,
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn,
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When you see this trademark on the screen at your theater it means that the picture was made by an independent star or producer in his or her own studio.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of exhibitors, banded together to foster more artistic pictures and for the betterment of screen entertainment. It believes that the best pictures are to be obtained through independent artists, who are unhamppered by any thought other than to give you, their public, the best that is in them.

You know these stars, whose productions appear under the First National banner, and what they stand for in pictures.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.
**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 5 1/2" x 8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, 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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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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Date:........................................

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**GREETSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the

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Please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits, enclosed find $......... in payment.

Name:........................................

Address:........................................

**Letters to the Editor**

(Continued from page 14)

Time and again I have hoped to hear that Elsie Ferguson would play the role of Richard’s Keny’s “The Road to Damascus.”

It is a mystery to me that Hathorne’s “The House of the Seven Gables” and “The Scarlet Letter” have not been allowed to make film history. Wont America’s sweethearts give us the heroine, and Alice of the former, while Theda Bara does the Hester of the later?

Will not someone star beloved Emma Dunn as the Miss Ausinlee in Myrtle Reed’s classic, “Lavender and Old Lace”? May the scenario be by Mrs. Sidney Drew?

I would give much to see “Unto Caesar,” produced by D. W. Griffith. Please do not let this fall on deaf ears, or unseeing eyes. Will Mr. Griffith also preach a sermon by screening “The Lily of Carlisle”?

As-You-Like-It.” Who will give us that? De Mille, Fitzmaurice and Bongore, Tucker, or Griffith? Please draw a few strict professors to the screen.

Will Mr. De Mille please give us “Mary and Elizabeth”? What a pleasure it would be to hear that Mr. De Mille had requested glorious Miss Ferguson to star in the dual roles! Brains! Miss Ferguson has plenty of them.

Oh, why does not Alice Joyce fight for her rights? Her stories are so poor that I no longer feel like visiting the theater which shows them. Never another like “The Prey” but more like “Dollars and the Woman.” Will not the lovely, talented Alice sue for pictures worthy of her? The Joyce is still young enough to give us “Lady Jane Grey.”

Forgive me if I have said too much. Some day I may come again.

August M. Schad.

Friends of the serial, step forward, please. Psychologists tell us of the discovery of the high value of the five-cent libraries and the wild-west stories for boys. Even the dime novel is coming into its own. Why should the serial of the thrill type be discarded, is the complaint of this Brooklyn reader.

Dear Editor—Thomas Finney has kindly furnished us with the complete analogy existing between serials and fiction of the “thrill” type, both of which, in his top-lofty manner, he professes to have outgrown.

I dont claim for “thrillers” that they teach a lesson, or paint a picture or point a moral, or present a new angle on psychology, or even that they are worth while, in the usual sense. But I like them. And if I err, I err in company with Woodrow Wilson and the late Roosevelt, both of whom confessed to a liking for this sort of fiction. And we have Mr. Finney’s word for it that the serial and the fiction “thriller” are the same.

I think these semi-professional critics are too hard on the humble, down-trodden serial. Admitted that they are untrue to life, and that they are full of “tough-stuff,” still they have their place. Life at best is a dull business and any art that carefully avoids a likeness to it, has, I think, an even chance of being interesting at least. And who doesn’t enjoy a scrap?

Has the serial no friends?

G. W. SCHOFENHAUSER
32 Walton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mellin’s Food

If your baby is not doing as well as you hoped he would, use the Mellin’s Food Method of Milk Modification. It has raised thousands of the brightest and healthiest babies in the world.

Write for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food and our helpful book, “The Care and Feeding of Infants.”

Mellin’s Food Company,  Boston, Mass.
Fresh and ready to wear at half an hour's notice—

Your flame georgette blouse, your most frivolous chemise

You had been away for a whole month. And when you got home you found the most wonderful week-end invitation. Only about two hours and fifteen minutes before train time and just the things you wanted to take had been worn!

At first you thought you couldn't possibly go. But then you said, "How ridiculous! Of course I can be ready. I'll just do them in Lux suds. It won't take a second."

Things you wouldn't have dreamed of leaving at home—a certain lovely embroidered gilet, your latest, smartest riding shirt, that darling chiffon blouse, turquoise over pink with three frills, and a perfectly fascinating lace negligée to have breakfast in bed with! You tossed them into the bubbling Lux suds, swished them around, dipped them up and down, patted them a bit, squeezed the suds through ever so gently, rolled them in a towel to dry.

In no time at all they were ready to pack! Not a thread of delicate lace torn. Even the fragile chiffon as freshly smooth as new!

The Lux way is so careful, so quick. And you can wash with Lux any fabric or color that water alone will not harm. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To wash silk blouses, underthings, stockings, negligées

—Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water all lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down. Squeeze the rich suds through it—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters and roll in a towel to dry. Press with a warm iron. Glove silk and georgette crépè should be gently pulled into shape as they dry and also should be shaped as you iron.

To wash white lingerie fabrics—Wash in hot suds and rinse in three hot waters. Dry in the sun.
The stage won Madge from her pastels and easel only to lose her to the movies. But it has called once more and Madge has answered the call to appear in the Savage production, "Cornered." However, she is not to desert the screen. Her own company is being organized, under which she will do four pictures every year.
RUTH STONEHOUSE

The East End girl has come back to the silversheet. For the last year or two she has done very little except appear in the Houdini serial, but recently several Metro casts have hoisted the name of Ruth Stonehouse, and her friends proclaim that all is well once more.
MADGE BELLAMY

Pollyanna has come to the shadow-screen in the person of Madge Bellamy, who played this rôle in the Pollyanna stage production for many months. Thomas H. Ince has signed Miss Bellamy for leading rôles and she is now busily at work at Inceville, Culver City.
DAVID POWELL

David Powell brings to mind the dashing cavaliers in the days of knighthood and errantry. Recently he has appeared in the artistic George Fitzmaurice productions to splendid advantage.
MADLAINE TRAVERSE

Madaline Traverse has joined the rank and file of celebrities who feel that their own company is the thing. Since she left Fox, Miss Traverse has been vacationing, but work upon her first production is soon to commence.
Evidently May believes the old proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," for she has appeared consistently in Metro plays, for a time co-starring with Harold Lockwood. Her admirers will not be surprised to know that while on the stage she created the rôle of Beauty in "Everywoman"
Colleen has departed from Christie Comedies to do bigger things, namely, "So Long, Letty," in which she is now appearing for Robertson-Cole, and in which she is proclaimed more delightful than ever before.
Facts about her skin that every girl should know

Is your skin a constant source of worry to you? Do you find its care continually perplexing? The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for—does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess?

You are wrong if you think that a beautiful skin comes merely as the result of good fortune. Any girl, by giving the skin the special care its special needs demand, can win the charm of a smooth, clear, soft complexion.

How to keep your skin fine in texture

Perhaps the pores of your skin are becoming enlarged. If so, your skin is not functioning properly—the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should. To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, 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 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.

Use this treatment persistently, and it will bring about a marked improvement in your skin’s texture.

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 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.

“Your treatment for one week”

Send 25 cents for a beautiful little set of Woodbury’s skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first, the booklet, “A 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; samples of the new Woodbury’s Facial Cream; Woodbury’s Cold Cream and Woodbury’s Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jerger Co., 1312 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jerger Co., Limited, 1312 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.
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.

**Partners!**

Have you ever stopped to think what that word means, a sharing of the pleasures and pains, the losses and gains of each new day? Progress depends on the kind of partnership you have. Very few of us can sail our ship of business or life alone.

Some of us don't want partners. We want to hog all the glory and gold and good things.

So it was with the old star system of the stage. The star was given all the opportunities, those who played with the star, those who should have supplemented him, been partners, were chosen because they had neither talent nor beauty which could detract from his.

This way of doing business was a failure on the stage.

And so is it a failure on the screen.

The screen star must be supported by good partners; clever stories, interesting associate players, clever directors and capable photographers.

Jealousy, niggardliness, selfishness must be set aside to get the greatest results. Shadow stage artisans should learn that theirs is a partnership.
THE impressions made by Blanche Sweet on one scribe one sunny day at the Jesse D. Hampton lot in Hollywood were manifold. The distinctest of the distinct were:

(a) She is going to Europe.
(b) She is working overtime to be able to sail sometime soon.
(c) She is an adorably natural person.
(d) She is dieting—to get fat

"Hello," was the welcome to her ivoried dressing-room. "Please pardon me for going ahead with my luncheon. I am so anxious to leave for Spain I don't want to lose a second! I'd offer you some nuts, but the prescribed amount I am to eat is two ounces, and if you take one almond it will make my ration inadequate."

"Why only two ounces?"

"Oh, everything must be just so. I have to gain a considerable amount of weight. I love to eat. But I don't assimilate. In this way, there's no chance of anything going to waste."

Decidedly, there was no chance—for this very hungry little person's reward after a morning of diligent regis-

Big Little Blanche

erating was but two ounces of nuts—and an apple.

To gaze upon Blanche Sweet, one would not think that even nuts—and an apple—were necessary to her being. She is a fragile-apparating thing, a cameo, with hair delicately blonde and eyes—an infant's blue. One is content to sit opposite her, in silence, tincting idealistically her personality. But one is not permitted to blend at one's own random. One is given a subject, already complete.

She talks, and her voice is soft, mischievously melodious and animate. She laughs, and one laughs, too, as tho the little jokes she toys with were not enough to make one laugh! She looks at one, and one dares not flinch. One thinks twice before one speaks, but one thinks in a hurry, realizing that tho her eyes command an earnestness, her wit demands quick repartee.

And she is so small, so dainty—a Dresden of 104 pounds! That she does not "assimilate" is not surprising, with her avid desire to be active, her inability to be calm. Not a hysterical person, no, but an imaginative, restless body, insatiably void of fulfilling desire. It is said good things come in
small packages. Miss Sweet verifies that this is not half so true as that complexities of emotions are apt to confine 104 pounds.

She is what the historian is considered the noblest tribute, "a good troup er." Interpreted, the layman understands: one whose work is governed by the golden rule. For Miss Sweet, unlike most celebrities to whom stardom means the privilege of beginning business when the mood dictates, arrives at the studio precisely on appointed time; is on the set with the first of the company; reads unsolicited manuscripts; is continually poring over books on the look-out for material; and, to the delight of press agents in general, cooperates in still photography. Her stride has been too steady, and she has been in step too long, to have revolutionary notions about what liberty is due her. In fact, she says, she realizes that now that newer faces are being introduced on the screen and the legitimate players are gradually becoming interested in the cinema, her efforts must be more extraordinary than ever. Competition promotes severer training. "She must not grow stale!" That is her fear—and her prayer against it, is work, observation, self-criticism, progress.

"No role of mine in any picture has ever completely satisfied me. I always come away from my review feeling I could have done better, resolving never to fall short again. I wonder if that's conceit?"

Which, of course, that isn't. It is the gentle art of not being capably asinine enough to jolly one's self along. It is the power that frees development. It is what makes Blanche Sweet a big little person who will always have something to give us as long as she lives.

When asked about her new director, she said, "Paul Scardon? We've both been so very busy together, we haven't had the time to stop and think whether or not we like each other. He is a dear; there's no doubt about that. He's a bridegroom, you know. Betty Blythe is the bride. The other day he was called away from the set to the phone. Betty's off, miles away on location. A long-distance-wire honeymoon! All we poor strugglers of the workaday! "Vacations? Once a motion picture person, always a motion picture person—there is never any getting away from shop. For the entire part of one's career, one is nailed to one's work.

(Continued on page 100)
MOST actors like the limelight—that's one of the reasons they are actors—but not Tom Moore. He is the only actor among the hundred or so that I have met who honestly hates to see his name in print.

This hatred of publicity is no pose of Mr. Moore's. He genuinely and honestly detests it. "It makes me feel foolish," he says, "to have people write up what I say, do and think. Who on earth is interested in whether I drive a machine, ride a horse or what not? It embarrasses me to see my photographs all over a magazine."

For very nearly a year and a half I had been trying to get Mr. Moore to grant me an interview. The quest started in New York and ended in Culver City, California, where I at last forcefully captured him at the Goldwyn studio. There he talked to me and answered my questions, but only because he is a true gentleman and would never be guilty of impoliteness to a woman. All the time I knew he was wishing the earth would open up in one of those Californian earthquakes and swallow him. His eyes wore the expression of a hunted animal. It is the first, last and only time I shall, ever be guilty of subjecting a star to such torture. I can safely promise this, for no other star in the world could be so shy as Tom Moore.

The very last words he said to me were: "Promised you won't print anything about me!"

I mumbled something under my breath, for the editor's verdict had gone forth—"get" Tom Moore—and in as much as I depend greatly upon same said editor for my daily cake—and like cake—I am going to tell you as truthfully as I can exactly what Tom Moore is like.

And there is another reason that I am going to print this, beside my own selfish one of cake, and that is, for the sake of posterity. For I am very, very sure that no other interviewer will ever reach the presence of Tom Moore again, and when the public, watching his histrionic exhibitions on the silversheet, ask, "I wonder what Tom Moore is really like," they will have to turn back to these historic pages. For from now on, I can well imagine that Tom Moore will remain a shadow to the public.

And he is such a nice fellow it does seem a shame to depive picture fans of a knowledge of his true personality.

Tom Moore, as you undoubtedly know, is as Irish as they make them on the Emerald Isle and still speaks with a sort of brogue which I found decidedly refreshing. Refreshing also is his complete lack of conceit and his shyness. He is highly sensitive. He lives to a great extent within himself. He has no burning ambition to work, in fact, he would a great deal rather play and dream away the days in the great outdoors. He is far from handsome but is the sort of chap one cant help liking. As a friend he would wear well. He is one of those persons who are aptly described as true blue. He would be true blue to family or friends in trouble or adversity. When good fortune shines he would probably be too lackadaisical to want to get in on it. He is not mercenary. Come easy, go easy, is his method where money is concerned.

Immaculate and meticulously neat in real life, he loves to get into a character part. He really lives his screen characters. Required to play a poor workman,
By
SUE ROBERTS

he allows his own beard to grow, his nails to become unkempt, puts real dirt upon his hands to invest his rôle with verity. Naturally born a great artist of acting, he lacks only one fundamental to do really tremendous things: a burning ambition. Could someone light the torch of Tom Moore's ambition the screen would see remarkable results.

He possesses the true Irishman's wit and vast fund of humor. For instance, I asked him what he thought about women.

"I don't think about them," he replied.

He tells about a press agent who wished him to indorse a certain kind of chewing-gum.

"But I never chew gum," he protested, and the man went on his way.

Later he was asked to sign a statement regarding the virtues of Life Buoy soap.

"I never used Life Buoy soap in my life," he retorted, and the matter was dropped.

He loves his little daughter, Alice Joyce Moore, better than anything on earth, but he would like to keep her wholly to himself; he doesn't feel that the public should have a share in her.

"From the time she was born," he told me, "newspapers and magazines sent their photographers to take her picture. I didn't like the idea of using my baby for publicity purposes.

I felt that she belonged to me, not the public."

But, after all, publicity is one of the penalties of greatness. Tom Moore belongs to the picture public.

He loves his little daughter, Alice Joyce Moore, better than anything on earth. "From the time she was born," he told me, "newspapers and magazines sent their photographers to take her picture. I didn't like the idea of my baby being used for publicity purposes."

Above, a new picture of Mr. Moore and little Alice, and below an informal snap

has belonged to it ever since he first entered films in nineteen-thirteen.

His excessive modesty is so unusual in an actor that it is almost inconceivable. He loves the West and spends his free time riding horseback in the unbeaten trails behind Beverly Hills. He goes to the theater a great deal and is lavish in his praise of others' achievements.

He prefers the West to the East as he is content wherever he is sent. He is altogether a lovable, care-free irresponsible child of old Ireland who likes to play by himself. But most unusual of all his characteristics as an actor is his absolute hatred of publicity.
FLOWER SYMBOLS...

What the white blossom, dew drenched and gold crowned, is to the garden, so is Mary Miles Minter to the cinema... symbolizing innocence and purity... the portals of womanhood.
On California Sands

California boasts many things—rose gardens, orange groves and old missions—then, last but not least, its beaches, quite as popular as the famous sands of Hawaii. Here hosts of cinema favorites play in their respite from the studio and, consequently, the scene abounds in beauty. The illustrative photographs show Grace Darmond disporting herself by the sad sea waves.

At the studios, Miss Darmond devotes her time to her work in "So Long, Letty," in which she plays with Colleen Moore, T. Roy Barnes and Walter Hiers.
A short while ago the thrilling news came that Cecil B. de Mille had chosen a new leading man for his de luxe photoplays. At once curiosity piqued the film firmament. Would he have the handsomeness of Eliot Dexter combined with the rugged subtlety of Tom Meighan? Would he be a new recruit to the shadow world or an old timer, would he—but the queries and conjectures were endless, innumerable.

And then the tip came to the waiting world. Forrest Stanley was the name of the man who had been chosen to follow the stellar path formerly trod by Dexter and Meighan, by Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels, and the world wondered more than ever what manner of man was Forrest Stanley.

When I tell you that Forrest Stanley is a man first and an actor afterwards, I mean nothing derogatory to actors—but a great deal superlatively complimentary to Mr. Stanley. Mr. Stanley is another example that wholesomeness pays.

His big chance in pictures finds him ready because during his years on the stage he has lived as a man should live. Men in the profession younger than Forrest Stanley have wrinkles, lines that speak of dissipation and not character. Forrest Stanley is a man who has had the strength of character to live rather than to play. He could have had greater glory in life, more of the electric blaze of fame had he sought it. He preferred a less brilliant existence—but a happier one. He has made of his life a perfect blend of home, study, recreation and work.

So far, his best work has perhaps been given to the speaking stage. For eleven years he has been leading man at the Morosco Theater in Los Angeles, or rather the Burling Theater, home of the Morosco Stock Company. Here he created most of the biggest Morosco successes, which were later taken to New York. "The Cinderella Man" was one he was particularly fond of, "The Bird of Paradise" another. His picture appearances have been a bit more handsome than those of the average leading man—but they have been spasmodic: that is, he has appeared in pictures spasmodically. He told me that up to this time, pictures had irked him—because they insisted upon casting him as the handsome hero who could do no wrong and he asked me guilelessly, "Why do they do it? I'm not good looking." He considers that in playing leading man he has merely formed a background for the emotions of the star.

This lack of an opportunity for characterization by picture leading men is one of the few things which he dislikes. He would like to play men of character, men who weren't

An Actor By Chance
afraid to let their beard grow, men who could meet temptation and best it.

I told him he would probably be tempted serenely by a great many women in his DeMille photoplays.

“Oh, dear me—do you think so?” he exclaimed rather helplessly.

I asked him if he thought a wife should always be dressed up, always appealing to the sex in man in order to hold him.

“Good heavens, no—” he said, “my wife and I get our greatest joy out of our companionship, and one cannot be true comrades and be always dressed up. Home is a place where one can be natural, where a man can shed his coat and be comfortable, or ornament a chair with his feet if he is worn out. This dressed-up existence seems like play acting to me. It isn’t living. It isn’t the bone and sinew of life that has made America what it is to-day.”

I looked more closely at Mr. Stanley. He is, I might add, mighty good to look at. His hair is almost burnished gold in the sunlight—just red, he calls it—his eyes, strangely enough are tawny yellow. Bright eyes they are, clear and jewel and withal dreamy—his mouth—but why describe in detail his good looks when even his photographs entirely fail to do him justice. He is well groomed but not faddishly, felicitously dressed. His blue serge suits belong to him, not he to them, he is not a tailor-made man nor a tailor’s dummy. His taste in everything is quietly refined, he is not a manicure’s darling.

Which brings me to the real point of this story, the individuality of Forrest Stanley: his hands.

I have met many, many actors and I have marveled at their brilliancy, their profiles, their personality, their genius or their faults, and I have gone away and in time forgotten them—but never shall I forget Forrest Stanley’s hands.

Forrest Stanley has firm, rugged, well-shaped hands. His hands fascinate one, they are so powerful, so creative, and yet so artistic.

He begged my pardon profusely for their appearance. It seems he has a home just the other side of Hollywood and he has a young farm that he is bringing up and he likes to take hold and work the rake and the spade himself. Then, too, the workmen have been adding a new cement drive and back porch to his place and he enjoys pitching in and showing them just how it should be done, and thus, well, his hands tell the story, and he and Mrs. Stanley whom, by the way, he took on the road with him as the English girl in “The Bird of Paradise” last season, enjoy putting among their roses and their geranium beds.

You see Forrest Stanley is an actor by chance rather than by choosing.

(Continued on page 108)
Dear Sir:—So ran the letter. Is it true that you pay as much as 50 dollars for a scenario? I am offering for your company my latest. Please look it over and tell me if you can read between the lines—I know you will except it. If you will except it I will send you a lot more like it.

"Respectfully,
Mrs.—"

Absorbed in the letter, I failed to hear the door open; closed with something of a bang.

"Pardon me," I said, unblushingly, "pardon me, if I appear to be reading your correspondence."

The scenario editor waved his hand nonchalantly.

"That's all right," he said, "if there is anything on that desk which will be of any help to you, you are quite welcome to it."

I indicated the letter, "May I have this?"

"That and a hundred like it! Look here!"

From a filing cabinet in one corner of the room he took package after package of letters. I took off my hat and settled myself in one of his comfortable chairs to read. He had to go away on location with one of the companies, he explained, and so I knew that by staying I could not possibly disturb him.

And I did stay all afternoon. They proved absorbing reading; those letters. There was comedy, pathos, pride and longing; the last above all. Of course, every one of the writers wanted money as well as fame. Many of them were exceedingly illiterate. Whole letters written without a single mark of punctuation, and with the words so misspelled that it was often difficult to make them out at all. Letters signed "Mrs." that looked as if they had been written by six year old children. For instance:

"Please find stamp for return off story which is a true story all most if not Excepted Please tell me the reason

"Amateur
Mrs.—
Kansas City"

Others of which the following is a short example, were all marked up with periods and quotation marks at regular intervals.

"Kind Sir,

"Enclose fine manuscript for play. It is the first I have ever wrote. I hope it will meet your demand. I am naming no price. If you except it, I pay me what you think it worth.

"I await your returns"

Tho not overly burdened with education, some were all swelled up with pride:

"Dear Sir,

"Find enclosed a scenario to title "The Girl Guying the Thief' please examine same before rejecting. I am going to select only six film co. from the whole bunch to submit my scenario's to. Of course if they would all reject it, then it surely would be all wrong or something would be wrong somewhere."

When you get a story from me remember it wasn't

(Continued on page 98)
BLYTHE chewed his fountain pen, the inkwell, blotters, all loose stationery and the edges of his desk before he could manage to put on paper the thoughts catapulting about in his brain. He muttered that he felt "addled."

This, he felt, was a sort of reincarnation stunt. Not for nothing had he traced his family tree back to John Alden and the picturesque Priscilla. Well... He took his pen in hand...

"Dear Martinot," he wrote; "I've been to pay my respects to the Bergomats, as per your request. It's not what I'd call a possibility—paying respects. They're an unholy family, as I believe you call it here in gay Paree. Pere Bergomat is inclined to lift his elbow with the results of; one, a bibulous nose loudly proclaiming to all who care to look, his genial proclivities; two, a habit of singing songs à la boulevardier in perfectly deafening accents; and third, the neat little personal characteristic of vanishing from the home hearth for unconscionable lengths of time during which he manages to achieve glories.

John for his suffering family to counteract, if they could which they can't. And if they had the honorable inclinations—which they have not. In brief and in fact, mon cher Martinot, there is little honor to be found in the scrawling Bergomats..."

At this juncture Blythe's face took on somewhat the bilious tint of the accused Pere Bergomat. A grouch or two escaped him. The words "Oh, perfidy, thy name is Blythe," were heard to burst from him, followed by even more convulsively, "Ah, Suzanne... Suzanne... Queen Rose in a garden of roses...!" All of which seemed inexplicable and irrelevant to a lamentably frank letter to a close friend..."

Blythe continued, his pen fiercely sputtering..."

Merc Bergomat," he wrote, "is a failed edition but ah, mon Martinot, a rare edition, let me add. What we might term, in New York, a rare old bird! Merc Bergomat has hit the high spots. Martinot, the hogs of this..."

By

GRACE LAMB
Suzanne pointed to her mother asleep in a chair beside them. "Shhh," she said, and then, slow Blythe had to bend his head to catch her slender-spoken words. "Mais oui... mon Paul... mais oui!"

Ira-rant simplicity with a heart of gold, Mow I wish Suzanne, Avara • deep in a chair beside them, and then, to low Blythe had to bend his head to catch her slender-spoken words: "Mais oui... non... non! Her spicy bon mots; her flavored reminiscences... what a mother, Martinot, for what a daughter! "Vraiment, mon ami, what a mother-in-law! There would be no end of specters from the Past to confront you from time to time with delicious tales and legends of Mammam-Law. When your children, (picture the Innocents,) shall cluster about your knee what a background gran’-mere will supply them... like the wicked red lights of Montmartre, my friend, like the lift of the music in the Moulin Rouge... what reckless gallants will come drifting along with their, "do you remember?" to enchant the youthful ear!

"Vraiment, mon ami, there would be variety in such a mother-in-law. One would never need to mourn for wicked French heels... la, la! Her rouged red cheeks... non, non! Her spicy bon mots; her flavored reminiscences... what a mother, Martinot, for what a daughter! "Vraiment, mon ami, what a mother-in-law! There would be no end of specters from the Past to confront you from time to time with delicious tales and legends of Mammam-Law. When your children, (picture the Innocents,) shall cluster about your knee what a background gran’-mere will supply them... like the wicked red lights of Montmartre, my friend, like the lift of the music in the Moulin Rouge... what reckless gallants will come drifting along with their, "do you remember?" to enchant the youthful ear!

HER BELOVED VILAIN

Fictionized by permission from the Realart production. Adapted to the screen by Alice Eyton from the French play "La Végline," by Alexandre Bisson and Albert Carre. Directed by Sam Wood, starring Wanda Hawley. The cast:—

Suzanne Berganot..........................Wanda Hawley
Paul Blythe..............................Ramsey Wallace
Louis Martinot............................Templer Powell
Dr. Joseph Poulard........................Tully Marshall
Madame Poulard..........................Lillian Leighton
Suzanne's Aunt...........................Gertrude Claire
Monsieur Berganot........................Robert Aldler
Madame Berganot........................Margaret McWade
Rose, the maid............................Trudy Cooley
Cassimer.................................Jay Peters

wife and the potential mother of your children; the very exalted opinions and theories that are yours concerning the family records you wish your children to be entitled to. "And now for Suzanne, herself... Hélas!

"I would that I could draw Suzanne for you as you would have her drawn by a flower in a simple garden... a fragrant simplicity with a heart of gold. How I wish I might so depict Suzanne. A rose avais having, by some clear, cool miracle, escaped the delinquencies of her progenitors. Such cases have been known. The daughter in no wise issue of the sponsors. But such, my poor, my pitied friend, is not the case with the object of your admiration, with your adored Suzanne. Quite, quite the contrary. There are all the indications, "mon pauvre" Martinot, of both Mère Berganot et Père Berganot. Little things... but telling... telling, Martinot! Such as the wicked French heels... you have seen them and they have rejoiced you as delicious follies of her delicious youth; but could you see them on Mère Berganot, Martinot, they would effect you even as they affected me, as the sharp, staccato echoes of an unsavory Past. And still more is to come, my friend. It grieves me to my soul to have so to wound you where your sensibilities are so, so keen... Suzanne... Suzanne..."

The pen gave a fierce splutter. The words "blasphemy... damned blasphemy..." were heard to fall from Blythe's tightly compressed lips; then he went on with a sort of tragic determination; a do or die attitude; "Suzanne," he wrote, "Suzanne... er, tickles, Martinot... I should say tickles is the word for it. In other words, she has, mon ami, the paternal tendencies growing, each time I have occasion to see her, more marked and more definite to my eye, both as medical man and casual observer. All these things allied would seem to me to point to you the way out. After all, Marti-
not, you have but a slight acquaintance with Suzanne Bergamot. Your heart cannot be, surely, so touched, so pierced, as you imagine it to be. There are many fair maidens in the South of France admirably suited to your purpose, which is the rearing of many children and the maintenance of a home which shall be an altar for your youth and a comfortable bed for your old age. Such a one, my dear Martinot, your Suzanne assuredly is not. She is the windflower, lovely but insubstantial. She is the light of love. She is the bubble on the rim of the champagne glass. She is the spin-drift of the moon and the haze over the waters. Pastime, Martinot, pastime only. I regret to report.

There were a few additional regrets, consolations, suggestions as to other fields of amorous endeavor and the civilities of closing and subscribing himself ever devotedly his friend, Paul Blythe.

After posting the letter, Paul Blythe sought Suzanne in her tiny garden outside the city limits. She was a rose, he thought, simply sweet, living but to exude the perfume which was the soul of her; the charm of a quaint soul; the exquisitude of a charming unpoisoned mind.

"Suzanne, Suzanne," he said to her, when she had greeted him; "I can wait for you no longer . . . your dear mother has consented . . . flower of all the world . . . say yes to me . . . say yes, my sweet . . . my sweet . . ."

Suzanne pointed to her mother, asleep in a chair beside them. "Sshh!" she said, and then, so low Blythe had to bend his head to catch her slender-spoken words; "mais oui . . . mon Paul . . . mais oui!"

And after he had gone, the girl stood as he had left her in her quaint garden outside the city limits. Her lips were touched with a smile. Her eyes were wide and wonderful with thought. "These so quaint Americans," she murmured, then, more, deeply; "that so dear American . . . so very dear . . . to me."

There followed a blissful marriage year. Blythe went into partnership with an elderly Frenchman, Dr. Poulard, the student of the same school, the believer in the same philosophy of medicine. The ménage à trois was eminently successful and comfortable and complete.

Then Martinot wrote that he was returning to Paris and would give himself the pleasure of stopping a while with his old friend, his most loyal friend, Paul Blythe.

Dr. Blythe was terror-struck. He had all but forgotten Martinot since he had written him the letter falsifying the Bergamots. What then . . .? Suppose and suppose. Habitually not given to morbid imaginings there occurred to him all sorts of terrifying suppositions . . . Suppose Martinot made known to Suzanne his original love for her, his desire of her, the way he had entrusted this love and this desire to his friend, Paul Blythe, and the way, the John-Aldenish
There followed a uneventful marriage year. Blythe went into partnership with an elderly Frenchman, Dr. Poulard, the student of the same school the believer in the same philosophy of medicine.

of his betrayal of his friend and his false winning of Suzanne... And Martinot... the reopened wound of the old man's hope, healed; no thanks, at least partially by absence and the turgid beliefs of Blythe had instilled, how they would quicken, reawaken and bring beneath the radium of truth!

Blythe bore his hair! Why had he not won his suit fairly, squarely, on the open? Remembrances of Suzanne's warm knees, her clinging arm, the sweetnesses of her content gave him the pang, the conviction that he would have won over Martinot in fair play. Why, then, had the lad shaved? Because he had loved Suzanne so suddenly, so desperately, so consumingly was not sufficient alibi for the thing he had done... And yet—now—even now—when he had this chance for self-flagellation, for atonement, he did not dare. He must implore his partner, the old Dr. Poulard, to take Suzanne away, to her mother's pension somewhat south of Nice.

"She needs the trip, you know..." he explained.

"You make decisions, rapidly," the old Doctor said, with a shrewd look at his partner.

Blythe shrugged. "It is our way," he said. Placing his individual faults and tendencies on his racial characteristics he had found to be the easiest method of evasion whenever evasion became necessary or desirable.

The old Doctor was nothing loath. He needed the trip, he knew, if Suzanne did not. And there was a piety to his old age in a leisurely trip South, with the flower-like beauty of this young woman to companion him. It would be a mellow memory wherewith to enhance the down grade he was traveling. It would be like coming suddenly upon a daisy in the autumn of the year.

Suzanne made a few protests, but Blythe was firm.

"You do not want me! You are being untrue to me!" she said, with tears in eyes and voice.

Blythe crushed her to him. "Non, non, I swear!" he said; "I love only you and your heart tells you I am speaking the truth. You know it, flower of all the world, you know it—do you not...?"

And Suzanne said she did, but her lips were disconsolate and the sigh she turned away with was wistful.

A day or so later they departed. Suzanne's farewell kiss was cool. "In a year's time," she said, "you send me from you. What shall you do when five, ten years, have rolled away? Ma foi, you will consign me then, to a nunnery, perhaps, where nevermore you may glimpse my face."

Blythe groaned. Having no conviction he could give, he gave none. Suzanne left him with a bitterness underlining the entire sweetness of the heart she had given him, unreservedly, modestly. She was inclined to think.

They traveled slowly, and Dr. Poulard, at least, enjoyed the trip. The slight melancholy of his young companion enchanted him more than an exuberance of spirit would have done. It accorded more perfectly with his own years and reactions, and it gave him, too, the charming opportunity of offering her his delicately administered consolations and reassurances. It was, to the old man, like biting into sharp, soft fruit, breathing the crystal blown off some blue lagoon, inhaling the tang of wood-flowers.
Eventually, they reached Nice. They were to stop there a few days and then proceed to the pension where the elder Bergamots were spending the winter months. There Suzanne was to remain for a few weeks, and there, it had been arranged, Paul was to come for her and take the return trip with her, while Dr. Poulard, already returned, maintained the practise.

In Nice a twin catastrophe occurred. Dr. Poulard, accustomed to freedom and wholly uncustomed to wine, was overcome by the latter and wholly incapacitated for further travel or for further guardianship. On the same day Suzanne met Martinot, who had left Paul earlier than they had thought, to attend the carnival at Nice.

The two were thrown together and an intimacy developed as it has a habit of doing when two friends, or acquaintances, meet in a distant place.

Suzanne was alone and unprotected in carnival time, and it was plainly the duty of Martinot to see that his old friend reached her destination safely no matter how notorious a character she might be, actually or potentially.

Within the hour it was revealed that Suzanne was Blythe's dutiful and affectionate wife; that Blythe had been proposing to her, figuratively speaking, with one hand, while he was writing preposterous statements regarding her and her family to Martinot; that Martinot had, himself, desired her hand; and that, on the whole, an injury had been wrought for which Paul should make some atonement and undergo some justifiable suffering.

It was not without flavor, even to Suzanne's gentle heart, this being left in Nice by a dotard in his cups to the care of a young and gallant man who involuntarily confessed to a long-cherished passion for herself. It would be something to look back upon when she and Paul were feeble and grey, and Paul, perhaps, boasting of his conquests... It was an adventure and she had never had one before. Paul couldn't be considered in the light of an adventurer, certainly. He was her husband. He was her life.

Suzanne planned to return at once, before Paul should have time to start for her, and, upon her return, to live up to the reputation he had given her. Martinot schemed with her. He would accompany her to the house upon their arrival, by different routes, as tho they had made the trip together, and both would appear to be under the influence. Paul should see Suzanne as he had so graphically pictured her.

"To think that he could even imagine me like that" Suzanne groaned, when Martinot, not without a grim amusement, etched for her, her husband's prenuptial description of her.

"It was, of course, for love of you," Martinot said.

"Purl!" said Suzanne, but her heart, beyond her control, sang a little foolish song!

The errants were greeted, when they arrived at the Blythe manse, beyond their wildest expectations. Madame Poulard was there, indignant, and shrill of voice. She had been; it seemed, recounting the virtues of Monsieur le Docteur for the past thirty years of their married life up to the time he had gone into partnership with Monsieur Blythe and had there met Madame Blythe. From that time on... Madame Poulard was dramatic—with both eyes and hands... The trip to Nice together had been the culminating scandal... Monsieur le Docteur was not so old—his wife intimated, not so old, but that the trip was a blot, a tragedy, a heart-breaking occurrence for his poor, ill-treated wife and the partner of his earlier fidelities...
Miss Bennett, please," I said, with nonchalance, to the Presiding Official at the Claridge desk.

"Miss Bennett is not registered here," he said.

I looked upon him with incredulity. Had I not been otherwise assured by a P. A. (surely infallible) and the Film News Column of the authentic Press? Had I not set an appointment, duly ratified by telephonic communication?

"Are you sure?" I said, gently but firmly. "She is here. You are, in this instance, Mr. ..." then I interpolated my own speech with, "... probably it might be Mrs. Niblo. Mrs. Niblo.""

"Okay," said the Presiding Official, with some condescension and considerable enlightenment; "call Room 876."

"Yes, and presently and very surely, in something summery, Mrs. Niblo was with me."

I told her, entering the tea room, of my dialog at the desk.

"I always go by my married name," she said, "we couldn't very well register as Miss Bennett and Mr. Niblo, and besides—I am Mrs. Niblo.

I found out that she was. Also, was able to be, without in any sense diminishing the more and more dear-to-feminine-hearts Personal Identity.

Over the tea card Mrs. Niblo with a manifest eagerness ordered watermelon. So manifest was the eagerness that I commented thereon.

"In line with the names and the watermelon," she said, with her very charming smile, "I've been trying all season to capture a first piece of this which could hardly be termed an elusive fruit. On the trip East, Fred and I were seated in the diner having a perfectly good dinner and I ordered a piece then. Just as it was being deposited in front of me, and without a bit of warning, even to myself, I quietly and for the first time in

First Fruits
and my Heart's Desire.' If I were just a personally living sort of person and could be where I wished when I wished, I should spend some part of every year in New York. I really think one ought to. New York has something to give that no other place could possibly have. Something of inspiration, something of quickened idealism, something of stimulus. I feel like walking more quickly when I am here, thinking more swiftly, planning more greatly. I do, I really do, love New York.

"Our plans, of course, are not matured as yet. That is one reason why we are here. I've always been with Mr. Ince, have never known anything of the picture world save with and thru him, and now my contract with him is at an end and I am looking about to invade other worlds. What we hope to do is to form two units, with myself as star. Fred will head one unit, or rather he will really head both, but there will be two companies. One will be a company without a star and with Fred as director. The other will be a company with me as star, under another director. Fred to supervise the whole. We shall probably begin, however, with the one unit of Fred and myself. I should really prefer to have it that way all along, that is. Fred to

(Continued on page 105)
The Final Test

THE Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 closed on the first day of August. For a month thereafter, photographs poured into the editorial offices of the Brewster Publications, completely filling the office of the Editor-in-Chief as well as the department which had been set apart for the exclusive purpose of the contest. As quickly as the photographs could be gone through, the most promising ones were laid aside for further reference, while the others were discarded. Very often a photograph of a girl with a wonderful profile would have to be discarded for the reason that no other pictures were sent to show the full face. Sometimes we would receive a photograph about the size of a postage stamp, and, of course, it would have to be turned down.

As soon as the most promising entries were selected, they were summoned by telegraph or special delivery letter to the editorial offices, and on September third, the judges’ committee again sat and passed judgment on all those summoned. Each contestant was given a number; all those with unusual motion picture possibilities were given the number nine or higher and invited down to the Brewster Estate at Roslyn, Long Island, for a motion picture test.

On the following Saturday, two large sight-seeing busses and several smaller cars, containing all those who had favorably stood the impartial criticism of the judges’ committee, journeyed down to Roslyn for the tests. With those who came down by train, there were some two hundred young women and men who posed before the camera. When a fair contestant showed that she had unusual beauty, a second and third test was made of her.

The contestants came from every part of the country. After the tests had been made, everyone was invited to the editorial offices on the following Thursday to see themselves on the screen. Some of them proved that they possessed sufficient merit to cause them to be detained until even more thorough camera tests could be made. In one instance, a certain contestant who had come from Allentown, Penn., to have the test made and had gone home again, was summoned back by telegraph. Another contestant from Canada remained here for a week as the guest of Mrs. Brewster.

We have printed a list of the judges in each issue of our several publications. Mary Pickford, who is one of the judges, is out at the Coast, busily at work on a new picture. Two or three of the judges are in Europe, but will return in the near future. All this, of course, necessitates a delay in the final decision, and it will be impossible to make the final announcement of the winners this month. However, we expect to be able to do so in the next issue of this publication.

It is reported that the following contestants are leading the roll: Lucile Langham, New York City; Helen DeWitt, Queens, L. I.; Bunty Manly, New York City; Helen...
CAMERA SELECTS POSSIBLE FAME AND FORTUNE WINNERS

Trigg, Valiant, Okla.; Beth Logan, Bronxville, N. Y.; Alene Ray, San Antonio, Texas; Erminie Cagnon, New York City; Jean McIntyre, Orono, Canada; Eileen Elliott, Philadelphia, Pa.; Betty Pomroy Hanson, Rugby, N. D.; Mary Jane Sanderson, Johnstown, Pa.; Corliss Palmer, Macon, Ga.; Evelyn Pouch, Boston, Mass.; Bye Madden, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Of course, you must understand that this is only a rumor as to who will appear among the probable winners. During September, the judges again sat and passed judgment—selecting here and rejecting there. However, they have not, as yet, passed final judgment inasmuch as all the entries which deluged the offices during the last contest days have not been seen. There will be several winners, we think, and there will be, in addition, the award of a gold medal, a silver and a bronze one. Also the final honor roll and honorable mention.

Already work has begun on "Ramon, the Sailmaker," the second Brewster production in which several of those on the Honor Roll as well as one or two of the winners will appear, the latter in leading roles.

The hero of this production is played by Orville Caldwell who is at the present time playing the juvenile lead in the big spectacular production "Mecca" showing at the Century Theater.

This month's honor roll includes the following: Blanche Chervais, 123 Eleventh Street, Long Island City. Miss Chervais is a striking brunette who has had some stage experience. She appeared last year in musical comedy both in New York City and Chicago.

Miss Dottie Black of Stockton, California, is another brunette who pleases the eye. Miss Black has had some musical comedy and vaudeville experience.

Miss Bunty Manly, 362 Wadsworth Avenue, New York City, is a young blonde who has all the possibilities of a motion picture actress.

Miss Loine Frost, 107 Hancock Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, is a dancer. She has blue eyes and brown hair.

Miss Gladys Ryley, Versailles, Kentucky, is another southern entry, with blonde hair and blue eyes. Miss Ryley has had no previous dramatic experience.

Miss Elizabeth Whitney, 913 Buffalo Avenue, Tampa, Florida, is a blonde, southern beauty who has never had any professional experience. However, with her blue eyes and blonde hair, Miss Whitney puts up an awfully good argument.
Props and Propellers

Washington hasn't turned out *honorable mentions* among the stars which glitter on New York's Great White Way, but, however bright, they seemed like tawdry, tinselly tree ornaments to Father Filmore, who had no intention of decorating his family tree with anything but effulgent copies of the first American settlers of the Filmores.

Whether it was the injection of new blood, atavism or a more liberal college training than Clyde's father had anticipated, none knew—but the fact remained that since Clyde had gone in heavily for amateur theatricals, he was destined to become, (at least *casually*), an actor.

Without informing his proud progenitors of the fact, young Clyde suped at certain Washington playhouses, learnt tricks of make-up, gesture and walk... but stay!

After all, it was the now well-known Filmore propellers which had Clyde walking into fame.

The young man had grown rapidly—too rapidly, he thought. He was somewhat conscious of his height, his very boyish face and...
the fact that he was rather a husky.

Having exhausted the possibilities of Washington theaters, since they refused to recognize genius farther than to give him eventually a stock engagement, which was like flinging a red rag in a bull’s face, so far as Father Filmore was concerned, Clyde Filmore gathered up his neckties and laundry, demanded a small loan, which was granted, because Filmore, Sr., hadn’t a mean bone in his body, even the choleric on the subject of having any offspring connected with footlights, and departed to the city of productions, skyscrapers and the Liberty Statue.

New York was kind. It needed a tall leading man, Clyde Filmore got various stock engagements, acquired a competence and yet lacked the thing he wished most to see, namely, his family name in a row of electric lights which should dazzle and blind a doting daddy.

Just about that time, an opportunity, thru a friend of the family, presented itself to the casual actor. I say casual because Clyde’s engagements seemed to come with no set regularity, and were merely incidental to his craving for the excitement afforded by a histrionic career. Mr. Filmore was asked to go to Bermuda and enter upon a business proposition which promised greater financial rewards than had theretofore been his portion.

Shades of onions and lilies! Clyde thought of the former in connection with sundry Bohemian cafes closely affiliated with his theatrical career, and wondered if death among the fragrant lilies wouldn’t be preferable in the long run? Anyway, it was the flip of a coin, and having fliped for Bermuda, he started for the white little island where make-up would depend on the sun’s rays only.

Clyde Filmore hates to talk about his past. I wasn’t long discovering that. He’s delightfully easy to meet, with a big, lumbering, genial voice, the brightest smile and a sartorial excellence defying feminine descriptive powers. You see, he really didn’t live in Bermuda, altho he was present in the body there. He made good in business and was doing awfully well until the war suddenly cut off merchandising, imports and exports . . . and then . . .

“Naturally, I thought of acting again. Perhaps I had better modify that and say I thought of acting more seriously, because, you see, I had never forgotten my desire to be on the boards. In Bermuda, every Thursday night, society—meaning about a half-dozen of us who had been left over after the war started—went to see moving pictures of dear knows how ancient vintage, and studied their plots and applauded or hissed the performers. We were giving some amateur theatricals to pass the time, too. So I wasn’t quite out of the running when I came back to New York.

“The first job I got was on my legs. It is a famous thing, but they’ve propelled me into this profession, too. I was asked to do a part for Cohan and Harris that demanded shapeliness. Later, in Los Angeles, I had to make good on the same count, for as Sam McGinnis in ‘Civilian Clothes,’ I had to don a budget’s glorious every and make a feature of the aforementioned legs. Again, when I was asked to do a part for Rupert Julian, at Universal City, my fitness for the position depended largely on the understanding I might put into the role.

“You see, I’m nothing on looks, in fact, I think my face is too much like a kid’s face, tho, dear knows my body is grown-up enough,” sighed Mr. Filmore, very modestly, the while he shook his head dubiously.

The dimple in his chin makes one think of Byron Washburn. But his gray eyes, well very small, answer.

(Continued on page 105)
The screen has, aptly, been called Life's mirror—and too, it reflects truly. In the Brewster production, "Love's Redeption," the great poet, Ed-ward Markham, is reflected upon the silver sheet and the reflection finds him beautifully endowed with courtliness and charm. He typifies, as it would seem, the ideals he has painted in his word pictures of "The Man with the Hoe" and hisarker verse.
These photographs of Alec Francis, taken in and about his California bungalow, belie the fact that the folks of film-land are separate and apart from other folks. Mr. Francis started work on "Out of the Dark" upon completion of his role of the Bishop in "Earth-bound." Away from the studios, however, he finds peace and happiness pottering about his garden, even as you and I.

As You and I
My poor relic of bygone affluence and who knows what famous and beautiful lady, dilapidated and passé, a public conveyance, otherwise known as a taxi, halted with an asthmatic gasp as Catherine Calvert's long cream-white car glided up to the entrance of the Ritz Carleton. She alighted, giving orders to her chauffeur, and the door-man's greeting caused me to believe quite firmly that she is habitue of this most exclusive of exclusive New York hosteries, frequented by those whose names are inscribed in the Blue Book.—also

"I must move about with a background individual unto myself," smiled Catherine Calvert. "I'm unhappy out of background, so to speak. Everyone is, I think. It is the eternal feminine. Some of us being more intensely feminine than others, are more definite in our selections of backgrounds. That is all."

that she is generous with remuneration.

I met her in one of the ante-rooms, recognizing her from the doorway, hazy with the smoke of many scented cigarettes.

"Stupid women," she said with a flashing smile, "Ten years from now they'll have lines about their eyes and mouths and wonder why they came. Cigarettes—I don't smoke them. It may be vanity, but I have never seen a woman smoke who didn't crinkle her eyes and crinkling affords at least one definite result—wrinkles, horrible, tell-tale wrinkles. It's not worth while. It's foolish."

This after a warm welcome as she led the way, briskly, to the Japanese Gardens, stopping to greet acquaintances she met here and there on the way.

"I come here," she told me later while we dined on stuffed chicken, lobster, called by some name which only a native Frenchman or adept French scholar would attempt, lamb chops, salad, ice-
and demi-tasse. "I come here," she said, "because I like the setting. My friends laugh and tease me, but I do not mind. That is what we have friends for. Even at home I must move about with a background individual unto myself. I'm unhappy out of background, so to speak. Everyone is so, I think. It is the eternal feminine. Some of us, being more intensely feminine than others, are more definite in our selections of backgrounds. That is all."

She paused to watch a pigeon which had paused in its flight to sun itself on the water's edge—

She seemed to belong here somehow—and in belonging, to become a part of it all—the miniature bridges spanning the rippling waters, born of a spouting geyser, sunlight filtering thru the bamboo screens with the ferns growing on the banks and Buddha, serene and complacent.

Photograph by Lumière

There is something vivid about her, and more than just that, she is vital, every fibre of her being gloriously alive. When her husband died, leaving her with the year-old boy, she raised her head from out of the pitiful chaos of the dreams they had dreamed and the things they had built together, to stand erect and go on, rebuilding. Above, a character pose as she appears in "Dead Men Tell No Tales," and left.

Paul Armstrong

majestically presiding over it all. She seemed redolent of ancient civilization, sitting there dressed in black satin and wearing many ropes of pearls; her hair black like the raven and all the mystery of the Old World in her eyes with her clear skin of a tint like old ivory.

All this despite her Irish ancestry.

I mentioned this to her and she laughed.

"Those Irish ancestors!" she exclaimed, "They must have found the Spaniards quite irresistible when they invaded the coast of Gaul. That would account beautifully for my distinctly Latin tendencies. I acknowledge them, certainly, for I find myself constantly favoring the Spanish, even in my (continued on page 118)
A Thrilling Interview

his young nephew (Niles Welsh) while he loudly declared his disgust that said nephew had changed his name from Peter to Percival, while attending college in the East.

After the second rehearsal, Director Jack Conway tipped his straw hat over his eyes to shade them from the light and calmly remarked, "That's good, children. Let go, Camera."

And just as the camera started clicking—it happened. The earth rose up and shook, violently. The huge stage rocked back and forth like a house of cards, the dishes rattled across the table, the lights swayed wildly on their cords. "Earthquake!" exclaimed everyone in perfect unison and we held our breath, wondering what would happen next.

Being a harmless little quake, however, it lasted but an instant and after an animated chatter, while each tried to tell his own peculiar sensations during the trembler, the

"Our greatest sport is camping," Niles Welsh said. "We have a trailer for our automobile with two tents and everything to be comfortable and we take Patty, our bulldog, and go gypsyng for a week or two at a time. I come home feeling like a prize-fighter." Above, a new photograph; right, at home with Dell Boone Welsh and Patty, and, bottom, a snap taken in the garden.

My interview with Niles Welsh proved a thrilling affair.

I found this good looking young fellow, who is fast winning wide favor playing leads in many of the recent all-star productions, busy at work at the Brunton studios in Hollywood. After a cheery greeting given in his own charming manner, he returned to the set where the Bines family of Montana were rehearsing a heated breakfast discussion for "The Spenders," a Benjamin B. Hampton big special.

"Uncle Peter," who was none other than Joseph J. Dowling of "The Miracle Man" fame, with a concealing beard and severe mien, was wrathfully shaking his finger at...
scene was started all over again and went on to its comically dramatic close.

This ended Niles' work for a few hours and we found a secluded little nook in the Japanese garden, alluring with its warm moonlit fragrance of roses and magnolias, and resumed our talk.

"My first thought was of Dell," began Mr. Welsh, referring to the recent excitement. "She's out in the car—somewhere, and I do hope she wasn't frightened," and the popular actor became the solicitous husband, for after three and a half years of marriage, happiness in her most lavish moods, still abides with the Welshes.

I soon found that his lovely wife was a favorite topic and he told me of their marriage in Jacksonville, Florida, while he was co-starring with Grace Darmond in "The Gulf Between," the first picture ever made in natural colors.

"We had expected to be south but a few weeks," said Niles, "and had planned to be married in New York on our return but when we discovered we would be there five whole long months, we decided not to wait and we spent our honeymoon making that picture.

"No, Dell isn't in pictures any more. She is a homebody and also attends to the business of our little firm of Welsh and Welsh. She has brains as well as beauty and I am mighty lucky to have a little girl like her. Why, I don't even make out the checks," and he laughed, boyishly.

Already owning their pretty bungalow in Hollywood, they have purchased pro-


derty in the same block with William Hart, Wanda Hawley, William Desmond and Wallace Reid, and are in the throes of house plans. They are to build a home strictly following the Spanish style of architecture, with tile roof and patio, and there is to be a fascinating scheme of landscape gardening.

"We're both quiet in our tastes," he went on, "and Dell has a special talent for home making. When I am working, I find that I must have rest and aside from a dash down to the ocean for a swim and an occasional game of tennis, we stay at home.

"Rest of all, I found that Niles and Dell play together. This is perhaps, the real marital barometer.

"Between pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, that is different. Our greatest sport is camping. We have a trailer for our automobile, with two tents and

(Continued on page 103)
The Romance of Mildred

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

in Chicago, it was one dream come true. And then, her father died and there was no income. "Just a big, big house that we couldn't eat and I—being young, craved nourishment," she said. Her art studies had not progressed to the point where they could in any way count as an asset, but she had considerable success posing for posters, magazine covers, etc. Finally, her cousin, Mildred Considine, for whom she is named, suggested that Miss Reardon go to a picture studio and apply for a job.

"I went three times before I could get up my courage to go in," she said, "but a director told me to come back next day and bring a pair of pajamas and he would use me in a comedy. I did so, and after having a blackberry pie thrown at my eighteen dollar pajamas and receiving three-fifty for the day's work, I decided I was off pictures for life.

"So I joined the 'Follies of 1918' then playing in Chicago. I was crazy about it and when they left Chicago for New York I came too and began rehearsals for the 'Follies of 1919.' It was my first visit to New

(Continued on page 108)

"And then," blushed Mildred Reardon, "what do you suppose I did. I got married. It was a real romance too, for 'Runt' saw me on the screen about a year ago and fell in love with me—or so he says. Did you ever hear of anything more ridiculous? But anyway he followed me in every picture I did—then I met him—and, well, fell in love with him!"
The Highest Bidder

By JANET REID

I

I've had enough of women ... potential parasites if not damnable active ones.

Horace Ashe surveyed his young friend and vis-à-vis with shrewd appraisement. He sensed hurt rather than vindictiveness in the younger man's impetuous exclamation. The heart was speaking rather than the spleen.

"What's up now?" Ashe asked; "I knew it was a woman when you turned up so unexpectedly. I must admit I did not expect—at, Sally—"

Henry Lester swung his foot. The late sun glinted his finely groomed head, his nervous hands, played on his eyes in which there lingered, reluctant, tenacious vestiges of dreams ... "Sally is a surprise," he admitted; "rather naive of me, you're thinking, I suppose.

Fact of the matter is, Ashe, that my 'story' is so confoundedly like the best short story in every monthly magazine that I'm ashamed of it. Money ... my father's. Too much of it. That's item one in my present rôle as misanthrope and cynic. Lack of responsibility

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Told in short story form, by permission, from the goldwyn production based on the story by Maxmillian Foster. Directed by Wallace Worsley and starring Madge Kennedy. The cast—

Sally ... Madge Kennedy
Horace Ashe ... Joseph Brenman
Butts ... Brian Darby
Mrs. Steese ... Zelda Sears
Mr. Steese ... Roy Applegate
Mawdry ... Reginald Mason
Hastings ... Vernon Steele
Lester ... Lionel Atwill
Fanny de Witt ... Virginia Hammond

I

them at the lady's French heels. I forgot my money and, in the green sickness of my youth, I assumed that so had she. We talked marriage, love, cottages, cheese, kisses and children. Ah, the pale folly! And then, (this is the last chapter but one) she jilted me! Threw me down. With my hopes at their apex; my passion at its zenith; my happiness vaulting heaven-high she handed me the go-by to marry Fidler deWitt, estimated as being worth two millions more than your humble servant.

"Even then am I original? No. Do I depart from the beaten track of the Best Sellers? No. I get drunk. I maintain a blonde harem. I seek surcease in travels and write recriminations and abominable verse. I wear a blight as one wears a crown, consciously. I wallow have a thoroly good time of it, no doubt. I fulfil my destiny. Then ... in the far West I meet A Girl. Sally. You must admit, Ashe, she too, is the approved type. Sweet, my God! Innocent . . . ah, yes! Young ... deviously Poor enough. And here you are! But now, Ashe, now I depart, ever so slightly, from the fictionally blazed trail. I, in fact, deviate Or rather, Sally does. She doesn't fall on my chest with tears and sobs and swears she loved me since first she saw me displayed on the Sunday supplement. She doesn't call me her dearest. Not she. She's in the swim with the best of 'em. Ashe. She's a schemer, not a dreamer. She's for my coin not for my caring. Today, today on board my yacht-I
planned to tell her how dear she seemed to me. I sat and watched her and the absurd thought came to me that I was attaining in merely sitting there and seeing her more than ever I had attained before in all my victories. Incurable, you see, Ashe? Well ... coming back, I told her of my love. I tried to take her in my arms. My fool heart was pounding like a steam engine. I felt her shiver, Ashe, draw away. There was shudder not surrender.

Lester jumped up from his chair, the nerves about his still sensitized mouth twitching. "Incurable," he muttered again, while the elder man watched him, his habitually cynical eyes a trifle more tolerant and infinitely wise. Lester strode over to the rail, and mounted it. "That night I came home," he went on, "and you had the folded for me down at the old place on the Square ... you remember? Fannie deWitt was there — and Sally and her Aunt. Sally played an old song I had composed years ago and I remember thinking the old walls were consecrated because her voice rang against them so sweetly and truly. We never learn, do we, Ashe? And then we die ... jolly!"

Ashe spoke quietly: "Well, what're you going to do?" he asked, "you've got the crowd up here for a fortnight. Are you going to ship Sally and her little, climbing Aunt (of course, it's the Aunt's game) back again? Are you going to 'make' Town Topics and start the Sunday specials again. Fannie deWitt is still hoping, I take it. As soon as she obtains her divorce from deWitt she's going to rebait her trap for you. What are you going to do?"

The younger man gave a sort of grunt. "I'm not going to fall into any trap," he said; "not one set by a young fool nor yet by an old 'un. I'm going to have a little fun on my own score this trip. I'm going to put a new twist into the Best Sellers. . . . Sit tight, Ashe, and watch me."

A day or two later the house party at Ferncliff on the Hudson, consisting of Mrs. Steese, her niece Sallie Raeburn, Horace Ashe, Mrs. Fannie deWitt and one or two inconsequential persons who danced and played bridge, was augmented by the arrival of a svete young man called Jimmie Hastings.

Mrs. deWitt said he was a "love" — and he and Sally danced together divinely. Everybody said so, and Jimmie and Sally seemed to think so, since they spent most of their time in doing it.

He was fabulously wealthy, it seemed. His yacht lay on the river and he drove a stunning Packard.

Mrs. Steese displayed a singular drop of interest in Henry Lester. She was tooothsome in the extreme to young Hastings. Her eyes, beaming admiration, followed Sally and Hastings whenever they were in range of her vision. She implored her fellow guests if they weren't "too sweet" and if the guests did not always reply in an enthusiastic affirmative their host did. He was lavish in his admiration of the twain. "It will make a splendid match," he averred, with a detached interest.

Mrs. Steese said, with ringed hands, uplifted deploringly; "Oh, Mr. Lester, how can you, now how can you? Isn't he just too bold!

Nevertheless, she fiddled another tune to Sally.

After a trip into town one day she came upon Sally on the front veranda.

"I've just seen Steese," she informed the girl in a rather grim stage whisper; "you've got to put one of these men across, Sally Raeburn, I'm getting sick of this shilly-shallying as tho you had some right to pick and choose and consult your own heart. You know what's said about sharper than a serpent's tooth are the teeth of an ingrate. . . . No, I'm not misquoting. I've always been noted for my memory if for nothing else and my memory doesn't deceive me that I found you, orphaned and all but friendless in a Western one-horse town and saw your possibilities and promised to give you entrance into wealth if you'd annex

"Today . . . today on board my yacht I planned to tell her how dear she seemed to me. I sat and watched her and the absurd thought came to me that I was attaining in merely sitting there and seeing her more than I ever had attained before in all my victories."
some of that wealth and reimbursed me for my pains. And what have you done? You've turned down one congressman, two oil magnates, one movie producer besides endless small fry with as high a hand as one bred to the manor born... or is it narrow bone? Now the game's up. Steese is pressing me for money and threatens to come out here and show us up if we don't make a move and that soon. I know Steese. He'll tell your precious Hastings and then you'll lose him. You must bring him to the point, Sally, and that at once. You must.

Sally moved toward the door.

"I'm sorry I ever entered this horrid mess," she said; "I might better have starved. I'm... I'm doing worse as it is... much, much worse. I know it now."

Alone in her room, Sally admitted to herself that she loved Henry Lester. She admitted it with a little moan proceeding from her heart. He knew, she knew that she knew, what her intent in his direction had been. He had categorized Aunt Steese and in that category he had placed herself, Sally... It was as plain as plain. He had loved her at first; believed in her. Then... he had found out. Cheap, he thought her, cheap and calloused, eager to sell the gifts of her youth and caress to the highest bidder. Well, he had produced Hastings for her as the highest bidder, and now he was standing by to witness the transaction. He was playing a game with Hastings and with her, even as he knew she and Aunt Steese had planned to play a game with him and with his ducats.

"Oh, I wish he were poor!" the girl moaned; "I wish he were poor and I could go to him... to him alone.

Later that evening Hastings proposed marriage and Sally refused him. "I can't," she told him; "I don't know why, but I just can't. Something won't let me."

"Are you sure it isn't someone?" Hastings inquired, with a somewhat unpleasant laugh.

"I'm not sure of anything," Sally snapped, and left him standing there.

At the same moment, Lester was discovering that he must have Sally, be her motives in coming to him what they might. He loved her and there was an end to it. He felt that he could make her happy—providing—she hadn't come to love Hastings.

He confided his predicament to Ashe. "I've played her a trick," he said; "I imported this man Hastings from the streets, as it were... a gentleman-pauper is Hastings! Offered him a price to pose as one of our foremost millionaires and I'll say he's posed! He knows how I stand on the matter, with Sally, that is, and he's as independent as the next one. Threatens, very subtly, to disclose my little scheme if I fail to give him a free rein with Sally. I'm up against it, Ashe. My little game has reacted against me—a boom-crang. That girl won't be happy with that bounder. I feel she could learn to be happy with me. I've got to have her."

"Tell her the truth," suggested the elder man; "it's always the trump card, at that. Probably she won't believe you, but if she loves you, even potentially, it won't matter whether she believes you or not."

"I'll go to the library," Lester said, perceptibly nervous, "will you look her up for me, Ashe, and send her in, there's a good chap. I—damn it all, I suppose she's with Hastings in some secluded spot."

"No doubt," Ashe agreed, rising somewhat heavily, "youth gravitates naturally to secluded spots, or so I dimly recollect."

Ashe found Sally quivering from her refusal of Hastings. The girl was palpably unstrung and unnerved. Ashe seemed elderly and sympathetic, which he was. Sympathy was her natural reaction to beauty in distress. She sobbed out her woes and, having reached years of discretion, Ashe resisted a faint temptation to gather him roses while he might, and sent her in to Lester, pacing the library floor, with sharp staccato steps.

Lester "spilled the beans," as a small vulgarian might have described a thrilling situation. His savoir faire fell
Sally's brow quivered. Her heart was in chaos. Her emotions scuffled wildly. Then she said, sternly:

"I've been punished enough. You don't love me—you never did—or you couldn't have done this. I did love you. You may as well know it, now. I did love you. That's why I held away from you that day you kissed me. I didn't bear to go to you as I wanted to go—with the sham I was acting between us. I didn't care for your money—ever. I don't care for it now. If you didn't have it—oh, if you didn't! But you have. Hastings, hasn't. He's like me—he's poor and reviled and an imposter. I'll marry him. We'll go away together and learn to hold up our heads. Your game'll come out all right...you'll see! Oh, you must hate me, not love me...you..."

"Sally...please!" Lester stepped out into the hall, but the girl had gone.

Later that evening in his room, while Sally was packing the few things left her to pack, he wrote Mrs. Steese a substantial check to compensate her for her dis-appointment. "It's much better as it is," he told her; "a man only compiles things. Now you have the money minus the complication."

Mrs. Steese, turned ingénue again, giggled at him. "Oh, Mr. Lester," she said, "you're terrible to me...just terrible! How can you?"

Still later, Lester bade good-bye to Ashe and Fannie de Witt. Fannie, it seemed, was going to pay a visit at the home of Ashe. It had become evident, even to her self-soaked sensibilities, that she had lost Lester conclusively when she removed from him the sheen of his early faiths. He was in that most lamentable and hopeless state...ignorance of her feminine existence. He revolved about her with the perfunctory courtesy of a host. Nothing more. Absolutely. Fannie had no time to waste in tracking down vague scents. Ashe, now...he was getting on...if, from the heart of the rose, a few overblown petals were falling who was he to complain? Or to eschew? And then, the Ashe estate was considerable...considerable...One must take what one can get...

Lester returned to his empty house. How empty the ache in his heart told his as he stepped into the hall.

"Well, Tim," he said to the butler, "alone again."

"Mr. Hastings is still here, sir," the man said.

"I thought he had left with Miss Sally. She said she gave me to understand..."

"He's in his room, sir, packing. He just sent for me."

Lester made Hastings' apartments in two bounds and a run. He found that manufactured millionaire whistling over his considerable luggage, purchased, as it had been, hastily with Lester's money.

"Where is Miss Raeburn?" Lester jerked out the words. The imposter grinned with his suave impudence.

"She came up and offered to marry me, for reformative purposes," he said; "mutually reformative, she said, I admit. But I had since ascertained that dear Sally is penniless and I had the bad grace to refuse and send her about her business. She's gone, my dear fellow, gone...about her business."

Lester called him unthinkable names, but he couldn't keep the light from his eyes. She had gone...alone. That meant..."
During that hour he had had time to sum up how much he wanted her; how little of a misanthrope he really was when it came to a woman, to this one woman. He dispensed with theories then and there. Theories didn’t count, couldn’t be counted upon—damn it, where was she? Suppose she had come to harm? Suppose . . . suppose he didn’t—find—her? This brought sweat to his brow and acceleration of speed to his car. He had got to find her. It meant—well, it meant all anything can mean. It meant the justification of his life. It meant the love he had eschewed and put down as theory. Theory! Bah!

Every new turn in their lives seemed to show him again more sharply how he wanted her.

He didn’t want her to talk, at first, until he perceived it was her uppermost need at the time. She had to talk. Misunderstandings, hurts and bruises of the years, the necessities that had acted as spurs deciding her to do the thing she had done; all of this had to be explained to him, to be condoned, to be docketed and ticketed and put away, never again to be disturbed. Hers, he saw, with an added thrill, was a nature of essential truths and franknesses. She had started out with the mythical “Aunt,” believing she was doing a justifiable thing. Little by little her feet had become immeshed in the nets the older woman was weaving, nets of avarice, graft, even petty blackmail. She was becoming involved, too, in obligations. She had been a child lost in a confusing labyrinth as night was coming on. He felt only pity for her; pity mingled with his tender love.

An hour later, threading the roads leading from Ferncliff to the station, Lester tracked her down.

She was carrying a small straw suitcase and she had on a simple gingham dress. Mrs. Steese having removed from her the garments purchased under her tutelage.

Lester caught her in his arms.

“Let’s pretend,” he choked; that it’s only you and me . . . and life. That there’s no money, no impostors, no bad, bad plans and plots, no schemes . . . just dreams, can you, dearest? Pretend it’s you . . . and me . . .”

Sally was in his arms. “But ’tisn’t ‘pretend,’” she whispered; “it’s real.”

But it was sort of “pretend,” because they both lived happily ever after, which, as we all know, is the special province of the fairy tales.
At Dawning - -

and the mythical Three Graces to cover, for very fear of their long credited laurels.

As she took my hand in greeting, I thought: "She is beautiful." Then I thought, "But so are many others. Beauty is a matter of cuticle, and we are used to cuticle. There is something beyond mere beauty here. What is it?"

Almost at once the answer came to me, in duplex form; "She is excessively feminine. She is the most feminine woman I recall meeting. And secondly, she is close, still close, to the fundamentals of life and of living. She has not lost the natural impulses and impressions. She is in touch with

'I live and breathe and wake solely for the screen nowadays," said Hope Hampton.

"You see, I never thought a thing like this would happen to me. I wasn't a stage child, nor in any sense affiliated with the stage." Left and below, two new portraits

Photographs by Evans, L.A.
By
GLADYS HALL

the animating fount at the sources of existence, where in the Beginning, Man drank the living waters before super-artificiality laid layer upon layer over the essentials and produced us, as so many of us are, a hybrid race, befuddled and confused.

There is nothing confused about Miss Hampton. She has none of the average person's petty fears; petty doubts, petty complications. There is something clean-cut and fine about her. Hers is a chiseled personality.

I found, upon better acquaintance, and better acquaintance with Miss Hampton develops as rapidly as delightfully, because she is warmly and at once herself, and one can but respond in kind, that just as clearly as I had divined these qualities just as clearly does Miss Hampton possess them.

She is superlatively feminine. Because: Your truly feminine woman is best known by her little

Photograph Central News Photo Service

"How about sacrificing beauty to ugly make-up?" I asked Miss Hampton, but she was unshakable. "I want to create," she said. "There is distortion in the world as well as form and color. Creation is all-embracing and not single-tracked." Above, another new portrait, and left, an informal photograph taken in her apartment

idiosyncrasies, her little foolish fads and fumbles Miss Hampton has these. One is seldom loved most greatly for the great and good that is in one. One is loved for the little endearing characteristics, springing, so our modern psychologists tell us, from the afore-aid great and good. A paradox, but so is life a paradox, and we are but the manifold expressions of a universal life.

The first principle of femininity is love of fine feathers. Miss Hampton loves them. What's more she has a natural gift of selection and a still more natural grace of wearing. She never deliberately shops. She leaves her shopping to chance. Most of the good things, she believes, "just happen," and so, while riding in her car, a gown, a hat, a wrap, one or more of these things will suddenly leap out and catch her eye from a shop window and, unerringly, she will know it for her own. The deed is done.

"Shopping as most women know it," Miss Hampton explained to me; "is probably one of our best

(Continued on page 112)
It takes a certain courage to seek unceasingly that nook in the world of things for which you are fitted—and those lacking this courage dedicate their life and their energies to building for themselves failure, square pegs in the proverbial round hole.

Ward Crane is, undoubtedly, endowed with this courage abundantly. Had it been with him a negative quantity he would not be known to the silversheet today—rather he would be plodding wearily along in a railroad office in Albany.

It was in his suite at the Algonquin, one of the hotels visited by those of the theatrical realm, that I talked with him. He had just returned from California and was busily at work with Billie Burke on “The Frisky Mrs. Johnson.”...
and I don't know just the proper attitude to adopt. I'm not an especially interesting sort—my father had a railroad job in Albany when I was a kid and when I was old enough to start out for myself they offered me a place in the offices. I took it but didn't keep it long. The family—"he smiled reminiscently—"they thought I was lazy and a plain failure, and they hinted openly that I'd land something as good. Looking back on it all now, I can feel sorry for my family, for I guess I did appear pretty hopeless. After that I took several jobs.

"The trouble was," he went on, "that I had made up my mind to have my own car, a decent bank account and several other things not in line with the salaries I could hope to win. The first thing I'd do when I went to a new place (and that was darn often, believe me) was to look at the boss. I knew with luck smiling upon me that his place was the best I could achieve for myself there. I wish," he said, "you could have seen some of my former employers. You wouldn't have blamed me for quitting.

Like every other flitter, I eventually landed in politics and no matter what I do, I'll never find anything more fascinating. I know. My political career was an eventful one. I was confidential secretary to Sulzer before he was impeached. Politics pleased me and I'd probably be in them yet had it not been for the war."

Again the telephone—

But there was more to his story and I determined to wait. An interview is an interview.

There are some people who go their way, doing what they do because they wish to do it and without consideration for others' feelings in any matter. Ward Crane is not that sort. It took a great courage for him to do things.

(Continued on page 10)
Unchanging

The following talk with Mr. Harron took place a fortnight before his death. In the sad pause immediately subsequent I felt, perhaps, that I should rewrite it, delete it, leave it unpublished altogether or, at least, apologize for it. The great and good in Bobbie seemed to stand forth so clearly, so luminously, that I felt it an intrusion to write thus trivially of so profound a subject. And then, remembering him as I do remember him, whimsical, humorous, boyish, oh, so human, I felt that he would wish it to stand as it was written and felt and lived—just as it happened on that sunshiny day of inconsequential talk and happy, light impressions. I felt that he would prefer it without ornamentation, simply as it occurred.

For the great fact of Bobbie Harron was, is, shall always be, his great sincerity. From his candid brow and thoughtful eyes; from the deeply memorable simplicity of his screen work; from his kindly voice and earnest handshake, it stands forth, and will stand, never tarnished, never faltering, never dimmed. Where many things were cheap, he never was. Where many

stoope to false standards, he stood erect. With trust and faith and cleanliness he kept unswerving tryst . . .

It was a midsummery midsummer day and the M. E. (Managing Editor) and I entrained for the Griffith Studio to snare who might be snared. We were indolent but interrogative. Arrived at the Mamaroneck station the 'bus met us and we jogged hugely to the point on the Sound, stopping en route for the corpulent Griffith mail.

There were puffs of salt wind, considerable play of sun and shade and all the scents of summer. A day for ambling byways of conversation; for little interludes of inconsequential talk. The inconsequential may be immensely re-

(Cont'd on page 116)
That's Out

By TAMAR LANE

Photograph by International

Our idea of an optimist is a man who pays good money to see "Help Yourself" and then figures it was worth the price of admission because of the good sleep he had.

Speaking of sleep, Fox recently presented a new film in New York, entitled "While New York Sleeps." After the showing it was resolved by many that a more fitting title would be "Why New York Sleeps."

A film company on the Coast has been forced to call a halt in its production of the screen version of "Hamlet." The director has so far been unable to think of any way to bring on the bathing girls.

Because of the Prohibition Act, the motion picture adaptation of "Ten Nights in a Barroom" has been changed to "Ten Minutes in a Drug-store." The entire action takes place behind the counter.

Apparently, the favorite sport of movie heroes and villains is to kiss the fair heroine on the hand. Whether this is good or bad taste is a question for Hoyle, but in real life it isn't being done, doncher know. It isn't being done.

What has become of the Wolf of Wall Street who used to hold such a conspicuous place on the screen? But the landlady-who-wants-the-rent is still with us.

Neal O'Hara says that the bathing girl studio is one place where the imagination is not stretched half so much as the one-piece bathing suits.

One of Life's Little Puzzles

Why individuals fall to the ground, in the movies, when they're only shot in the elbow.

Another example of the old saying, "His face is his fortune."—Will Rogers.

Foolish Question No. 000

Why are all villains dark? Why not have a blond do the dirty-work for a change:

In the scenario writing game the first 4,000 feet are the hardest. Then comes the same old final fade-out that was all the rage when Griffith used to direct little Mary in one reelers.

It begins to look as tho Henry Ford did a great thing for the slapstick comedians when he invented the flivver. What comedy would be complete without one.

Why Not?

Mildred Harris in "Dont Ever Marry." Charlie Chaplin in "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse."

A new actress by the name of Faith Hope has made her bow on the screen with Pathé. The public is probably expected to supply the Charities.

A telephone booth is the only place where you get more for your money than at a movie. You simply put in a nickle and then you can stay there for the rest of the day.

In the movies it only takes about three seconds to get a number, and the lines are never "lousy." How do they do it?

The best way to be sure that the photoplag is advancing is to see some of the reissues of the plays we used to think were good.
Miss Ibsen

By

GRACE LAMB

“I have come to the conclusion,” smiled Winifred Westover, “that one has to step aside from the beaten track, to attempt and achieve the unusual in one form or another before the Great American Public will actually and enthusiastically 'fall.'" Above, a new portrait, center and below, two scenes from her first Swedish production, "The Smile That Was Found Again"

Probably we shall never know the precise physical types Ibsen had in mind when he created for us the immortal figures of Nora, of Hilda Wangel, Hedda Gabler, Regina and the tragic introspective, strangely vital others. Over here in America we are prone to think of them all largely in lineaments of Nazimova, who interpreted so many of them for us. Over in Sweden, Thera Holm, writer, editor (of motion picture publications, women's magazines, etc.) thinks rather differently—in conjunction with the producing company. She has selected to portray the Ibsen characters, Winifred Westover, of Swedish extraction but American birth and breeding—and an English father. Miss Westover, affirms Miss Holm, is the perfect Swedish type of which there are amazingly few survivals.

The perfect Swedish type, then, as beheld by me in the Hotel Pennsylvania, on the day of Miss Westover's departure has a pallor of skin, pale gold hair, round contour of face, wide apart, very grey eyes and a strongly knit, moderately propor-
Wilma Wild, alias Katrinka, is the Amazonian figure in the illustrative photographs. Miss Wild was chosen in preference to many others, and it is said that she gives an excellent portrayal of the "Queen of the Swedes."

Be sure the movies will find your fame out. Katrinka, long popular in the comic sections, has, like all noted people, come to the cinema. She is to make her début soon in the first of a series of comedies produced by the Detritwood Film Company.
Across the Silversheet

New Cinema Offerings in Review

News of her motherhood comes to the household where she is employed and, the puritanical instincts of the New Englanders rampant, she is turned out into the storm and the night. David follows but in the blinding blizzard he is unable to overtake her before she reaches the ice-caked river where she sinks exhausted. When the ice jam breaks he sees her rapidly floating towards the falls and rescues her at the risk of his own life as the ice cake upon which she lies prostrated, is about to precipitate down the icy waterfall. With all of her story known, the past is forgotten and the picture leaves Anna and David entering the state of matrimony.

This story is one of the strongest arguments in favor of melodrama that the screen has ever witnessed, for the drama is, in no instance, permitted to submerge the human note and it is well interspersed with light comedy touches.

As always in a production created under the direction of

The last month has brought to the silversheet the latest endeavor of that standard-bearer of cinema artistry, D. W. Griffith, in that it has witnessed the premiere of "Way Down East," which Mr. Griffith himself describes as "a simple story of plain people."

The "Way Down East" of the screen is an elaboration of the "Way Down East" which has played on the stage for years, in that the heroine, little Anna Moore, goes to the city to visit her wealthy relatives and it is while there that she becomes the innocent bride of a mock marriage.

The remainder of the story tells of her learning of the falsity of her marriage, as she is about to become a mother. When her baby dies she seeks work in an adjoining village where the son of the house, David Bartlett, returns her affection, but, always thinking of the mark which the past has left upon her, she will not marry
Mr. Griffith that which is unpleasant is sketched in pastel tones; never flagrant, never obtruding but always effective.

Too, the photography makes the offering a series of exquisite pictures which are in several instances beautifully tinted.

The cast which includes Richard Barthelmess, Mary Hay, Creighton Hale, Lowell Sherman, Burr McIntosh, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Kate Bruce and other capable players is well chosen but to Lillian Gish goes the major portion of the honors. She is a new Lillian, offering a portrayal which will stand foremost among the characterizations of the screen. As little Anna Moore she finds a wide range for her emotions, playing every scene in the right key, at the right tempo. She is, undoubtedly, a great artist.

The producers are quite right when they term this latest brain-child of the great Griffith an epic.

WHAT WOMEN LOVE—FIRST NATIONAL

As might be expected when Annette Kellermann is starred, "What Women Love" is a story laid, for the most part, on top of and under the briny deep with the Woman Beautiful exhibiting her prowess at swimming and diving.

The story tells of James King Cotton, who is a first-class reformer, reforming everything he can lay his hands on except, as a matter of fact, his daughter, who constantly indulges in the immodest bathing suit, against which he has waged a crusade. The newspapers, of course, take great delight in photographing daughter as she dispets herself about the sands. Because of this state of affairs, father in all his reformer dignity accepts the invitation of Willie St. John, a suitor for daughter's hand, and the family in toto embark aboard Willie's yacht for Hawaii. Now, somewhere in the lovelorn columns, Willie has read that women love the caveman and Willie has heretofore suggested anything but the caveman. Resolving to change his tactics, he tells father that he is going to kidnap daughter and this he proceeds to do while father, with visions of daughter married and settled down so that he may reform in peace, makes no attempt to stop him. But alas for Willie's plans. He finds that the captain of the kidnapping sloop has designs upon the girl and worse yet —

(Continued on page 119)
After dinner, he and his sister departed for a movie. This is their regular evening routine.

It seems to me that Mr. Hart is looking more vigorous and handsome than ever, and I still think that my phrase, "a priest with a punch," is the most apt description ever coined to fit this noble portrayor of Western roles.

Another Big Bill was at Marcell's that evening, no other than William Russell. That old, old phrase, "he is better looking off the screen than on," must be taken out of its moth-balls and used once more to describe Mr. Russell. And, incidentally, he can dance!

Speaking of dances, Sunset Inn at Santa Monica was the scene, recently, of one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. The arrangements were in the capable hands of Tom Mix. The most distinguished men and women of the film world were present, and the place was ablaze with gorgeous gowns and magnificent jewels. Pauline Stark and Jackie White won the silver cup for being the best dancers. Among those present were: Phyllis Haver, wearing black velvet; Shirley Mason, in a Collins model of blue duvetyn and monkey fur; Viola Dana, in a Collins model of black velvet and silver; "Wid" Gunning, Lottie Pickford, in black lace; Alice Lake, in white lace over satin; Mona Lisa, Eileen Percy, Allan Dwan, Harold Lloyd, Frank Keenan, Mary Thurman, Buster Keaton, Allan Holubar, Dorothy Phillips, James Kirkwood, George Beban, Seena Owen and many others.

Everytime we meet, Cecil de Mille and I argue over married life, and when we have finished he always says:

"You are only arguing against yourself, for you believe the same as I... You know you do."

**California Chatter**

By

HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

MONTHS ago that snappy little restaurant and cabaret in Los Angeles named Levy's was the Mecca of the headliners in cinema society. Today its dusty and cobwebby doors are covered with worn signs of an auction of its effects, which has become history.

The dry law was to blame for Levy's failure to continue to please the photocrats of the film world. Today they seek a more replendent palace in which to partake of their evening meal and indulge in a perfectly proper fox-trot.

Marcell's is now the place to dine if you wish to see just what your favorite star looks like in flesh and blood. The other evening I had the pleasure of dining at the table next to the one occupied by Bill Hart and his sister, Miss Mary Hart. They were quite enthusiastic over their new home on the outskirts of Hollywood, but, like all true home lovers, they were taking an evening's rest from the rigors of housekeeping.

Big Bill told me he had been hit again on the jaw in a fight for his new picture. He said he didn't mind getting hit, he was trained to that, but he objected to getting hit in the same place every time he staged a fight, as he put the value of his own teeth far above those supplied by the dentist.
In one stunning set—
everything to keep your nails beautifully manicured

In ten minutes, with these Cutex manicure preparations, you can transform nails you are ashamed of.

Start today to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful. No matter how rough and ragged the skin around your nails is, no matter how ugly cutting the cuticle has made them, you can almost instantly change them into nails that are noticeably lovely.

Without trimming or cutting of any kind, Cutex keeps the skin at the base of the nail smooth, firm and unbroken. Just file your nails to the proper length and shape. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. With a little cotton wrapped around the end of the stick and dipped in Cutex, work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle as you dry them.

For fascinatingly snowy nail tips, apply just a bit of Cutex Nail White under the nails. You will delight in the fashionable finish that the Cutex Polish gives. Your first manicure will show you how lovely nails can look.

For Christmas and birthday presents

Last year over three hundred thousand women bought Cutex sets during the holiday season. Before you plan a single Christmas gift, look at these Cutex sets. Read the descriptions alongside of each picture. Any one of the three—in its handsome Christmas wrapper—makes a present that is new and fashionable.

Any drug or department store in the United States, in Canada and in England has Cutex manicure preparations. Don't let another day go by until you have secured Cutex. Get your set today. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York.

The Cutex Traveling Set
$1.50

Contents: just what you need to keep your nails beautifully manicured—make-up remover; Cutex Cuticle Remover, that does away with rough cuticles; Cutex Nail White, to remove stains and discolorations and give your nail tips a snowy white; Cutex Cuticle Polish and Cutex Plain Polish ensure to give your nails the fashionable touch.

In addition, you get a double-cut steel file, eyer brushes, orange stick, absorbent cotton, and an invaluably little bottle of the care of the nails. All combined in a stunning set.

The Cutex Boudoir Set only $3.00

This more elaborate set contains, in addition to the contents of Cutex Traveling Set, Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Polish, plateau and polish buffer and Cutex Cold Cream. In addition you get your choice black, emery boards, flexible double-ended steel file and a bluish-white buffer with remarkable polish. A really impressive Christmas present.

The Cutex Compact Set all the essentials

60 cents

This is the Cutex set of a thousand uses. Many women buy one of these at a time. Each contains a miniature package of Cutex Cuticle Remover; Cutex Nail White; Cutex Polish; Cuticle Oil; and cotton puff. In addition you get a double-cut steel file and a bluish-white buffer with remarkable polish. A really impressive Christmas present.

Cutex

Manicure Preparations

60c.
given copies of his scenario to study and are supposed to in attendance every day to watch him take the scenes. In this way they learn the practical rudiments of the game. When the present picture, which, by the way, is called "Forbidden Fruit," is finished, Mr. de Mille will give them each a scenario to write, and the authors of those that prove successful will be employed at a good salary.

Julia Faye is considered one of the most clever actresses at the Lasky studio and, it is said, would have been elevated to stardom long ago if she had only possessed a little more beauty. She is a very young girl, quite small and chic looking. They say she will develop into a great character actress when she "grows up."

I was chatting with Tommy Meighan the other day between scenes for his latest starring picture, "Easy Street." He told me of an interesting experience he had some years ago while touring this country in the "speakeys" with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm." In some small town, a young writer came out with this criticism, "Mr. Meighan makes love like a pig." You can judge for yourself how unjust and ridiculous this was. That night at a fashionable club where Mr. Meighan was the guest of honor he was introduced to the critic, "Mr. So and So?" inquired Tommy to be sure he heard aright.

"Yes, sir," replied the offender.

"I'm so glad to meet you," said Mr. Meighan, grasping the little fellow's hand and crushing it in his powerful clasp.

"I bet it was a long time before he wrote another horrid criticism," laughed Meighan.

Somehow I can't help regretting that Tom Forman has entirely given up acting for directing. Every time I see him he seems to have grown more handsome. But he is as happy as a lark in his present occupation. His latest company besides the star, Tom Meighan, includes Lila Lee and Gladys George.

Colleen Moore is the latest of the younger players to come into her own. She has signed a long-term contract to be featured (Cont'd on page 113)
How to banish the needless flaws that ruin your appearance

It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

WIND and cold, you know, are ruinous to the texture of your skin. They whip the moisture out of it—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. One little slip, and your skin has had its first dangerous lesson on how to grow rough!

Of course you need for this protection a cream which will not make your face look oily before going out. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made without any oil precisely for this daytime and evening use. It cannot reappear in a shine. Lightly touch your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out and your skin will not chap all winter long. Regardless of the weather it will become more and more exquisite in texture.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really, it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay on of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it, and to keep it smooth.

For this use, as for protection from the weather, you need a cream without oil. 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.

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. All the tell-tale weariness around eyes and mouth will vanish. Your skin will gain a new transparency. You need never let it get into the way of staying tired.

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Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

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Whenever you want to look especially lovely, even though you are tired, you can give your complexion new freshness at a moment's notice. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for the eleventh hour freshening of tired, tired skin.

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 deeply into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. Really, it means that you have been allowing your skin to go only half cleansed! To remove this deeply lodged dust you need an entirely different cream, a cream with an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and cleanse them.

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.

Every normal skin needs both these creams. Neither will foster the growth of hair.

Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil
Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings from Everywhere in Playerdom

Rosemary Theby has signed a contract with J. Lincoln Miller whereby she will make four productions a year and will have the distinction of appearing in at least one of the plays of George Bernard Shaw.

Fritz Leiber, well-known actor of Shakespearean roles, supports Vivian Martin in her first Kendall production "Song of the Street." Wilfred North, well-known director and production manager for Eastern Vitagraph, has assumed the position of production manager at the western Vitagraph studio in Hollywood.

Diana Allen, a blonde Swedish maiden who deserted the Century Roof, the "Follies" and the "Frolic," now appears in the play of George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." The role of the character purposes from Mrs. Chas. Adam's achieved one of the successes of her stage career is to be produced for the screen by Paramount.

Maxwell Karger, the director general of Metro's New York studio, will devote his entire time for the ensuing year to the making of five Maxwell Karger specials starring Bert Lytell.

Donald Crisp, director of Paramount pictures, is in England to do a series of pictures at the new London studio of Famous Players-Lasky, which will be released as "Donald Crisp All-British Productions."

Mr. and Mrs. J. Stuart Blackton have been vacationing in England. Commodore and Mrs. Blackton sailed with Sir Thomas Lipton and his party and after arriving in England visited Sir Thomas at his country place at Southgate, Sussex.

Helen Ferguson is working on a new Fox thriller that has the working title "Bimbo."

Olive Thomas whose death in Paris shocked the film world recently was insured for $1,000,000. The same doctor who attended her at her death gave her a health O.K. only three weeks before she sailed for Europe.

After a flying visit to New York, Nazimova has returned to the Coast to begin work in the screen version of "Aphrodite."

Elinor Fair who plays one of the leading roles in "Kismet" with Otto Skinner is supporting Eugene O'Brien in his latest picture "Body and Soul."

Alice Brady's latest picture "The New York Idea," is said to be a satire on New York society. The production was directed by Herbert Blache.

Marguerite Namara who appears in "Stolen Moments," will, it is reported, continue the making of photoplays in conjunction with her concert and operatic work the coming season.

Lois Weber, première woman director of the screen, announces a contract with Paramount-Artcraft Corporation to produce four super-specials, two of which are original stories from Miss Weber's pen.

Clarence L. Brown, Maurice Tourneur's protégé, who directed "The Great Redeemer," has been given a three-year's contract and will make pictures under Tourneur's personal supervision.

Photograph by Jack Freulich
KATHLEEN KIRKHAM

Mildred Harris Chaplin's next picture for First National, a screen adaptation of Thomas Edge- lowe's story "Playthings of Desire," is being made in New York. This will be Mrs. Chaplin's first work in the East.

Montagu Love does not believe in all work and no play. He is taking a "See America First" trip before starting work on his next picture.

Betty Blythe will appear as the Queen of Sheba in a Fox production which bids fair to supersede "Cleopatra" in spectacular effects.

"What Every Woman Knows," Sir James Bar- d, Adams achieved one of the successes of her stage career is to be produced for the screen by Para- mount.

"The Sower," an Allan Dwan production, is also playing a leading role with Alice Brady in a Broadway production titled "An- ders." Rod La Rocque who is playing a principal part in the George Fitzmaurice production "Money Mad," is also playing a leading role with Alice Brady in a Broadway production titled "Anders."

Following his work in "New York Sleeps," Henry Sothern, nephew of H. H. Sothern, has been placed under a long-term contract with William Fox.

Ains Tell is playing a leading part in the George Fitzmaurice production "Money Mad," starring Dorothy Davenport.

Doris May will portray the leading feminine role opposite Holland Foote in the Thomas Dixon special "The Bronze Bell." The story is by Joseph Louis Vance.

Minta Durfee (Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle) is being featured in a series of character comedies produced by Truart Pictures.

Frances Conrad will play leads opposite Chester Conklin in a series of character comedies for Special Pictures.

Bryant Washburn was restrained with difficulty from leaping over the footlights because he saw in Joan Morgan the type of blonde beauty for which he had been searching. Her services were secured later, however, and she is playing opposite Mr. Washburn in his first picture over there.

Anita Stewart, who had been spending the summer at her Long Island home, is making one picture in the East before returning to the Coast.

Madge Kennedy returns to the speaking stage this season under the management of Henry W. Savage as the star of a play by Dodson Mitchell entitled "Cornered."
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Brunswick could do no less
than offer a superior phonograph

While the Brunswick Phonograph has won its great prestige because of its many advancements, it has likewise won its place because of the confidence of the people in the house of Brunswick, a concern known for nearly a century in American industry.

For such a concern, with its heritage of experience, to produce an ordinary phonograph was unthinkable!

In the Brunswick Method of Reproduction are included some of the epoch-making improvements that have won fresh applause for phonographic music. This method has brought an instrument which the most critical prefer.

The Brunswick has taught people that all phonographs are not alike. Tone quality has become a new issue.

To obtain real and lasting satisfaction, make comparisons. Hear this remarkable Brunswick. Become acquainted with its superior tone and its overwhelming advantages. See if you agree that it rings finer tone.

Remember that The Brunswick plays every make of record better. Ask to see how our all-record reproducer, the Ultona, does it.

Hear how it brings out every beauty of a record.

Visit a Brunswick dealer, ask for a demonstration. Then judge the tone, also the finer cabinet work for which Brunswick has long been famous. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, which can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

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Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHES AND RECORDS
Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere
In Playroom

Gareth Hughes, one of the promising young leading men on the screen and stage, has been signed for a term of years by Metro Pictures with the status of a lifetime player.

Nazimova made a personal appearance at the stage recently for the first time in two years at a special review of her production "Madame Peacock." Nazimova was present at the ceremonies at this event to which the Hollywood film company was invited, the proceeds being donated to the family of Eugene Gaudio, who died not long ago and who at one time served as photographer for the great Russian actress.

Edmund Lowe who plays an important part in "The Devil," starring George Arliss, is also rehearsing for the stage play that will be seen on Broadway in the near future.

The great Russian actress, Ida Rubinstein, recently appeared in "The Devil." It is rumored that Ann Forrest is to play a leading role in William D. Mettle's production of "Peter Pan," but whether as Peter or Wendy is not as yet known.

Sylvia Bremer is back again and is being featured in "The Devil," with George Arliss.

Blanche McCall, who came North to play the leading feminine role in Eugene V. Bremer's five-reel production "Love's Redemption," has returned to her home in Texas.

Lucille Langhanke, one of the Fame and Fortune Girls of 1919, has been made a member of the Famous Players stock company. Miss Langhanke will be known to the film world as Mary Astor.

"Fanny Herself," one of Edna Ferber's best-known stories, has been purchased by Universal who promise to treat the story as a "super-production."

Tom Moore has a large film studio in which he is storing pictures, not of himself but of his small daughter, Alice, from the time she played a rattle to her present story book stage.

Madeleine Lubette is the latest Ziegfeld beauty to go into motion pictures. She appears in Robert Chamber's "Cardigan."

Eileen Sedgwick, it is said, wore half a million dollars worth of sparkling diamonds at Universal City for three days recently, to live up to her part in "The Queen of Diamonds."

Miriam Batista, the youngster whose work brought forth much favorable comment in "Humoresque," is seen in support of Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventuress."

When Constance and Norma Talmadge returned from Europe they hardly recognized their New York studio, which, during their absence had been renovated and enlarged, Joseph Schenck having leased it for a term of years the Oliver film studio adjoining the Talmadge quarters.

Metro pictures have loaned Gareth Hughes, their newest male featured player, to Famous Players Company to enact the role of Tommy in a picturization of J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy."" "Lois Wilson will create the screen role of a famous classic "Black Beauty."

Dorothy Gish who suffered a nervous breakdown upon her return from Europe has gone West for a prolonged rest.

Bessie Love's many admirers will be interested to know that she is to publish a book of poems written by herself known as "Bessie Love's Good Night Stories."

It is rumored that in the near future Henri B. Walthall has deserted the pictures for a season on the stage in the London play "Ghosts." After an absence of more than a year Cleo Madison comes back to the screen in Metro's picturization of "White Ashes," Luther Reed's villainless drama.

Several of the interior scenes of the screen version of "Fine Feathers," were made at Billie Burke's country home which is one of the show places at Hastings-On-The-Hudson.
Keep the Luster

on your teeth—there's now a way

You know how teeth shine—how clean they feel—after vigorous dental cleaning. He removes the film which makes teeth dingy.

There is now a way to every day combat that film. Millions enjoy its benefits. And a ten-day test will be sent you for the asking.

The film does this:

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush used in old ways leaves much of it intact. And millions of teeth are wrecked by it.

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.

Germs breed by millions in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You must combat it

To save teeth and to keep them white one must combat that film. Dental science has for years been seeking ways to do it.

Now efficient methods have been found. Careful tests have proved them beyond question. And leading dentists everywhere are urging their daily use.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And desired results are now attained twice daily by its use.

Acts in five ways

Pepsodent multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere. Pepsin is another ingredient.

The object is to combat film daily, also its baneful effects. And to multiply the natural tooth protectors.

You'll see and feel

You'll see and feel these good effects and quickly know that Pepsodent is doing what nothing else has done.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Let the clear results show what this method means to you and yours.

Millions of teeth now glisten

Millions already use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere in cleaner, whiter teeth. See them on your own teeth and judge their good effects. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent

The 'New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, bringing five desired effects. Approved by authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY
This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all correspondence to the Answer Man, Box 80, Motion Picture Magazine, 200 West 42nd St., New York City. No separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each question must contain the name, and address of the writer. The name of the writer, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear under. Those desiring immediate reply or information requiring research, should enclose additional envelopes or other means for forwarding letters. The first two or three questions here printed in existence in the order they were received will be answered first. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Chicago, write "Chicago" at top of letter.

To awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clear mind; to hold ever before me, even in the doings of little things, the Ultimate Purpose, toward which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle, kind and courteous thru all the hours; to approach all work with the willingness that ever wows sleep and the joy that comes from work well done; this is how I desire to use wisely my days.—Thomas morey

TOMMY W.—Never mind about that beard of mine. You think there is field for a lawn mower? Nay, nay, Tommy; I need that drapery this cold winter. You will see Lewis Barrimore in "The Truth About Husband." Some women think there is no truth about them. I can give out no facts yet about "Ramon the Sailmaker".

Gladys U. R.—Douglas MacLean was born in Philadelphia, has brown hair and brown eyes, and weighs 145. I couldn't tell you whether his father is a minister. That won't make him any better. Thomas Meighan's latest is "The Frontier of the Stars." Frank Mayo and Beatrice Burnham in "Hitchin' Posts." You're very welcome.

MOTION PICTURE.—Thanks for the fee. Rapid Transit. I notice your stationery contains a picture of an auto truck. That's driving it home all right. You'll see Vivian Martin very soon now. That's all right. You can write to me as if I were Santa Claus, and what's more, I look like his brother. You're not taking my time—I am getting paid to give it to you.

George P.—Sawfully sweet of you, old man, to send me that bag of sugar. Now I can have sugar on my bread. Yes, I saw Charlie Ray in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." Charlie is always good, and I liked him in this. His next picture will be "Scrap Iron" from a short story. Antonio Moreno is directing now.

A. B. C.—Are you D. E. F.? What is Mary Miles Minter's middle name? Ye Gods, man, don't ask such difficult questions. The words of "Annie Laurie" were written by William Doughlas, a Scotelman, born about 1672.

Vera Tole—Why, certainly, a man thatmarries a widow is bound to give up smoking. If she gives up her weeds for him, be should give up the weeds for her. Earle Williams in "The Purple Cipher," Mabel Normand in "What Happened to Rosy." How do I know whether Mary Pickford keeps up supporting the Catholic Charities since she left the Church, I don't want to bring religion into this department. Yes, Gloria Swanson is married. Yes, what month and date? No. I am not carnsic.

Old Darke.—How's things down yonder? That's good stuff you are rattling off. Come again.

Jack and Jill.—Yes, I am sorry indeed to report the death of one of the beloved boys of the screen, Robert Harron. He was a prince of a chap, and was loved by everybody. He accidentally shot himself and died September 5th of the bullet wound. It is true that Wallace Reid plays a saxophone.

Dusty R. T.—That's quite a joke, but I couldn't tell it here. Here, well, you never heard of "Praise of Redemption"? May Allison and Wallace Macdonald in "Are All Men Alike." You say that the fact that a man's words is at a discount is no indication that his note will be discounted. Thank Heaven, no, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! You make me laugh. Write me again when you have nothing better to do.

Bessie N. M.—You say you didn't know I liked chocolate, or you would have sent me some, but then you say "you wouldn't take candy from a kid." Yes, I sent the flowers to Mrs. Bushman for her anniversary. Write me from the South.

William S. Washington.—You can reach Romaine Fielding at the Screenart Pictures Corp., 220 West 42nd St., New York City.

A. M. B.—Why the first declaration of war in the World War was that of Austria against Serbia, on July 28th, 1914. Germany declared war on Russia on August 1st, 1914. Faire Binney was born in New York City in 1901. She was educated in Concord, Mass. Has brown hair and hazel eyes, is five feet one and weighs 106.

Kate Connor.—Hello, Katie. Oh, I couldn't tell you here the joke Kittie Gordon tells about Madame Petrova. Madame Petrova stands five feet five, and weighs 130. She is now acting in "Fever of London."

Henrietta Sue.—Thanks for the fee, little one. Tell you all the players who have been in Europe this summer? Oh, Boy! I couldn't name them all. There were the Talmades, Dorothy Gish, Theda bara, Mary and Doug, June Caprice, Marguerite Courtot, Mae Murray, Olga Petrova, Jack Pickford and Owen Moore, and so on and so forth.

Lesa N.—You can reach George Le Guere at 8 W. 107th St., New York City. Oh, he's a blond. Well, it is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—and seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends. Yes, you may send along that bear. Think not all playthings are for boys; the oldest dotard hath his toys, and I have mine.

John Barrymore.—I'm well, thank you. No, I can't believe it. You say a well-known justice on the London Bench confesses that he had never seen a Motion Picture show, while a brother jurist declares he has never used a telephone nor ridden in a subway train. Then they are indeed curiosities and can get a job in any museum. Alma Rubens in "Thoughtless Women," Emily Stevens and Montague Love in "Place for Honeymoons."

Dare Ruth.—He's some home-run boy, all right. You want Fay Atkin's next picture. Can't give it to you. Well, I class secrets with lies, and cannot comprehend the moral standards that exonerate secrecy in human affairs. You don't know who was the author of "Evils anticipated are twice endured."
YOU will notice that all three of these Smiling Stars have good teeth. A motion picture star must have good teeth to be successful. Think how disappointed you would be if a close-up of your favorite motion picture actor or actress showed a set of bad teeth. Your admiration would vanish at once.

Write on the coupon below, your guess as to the names of these three popular motion picture stars, and mail it to us. If you guess even one of them right we will send you a generous trial tube of Colgate’s Ribbon Dental Cream.

Because Colgate’s is safe; because it is free from harmful acids and dangerous grit, and because it cleans teeth thoroughly, Colgate’s is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice. The flavor is delicious.

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MAYA R.—Well, there was quite a little excitement in my block this morning while I was answering your letter. I went down stairs to see what it was all about, and I found there was a large funeral going on. An impertinent fellow stepped up to me and asked me who was dead. I told him I wasn't quite sure, but I presumed it was a gentleman who used to ride there in the hearses. He looked at me as tho he thought I ought to be there myself. I have a natural dislike of funerals, and never want to attend one of my own. Kenneth Harlan in "The Hoodlum."

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—You remind me of the man who said he had a few moments to spare and guessed he would sit down and write a book. I enjoyed yours just the same. So you are all for Bill Hart. Stop in and see me when you are over to the States.

MANILA.—You can reach the players you speak of by addressing them at Los Angeles, Cal. I don't care to give that address here, so please send a stamped addressed envelope.

JUXT.—Thanks, my whiskers are growing very nicely, though they are grey. Did you think I dyed them? "And he had no hair on the top of his head, the place where the wool ought to grow." Well, it is no disgrace to be poor, but it has other disadvantages. Douglas MacLean is in "The Jail Bird." Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber are playing in the serial, "The Branded Four."

MOONSHINE.—Yes, and when you see a player who is popular or a man who is successful, you can make your mind up that there is something rotten. "A Russian Princess" was released October, 1916, Ann Pennigton and William Courtleigh, Jr., in the lead.

CLAYBELL-PURGATORY.—Now that's a cheerful little place. You say "Some of you poverty. It brings the impression of a run-down Ford—in an old maid's wedding dress—Reno, Nevada, and Lew Cody's wardrobe. But you are all right and I like you." I never knew so many complications could set in on one person. You say Monroe Salisbury is the answer to every dream you have ever had. Dream on, little one. I can't tell whether J. Warren Kerrigan intends to take unto himself a wife.

KENNY B. SOBER.—That's a thought! You write such a clever and witty letter, I quote from it: "Revered Sir: Knowing you to be a walking compendium of knowledge, a bewitched incarnation of the Encyclopedia Britannica and, sincerely hope, a moral character, I think it strange that you are apparently unaware of the devastating fact that your favorite beverage, buttermilk, when fairly ripe, is something better than 3 per cent. What is worse, you lose no occasion to boast of your addiction to this malefactor fluid. Aren't you afraid you will be investigated, or amended, revoked or vol- teaded, or something? I'll say so. But don't tell the world..."

MRS. SOLLAR.—Great guns! You think I am an Irish lady! Pretty good guess. The only mistakes you made were, first, I am not Irish and, second, I am not a lady. You say you would be satisfied with the wealth, fame and fortune. You didn't forget anything, did you? Rosemary Thoby in "The Little Grey Mouse."

KITA.—Dough Fairbanks is playing in "The Curse of Capistrano" and Fred Niblo is directing it. Yes, I saw "The Notorious Miss Lode," and I must say Katherine MacDonald is very beautiful, as well as cold. No, I can't say much for the picture.

Ronnie R.—Betty Brice was Ann in "The Sagebrusher." Birth, marriage and death in a photoplay. Since few of us know how we were born, why were we married, or when we are going to die, how are we going to do it in a photoplay?

Pauline Frederick's Admirer.—Well, I don't expect anything is going to happen to you unless it be enlarged condition of the cranial due to excessive flattery. Shoo fly, don't flatter me. Charles Ray's next is "Nineteen and Phyllis." Eugene O'Brien in "The Wonderful Chauvinist."

Ethel H.—No, child, I do not play in the movies, nor have I ever really been in love. Years ago I used to keep company with a fat girl. She was very fleshy. In fact, she was enormous. One night in the dim twilight I got sentimental and said some mushy things. I then embraced a part of her. Just as I began to warm up to the occasion, I heard something on the other side of the bug. I found and there found another fellow courting her on the left flank. I was, of course, indignant and upbraided her for her treachery, but she laughed at my conceit, as if she were big enough to handle. Ever since then I have had a decided preference for thin girls, but I never succeeded in finding one that just filled the bill.

Elizabeth C. Milburn, Pa.—You want me to name some of the players who live on Riverside Drive. To answer this requires a list of about 1,000 players in one hand and a City Directory in the other, one afternoon, and a little patience, and I have none of these on hand. The distinction between art and humor may be said to consist of this: that the characteristic of the latter is Nature, and of the former Art.

T. W.—So you are studying pen and ink, and you say you expect to turn out to be a cross between Fay and Harrison Fisher. Good luck to you. Why, Sanskrit is the language of the ancient Hindus.

M. M. D.—Yes, but don't he like those to whom success resembles a generous wine which begins by exciting the intellectual faculties, and ends by plunging us into a stupid intoxication. You bet I like Harold Lloyd's pictures. Many a good laugh I get out of him. Run in and see me again. Oh, yes, you want to know who played the part of the Prince in "The Dark Lantern." Why, Regina Denny.

Billie A.—Bartholomew Fan; Myrtle: Pinky; Dill Pickles, and Hugh H. Answered yours somewhere above. Kindly hunt them up.

Unquoserratico Stoners.—Your letter was mighty interesting. Yes, why don't you run over to New York some time? Earle Williams in "The Romance Promoters." He hasn't been in to see us for some time now.

Panky.—You say better be poor and needy, than gormandized and greedy. James Morrison is playing in Imp's "When We Were Twenty-One."

Pheyllis M. M.—So you think you would miss me when I'm gone. But who said I was going? I haven't got my passport yet. You think Lillian Gish looks like an Easter lily passing thru the shadows. She is that, all right. You know, I met her. She is nearest to an angel of anybody I know. You say you sent Constance Talmadge thirty-eight cents for a picture and I haven't heard. Constance, what ye mean? Give the poor girl back her money and dont be so stingy. Zoe Rae is not playing now. Wesley Shaw will soon be in Shadowland. Of course, Constance never received your money. Probably lost in the mails.

I. M. Fat.—You poor child. Nobody loves a fat girl. Will tell you some day what happened to the fat girl and her lover. Read "Eat and Grow Thin" for yours. (Continued on page 109)
Let Us Send You a SILVERTONE Phonograph for Two Weeks’ Trial in Your Home Without Expense to You

WANT you to try one of these beautiful SILVERTONE Phonographs in your own home for two weeks without a cent of expense and without obligating you to buy if you are not fully satisfied with the instrument?

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I have always been faultless in paying my obligations and am making this statement for the purpose of inducing you to grant me these terms, and I give you my pledge that you may feel safe in trusting me to pay as I agree.

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Model S

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The Screen

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 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Critique

A Fool and His Money—MD-6.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.
ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ATONEMENT—D-9.
Grace Davison—Pioneer.
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.
Seaside Haven—Rogers and Colter.
BEHOLD MY WIFE—D-8.
Mabel Julienne Scott—Paramount.
Elliott Dexter—Paramount.
Milton Sills—Paramount.
Lew 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.
BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Erich von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
Nazarino—Metro.
BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Gish and Pears—Griffith.
BURNT WINGS—D-7.
Frank Mayo—Universal.
CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES—D-7.
Edmund BRECE—Hallmark.
Anna Lehr—Hallmark.
Morton Davies—Cosmopolitan.
CONTAMINATED CLOTHES—CD-7.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
COOPERHEAD—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.
Violet Heming—Paramount.
Pauline Starke, Niles Welch—Vitagraph.

Time-Table

Dancing Fool—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DANGEROUS DAYS—MD-8.
Mary Roberts-Kincaid—Goldwyn.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
Darling Mine—C-8.
DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
Breecher-Gordon—Blackton Prod.
DEALER SIX—MD-5.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
DEVIL'S PARK KEY, THE—MD-10.
Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
DON'T EVER MARRY—C-5.
Marjorie Lynne—First National.
DOUBLE SPEED—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DR. JERKILL AND MR. HYDE—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
EARTHBOUND—D-9.
Basil King—Goldwyn.
EVERYWOMAN—Allegorical-6.
All Star—Paramount.
EXCURSE MY DUTY—D-1.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.
Alice Brady—Realart.
Conrad Nagel—Paramount.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
FOR THE SOUL OF RAPHAE—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
Earle Williams—Vitagraph.
45 MINUTES FROM BERLIN—CD-7.
Charles Ray—First National.
GAY OLD DOG—D-11.
John Cumberland—Pathé.
GO AND GET IT—CD-9.
Pat O'Malley—First National.
GOOD REFERENCES—CD-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Tom Moore—First National.
All Star—Griffith Prod.
Tom Mooney—Paramount.
HALF AN HOUR—MD-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
HARVARD—CD-8.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.
HEART OF A CHILD—MD-8.
Nazarino—Metro.
HEART OF THE HILLS—MD-7.
Mary Pickford—First National.
HEARTSTRINGS—D-7.
William Farnum—Fox.
HER KINGDOM OF DREAMS—D-6.
Anna Sten—First National.
HIGH SPEED—CD-7.
Edward Earle—Hallmark.
GLADYS HILTON—Hallmark.
HIS MAJESTY THE AMERICAN—CD-7.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
HIS TEMPORARY WIFE—D-7.
Ruby De Remer—Hallmark.
HONEST HUTCH—CD-10.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
HUCKLEBERRY FINN—CD-8.
Paramount.
HUMOROUS—D-11.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
Clarice Seymour—Griffith Prod.
Richard Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
(Continued on page 90)
"Just Around Christmas"

The Day Dream Quartette:

The Day Dream Trio:

Day Dream De Luxe Perfume.

The Romance of the Toilet Table

A gown you like, a perfect coiffure, a "Day Dream" toilet, music, a man who can really dance—in a word, a glorious evening.

There is a charm about "Day Dream" perfume—a dainty suggestion of personality and good taste which distinguishes its users. The "Day Dream" odor is readily available at all the better shops.

STEARNS — Perfumer — Detroit
Yours For a Few Cents a Day

SELECT your Diamond and Jewelry gifts from our 128-page Catalog. Send your order for prompt shipment. Your credit is good. We trust you for all the goods you want on the Lyon Charge-Account Plan.

You pay nothing in advance—not one cent. Shipments are made at our expense and risk. You examine first and only after satisfied you send 20% as first payment. Then send only 10% monthly—at the rate of a few cents a day. You get full protection under our 8% Yearly Dividend Offer.

Every "Lyon" Diamond is backed by our binding guarantee, covering the quality and value, MORE than that. On the exchange of any "Lyon" Diamond for a larger one you get 8% YEARLY INCREASE IN VALUE—8½ per annum MORE than what you paid.

Nearly 100 Years’ Reputation guarantees you honest goods at lowest prices. If our Diamonds don’t represent SUPERIOR VALUE, return at our expense. No obligation, annoyance, or red tape. You don’t pay a cent until you are pleased beyond your expectations. Send to Dept. 373 for our 128-page Christmas Bargain Catalog. Investigate our REASONABLE OFFER. Let us explain how you can earn an Extra Bonus.

Special Cash Discount of 15½% for This Month Only.

J. M. LYON & CO.
1 Maiden Lane, Dept. 373 New York
Country’s Foremost Diamond Merchants
That’s True

in a million homes

Suppose you read that breakfasts had dropped 85 per cent. Think what good news that would be in these high-cost times.

In countless homes breakfasts have come down. In late years millions of new users have adopted Quaker Oats. Those homes do save 85 per cent as compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc.

To save $125 a year

Quaker Oat costs one cent per large dish. It costs 6½c per 1,000 calories, the energy measure of nutriment.

It costs 12 times as much to serve one chop—9 times as much to serve two eggs. A bite of meat costs as much as a dish of oats.

In a family of five Quaker Oats breakfasts served in place of meat breakfasts saves some $125 per year.

The oat is the food of foods. It supplies 16 elements needed for energy, repair and growth. For young folks it is almost the ideal food. As human food it has age-old fame. Each pound yields 1,810 calories of nutriment.

It is wise to start the day on oats, regardless of the cost. Yet it costs a trifle as compared with meat.

These figures are based on prices at this writing. Note them carefully.

They do not mean that one should live on Quaker Oats alone. But this premier food should be your basic breakfast. Serve the coziest foods at dinner.

Cost Per Serving

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<th>Dish Quaker Oats</th>
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<td>Bacon and eggs</td>
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Quaker Oats

For the children’s sake

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These delicious flakes cost you no extra price. Get them for the children’s sake. They make the dish doubly delightful.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

The Screen Time-Table

(Continued from page 90)

Readers Critique

A LADY IN LOW—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
ALARM CLOCK—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ALL THE WAY—CD-8.
Dorothy Hamilton—Paramount.
BLACK AND WHITE—CD-7.
Bette Davis—Metro.
BLACK BIKINI—CD-9.
Mary Pickford—Paramount.
BLACK COLORS—CD-9.
Dorothy Hamilton—Paramount.
BLACK DAWN—D-10.
Charles Farrell—Metro.
BLACK DAWN—D-11.
Charles Farrell—Metro.
BLACK MARTY—D-10.
Bette Davis—Metro.
BLACK MARTY—D-11.
Bette Davis—Metro.
BLACK NOON—D-12.
Bette Davis—Metro.
BLACK SILENCE—CD-6.
Dorothy Hamilton—Paramount.
BLACK STUDY—CD-9.
Dorothy Hamilton—Paramount.
BLACK SWALLOW—D-11.
Dorothy Hamilton—Paramount.
BLACK SWALLOW—D-12.
Dorothy Hamilton—Paramount.
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BLACK TROOPER—D-12.
Bette Davis—Metro.
**Wanted—5,000 Motion Picture Ideas**

By the World’s Leading Producers

**This** is in substance what the great moving picture producers are asking intelligent people everywhere today—"Why shouldn't you write as good or better picture stories than many you frequently see at the theatres?—why shouldn't you help maintain and raise the standard of this fascinating art while winning fame and making money?"

"Where have the present famous picture writers come from?—not from the literary field. They have come from the ranks of the theatre-goers, and we need more from the ranks."

"It matters not if you have never written a line for any purpose, or ever even thought of writing. Several beginners have sold their first efforts for hundreds of dollars."

---

**20,000,000 People Daily Must Have Entertainment**

We must have 5,000 new stories to produce at once, for the demand is far exceeding the supply that the present writers can prepare.

20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily and they are calling for new plays. We must keep their interest if the art is to survive.

The opportunity to aid is yours. Who will rise to a new and perhaps "unexpected" success on this modern wave? Who is there who hasn't said to himself, "I am capable of doing something that I have not yet found, far better than anything I have ever done?"

**Your One Need**

You—of the ranks—need to know but one thing to fit you for success in this new and wide-open field—how to put your ideas into the proper form required by producers.

For you have, and every person of average intelligence has, ideas that are good for stories. Learn how to arrange them in the accepted form and you can get your scenarios read by men who think nothing of money but are searching only for plays that they can use.

---

**A Feature of the Plan**

The **Palmer Plan** also includes a vital aid to students—the Palmer Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbale, a recognized leader of stories and author of photoplays for William Farnum, Frank Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars. This is the bureau to which producers come for photoplay stories—the great clearing house for idea-material for the screen. Situated in Los Angeles, motion picture capital of the world and in constant touch with the great studios, this bureau helps to sell your work.

Scenarios are submitted in person by this bureau direct to producers, stars and editors. This is an exclusive service available to all Palmer students.

---

**THE PALMER PLAN** of Photoplay writing teaches you mainly how to prepare your ideas for acceptance. Then as you progress it develops you in all the fine points of the art.

**The Palmer Plan**

IT IS both a primary and finishing school, and it has discovered and brought out a number of star writers, among whom are: Mrs. Caroline Sayre of Missouri, author of "Live Sparks" (Kerrigan); George Hughes of Toronto, Can.; Paul Schofield, $10,000-a-year scenario writer, G. Leron Clarke, who sold his first story for $3,000; Martha Lord of Salt Lake, now staff writer for Clara Kimball Young; Idy I. Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selzick); Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since his enrollment; Francis W. Elijah, author of "Waged Love," purchased by D. W. Griffith.

We maintain a Marketing Bureau in Los Angeles, through which students can offer their stories to the big producers if they so desire.

Our Advisory Council which directs our educational policy is composed of Cecil B. DeMille, Thos. H. Ince, Rob Wagner and Miss Lois Weber. All are famous in the industry and would lend their aid to nothing that they would not use themselves.

Twelve leading figures in the profession have included special lectures for the course.

The **Palmer Plan** is complete, efficient and vitally interesting—it enthralls those who take it up. There is no tedium, in fact one finds in it one of the best of all diversions from other lines of work. Don't say you can't follow it. Don't think you can't win because you have never tried to write. This is a new and different opportunity. Who knows who doesn't try?

---

**A Free Book Worth Your Reading**

**There** is much to tell about this Course, so get our free book about it. One successful story repays, many times over, all the effort you put in.

Success when it comes is rapid, the field is uncrowded, the demand for plays immense.

Get the free book now. Learn all about this new way to success. If you are of average intelligence, if you have ideas and ambition you have the complete fundamental equipment for the art.

---

**The Palmer Plan**

Cecil B. DeMille and Thos. H. Ince are leading figures among the producers of the country. DeMille is director-general of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Ince heads the renowned Thos. H. Ince Studios. These men act on the Palmer Advisory Council, and Palmer students therefore have the benefit of their experience, in the study of this course.
A DUBLY-APPRECIATED CHRISTMAS GIFT

To those who are choosing gifts that are useful as well as sentimental, we can offer no better suggestion than the new Christmas box of

HYGLO
Manicure Preparations

It will be doubly appreciated: first, because of the intrinsic value and usefulness of the outfit and, secondly, because of the introduction that brings it to the simplest and surest way to perfectly manicured fingernails.

In soft toned Yuletide boxes—at $1.50 and $3.00, according to size—are attractively packed all of the famous HYGLO MANICURE PREPARATIONS, including orange sticks, emery boards and other manicure preparations.

HYGLO MANICURE PREPARATIONS may also be purchased separately at 25c to 35c each.

Small booklet of HYGLO Polished Fingernail Remover and Nail Powder sent on receipt of 15c in coin.

GRAF BROS., Inc.
Established 1872

12th & 21st Streets, New York

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., Inc.

11 Madison Avenue, New York

15 MacAlister Street, Toronto, Canada

X-BAZIN

A DARLING SMALL BOX containing a most attractive colored string of beads or bar of lavender powder in a purse. In the small box a wonderful new Ditty to do for someone you love. A very delightful gift and a delightful price of 25c each.

GRAB A BOX OF X-BAZIN FOR THAT DITTY GIFT TO DO FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE.
Carrying the Cheer of Christmas Through the Year

After all the joyous bustle over gay, mysterious packages comes the silver chime of bells on frosty air; voices raised in song around the glittering Tree. What would Christmas be without its music? How it warms your heart and thrills you with the spirit of good cheer!

That stirring in your heart is the spark of talent. Develop it. Brief practice will open the door to pleasures of which your present appreciation of music is only a foretaste.

The endorsement of world-famous musicians—only a few of whom we can picture here—will be echoed in your own experience when you learn how far a Conn instrument carries you into the pleasures and profits that lie in music.

Golden beauty of tone and remarkable ease of playing—these are Conn qualities, the basis of our supremacy.

A Guarantee Band with Every Conn

Frederick E. Conlon
C. G. Conn Co.
Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

Agencies in all large cities

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

All Exclusive Conn Features at No Greater Cost

Awarded Highest Honors at World's Expositions
To retain and enhance complexion charm through passing years is no longer a secret known only to a few. Year after year, the beauties of yesterday become the still lovelier matrons of today. In D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream they find all that beauty requires to maintain its youthful softness and dainty clearness of skin.

The users of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream are steadily increasing year after year. This is because it is so delightful to use, so beneficial to the skin, and so effective in promoting facial beauty and complexion loveliness. Mothers praise it to their daughters as beauty's best aid. In tubes, 12c, 30c, 60c. In jars, 40c, 60c, $1, $1.65.

FREE trial tube sent with our compliments. Address: Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1415, D. & R. Building, New York.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

Without sending us any money, you can get the beautiful 18 carat diamond bracelet watch withoid charge. The only offer of its kind. No questions or delays. Write, wire, or call and we will send you this free offer.

HYGRADE CANDY CO., Dept. F
112 Wonas St., New York City

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER
Just to advertise our famous flexible jelly tubes now have a gold touch. We will send absolutely free this 18 carat diamond bracelet watch and any D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream at our expense. Hurry and write. Address, Hygrade Candy Co., Dept. F, 112 Wonas St., New York City.

FREE BRACELET WATCH

NATIONAL BOLLY'S BOB
Going to dress up the old doll for Christmas? Or buy her a new one? In either case, buy a lady's Bob that looks like yours. Write for a list of lady's and child's. The Bob will be sent postpaid if you send money order for...

NATIONAL BOB
Youth and Fashion is everything—that's why I wear The National Bob. It's too lovely for words with its soft wavy hair full of life and movement. And The Bob is so easy to comb.

NATIONAL EAR PUFFS WITH CURLS
Dress your hair becomingly with full curls, matching perfectly that they look as though they grew there. Paste them in your hair with pins and the curls remain firm. Your hair is never damaged by the curls. A set sent postpaid if you send money order for $5.

KRAUTH, REED & CO., Dept. 210
MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

MOVIES REPLACE SALOONS
Sir Gilbert Parker, en route to the West, stopped over in New York to study picture taking. At a recent luncheon given by the Authors' League of America where he was the guest of honor, Sir Gilbert quoted Herbert Hoover as declaring that moving pictures have taken the place of wines and whiskeys and that the discontent caused by prohibition is being offset by the lure of good pictures.
Wonderful Diamond Values

Direct from New York

10 Months to Pay

A-101 — SWEET'S engagement ring set with perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond, $250.

A-100 — Beautifully hand carved pink cameo in Solid Gold hand-engraved band, $12.50.


A-103 — Beautiful cluster of Pink Diamonds set in PLATINUM. $500.

A-104 — The beautiful heart-shape design in PLATINUM is enhanced by the 15 brilliant, round, white Diamonds, $400.

A-105 — Sweet film octagon shaped hand-engraved band set in fancy white Gold, $85.50.


A-107 — Sixteen large fancy shape diamonds set in PLATINUM in fancy White Gold mounting, $432.50.

A-108 — Exquisite beauty in RARE SOLID GOLD. Refined 15-year-old 15-karat yellow gold, set with 15 sparkling white Dias-
monds, $1,500.

A-109 — Hand made in 18-karat gold, $1,500.

A-110 — Unique and beautiful, set with 15 sparkling white Diamonds, $1,500.

Xmas Gifts on Credit at Cash Prices


SWEET Diamonds are of the highest quality, blue-white, perfectly cut gems. Every Diamond accompanied with a Guarantee Value Bond. 3% yearly increase in exchange value.

FREE — Beautiful 6-page catalog of holiday gifts. Gemstone Diamond Jewelry, Silver Tableware, Ivory, Cutting Leather Goods, etc. EVERY ARTICLE A RARE BARGAIN. Write for today'sDept. 217.

L.W. SWEET INC.

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"
CAPITAL $1,000,000
1650-1660 BROADWAY, N.Y.
The Rainbow Chasers
(Continued from page 38)

stolen. Be sure and give my work careful attention for you know I have to live even at writing.

Others, having read a great many books on brain power, were certain that they knew how to think, by gosh!

This from a little town in Colorado:

"Dear Sir:"

"I want to write scenarios.

"Socially I am a success. I quote from the Society column under large photographs: 'Before her marriage Mrs. was Miss Doe, daughter of the late John Doe and Mrs. Doe. (Get the eminent respectability of this,) who have played an important part in the social and industrial life of this city.'"

"I want to write satisfactory scenarios. As a child I wrote a drama which was played. I graduated from high school with honors and delivered oration in theater; represented my home city in World's Fair, Saint Louis and delivered a talk in Festival Hall."

"I want to write successful scenarios. I attended large boarding-school in Washington, D.C.; have traveled in United States to large extent; my friends are in New Jersey, Oregon, and from New Orleans to Chicago, almost every state in the union."

"I have finished a course in short story writing and the editors have suggested that I am capable of supplying scenarios."

"I mean to sell scenarios."

... This boy was not ambitious but moral, though he might impress you as being otherwise with his ninety-six "Suggestive scenes."

"Dear Sir..."

"I submit a play that has 96, what I am pleased to call Suggestive Scenes. If this appeals to you I can work out these scenes from a carbon copy I have here at home. I had thought of putting mere work on this play to make it of greater length, but decided to wait until I might hear from some one like yourself. My ideal has been to feature the home life. I have left out all shooting scruples and impure thought scenes; perhaps this would not be thrilling enough for some, but might please others. If you are going to be too good to give me your criticism, or wherein I fell down. Any questions you might want to ask for further light on the synopses, I will be pleased to answer.

"Sincerely"

Not all were from would-be scenario writers. Some, of whom the following is an example, would do anything to get inside a studio:

"Kind Sir,"

"I would like to know if you could give me work around the studio of any kind, even to (washing dishes) I would love to come to California to live and a year ago last July, I lost the 2nd finger on my right hand, a present am with my two and am keeping house for them. Will you kindly ans. Am sending a leaf from a book so you can see where I got your name."

"Resp yours,-----"

Then there are the young folk who will never be so serious at any other time in their lives. It isn't the money they want so much as the fame and glory. "Lenore," who wrote the next letter, undoubtedly
thought her life’s happiness depended on the answer which she probably never received. Such letters come to the studios by the thousands. It would be impossible to answer all of them.

"Dear Sirs

"My one ambition is to become a movie actress and for me to think is to act. Will you tell me what qualifications are needed to become an actress? Has she to be beautiful? I know she must have acting ability but that does not worry me; acting is my natural sphere. I love it, and although inexperienced in public, all my friends and neighbors agree that I am a born actress. How much education is a girl required to have to act in the movies. Also, what are some good books she can read to prepare herself for her future career on the screen?

"Yours in Hope,

"Lenore."

And she follows with this postscript:

"P. S. Please tell me is there any hope for a girl who is not homely or pretty and who has nothing but her name and people to which she can lay claim?

"Lenore."

Not only girls are movie struck. Here is a boy who has it bad and who seems to be possessed of some talent. Maybe he can even wiggle his ears.

"Gentlemen,

"Wishing to become a motion picture actor I take the liberty of applying for a position in your valued company. I believe I could make good in slow comedy vetting lots of face gymnastics. If you have no such position open at present you could perhaps favor me with other parts that require face work."

They might have found him a job as a massuer.

So they come, these letters; millions of them. Letters from boys and girls living three thousand miles away, asking for positions as actors and actresses, who have nothing but their "name and people to which they can lay claim."

Then there are the men and women who try to write scenarios. Their letters run up into the million mark too.

What chance is there for these people to sell their scenarios when, in order to understand them, it is necessary for the scenario editor to know the lines? Or, as sometimes happens, when they send letters merely asking if the scenarios can be used which they have at home, carefully tucked away in some dresser-drawer: for fear lest they be stolen?

Among the letters I haven’t quoted was one from a mining camp, written, evidently, by the foreman. It was a good letter, too, written with pen and ink and full of explanations. It seems that he was sending a typewritten script. He had had it type-written, but sad to relate, the stenographer had confused his finished story with the first synopsis, which, he said, accounted for the jerky continuity. He thought the scenario editor would be able to tell, however, whether the story was usable or not; if so, he said, he would have it retyped.

Rainbow chasers, you say? Yes, but think of the happiness they get from the pursuit! For instance, the woman who wrote "Is it true that you pay as much as $50 dollars for a scenario?" You can almost hear her say: "I’ll have enough money left from a new dress and hat to buy myself..."

---

"Find the Man!"

"We’ll pay him $5,000 a year. Go over our list of employees—pick out those who not only have been doing their work well, but have been studying in spare time getting ready for advancement. That’s the kind of man we want for this job and for all of this firm’s responsible positions."

Employers everywhere are combing their ranks for men with ambition, for 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 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 30 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. More than 10,000 others are getting ready right now. Hundreds are starting every month. Isn’t it about time for you to find out what the I. C. S. can do for you?

Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

---

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 kindly, be your taste; therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise: it will lower your welfare. Upon the impression you constantly make rests the father or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose Shaper "Trach" (Model 24) corrects nose flaws. Without cost if not satisfied."

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Blvd., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Hair Seems Twice as Abundant

After a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful. Each hair seems to fluff and thicken at once.

Danderine is "Beauty-Tonic"

Don't let your hair stay colorless, plain, scraggly, neglected. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair, radiant with life, and glistening with beauty. A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All Drug Counters!

Big Little Blanche

(Continued from page 31)

Why, I always thought that the more influential I'd grow to be, the less I'd have to do, but it seems that success is a labyrinth of intricate self-dedication. When I'm supposed to be resting between pictures, I am getting future costumes ready. When I'm at dinner, I'm thinking about the case. When I'm riding in the picture, the idea about finding a player at home, a radically different personality, is an illusion harbored by the public. We literally retire with our work.

Straightway I questioned about screen people being different—off the screen. "What's Swanson been doing?" we'd really meet us as you've seen us. It is human naturalness which helps most. Publicity and personal probing are too great obsessions, they'd be able to afford a pose. Once in a while I see people around the studio trying to make others believe them to be what they're not. They're only standing in their own way. They never get far.

With all her simplicity in not dilly-dallying, this diminutive star takes joy in holiday excursions, too. New York is her playground! Sometimes, she can journey Eastward for only a fortnight, but, as she wouche, "If I'm on Manhattan Island just ten days, I make it my point to see twenty shows."

She adores the theater—and adores it! She worshipping, just like a kid, before the footlights, always too spell-bound to rationally criticize, yet intent on wondering how on earth I would feel doing the same thing." I surmise that what she was unconsciously thinking of at the moment was Mr. Hopkins's presentation of the Barrymore brothers in "The Jest"—a play she went to see as many times as opportunities were offered. Her devotion is not biased in the theater, either. She leads a special marathon, as keen for a bright musical comedy, and for one whose days are mostly spent in California, she is remarkably aware of Stuart Walker's Portmanteau, George Gaul's voice, and McCay Morris's limelight.

She, herself, was on the stage when a wee lass and, for a short time, a while later, after she had left school. She boasts that therefore she knows the idea of a stage-child. I asked her if she has any desire to return and she hastily answered in the negative. I am sure that if she did not have to travel 3,000 miles to become more closely affiliated with the theater she would just as hastily answer in the affirmative. For she has everything that would be required for instantaneous popularity. Combined with the naive intuition not to choose a failure as the medium for her debut.
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details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

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(r) State musical instrument to which you are especially interested.
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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, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly augment 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 lustreous, 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 certain new 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**

I have received 7½ in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you gratis, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints. However, the following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

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**M. TRILETY, Beauty Hints Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.**
A Thrilling Interview

(Continued from page 31)

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enthusiastic in answering questions.

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that remains in straightness, in color, in

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Send for Water Waves (unscented) today—stop

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Send 50 for sample and full directions.

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You will have

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This was made to

your own measurements, to fit you perfectly.

The wide two-inch garter strap allows

enough room to give your legs complete freedom

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Just send your name and we will send you

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the beauty of genuine diamonds but is manufactured at a fraction of the cost. A diamond of the finest genuine diamonds. Cut and polished, uniformly "brilliant" just like the most costly diamonds. Its diamond-true brilliance lasts forever. Every expert can easily tell it from the genuine. Mounted in beautiful solid gold ring, men's or women's style.

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Just write us today stating size of ring and whether you want men's or women's style. We will send you the preparation and you may keep it, examine it, use it, as long as you like, return it at our expense if you are not satisfied. After 10 days you must pay us.

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that remains in straightness, in color, in

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Send for Water Waves (unscented) today—stop

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The Most Precious Perfume in the World

Rieger's Flower Drops are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, and for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

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Rose
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Enclosed 20c

When statesman Elsie Ferguson delights us With her charming personations on the screen,

No diversion more thoroly reprises us Than to see her subtle treatment of each scene.

If she plays the living eyes for hero blinded,

To keep "His House in Order" is her part.

By the definiteness of her touch we are reminded

We are gazing on the mistress of her art.

When dainty Ethel Clayton, quite entrancing,

Starts a flutter in the breast of Pettigrew, The picture sets the hearts of all to danc- ing.

While the men without exception envy B'.e.,

Portray is so full of folksy feeling, So arouses gentle currents in one's life, That you overbear in whispers, sweet, revealing.

There's the girl to make the soldier-boy a wife.

When winsome Norma Tahmoures comes on smiling,

Or in tears she strolls along her filmy way,

She's always just the creature most beguiling.

Let her manner be it either grave or gay.

If "She Loves and Lies" a-plenty in the telling Of a story which can hold the pulses taut, I assure you with a confidence compelling That her audience is strong for her defense.

When clever sister Constance, bright and snappy, As the silent drama's loveliest coquette, Darts on the silver path, alert and scrappy, There's a vision you're not likely to forget.

If a nervous woman's troubles be unfolding,

Should she hunt a daring sinner to defeat

The developing the tale you are beholding?

Is refinement in artistic shades complete?

The list I could compile, had I the leisure, With the wit to put impressions into rhyme,

Its number would exhaust my halting measure.

Quite omitting, too, the paucity of time. So I pass to them a friend's appreciation For the many things in shadowland I view,

Awaiting with keen anticipation Their return again to bring us something new.

A little hot air now and then is relished by the wisest men. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?

The world's a stage, but life won't be a tragedy nor a comedy if you play your part well.

Dates and peaches never come in the same basket, but they are often observed in the same neighborhood.

P.104
Props and Propellers
(Continued from page 49)
black pupils, are distinctly Clyde's own. They're rather odd eyes, very wide awake and not really fooled by anyone, intelligent, thoughtful.

"You look as if you had put in a good deal of time on sports, have you?" we probed instinctively.

"Yes, out-of-door sports. I dote on tennis—but I play a rotten game. In fact, I don't care about the game or about winning. I just like to chase after and miss the ball and fall all over my feet and get my opponent excited—just the glorious exhilaration of being out of doors is my idea of real sport," he answered with great enthusiasm.

"Do you have any parlor tricks at all?"

"No, I don't think you would call them that. I was with Cohen and Harris for four years, after I left Bermuda. Of course, I was on the road, but when in New York I studied theory of music with Stephens, and for years I had practiced organ and piano, besides singing in the college glee-club in the old days. Now, I've come down to playing the violin and ukulele for diversion.

"Anyway, I've always been greatly interested in musical composition, and have written a number of songs. They don't actually pay well, because you see they are so-called high-class parlor music, and it's jazz that brings in the money these days. However, I have been getting pleasant, tho small, royalties for the past seven years on my 'Aedh' songs. William Butler Yeats wrote the words, and they are somewhat like the Indian lyrics in style. One thinks of fire and incense, and of mysterious rites and passionate love and pomegranates, jewels."

His rich voice died off suddenly. I began to see the wealth of imagination and artistry which this scion of the Filmore's was bringing to the screen. Perhaps you remember that he was in Julian's 'Fire Flingers'? Just recently, Mr. Filmore has been playing a lead with Stroheim in 'The Devil's Pussyl', in which the young man is more vamp than vampire.

"I am left quite alone in the cold, grey dawn after the wife and husband are reconciled. I think they might have given me a canary bird or a parrot or something to console me," comforted Mr. Filmore, semi-humorously. "I was rather tired and busy the last few weeks, for I played a part with Ethel Clayton also, in 'The Ladder of Lies'."

"I came into films unexpectedly. Like most others, I had a horror of the screen. I had watched so many films by noted producers in which the actors and actresses seemed pantomimists solely, never speaking a sub-title even. I don't think it is natural. I want to bring naturalness to the screen first of all.

"Repression in the face of danger, lip that are constantly silent, mere mimicry and pantomime, may be screen traditions which appeal to certain directors and their followers among the fans, but to me they are but first steps in the real screen art which we are now evolving. I believe in the spoken word, in the doing that which any normal man would do in real life, not in what he is supposed to do on the screen."

"I had come to Los Angeles on the Mandie Fealey tour in 'The Little School Teacher'. You remember that the closed theaters here, so I was suddenly left in a strange land without a job."

"My friends insisted on my going to Universal—and I had no difficulty in get-

---

Never Forget
How folks love Bubble Grains

The finest breakfast you can serve lacks its greatest charm without them.

There are three of them—Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Puffed Corn—and each has its own delights. You can serve them in a dozen ways. So they bring to breakfast endless fascination.

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Remember what Puffed Grains are. Two are whole grains steam-explored, one is corn hearts puffed. Every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion. The grains are puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

They are flaky, flaky tid-bits, yet they are ideal scientific foods.

Use in home candy making or as garnish on ice cream, or as wafers in your soups. Mix in every dish of fruit. Salt or butter, as with peanuts, for hungry children after school.

The night dish
At supper or bedtime float Puffed Wheat in milk. Then you have the supreme food made delightfully and easy to digest.

Think of whole wheat with every food cell blasted—made into food confections. Do your folks get these ideal foods as often as they should?

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Puffed Corn
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The finest pancakes ever tasted

Now we mix ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake flour. Your grocer has it—Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is self-raising—batter is made in a moment. The Puffed Rice flour makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like flavor. You have never served a pancake so delicious. Try it now.

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First Fruits (Continued from page 45)

direct me, but I feel it is a narrowing and a limiting thing for him, for you, my director, to confine himself to one star, and imitation is the one thing above all things to be avoided. Then, of course, there are the stories.

"What sort of stories are you looking for?" I asked.

"Along the lines of light drama," she said, "with relieved touches."

"It must be quite charming," I said, "a husband-director.""

"It is," she said, "especially when he is a good director. Fred never loses his professional sense. When we are in the studio he is never quite as Miss Bennett. I never can bring myself quite to the point of 'Mr. Nibo, but we are essentially the director and the star when we are at work."

"It keeps you very much together," I said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Nibo, "and I believe that being very much together is the best basis there is for happy marriage. I think the idea of being apart inciting interest and stimulating affection is all a fallacy. The more husband and wife are together the greater their chance of happiness. When people are very much apart, loneliness and a desire for companionship is inevitable. The seeking for it and finding is just as inevitable. This seeking and finding is, must be, disastrous. If two people are really suited, the one to the other, really congenial, with work to do, there isn't any danger of an overtaking of one another. On the contrary—"

"What do you think," I said, "of the modern mode of living as a whole as regards men and women and their mutual relations. I hate to use the phrase 'New Woman,' but you know what I mean."

"On the whole," said Miss Bennett, "I believe that it is for the greatest good. It is development and that must be for the good of the many, even tho there be unfortunate individual cases."

I picked up a copy of the picture section of the New York Times (I adore that paper) and glanced through its last week and was thrilled to see the pictures of women, just on picture after another, who had done and were doing big things. Nothing surprising at all it will probably be the home as we knew it. Women will lose their knack for home making. I know in California where mother can make more of a real home of her little bungalow than others can of endless rooms and acreage. The spirit of this generation is different, that is all. But in place of that home making we are gaining comradeship, men with women, women with men, and I don't know but that is an even deeper conception after all." I asked her if she ever considered the stage business."

"Oh, I admire it," she told me, "even now when I go to play the small of the theater makes me stage-sick. I shall never get over that first love, never."

"Then why . . .?" I began.

Miss Bennett made a little gesture. "It wouldn't be wise," she said.

As we continued our separate ways I thought "it" might not be "wise" but Mrs Nibo is, will be, charmingly, tactfully, unerringly most of, if not all of, the time. It is a question of the quantity of women, and more especially the Modern Woman, infallible instinct. One feels that her instincts are true.
The Romance of Mildred
(Continued from page 56)

York and I was so afraid mother, who is an old lady, would like it and want me to stay. She thought Chicago was terrible—but New York!

"Before the 'Follies' opened, I had a very flattering offer to go to the Coast. So mother and I went. I did a lot of minor parts, then two comedies with Mr. Arnickle and I did some Sunshine comedies. Then I had a big chance out— it seemed big to me. I had worshipped Cecil de Mille from afar as the director I wanted to work for and when I heard he was looking for people, I hurriedly accepted. For 'Male and Female' I went to see him—scared to death, of course.

"Will you work for me?" he asked, when he saw me.

"Will I?" I gasped—and he laughed and offered me a part in 'Male and Female.' And when he asked me how much salary I expected, I said hurriedly: 'Oh, never mind that!'— and he laughed again.

"I'll never forget my first day on the set. Mr. de Mille had told me just what to do and I录取 my part like a whirlwind. That was the way I had to work in comedies. Everyone simply roared. All but Mr. de Mille—he said it was splendid. The next day he spent it over to me exactly the same way, only I must go more slowly.

"After 'Male and Female' we did 'Every-

woman.' I was Conscience you know. A

thankless role—no one wants to be

reminded of Conscience. Then I did a

picture with House Peters, 'Silk Husbands' and Calico Woman. I had seven months steady work doing really big things. Then, I decided to come to New York. I don't like the Coast—the heat is enervating, the constant sunshine and eyes get very weary of it all, I get fat. But I never should have come back if I had not made at least the beginning of success.

"Since I came East I have done a picture for Fox—a mystery story called 'No. 17': I played opposite George Walsh—had a big part and enjoyed it immensely. And then—she hurriedly. I auditioned for Julia a second—'what do you suppose I did? I got married! It was a real romance too. You see 'Rus'-—that's my husband—saw me on the stage. He seemed to be interested. His name is J. Russel Hollander, Jr. He's one of the Hollanders of Boston and New York. Harvard man—and the most ardent movie fan I ever met. Well, when he saw me on the screen he fell in love with me—or so he says. Did you ever hear of any-

thing more ridiculous? He also says he wrote me and that I paid not the slightest attention, which is probably true. But he followed me in every picture I did.

"After I came to New York, he found out I was in the same picture at different places. Finally, one day I was lurching at the Claridge and he sent me a note to my table, asking me if I would come out to the lobby and speak to him. The name was unfamiliar, but I thought it might be someone I had met—so I went. And this perfectly strange young man stepped up to me and started to take my breath away by telling me how he had watched me in pictures and followed me about New York, wanting to meet me, until he decided to take matters in his own hands and tell me frankly.

"The result was that I made a tea en-
gagement with him for that afternoon. I was busy on the picture and had not much time to see him, but we had dinner together every evening. His family came out from Boston and met me and seemed to approve and at the end of six weeks we were married. It was rather sudden for me, but 'Rus' says it's not at all sudden for him because he made up his mind the very first time he saw me in a picture that he was going to find me some day and marry me!"

"And so," I said, "another of your dreams have come true."

"Oh, no," she said, very seriously. "My coming East was not a dream at all—my intentions were very practical and business-like. I wanted to do something very good in pictures, and still be very popular. Perhaps I was 'led'—I don't know about that. But I do know," she continued, with a shy, happy smile, "that if it is a dream, it has been a very happy one with a most unexpected and satisfactory ending—and I know, too, that I will never wake up to find it untrue.

An Actor By Chance
(Continued from page 37)

Brooklyn is his home town and when he was a boy a sudden wave of theater going struck that city. Theaters sprang up at every corner to show the young Stanley, whose father was a very well-to-do iron man, formed the habit of going in the gallery like the other boys. In time he began to want to try his hand at producing plays, and this he did in his side yard and the barn. Then he rented a hall and gave shows on one side and ran a roller rink on the other.

When he reached manhood he actually intended to take up architecture, but when one has played in amateur productions in Brooklyn and been over to see the young Stanley, whose father was a very well-to-do iron man, formed the habit of going in the gallery like the other boys. In time he began to want to try his hand at producing plays, and this he did in his side yard and the barn. Then he rented a hall and gave shows on one side and ran a roller rink on the other.

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 86)

CHAOLINE.—Well, I am going to offer a prize of one large green cucumber for the best answer to the following question: What is the biggest fake in the motion picture world? You know—always excepted? Why, there are different divorce laws in every state, even in the state of matrimony. Look up the ads in the Daily Mirror.

THILMA T.—Glad to hear all about your vacation on the farm with the chickens and cows. Sing some of the comic songs that you heard and have her give us. How could we get along without the parable of the cow that gave a moo and a kick, and she kicked over? One could hardly keep house without it. Or the parable of the cream and the skimmed milk, or of the buttered bread? We know, too, that her aid, what the horns of the dilemma mean, and what comfort there is in the juicy cud of reverie. Grace Cunard is playing in Hollywood.

MOONEY FAN.—Glad to welcome you, newcomer. How can I help you get in the Sennett bathing pictures? I give it up. Here are some of the highlights of your pictures. You say you have thought it all over, and are sure you want to go in pictures. You know her thinking until her mind is made up.

CHEROKEE.—So you think that some of the parts of "The Jinx" were very embarrassing, especially to a young girl with her friend. There is too much of this sort of thing. I didn't see it, sorry to say. You should complain vigorously to your manager about it. "The Knife Man" will always stand out in my memory as a simple, charming little picture, beautifully acted, with clever photography.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.—Prezecz garde, well, you are wrong—Great Britain has the largest merchant marine fleet in the world, amounting to about 18,000,000 tons. The U. S. is next with about 11,000,000 tons. Madge Kennedy is playing in "Help Yourself." It was the original short story "Trimmed With Red."

JANE LUCILLE.—Nope, no woman can reform her husband by the continual lecture method. Anybody can live in the other fellow's cloud, but it takes a super-optimist to see his own silver lining. You say you love your husband Barthelmess's ideal type of woman. Well, I suppose his wife, Mary Hay, is, No, I don't know of a star with freckles. Perhaps I've been making up your story.

CATHERINE II.—So you don't think I am an old man 80 years old. And you think I flirt with all the girls. Well, I never hesitate to look at a pretty girl and I hope nobody will deprive me of that pleasure. Never too old to yearn. Dorothy Dalton in "Man's Eyes." Ralph Graves is to play opposite the J. C. in "Polly with a Past" for Metro. You want more about Mac Marsh.

SILVIA.—You say you like all the Blackton productions, and you think they are all good human interest stories. Master Charles Blackton is coming along fast, too. Waltah and Patsy just scored a two-year contract with Frawn Allen, Executive Co. She is assisting the judges in our Fannie and Fortune Cont. Don't mention it.

JUMPY.—Did you ever stop to think that self-inventory will show many a clerk a cause for his or her pause. You must go on, or you will go back. Why, the original purpose of this magazine was to publish stories of films to be released.

ANGEL M. B.—Tell you about Edward Gibson, better known as Roy? Well, he was born in Sedgwick in 1883. Was with Bud Aiken's circus to Australia, and played in "Hazard of Helen" for Kalten. And now he is playing with Virginia Fair, one of our own. Fortune began in 1919. By the way, Virginia has left Universal, she writes me.

CLIFFORD.—None are so fond of secrets as those who desire to keep them to themselves; such person covers secrets as a spendthrift covers money, for the purpose of spending them. I do not believe any a seed worth sowing has proved a weed in growing. Well I should say that Mary Pickford, of all the players today, is making the most money.

MABELLE MC.—Ye gods and little fishes! A fellow can make a mistake in this department without being raked over the coals and then being all in all, and that Mulhall answer was just one of my mistakes. I'm sorry, indeed, and apologize, to Jack himself. I love that man's acting.

You say your husband wants Mahlon Hamilton on the cover. We seldom use men. I believe Hope Hampton is on the December cover. She will bear watching, mark my words. We have two there in a person's life when he should not gamble: when he can't afford to and when he can't.

L. M. M.—I wish I did have time to cut out and send you all of our canceled stamps, but really this's asking a little too much. Why don't you come in and cut them off the envelopes yourself? Sue Sue Hayakawa is playing in "An Arabian Knight," the adventures of a mischievous knave in Old Egypt. A bon droit means "with good reason."

MARK.—Mildred Davis is with the Robin Studios, Hollywood, Cal., and Juanita Hansen is with Universal. Oh, yes, I met Mary Pickford and she is wonderful.

CARLITA.—Cheer up, it may not be that bad. Anybody can live in the other fellow's cloud, but it takes a super-optimist to see his own silver lining. You say you love your husband Barthelmess's ideal type of woman. Well, I suppose his wife, Mary Hay, is, No, I don't know of a star with freckles. Perhaps I've been making up your story.

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Miss Ibsen

I did not hear from her—
and upon her return I did not hear from her,
with a very attractive contract and offer
and here I am—on the wing.

"How do you really feel about it?"

"I really feel happy and full of anticipation.
Naturally, it was difficult—leaving California and all my friends there.
I have only been out of the state once in my life,
and then not very far. And Sweden, even
the land of my forebears, seems
very far away and very different—but this
sadness, this reluctance, is, I feel, a part of the
adventure, the growth, and without growth what are we?
I expect to develop very greatly this trip and the experience
it will mean.

Then, too, it will gratify my ambition
in more ways than one. Besides playing
Ibsen, I shall try to do the works of Bjornson
and there will be many opportunities
to play Shakespearean characters
and women who are doing considerably
more thinking than looking.
I have no desire to do the 'pretty girl thing' all of my days.
Pretty girls are not the only species
inhabitants the earth, and character is
not merely a 'pretty girl' for any considerable
length of time. I shall be able, in this work,
to grow as well as I hope.
I will feel that I am really creating characters
along with pictures, and the characters will
live long after the pictures, the youth pic-
tures, have become impossible. Then, too,
I may not return... for, oh, ever so
long!

"But how is that?" I asked.

"We are going to live with Miss Holm,
you see, mother and I. While there I am
going to study singing, and if I do with
my voice what I hope, I may remain
indeed. Then... Miss Westover's
wide and charming smile appeared;
"Swed-

ian money is ever so much more than
the American in which my contract is drawn."
She said, "and when the exchange is made
I shall be really quite affluent for once
in my life. I am inclined to believe that 1
shall like that."

"How was it?" I asked, "that with all of
Swedish to comb thr thru for the right type,
they came to America and went to all the
added expense of transportation and the rest of it?"

"We are going to release in America,
too," she said, "and they wanted some one
who was known here and who had, or could
easily acquire, some sort of fan following."

"It will be good publicity," I said.

Miss Westover agreed. She has it,
is quite evident, a very practical head on
her graceful shoulders. She gives the impression
of tempering Art nicely with Am-

hition.

"I have come to the conclusion," she
affirmed, "that one has to step aside from the
beaten track, has to attempt and achieve
the Unusual in one form or another before
the Great American Public will actually
and enthusiastically 'fall.' One has to give
their curiosity a pin prick. Open up some
sort of new trail... do something... almost anything that's done, seen
or felt every day. Now really, there is very
little known over here of Swedish scenery,
and habits, the fords, the farm country,
the inland and all of that. We are going
all over the country to take our exteriors,
making our headquarters in Stockholm.
The rest of my company has already there
all but one camera-man who was to go
with mother and me, but who has been delayed
and is following on the next steamer.
Dancing Ibsen on his native heath with
a Swedish cast is something hitherto undone.
To do the hitherto undone, Miss Westover smiled, "well, we shall see," she added.

"And the singing," I prompted.

"I believe in having resources," she told me, for we had no one-track affair and we cannot safely plan one-track careers. One, two, three things are apt to fail almost any one of us. It is the swisswirgin who keeps her lamp trimmed, with oil of other lamps and hopes.

Living in the inspirational atmosphere of Thora Holm's home, working on the very scenes wherein moved the figures of Thora's plays, doing the sort of thing she has always and most wanted to do, feeling, no doubt, on Swedish ground, some sort of throwback to her own people, the heart would come to us here in a very complete and enlightening form the "hitherto undone." The dramatists of Sweden will live for us on their native heath, interpreted for us by one of their own blood and our own breeding. It is something to pique anew the epicurean of the screen!

Her Beloved Villain

(Continued from page 43)

aside his hulibulous role to eagerly explain that the characters of the older Bergamots had been given him by their estimable son-in-law, Monsieur Blythe.

Blythe, with the walls of his rearing crashing to about his head; with Suzanne lost to him worse than lost, staring at him with abandoned laughter; with Marinot his enemy—what did it matter now? I confess . . . I confess" he shouted above the din and confusion.

He maneuvered an escape. He wanted to get out in the garden which Suzanne, with his help, had made like the little gar
den outside the city limits, where first he had woosed and won her.

He wanted to be alone. They would nev
er understand, the crowd in there, even supposing they should stop gesticulating long enough to permit of an explanation, which was incredible. . . . And Suzanne . . . Suzanne would never understand . . .

Fate had brought Marinot and her to
gether despite him and, more than all, had made true the horrible image he had con
jured up for her, the one he might have been . . . his misrepresentation had become a gruelling, torturing actuality . . .

He had his hands before his face, or he would have seen Suzanne before him, clear-eyed, her lips touched with a faint tenderness transmuted into a smile. When he did see her, he made no move toward her. He groaned out his story, in
deep. The way he had wanted her . . .

the way he had feared Marinot . . . the story of Miles Standish and John Alden, from whom he was descended . . . Thru his fingers there, his tears stole . . .

Suzanne ran to him, unable to bear his distress. She held him to her heart and told him it was all a hoax, a plot, a plan . . . that Madame Pouillard was already pacified . . . that she had been making believe . . . that Mere and Pere Bergamot were, at that precise moment, convulsed with mirth at the subterfuge now they understood the motive, and that, as for Marinot, there was a certain Fran
cine . . .

"But as for you, Suzanne . . . ?" whispered Blythe. Never had she been so dear, so close to his world.

"Oh! Oh! Suzanne held up her fif
ger and laughed at him. "I . . . and then she couldn't speak any further word because her head was on his shoulder.

"Oh! Oh! Suzanne held up her finger and laughed at him. "I . . . and then she couldn't speak any further word because her head was on his shoulder. Nothing but an inquisitive little breeze heard the murmured, "Mon cher . . . mon cher . . . je commence!"
statistic show that few men out of sex at the age of 50, are living on charity. What is the cause of it? What is the difference between these men and our captans of industry?


What is the answer, then? In one word, "Strength." Strong minds—strong personal-alities—strong bodies. These men thought clearly—definitely. Back of their clear thinking was a sense of duty.

But you ask, "How can I acquire that strength?"

By a mode of living. Some men live that way by accident, as it were—a few out of millions. The vast majority require intervention of guidance. It was to furnish such guidance that the Olympic Society was founded.

Fortune is at your finger tips!

Never in history have there been so many opportunities to achieve success. Fortune is everywhere about you. One of them may be yours if you will just reach out and follow the way other men have found to achieve success. It is the purpose of the Olympic Society to assist you in the habit of success. Everything you are expecting to achieve, you are expected to work for and achieve. Pleasure. By the methods of the Olympic Society, success can be made strong in mind, strong in body and strong in personality, not by struggling and straining, but by intelligently following the lines of least resistance. The twenty-seven leading authorities who have prepared the course of the Olympic Society show you how to achieve success in a pleasurable and exhilarating way.

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At Dawn--

(continued from page 63)

reasons for nervous breakdown, and then most women never like what they buy after they do buy it. They can't. They're too tired out with the mere search. It doesn't pay. One time I watched a special type of nightingale for a scene in my picture. I looked and I looked. I tried on and I tried on. Finally, my colored maid, who was about to commit matrimony, told me she thought she had the very one. I sauntered my eyes over it and knew that she had 'spoken true!' It was the thing I had been looking for, and I accepted it with gratitude and joy! My philosophy came home to roost!'

I asked Miss Hampton her controlling interest.

"My work," she told me, with the enthusiasm that shines from within, clearly a flame; "I live and breathe and wake and sleep solely for the screen nowadays. You see, I never thought a thing like this would happen to a stage child, nor in any sense affiliated with the stage. There was a beauty contest in my native state of Texas, and I won it, and the screen was suggested to me—and, of course, at once New York became the Mecca toward which I turned my face and my ambition. Finally, I entered the Sargent Dramatic School, intending to remain for a year, but the year halved itself, for at the end of six months I had an offer to do a picture—"A Modern Salome" which was adapted by Leonce Perrier. Oscar Wilde's exquisitely done poem, Salome—and I couldn't resist. No..." Miss Hampton added, slowly, "I shouldn't say I couldn't resist, because I like to think that I could have resisted if I had believed in doing so, but really I believed that, for me, experience would be the best teacher. After all, I was training for the screen, not the speaking stage, and I felt that I had got all I could get for the screen in that six months, so far as schooling went. I needed the work—a day's experience of actually doing. It seems to me that experience is the only teacher that makes of one's mistakes subsidiary tutoring, too. I learned more of what not to do after seeing myself in my first picture than ten years of school could have taught me. Oh, so many things...make-up...and lighting...my good and bad points...

I felt that I had been down a whole forest of 'firsts' before I had done with that. And yet, disappointed as I was in myself, it gave me confidence, too. That must be my natural and unquenchable optimism. Probably I was helped by the enthusiastic support of others and the fact that a producing company of my own was organized for me and given my name. The reliance of others on my earnest rod and the most able staff one can have, I think. And I am simply avid to learn. Everything I can see, hear, read, inhale, beg or borrow on the screen pictures I do. Camera, story, lighting, directing, all of it possesses a thrill for me. I don't believe I ever, think of another thing, awake or asleep."

Here, methought, in this weary and en- numerage, where few are eager and all are sated, here is freshness, a veritable glowing flame from the heart of sentimental youth for you. For only youth is thus enthused...first youth with the flush on the morning and the stardust on the star!

I asked her whether she had in mind any particular pictures she would like to do. "I am a tremendous admirer of Pauline Frederick," she said, "but I don't know that I believe a person can deliberately
evolve a type if they are being themselves and putting themselves into what they are doing and get merely an inventive smattering of other selves. One is largely what one is, and one gives what one has got to give. Which is as it should be. We are all original designs if we but had the courage to follow our own design and not some body else's. Natural things are best. But, generally speaking, a good should like to create the type of work Miss Frederick does."

"Not an ingénue...?"

"Lordy... no!"

"Care about acquiring beauty to ugly make-up?"

Miss Hampton was unshakable. "I want to create. There is distortion in the world as well as furrin' and color. Creation is all-embracing and not single tracked."

Lunchen was over and I rose to go. "I'll take you down," my hostess volunteered, with the consideration of the comfort of others characteristic of her. En route she did a bit of involuntary shopping, confided in me that she always sleeps with her feet uncovered, even when the mercury registers zero and worse, and gave me swift and vivid pictures of her trip abroad... I finally departed with my first impressions unblurred... first impressions... all the dawning, lovely, snary things...

California Chatter

(Continued from page 78)

in Marshall Neilan productions, Mr. Neilan has completed "Dinty," starring Wesley Barry, and is now at work on "Pards." This photo-play is based on Ben Ames Williams' story which appeared in Collier's, under the title of "Not a Drum Was Heard." The whole company are making preparations to journey to Glacier Park, Montana, where most of the exteriors will be filmed.

Albert Smith, head of the Vitagraph Film Company, paid Los Angeles a visit in early September. Unfortunately, his stay was marred by the necessity of instigating a legal battle against Larry Semon whose Vitagraph is doing for $404,388.22. Damages are sought because of Semon's alleged failure to carry his contract for twelve pictures in a year, and alleged expensive methods used by the actor in an attempt to force the company to release him from the contract. Semon is paid $2,500 weekly, the complaint stated.

One of Mr. Smith's pleasant duties was the confirmation of the news that our splendid-witted Tony Moreno will be starred hereafter in five-reel features instead of serials. For which we are all thankful. Tony is a fine addition and should be cast in dramatic features...

It is rumored that lovely Betty Blythe will be chosen to play the Queen in the Fox super-production of "The Queen of Sheba," but could get no definite confirmation. This production will be directed by J. Gordon Edwards, famous for his spectacular pictures, including Theda Bara's "Cleopatra," "Vendôme," "Dr. Barry," etc.

"Tis said that Jesse D. Hampton intends to combine his picture enterprises with productions of the spoken drama. This would mark his return to the stage of H. B. Warner and Blanche Sweet. Miss Sweet first appeared on the stage when she was four years old and remained there until she began work in pictures with D. W. Griffith.

It looks as if it were going to be a good season for Carmel Myers. Universal has just purchased, Edna Ferber's famous story,

(Continued on page 115)
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Unchanging (Continued from page 68)

I was in a state of nervousinery. My goal was Bobbie Harrison.

There is nothing inconsequential about Bobbie. Nor about his talk.

There is little, if any, possibility of amusing byways of talk with him.

He is positively adamantine on the matter of self-revelation.

His soul and his heart may work upon the screen for all who come to see, but the dragnet of the Interviewer drags over a shade of consistent reticence.

The indubitable fact that behind those frank and serio-smiling eyes, under that broad and thoughtful brow, a worth-while philosophy is evolving, not for your pen to catch, makes the prospect none the less difficult.

Upon our arrival we found him immediately. He was seated upon the broad front porch with Dorothy Gish. The M. E. promptly departed with Carol Dempster in tow. I sat down between Bobbie and Dorothy. I had met them before and, methought, this will be easy. But then “before” I had us in them in their interrogative capacity.

Bobbie regarded me with genuine affright. Had he been a less genuine, a less open person, the affright would have savored of suspicion, too. But there is no room in Bobbie Harrison for the canker of suspicion.

This is the heart of the boy. Healthful. Trustful. Unborn of illusion.

Dorothy at once informed me, with some emphasis, that Bobbie was chronically difficult to interview. “You never talk about himself,” she informed me, affably.

I sighed.

Bobbie balanced his hat on the tip of his head and suggested imminent flight. At random I fired a question. He made a random reply. I tried psychology. It is being so much done these days.

I said: “Do you always say what comes to your mind?” I said this with a sort of sinister, Freudian suggestion.

Bobbie surveyed me . . . was it with scorn?

I hoped not. One wouldn’t like Bobbie’s scorn. It would be so generous and so well-deserved.

Dorothy whooped. She had evidently been trying to restrain herself, and at this point the restraint snapped. “When upon she interviewed him for the rest of the afternoon and nothing came to his mind,” she said, gleefully.

It was to laugh. Of the three of us, Bobbie laughed the hardest.

“I’ll put that in the interview,” I said; “I have devised a new and ingenious method . . . that of always writing an interview verbatim.” I had done one, I told them, in that fashion with Constance Talmadge.

Bobbie relaxed and Bobbie collapsed. He might have said something agin’ the School of Realism. But he didn’t. Bobbie doesn’t care anything about schools.

And if he did, he wouldn’t hold forth on them. You feel in him a sense of simple and very definite opinions and beliefs without being in the least opinionated.

At this juncture he suggested that we look about the studio, at his sets and Dorothy’s, and then go to the restaurant in conjunction with the studio and have something to eat or drink.

On our tour about the place, during which Bobbie displayed his thoror working knowledge, his thoror practical information of the work he is doing, I gleaned the fact that he would like to "strike a
popular type." That is, hit some particular line pleasing to the public and distinctive for himself.

He doesn't care for comedy.

He didn't ever mean to get into pictures in the first place. They happened to him and he to them. But now he is in them, he is in them for what success he can achieve, and success is, inevitably, molded by public opinion. He did not entwine over art or art's sake, but then he wouldn't entwine over abstraction.

He says he believes that people just do what they are, in some wise, destined to do. Believes that we fall, as it were, into our predetermined molds and are probably not equipped to do anything else and do it well.

"Things happen to us," he said, with his wholly unornamented simplicity.

He lives in New York City, from whence he sprang, and cannot quite see living elsewhere. He has, probably, a large share of the heartstone instinct.

He believes that sheep raising on some pastoral slope is the ideal life, not to say profession, and that the man who so lives, lives most fully and most happily.

He bought me ice cream, served in cantaloupe; chewing gum, life-savers and candies.

Into the restaurant there came, presently, Miss Dempster and the M. E. We joined forces and talked pictures.

He is the last person doing the real-est things I have met, to my recognition.

He has a bulky handshake. Convincing. Especially when it is to a departing interviewer with a tendency to be frank.

* * * * * . . . In the vast industry of the Screen, when the half gods go and the whole gods stand, so shall he stand, a light that cannot fail.

THE POWER OF GOOD PICTURES

By Frank A. Powell

When courage seems to flag a bit, and faith ebbs low;
When life seems all a crude misfit, or falsome show;

Then forth to pictured land I fare,
And leave behind
The world's mad rush, and blinding glare,
And scorn unkind.

And on the screen I see the strife,
With aid of art,
Reveal the hidden springs of life
Within the heart.

I see divided ways that meet,
With strange design;
And compensation, full complete,
Her scales incline.

Thus Art beguiles me unawares
To realms of peace;
And so from worries, frets, and cares,
I find release.

JOTTINGS

It is said that Tom Mix will endeavor to accomplish the difficult feat of portraying the role of a Western sheriff without the use of a flowing mustache.

Because of the shortage of white paper, fewer masterpieces will be produced by the publicity departments this year.

It is expected that "Little Red Riding Hood" will soon be brought to the screen under the title of "The Dreadful Sea," with some wonderful shots of Broadway at night as the feature attraction.
Satin and Pearls
(Continued from page 5.)
dress, and anything even subtly Spanish awakened a new zest within me. Of course it all means something. That's why I am so delighted with my first Vitagraph picture, 'Dead Men Tell No Tales.' I fairly revel in the beautiful Spanish things I wear.

"You are about to rest now?" I asked.

"Ah, yes," she replied. "Tonight I leave for the summer home on the shore of Lake Champlain, where my family waits me. My family," she explained, "being my son, Paul Armstrong, aged six; his nurse, and the three servants. I'll get there at five-thirty to-morrow and find a great fire burning in the fireplace, flowers everywhere and that wonderful boy of mine waiting for his mother. I can hardly wait. I've missed him so, but I just couldn't have him in the city during the summer months. Life has been empty without him,—quite empty. If only I could get his prayers when I get back from the studio in the evening it makes the day count somehow. Without him nothing has meant very much. But he's coming home. I'll put him and everything will be quite all right again."

She paused to smile ruefully.

"Prepare to be bored to death," she laughed. "I'll make some other woman who has borne a man-child."

"Tell me about him—your plans for him," I urged. "Will he be an actor?"

"An actor," she answered, "if I hope not. And he has a sense of humor, so I feel almost safe in saying I think not. First I want him to have a splendid education—the very best I can find for him. Then if dreams come true and my plans materialize, he'll be a diplomat."

"Oh, if I had been a man," she went on, "I would have wanted to have been a diplomat. The glory of it—to play with men and with nations. It would be wonderful—wonderful.

Her eyes smoldered with ambition's fires.

"As it is," she said, "I shall be quite content to be simply his mother, a quiet figure in the background—happy to know I play a part, however small, in his great work among the nations.

"And if a dream comes into his life, what then?" I asked.

"What can be then?" she wanted to know, stretching forth her hands, pearl-jeweled, delicate, into his father's life. I can only hope she will be what I would have her be. If not—"

"If not," I prompted.

"I shall not permit myself to criticize," she said slowly and very deliberately. "I shall invite her to my home and give parties in her honor. If she fails in my testing process, my comparison, as she would undoubtedly fail, and he will not see, there will be nothing more that I can do for him. I think of her as of my son in an triumphant in the very tones of her voice, "I think that he will see."

There is something vivid about her, and more than just that, she is vital, every fibre of her being gloriously alive. When her husband died, leaving her with the year-old boy, she raised her head from out of the pitiful cl这类的 dreams they had dreamed and the things they had built together, to stand erect and go on, rebuilding—picking up the threads of the old life, putting into them the new that they might serve in the—carrying on.

"Paul Armstrong did not leave me poor," she said calmly. "He had taught me to do everything I did the best I knew how to do it. Life teaches no more valuable lesson. And he left me little Paul."

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With your wedded life so happy," I said, "what do you think makes for happiness?"

"Caractolene, first of all," she said. "It is up to us women mostly. I would say. Men want to be amused or they want to be left alone when they seek the home heart string after day's battle with the world. The wise wife knows when to amuse and when to disappear. Men are boys grown up, that's all." She lingered the ropes of pearls which fell from her neck to the black folds of the satin dress she wore.

There was an Irish whimsy in her face.

She looked out over the gardens.

"What is that they say, Buddha?" she asked with a smile.

"A sweethearth at home and a wife in public"

I cannot be sure—on account of the shadow thrown by the pigeon as it flew overhead—but I think I saw Buddha smile.

Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 75)

she hasn't accepted Willie's cavalier antics favorably—that is, up to the time he demonstrates them upon the captain. Then they win favor and the fade-out shows them arm in arm, swinging on one of the halyards of the skip, while a subtitle informs us that it is the cavalier's methods directed at another that women love.

Judging the production merely by the story, it would not be fair, as the story was undoubtedly designed to permit the beautiful Annette opportunities to swim and dye (and with the utmost graces) she does not fail to avail herself. There are, too, a number of scenes photographed beneath the surface, which are exceptionally beautiful and worth seeing.

HALF AN HOUR—PARAMOUNT

"Half an Hour" should have been a very good picture. It was no fault of Dorothy Dalton that it is not. The main fault to be found with it are the subtitles, which are so very stilted that they spoil the story.

The story is, as everyone knows, Barrie's, and has every element of good drama. Dorothy Dalton plays Lilian, the daughter of a nobleman, who after the fashion of noblemen, is impecunious—impecunious to such an extent that he is forced to sell his precious paintings to a nouveau riche, who is a really nice person except for the unpardonable fact that he worked to win his gold and has no family tree. He asks for Lilian's hand, really caring for her, and she permits a marriage, zho! she feels he has purchased her, even as one of the paintings, not loving her; and in this belief she continues to do him a great injustice. There follow a series of misunderstandings until she finally decides to run off with a former lover who is sailing for India. Leaving a note for her husband, she goes to this man, who agrees to take her with him. When he goes out to summon the cab which is to take them to the boat, he is killed and a doctor who returns to the rooms with his body questions Lilian, to learn that she is not the wife. She returns home to find that her note has not been discovered, and when she comes down to dinner later, she finds that her husband's ghost is the doctor she met earlier in the day. He reveals, however, that she has learned her lesson and keeps his peace. And they live happily forever after.
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FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY—FIRST NATIONAL

Undoubtedly many dollars disappeared from the company's coffers in presenting Charles Boyer in "Tales from Broadway," his premier production for his own company. It would seem, tho, that it might better have been spent in another direction and used a Ray vehicle, altho he makes the best of his role.

However, the atmosphere of the prettily even tho slow, little town forty-five minutes from the bright lights and wicked ways of the city is conspicuous only by its absence, and Miss Margaret Ruppert's characterization of the price-catcher is very different from that drawn by George M. Cohan. Rather, he created his own character, and while there is little work of credit, thanks to several old, yet ever-new Ray-esque tricks, we must admit that it is seen to better advantage in another sort of portrayal.

The story is badly cut, in some instances causing the characters to move so rapidly that it resembles a slapstick comedy. Too, the continuity is bad and the picture is half over before the players are clearly placed in your mind.

There is little plot to the story and it seems a pity that there is such a dearth of screen material that they are bringing productions to the screen which were popular on the stage because of catchy musical tunes and dance steps. Paying huge prices for them because of a commercialized name and expecting them to entertain. It doesn't seem logical.

Charles Ray plays the role of an ex-boxer who shares with his friend, a ner-do-well sort of person, the huge fortune inherited when his uncle dies and fails to leave a will. He and his friends, follow the plans of a chorus girl, who is marrying the heir for his wealth, and at the same time falls in love with the maid, Mary, to whom the uncle threatened to leave his fortune. The day after Mary has promised to marry him he finds the uncle's will in an old suit of clothes, which makes Mary wealthy, and this he leaves for her with a farewell epistle, betaking himself to the station. Just before the train pulls out, Mary joins him, and when he questions her she proves her love by tearing up the will before his very eyes.

Here the story ends, but one's imagination takes them to Broadway forty-five minutes later, where they arrive practically penniless. Anyone knowing Broadway does not doubt they soon wish for uncle's here.

LITTLE MISS REBELLION—PARAMOUNT

This new Dorothy Gish production has but one thing to recommend it, and that is an episode in which Dorothy, as the princess of one of Europe's tiny principalities, escapes from the guarded castle and enters into a baseball game with some players. Her gift of mimicry here enjoys full play and she is very amusing. However, this occupies but a very small part of the five reels.

Naturally, one of the doughboys, played by likable Ralph Graves, falls in love with the little princess, not dreaming that her head is one of those few, left to the world, that wear a crown. As a matter of fact he does not learn of her royalty until the eve is sailing for home, and his departure leaves them both broken-hearted.

But though the plot and chase the little princess to America, and when her funds give out she seeks employment in one of those restaurants where pancakes are flapped behind the wide expanse of a glass window. The ex-

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I am, Mr. and Mrs. who have failed by all known methods and have tried everything. In all cases where you are not satisfied with my book, if you will send me the money again, I will return your money. This is not a guarantee, but merely an offer to convince you that my method will fit you, and to make you a little money, for I have always been in favor of an American system of education. There is nothing to lose by trying it. Real training in the piano or organ can be gained only by learning to play with your hands.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY—PARAMOUNT

"An Old-Fashioned Boy," Charlie Ray's last picture for Paramount before branching out in his own company, might well be called "Much Ado About Nothing," except that it would perhaps be disparaging to that hard Shakespeare who, with a genius stroke, made nothing of interest. There is no such stroke in this picture, which even fails to offer Ray opportunities in which he might delight his audience.

There can be no reason for the release of such a picture except perhaps a scenario house-cleaning.

THE BRAZEN WOMAN—FIRST NATIONAL

Again, the woman neglects to bare the family skeleton before she marries, subjecting herself to blackmail and a scandal which will wreck her husband's career. Again, a cinema husband places the worst possible construction upon his wife's actions. But, of course, the last few feet of film and things rapidly adjusting themselves.

We wonder what the scenario writers would do without this time-worn plot at least fifty per cent. of the stories would cease to be.

Norma Talmadge is "The Brazen Woman," and while she is excellent in some scenes, we have seen her to much better advantage. She has been greatly handicapped by trite melodramatic stories of late. It seems a pity, too, for she has both beauty and ability.

Others in the cast are Gaston Glass, who has but a minor rôle; Percy Marmon, who is excellent, and George Fawcett, who, as a matter of fact, does the finest work in the entire production.

BEHOLD MY WIFE—PARAMOUNT

"Behold My Wife" is based on Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Translation of a Savage," and is one of the most interesting pictures which has found its way to the silver sheet in many months. The plot has proved ideal material for the screen.

To Mabel Juliene Scott goes praise for the delicate and artistic manner in which she portrays the little Indian girl who is slowly transformed into a graceful and charming society young lady.

This transformation is occasioned when the neer-do-well son of an English family marries an Indian girl on the reservation where he is a trader, sending her home to disgrace his family, against whom he harbors resentment. His older brother educates the girl so that when he returns home after a few years he finds her all that anyone could desire his wife to be. Milton Sills, as the neer-do-well son, and Elliott Dexter as the older brother, are both seen to splendid advantage in their respective roles, while Ann Forrest is pleasing in the character of their sister.

The climax of the production probably lies in the fact that it has been logically presented, making no strenuous demands upon the imagination—this, and the fact that it is well directed and well acted, makes it a far better offering than has been glimpsed in some time. It is a George Mclord production.

TSUKU AOKI

By Sylva Cushman

The tinkling of temple bells, in the evening wind, Memories of other days, ... The Land of the free from sin, The purple nights of Japan, In ghostly lantern's light, Cherry blossoms, sighing lute, Dreams of love and life.
eyes on the one and once Olga wot loves you in spite of some how they.

"When shall it be dear? And you dint answer me in the Mag. It's ours'm I'm married, I guess! Anyhow, was Mary Forest Vkadinal for the movies, and if so, by whom. Who played the part of "K" and who played Sidney? I would love to know, Rippy, hall one.

I think—well—goes a night in the Hall of Fame. His acting—oh rather his non-acting—is just too thrilling. His pictures are bubbling over with human realities, and they are so well done. And I simply adore his ittie wittie son.

"Goodbye for now, divine one. Remem ber that I love you, and pay a wee bit o' tenderness to your Olga 17?"

PREM SIS, HAWAII:—Just be patient, and some day I will run in and see you. Not Evelyn Shaw, but Evelyn Thaw. So you want to hear more of Helen Gibson. So do I.

Cora Sit,—Yes, I was born poor, and I hope to the poor. I am glad that I am not bothered with a lot of money, houses, mort-gages, and bonds and all the other stuff that relates to relatives. What are they good for? Yes, I have met several of my correspondents. Certainly, Tamar Lane is, indeed, a clever chap. He is not in these offices. Don't call me an old cooheeb.

ANOTHER FAN,—Blow away! June Caprice is to appear with Margaret Court and George "the Spiv" Seitz in "Rogues and Romance." Eileen Percy in "Beware of the Bride."

C. J. R,—Referring to Lois Meredith. 'Montage'—Lois Amsden. All right, sing out. You want a chat with Montague Love, Roy Stewart and Cassius Ferguson. Yes, I am about as happy as I can be, but you must remember that there is no such thing as a long happiness.

CURIOSITY,—Your story reminds me of the sad experience of my little friend William; Little Willie with the shears, clipped off both the baby's ears; it made the baby so unsightly, that mother raised her eyebrows slightly. Now wasn't that a good job, Lola Dion secured to marry him. Try Los Angeles. Yes, I liked "Go and Get It."

Write me again.

THARR,—Bill Boy; Gertrude A; Cath erine D; Minnie P; Le D; Verna L; Helena K; Marjory II; LeRoy; Francis P; Vicky; Nimrod; Agnes M. Thanks for your letter, see elsewhere for yours, in these columns.

KENNETH ARCHIBALD,—Charmed! You must have the eyes of Argus to see so many virtues in this department. William Farnum in "Drag Harlan." George Walsh in "Dynamite Allen." No, Bebe Daniels is not married. So you think she ought to say. Evidently she does not. Cannot give you the cast for "Birth of a Nation" her e.

REARTH.—Howdy. Why, last time I heard, Mary MacLaren and Katherine Mac Daniels are still married. Well, you can see the reason. I agree that the moral and economic status of the world is in a chaotic condition. But it was ever thus—the poor learn their virtues quickly.

HOOLUM,—Whom the gods love, die young. I am 75, so you know what that means. I haven't bought my new winter coat yet. I think someone is going to throw out his oldawnings. All right.

I would just like to spend my vacation with you, but this January I am of for some time. Wshappee! You say you must have a career and you don't care what kind it is so long as it is a career. Watch your step! Pretty slippery around here too.

(Continued on page 127)
CROOKED SPINES
MADE
STRAIGHT

Cure Yourself Your Child at Home. Without Pain or Risk of any spinal deformity with the Wonderful PHILIP HURT METHOD. No matter how old you are, how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have. Here is a possible cure for you. The Philip Hurt Appliance is so simple as to be instantly flexible and very easy to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakest or deformed spine. It is so easy to take off or put on as a coat, gains in knowledge, and does not cause irritation. No one can notice you wearing it.

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TO PROTECT

To soothe sore, scratchy throat, to relieve hoarseness, to allay coughing, Pisco's for 56 years has been a haven of relief—benefits young and old. Always keep it in the house—ready for instant use. It contains no opiate. 36c at your druggist's

Pisco's for Coughs & Colds (Continued from page 72)

Davie grew pitable about with fright, as he met the unwinking gaze of three pairs of round eyes. "Sybil! Have a heart!" and all the house guests were yesterday. Besides what can I tell Herd?"

But already cold certainty that he would yet gripped him, and later by luck he started in the diamond-panelled room, looking down at the three small figures on the bed. Bob Boss at the bottom. Diamond shadings laid across their sharply unrounded sheepsace, a moonbeam, stealing in, Mary's tossed curls and turned them to Flight gold. "Darned if they don't look a fine pair of you're David mused aloud, and then unexpectedly a sob caught at his throat and he turned away and stole out of the room, clumsily on tiptoe.

"Sick," he told Herbert briefly over the telephone, and then hurriedly, lest his partner's solicitude find expression in a hurried visit to the suburbs to smooth the fevered brow, "I'm something catching. Going to have the doctor and find out. Better not come around till I'm sure."

He did not guess that his habit often attracted the doctor to the right truth by nightfall. But, as usual, in the early morning and continued stickily thruout the day ended in three uncomfortable stomachaches, which in Davie's experienced eyes took on dire possibilities. Appendicitis—Bright's disease—hamburger! What did one do for kids-pains anyhow? He conched over vague memories of his own childhood as he searched instinctively in the "phone book for a doctor's number,—Jamaica, ginger—or was it castor oil? Hang it! How did you find a doctor among a million names? Why, of course, he remembered. Betty's father was a physician, and turned to the telephone, the old familiar number coming automatically to his tongue.

"Calumet," prescribed Dr. Graves, briefly, after the whole affair had been confided to him. His eyes twinkled as he measured and administered. "What kind of a father do you think yourself, David, my boy, eh?"

From the darkness outside sounded a silly laugh that sent the sheepish grin shivering from David's lips. "Betty!" he gasped.

The doctor nodded, carefully avoiding the boy's haggard eyes. "Yes, Ferdie brought us out in his car. Ferdie is the latest victim—he's at the acute Huyler stage now."

Davie's young jaw set. He was quite still until the doctor and he were down stairs again, leaving three well-dosed children sound asleep in the gable room. Then he burst into words, many of them, to which the doctor listened with growing appreciation, until upon he laughed, soundlessly and long. "I'm afraid it's something coming on, Davie, my boy—famously!" he chuckled at last, wiping his spectacles. "Keep on the way you're going and in another month you'll qualify. But I don't know but what I'll do. Can't say I care for Ferdie for a son-in-law—not enough chin, nearly. I liked you, David, and that help of yours, too. Perhaps—if I did as you suggest, she might come to her senses. No harm to try, but while we're about it we went call it melodry. That's too tame. Scarlet fever—much better! Now you disappear while I call her in and just the case up here."

Herbert Allen, stopping his car at the gate of his place the next afternoon, was in a pessimistic mood. Not, he assured himself vigorously, that he gave a damn what Sybil did, but she couldn't steal...
The December
CLASSIC

Stars wax and wane—some stars do, others wax and wane not, and such is the case of Theda Bara, siren of the silversheet.

Homewrecker, heartbreaker, vampire, she flashes across the scene with her fascinating wiles, leaving in her wake empty hearts and ruined lives. After assuring young Kismet on the screen, "believe" after all, you prepare to enjoy the tragic features of the play.

How would it seem to see this tragedienne as an honest-to-goodness person, sans "make-believe," satisfying to your imagination the real natural girl or woman?

Can you picture Theda Bara as a kiddie, with curls or pigtails? Don't try to. It would be difficult and, in any case, unnecessary, to read the December issue of the CLASSIC, in which there will appear

THE REAL STORY OF THEDA BARA

By MRS. PAULINE BARA
Mother of the famous screen siren.

It is an unusual story of an unusual personality, and is sure to win the interest of all devotees of the photoplay.

Photographs of this Lorelei of the silversheet which you have never seen before will accompany this two-part story of her life.

How stars win their fame, what their hobbies are, and their romances and private lives are subjects of increasing interest. Thru interviews many things are learned which throw illuminating side lights on these personalities.

Oris Skinner, who is at present doing Kismet on the screen, tells new phases of his life and work in an interview, by Hazel Shelley.

An attractive story for the holiday number of the CLASSIC is told by Gladys Hall as a result of her interviews with the famous screen comedienne, Madge Kennedy.

Frederick James Smith writes about Jerome Storm in a manner that holds your vivid interest as he tells how this director-discoverer of 1920 climbed the ladder of success. Mr. Storm is now directing Lillian Gish.

Read about them in the CLASSIC for December.

The Classic
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You Can Get Into the Movies If You Want To

Maybe you are all ready now, but don't know exactly how to go about it, or maybe there are a few technicalities unfinished or overlooked; or possibly there is a whole lot you don't know and need to know.

In any case, we are in a position to offer you sound suggestions. Cut out the coupon below, and enclose 5c for postage for our booklet "CAN I GET INTO THE MOVIES?" Then you judge!

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Fun and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Enclosed is 5 cents in stamps for mailing.

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Address

AND NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK

Theatrical Star: What would you do if your face should be disfigured in an automobile accident?

Film Star: Oh, I suppose in that case I'd have to take a position as your understudy.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so will the turning from one subject to another, as the varied types hit the eye, make the mind sparkle.

A kind word, a pleasant smile, a glad Good Morning, are searchlights on the Road of Progress, that light the way for many a weary soul, and they are lights that never go out, for their influence shines on forever.
Girl from Lonesomeville.—My dear, what you need is something to love. There are many who wish to be loved, but there are those who are willing to love. Marjorie Hume is playing in "The Great Day." Write to me any time.

Almonds.—What's this? You think I look like one of the Smith Brothers on the cupboard boxes? I don't belong to that clan of be-whiskered gentlmen. Nor am I one of those who claim to be Pickford and Irving Cummings in "Diamonds From the Sky." But you know that women go further in love than do most men, but men go further in friendship than women.

J ust Olga.—Surely I always put my whiskers up in curlers before going to bed. Vanity is the only intellectual enjoyment of many people. Oh, I like all the girls. I have no choice. Not Elsie, but Helen Ferguson in "The Challenge of the Law," opposite William Russell.

L. E. P.—So you want more about Irene Castle. Hazel Simpson Naylor is not in the office today. And let me tell you, we all miss Hazel, yes, we do. You see she has a hubby now and a baby.

Peggy.—So you think something should be done to stop that little middle of a red and disturbing everybody. The early bird catches the plot, and the late bird spoils it. Yes, I enjoyed your type—writing. It was sunny—like the Greek alphabet.

Clarence B.—Thanks for the verse. Sorry I haven't room to print it. You say it fits, but I have never lost the idea of never to have loved at all. Not so. It is a misfortune for a woman never to be loved, but it is a humiliating calamity to be loved and not loved. Write me some more.

Avoid P ros.—Yeast for yours. Do I believe in it? Well, they're all doing it and think they are thriving on it. I understand that Fleischmann is making a mint since prohibition, and since the ladies are getting fatter. Eat and grow thin is my motto. Where's a want there's a way.

Kecan.—But a man with a bad heart can never love deeply nor well. Marcellina Bianco played in "Cabría" as Cabría. Why, I always like Norma Talmadge, but I don't think John Duford. Of course I Branded, Constance Hale.

Woman.—Norma is always good, however.

Clarissa of Missouri.—Yes, most girls want something but not too much, but when they do get it they want everything. Tom Mike's next picture will be "The Texan." He is supported by Gloria Hope. Edna Purvis is playing with Charlie Chaplin.

M. H. B.—So my department is widely read at Yale. Good for you, my dear old college chums. You want to know if Theodore Roberts bought Wally Reid's house. You will have to get in touch with the gentleman in question if you must know, for I don't make a specialty of searching titles.

Mary May.—Bobbed hair is all the rage, it seems. I'm right in style. I wonder if bald heads will ever be the rage. Corinne Griffiths has one. What do you mean, on the lock—I may have the key—oh, you mean hair.

Mary V. W.—Well, the ideal player is the one most admired. Kind of a suggestion of yours, Mary. I don't mind Constance Binney in "The Stolen Kiss." Eileen Percy in "Beware of the Bride." Before marriage you should know them, after marriage you are aware of them.

Jean L.—Thanks, thanks, and with a low bow, thanks. Well, we can't always choose our work, but we can choose the way we do it. You can reach Norman Kerry at International Film Co., Second Avenue and 65th Street, New York City. Be sure to have a costume play, they don't sell well now.

Gertrude B.—I conclide with you my friend. Serenity in domestic affairs worries some women as a calm worries a sailor. So you don't care for this department. I would suggest that you send a stamped envelope and then you won't have to wait. Ruth Stonehouse's house is playing for Metro, Los Angeles, Cal. You want Amanda Daper in the gallery. You want to see "The Story of Julia Page" in pictures. Sorry I can't accommodate you.

Isa Mac.—George Larkin and Frances Edmonde in "The Unfortunate Seaboard" Hickman in "The Cast Off." Every one to his or her opinion.

L. E. S.—Your description is good. Woman is an overgrown child that one can't play with toys, not with figures, and seduces with promises. Why the most famous painting by Leonardo da Vinci is the "Mona Lisa" or "Gioconda" now in the Louvre museum in Paris, you want more of Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Thomas Meighan. Romance.—You want to be discovered. Write until I get in touch with Thomas Edison. Be patient, child, and wait until you are a little older and then try the movies.

Maude B.—Very interesting, and do write me again.

Rebecca F.—The royal palm is the highest of the palm trees. It is native to the tropics. Little Lillian Roth, who played in "Shavings" on the stage, posed for the subtitles of the film picture "The Cinnamon Girl." It is a strong pillar for our magazine, and I enjoy reading your letters. Tell us what you want, and we will try to serve.

Theda B a r a A m b r e r.—So you thought I was in the Wall Street disaster. No, child, I was safely tucked away on Duffield Street in Brooklyn in my little cell. Benjamine Franklin was buried in Philadelphia, in the graveyard at Arch and Fifth Streets. Valeska Suratt is playing on the stage, and Theda Bara is expected to alternate. You want more of Creighton Hale.

Blonde.—Those who always speak well of women do not know them enough; those who always speak ill of them do not know them at all. You think we ought to do more for Robert Gordon, Wallace Reid and Charles Ray. Perhaps.

Vivian.—So you think I ought to get married. You say the human soul needs to be matred to develop all its value. Well, I'm going to buy me a cat. So you like Constance Hughes! You say next to think. Mary Pickford you like her better than anyone, and that you always feel full of pep after seeing Constance.

A. B. C.—A golden ticket—wheee. And I'd like to do it, and all the girls may do it too. May McAvoy is playing in J. Stuart Blackton's "Forbidden Valley." I bet I have my countenance everyday.

Topps Turkey.—Of course I have my wisdom teeth. Who did you suppose had them? Neither of the Gish girls is mar ried. I understand that Dorothy and the late Bobby Harron were very brotherly and sisterly, but nothing more.

Kathleen N. S. K.—Oh, you know, Kathleen, they say there is a story like the old maid. Charles Sarge was Jimmy in "The Fighting Colleen." Forrest Stanley opposite Vivian Maier in his Official Photo. I don't think that William Farnum was suited for "Riders of the Purple

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127 PAG
Playing Cards
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There are yet a great many of the old-fashioned sort of people who enjoy tranquil, quiet evenings and a game of cards that is interesting without being unduly exciting. Not everyone has time to master the intricacies of bridge, whist, the more modern games. Not everyone enjoys them.

Here is a game that is restful yet jolly, easy yet quaint, entertaining—even educational—because it acquaints one with the names and faces of the best artists of the stage and screen. Why not lay aside your old games and try our STAGE PLAYING CARDS?

There are 52 cards and joker, faintly painted in pastel shades of pink, cream, green and gold, gold-edged and highly flexible, each card bearing the photograph of some popular player on its back.

These cards need not be hidden when not in use; they are an ornament to any living-room table, and in offering them to you at 65c we are giving you an unusual opportunity to add to your store of winter's fun.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. Nicholas Muray has beer appointed one of the official photographers for the Brewster Publications. Mr. Muray is a Greenwich Village photographer who has rapidly risen to the toppmost heights in the art of photography in New York, and our readers will remember particularly his artistic work as reproduced in Shadowland. His address is

Nikolas Muray, 129 Mc. Dough St. New York City

Where space will be welcome to sit at our expense.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dawn—Sorry I didn't see it. I manage to get to the Strand Theater here in Brooklyn every Monday night. Run in again when you have anything to do.

Elsie—Oh, I'm so sorry we missed the opening. Shall we try the one at the Bijou?

You can't always figure me out. Greatness knows I can't support a flyer on $9.75 per. I'm going on strike the first of the year, but I won't turn Red. Wheeler Oakman in "Mickey." Malison Hamilton in the Pickford play.

Olive Oil—Hello, Olive, how's your garment? You're all wrong, yellow takes back in the pictures and not white. News about Thomas Gates from the times, you're paged. Shirley Mason and Raymond McKee in "The Girl of My Heart." Guess Shirley has made many a heart flutter.

Robert L. W.—You enter at the wrong door. You know that every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. So you think "Passers By" was a mighty fine picture. Hats off, commodore.

Carrie M.—Phew! Slayer is not married to Mack Sennett. Sir Joshua Reynolds was born in Devonshire, and died in London, and J. M. W. Turner was England's greatest landscape painter. You're very welcome.

Vryknya—What ho! The guards! The trumpets! Blare a blast, for Royalty doth approach. Come in, you take exception to what I said to you and T. J. L. as (you interpret Terribly Jaundiced Lunatic) thinks about you. You think I ought to hand over this department to T. J. L. and let it become a bureau of sane, sensible, and incidentally, terribly Uninteresting and Unreadable stuff. I'm glad you're my friend, Vrygnyal.

Dwight R. Taylor of San Francisco—Welcome. Yours is some letter. You say Bessie Love is staging a come-back, and she will only better when she ages a wee bit—like wine. Write me soon again.

Elverber B. Blossom—You say I remind you of an overgrown cabbage seed. That's true. You think my head ought to be fertilized with horrid ice or even use it. Wish I had your sense of humor.

Steppling—Yes, nonsense makes the heart grow fonder. Why is it I write it so much? Every S. Myers, Rosemary Thely, Charles Clary and Charles Gordon are playing in "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." You must write to me again.

S. T. O. K.—Thanks.

Jim—Yes, you can reach Wallace Reid at Hollywood, Cal. No, our Brooklyn stenographers do not always chew gum. Yes, I have seen a bicycle race. I just can't remember how I felt the first year I didn't go back to school. If there is anything else, rim, just command me.

A Dixie Girl—I always make love while the moon shines. It seems to take better. Shirley Temple was married, Girly Swanson did play in comedies. Grace Gummer is playing now. I liked your billy dance.

C. L. M., Bridgeport, O.—You won't need a book on New York if you come to this office. Yes, see ads in back of book.

Ian Macclaren—Don't do it. They can't help you any. Better wait a little longer.

Bettina, Homerok—You want to see a picture of Pauline Frederick in the magazine. She is a star. She's married, too. She has a few tall players, like Warner and Reid. That's all right in the-cases, but you know that tall men are often like high houses, wherein the uppermost rooms are worst furnished. Not so in these cases, however.

Blacktop—Never call a man a blackguard—call him an African sentinel. Broncho Billy Anderson is still in New York, promoting stage plays. Yes, Bill Hart is a real Western hero. You can reach Ralph Eshushman at Hollywood, Cal. No, but we have a few jimmy beans here, and I have more public conveyances, called taxi-cabs which have a gas meter attachment that registers miles for feet.

Clara H., Erie—Of course you don't—you can't bribe me on my age—79 winters, that's straight. Harrison Ford, Charles Meredith, Emery Johnson, Ralph Graves and Malishon Hamilton are married. Thanks for the kind things you say about me. Tickle me thus and I blush, then gush. G. W. R.—No, to both of yours.

Marguerite S., N. J.—You want to see Theda Bara's picture on the cover. It shall be.

Kid Mack; Stanley; Velma; A Western Girl; Ona K.; Dol., T. Blasey,—See yours elsewhere. Ask me something unique or original if you expect an individual answer.

Reta Romaine—Yours was 100% and then some more. Great stuff!

S. S. M.—Have no fear, child, I won't reveal my identity. You say you prefer to write to me as if I have been a mystery to myself all my life, so how could I be anything else to you? Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton are on the Coast, but not playing together.

Cissy,—I never saw so many demands to see another person's property as you call your demand to Mr. Talmage's husband. Dorothy Dickson, the famous stage dancer, is playing in "Money Mad," to be directed by George Fitzmaurice for Paramount.

Agnes B.—You call me out of my name. As some wise man said, "Genius is an infinite capacity for overcoming the opposition of mediocrities." You want an interview with Kitty Gordon. She is with the beautiful hair, and—back. Rod La Roggen has had interviews with her. Vryknya—I realize you are a clever verse with ticklesome delight and passed it around for everybody else to enjoy. Please do it again.

Clarence A. Dimples; Alvarta M. K.; Isabella S.; A. B. O.; John P.; Kenneth A. P., Yonkers.—Your questions have been answered. Next time I hope I won't have to put you in with the alsorts.

Emery E.—I really do not know whether J. Warren Kerrigan plays and sings, but if it is important for you to find out, I'll wire him. No, he is not married yet. I have not heard either Cox or Harding. I like a good, ripping political speech, but for real spellbounding there are none to compare with the dictionary makers.

D. M. of Los Angeles, please get back numbers of all three of our publications by writing to our circulation department. Allan Dwan produced "In the Heart of a Girl," Charles Ritz in "The Valley of the Moon."

Dorothy L.—You will never be satisfied. How many sick ones wish they were healthy; how many beggarwomen wish they were wealthy; honors wish they were pretty; how many stupid ones wish they were witty; how many hooligans wish they were married; how many benefactors wish they were poor; single or double, life's full of trouble; riches are storable; pleasure's a bubble! Yes, Theda Bara has returned from Europe.

Julius.—Better join one of the correspondence clubs.

Eustace.—Fort bien. Sorry I cannot
help you on that name. Can’t you give me a better clue? You should read a book at least once a month, and that’s only 1.20 in ten years of two soaks. There is the reader who carefully goes thru a book, and there is the reader who as casually lets the book go thru him.

My idea is that you have a man and a man of my story Right! Well, now, I never was a rug collector, so it is quite out of my line to tell you what is the best rug in the world. Yes, Curwood’s “Nomads of the North” is being filmed by First National.

In the weeks that we run a department of the married players with pictures of their children. That would be quite out of the question, because most of them do not support it. I think Williams is not dead. What’s worth the cost of gaining is worth retaining.

Navy Nurse.—Good-night, nurse! Norman Phillips, the Mutual Girl, you say is playing in stock at Newport. Gason Glass is at the Talmadge Studios. So you were married in an aero-plane— an example of the times.

Alfred P. S.—Don’t fool yourself, you are not worrying me. I’d like to answer question. It is my idea that President Wilson who started the business of protecting the world safe for the Democratic party.

M. E. S.—You just be drink as much buttermilk as I have. There is nothing like it. Gotham is a colloquial term used to denote the City of New York. It was applied to the city by Washington Irving in his “Sketch Book,” “Salvamuth,” Yes, Doublelay, Page & Co. published the biography of O. Henry.

Mary.—Of course, I use my bird to write the letters in the summertime. Yes, indeed, everybody should read “Don Quixote.” The object of Cervantes in writing it was, as he himself declares, to render arbored of men the false and absurd stories contained in the book of chivalry.

Navy Nurse.—For your benefit, I am not young and good-looking, but old and decrepit. A divorced actor told me the other day that he had lived long enough to learn that one man was as good as another, if not better. I told him that I had lived long enough to learn that one man was just as bad as another—if not worse.


Anna Dunn.—Hap much thanks for the cigar. There are two kinds of cigs—campaign cigs and those that you smoke. Yours was the latter kind, thanks. No, William Duncan is not married now. Carol Hollway is with Vitagraph.

Mary J.—No, Neal Hart is no relation to Bill Hart.

Romany.—That’s Greek to me about the picture. Must be junk. Now the name, “quero” French for “war name,” but it is now applied to an assumed name under which a person writes, plays, fights, etc.

Mary J.—Write to Wallace Reid at Lasky, Los Angeles, Cal. Nazimova at Metro, Los Angeles, Cal. Very interesting letter of yours.

Anna Dunn.—Hap much thanks for the cigar. There are two kinds of cigs—campaign cigs and those that you smoke. Yours was the latter kind, thanks. No, William Duncan is not married now. Carol Hollway is with Vitagraph.

Mary J.—No, Neal Hart is no relation to Bill Hart.

Romany.—That’s Greek to me about the picture. Must be junk. Now the name, “quero” French for “war name,” but it is now applied to an assumed name under which a person writes, plays, fights, etc. It is represented in the “Poets’ Corner.” It is a corner in Westminster Abbey where Chaucer, Spenser, and other poets are buried. Poetical collections are written by the Ray brothers. I know no brother that I know of. That would be funny, me in the movies. Run in again.

Snoke Night.—There was the happy days. When you get as old as I am, time flies. House Peters is in California and Virginia. She is a text of Co., College Point, L.I. Speaking of ZaSu Pitts, she was married to Tom S. Gallery not so long ago. May Allison in “Held in Trust.” No, they are from the same woman. Woman Loves.” If it wasn’t for Annette Kellerman’s stunts, there would be nothing to it.

R. J. L.—No, it will William Duncan Marguerite Gotham in “Pirate Gold.” But I am in America, and all educated men except the educated classes.

Mabel V.—How do you do? I’m feeling well, thank you. Fessay used to say, you know, and there is not more Robert Gordon playing in “Three Women Loved Him.” For J. Stuart Blackton. I’ll say they do. Label Normand in “Heat Over Heads.” But then, one doesn’t mind seeing Label head over heads. You want a lot of news about Vivian Prescott, Jesse Eaton and Dot Bernard. I t, I would like to have it myself.

Nel C. M.—Your letter was a mighty interesting and clever one. Do write me again some time.

Marie J.—No, I don’t think that love is dying out in the world, but I have noticed that the consideration for most modern marriages is a matter of money rather than matrimony and for social position rather th in for heart-interest. The cry is no longer “Give me a hint with a heart I love.” “Give me a palace with a man that I hate.” Love in a cottage seems to be going out of fashion. Your letter was indeed bright. Your only hope is that there will be a Norma I to take the place of her beautiful mother, when her most glorious career and wonderful work must end.

I. M. F.—You poor child. Nobody loves a fat girl. Will tell you some day what happened to the fat girl and her lover. Read “Eat and Grow Thin” for yours.

Annette Getwell Advertiser.—You can get her photo by writing to her at this address. I’ll have a portrait made and send it to you. Billy Rhodes in “Nobody’s Girl,” by the National Film Corp. The east includes Mary.

Tuske.—You say: “I’ve been reading your answers for over a year.

To sensible questions, but most others are queer.

Some folks sure do treat you rough. With sarcastic and uncalled-for stuff.

My sympathy is too great at times.

For there’s nothing else that I can do: I am sorry for you, and that’s sincere. But how can you last for another year? I do not see you.

If you continue as the Answer Man, Tho maybe the good stuff offsets the bad; If that’s so, for your sake I’m glad.

I read your columns from start to finish.

My interest in it never seems to diminish; Your good nature, it surely pays. For you sure are in a million away.

They ask you about your heart and age. And also of your weekly wage: You’ve got their number and it’s sure a blessing.

The way you’ve got those people guessing. Just keep it up, there, dear old top, I hope to (you know) you never stop.

For I’m an everyday movie fan, And wish you luck, Mr. Answer Man.”

For which I thank you.

Green Eyes, Mac Murray and Tom Terriss play the leading roles. The lesson I can explain is that a parody is a kind of literary composition in which the form and expression of a grave or dignified theme is closely ridiculed by the subject or method of treatment, while a paraphrase is a statement of the same in other words, generally in fuller terms and with greater detail for the sake of clearer and more complete exposition. I hope you set me right, if you do, but write you again.

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Motion Picture Magazine

Vol. XX
JANUARY, 1921
No. 12

CONTENTS

Gallery of Players......................................................... 11
Portraits in gravure of Betty Byline, Agnes Ayres, Catherine MacDonald, George Stewart, Richard Barthelemy, Naomi Childers, Mabel Normand, Alice Lake and Anna Q. Nilsson.

Christmas Morn.......................................................... 20

Cinema Realism.......................................................... 21

The Man Who Came Back................................................ 22

Woman Primitive....................................................... 24
As Clara Kimball Young portrays her.

Where Ruth Reigns........................................................ 26

Alias Modesty and King Love......................................... 28
An interview with Dorothy Phillips and her husband.

New Stars Dawn as Contest Climbs.................................. 30

The Little 'Fraid Lady.................................................. 31
The novelization of a forthcoming Vitagraph production, featuring Mae Marsh.

Look Pleasant, Please.................................................. 36
George Walsh obeys the director.

Starring Nature.......................................................... 38
Don Carlos Ellis

Art and Practicability.................................................. 40
Lillian Montanye

That's Out............................................................... 42
Tamar Lane

Yvolee Vernet............................................................ 43
J. Elizabeth Peltret

Shirley of the Land of Make-Believe............................... 44

Stars.......................................................... 46

The Sin of Martha Qued................................................. 47

She Walks in Beauty................................................... 48
Grace Lamb

Starry Way............................................................... 54
Mills Hammond

Along the Starry Way................................................... 55
With the cinema celebrities in the West.

Martha, the Beautiful.................................................. 56
Lillian May

Domestic Snapshots.................................................... 58

The Seriousness of Youth............................................... 60
J. Elizabeth Peltret

Dorothy Deserts........................................................ 61
Norman Bruce

Flying Pat............................................................... 62

The Friendly Rich...................................................... 66
Emma Lindsay-Squier

Something Different.................................................... 68

The Inalienable Disciple................................................ 69
Donald Calhoun

Alonzo Medley............................................................ 70

The Premiere Camera Maid............................................. 74
Elizabeth Peterson

Louise Lowell is the first girl to do news reels.

A Dryadic Dramatist.................................................... 76
Beth Trepel

Bertram Grassby's work and dreams.

A Potential Bernhardt.................................................. 78
Doris Delbosc

It is Marguerite de la Motte.

The Sea-Going Actor.................................................... 80

California Chatter...................................................... 81
Hazel Simpson Naylor

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
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Principal place of business, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Also Publishers of the Motion Picture Magazine, out on the fifteenth of each month, and Shadownland, out on the twentieth.)
Stage Plays of Interest

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Belasco—"One," with Frances Starr, Edward Knoblock's opus of twin sisters with but half a soul apiece. Neither sister can get along without the other, hence the drama. Miss Starr is a twin, Mr. Belasco's handling of this play saves it from slipping over the line from serious drama.

Booth—"Happy-Go-Lucky." Ran a long time in London as "Tilly of Bloomsbury." A typical British comedy by Ian Hay. O. P. Heggie runs away with the comedy as the battle of the sexes.


Caruso—"Honeydew," Pleasant musical entertainment with charming score by Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. Mlle. Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.

Century—"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the lines of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several remarkable accomplishments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.


Cohan—"The Tavern," with Arnold Daly. Delicious and at times seemingly funny satire upon all the melodromas ever written. A robust, stately, heartfelt of laughs. Mr. Daly is delightful as the mysterious vagabond.

Cohan and Harris—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Skylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much of the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Skylock.

Eltinge—"Time." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only hazardous, but smashes thru now and then. John Cunningham is admirable.

Empire—"Call the Doctor," John Archibald's slender little comedy built around a charming feminine doctor of domestic difficulties. The production shows David Belasco's smooth stage direction and is very well acted, particularly by Janet Beecher as the physician in question.

Forty-Fourth Street—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "Way Down East." Splendid in many ways with many moving moments and the biggest—and most thrilling—chimney as the ride of the clannish in "The Birth of a Nation."

Fulton—"Enter, Madame." The best thing—dramatically speaking—in New York at the present moment; a vivid study in artistic temperament; the story of a butterfly opera singer. Gilda Varesi strikes fire in this role and gives a superb performance. Norman Trevor plays her husband admirably.


New Amsterdam Roof—"Ziegfield 9" o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Playhouse—"I'm from New York." Rita Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delman and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Republic—"The Lady of the Lamp," A fanciful and highly colored fantasy by Earl Carroll. Built about an opium dream which reveals a tragic romance of old China. A certain charm is here. George Gaul is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of a sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries.

Selwyn—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hamer-stein early autumn show with the amusing Frank Fay. Non-derable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

Shubert—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Gorgeous and beautiful, as typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

Times Square Theater—"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. The first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

Winter Garden—"Broadway Brevities." Another typical Winter Garden revue, same nature but picturesque and furnishes most of the real fun, altho Eddie Cantor and George LeMaire are also present.

On tour

"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon Alice Duer Miller's story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree, James Gleason, Owen Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

"The Poor Little Ritz Girl." A musical play enjoying a long run. Andrew Tombes heads the cast.

"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skillfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margaro Gilmore.

"Crooked Gamblers." A lively and thrilling comedy-sketch of the financial disaster in which a guileless young inventor of auto tires defeats the Wolf of Wall Street, Taylor Holmes starred.

"Foot-Loosers." With Emily Stevens. Zoe Lasker's hit—laughable- modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." (Continued on page 8)
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(Continued from page 6)

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"William Rock's "Silts and Satins." Another musical review, but we doubt if it will ever appear on the Broadway stage. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out. "Honey Girl." Lively musical comedy built about the thrill race-track comedy, "Checkers." This has spirit and humor—and as well as an excellent cast.

"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasingly and Molinda Pearson and Roland Bottomly are prominent.


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"The Great American Leader." A decidedly daring d'Oyly Carte farce by Wilson Col,
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"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wilde awake farce." "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verves, and some daring.

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**The face that one remembers in a crowd**

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Innate distinction—daintiness—breeding—are nowhere more clearly expressed than in the possession of a fresh, beautiful skin.

Don't let your skin become pale, sallow, lifeless—marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes. Every girl owes it to herself to keep her skin so clear, so soft and smooth, that at first glance it awakens admiration and delight. Remember—yourself are responsible for the condition of your skin—**you can make it what you will.** For every day it is changing—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By the right treatment you can free this new skin from the defects that trouble you and give it the lovely clearness it should have.

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Perhaps you are continually made uncomfortable by the appearance of little blemishes which you attribute to something wrong in your blood. But a skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria and parasites, which are carried into the pores by dust and dirt in the air.

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Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

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"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 the Woodbury skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

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BETTY BLYTHE

The luxury and extravagance of the distant East in the days of the ancients—this Betty Blythe possesses in abundance. Perhaps that is why she has been chosen to enact the title rôle in the Fox extravaganza, "The Queen of Sheba."
AGNES AYRES

Agnes Ayres has been selected out of the hosts of beautiful ladies of the cinema to succeed Gloria Swanson in the silken dramas of Cecil B. deMille. She is now busy on "Forbidden Fruits," her first picture under his direction.
KATHERINE MACDONALD

Katherine’s work in “The Woman Thou Gavest Me” brought stardom to her door. And she has been successfully holding the place she won in public favor in this production in pictures of her own company, recently among them “Curtain.”
George is not contented to belong to the "Only Their Brothers Club" and shine in the reflected glory of sister Anita. Recently he has appeared with Douglas Fairbanks, Mildred Harris Chaplin and William Russell.
Dick is about to accept the stardom his consistently artless characterizations have won for him. Right now, however, his audiences are enjoying his portrayal of the country boy in Griffith's epic, "Way Down East."
In the old days, Naomi used to star for Vitagraph. Since then she has been flitting from one company to another, showing partiality to Goldwyn. And her work in their "Earthbound" promises to mark an epoch in her career.
Mabel was the first comedy queen to desert in favor of the feature production when she left Charlie Chaplin and the short-length farces to be featured. Starring for Goldwyn, she has done many things to delight her admirers, especially her recent "Slim Princess"
Alice is another fair deserter of the farce comedy. In fact, she left Roscoe Arbuckle to accept a starring contract with Metro. Her next picture will be "Mother Love"
For months Anna has been waiting for the opportunity to visit her native heath. Yated in particular, but, despite the fact that opportunity is said to knock once always, it has failed to do so. She is engaged for another picture before she finishes the one upon which she is working... Such is fame.
Christmas Morn
Posed by
MARY MILES MINTER
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.

Cinema Realism

You all remember the fable of the woman who visited the taxidermist's shop one day and saw an owl perched stolidly upon one of the window ledges. She berated the proprietor somewhat in this matter:

"My good man, you have ruined that owl. Such a posture. It is most unnatural—the right wing is atrociously bent and look at that eye. Why anyone could tell it is a bead. You haven't left the poor bird the faintest resemblance."

Just then the owl cocked his head wisely on one side.

"Madame," said the man, unnecessarily perhaps. "That bird is alive."

Many people who frequent the cinema are not unlike the woman in the taxidermic shop. Remarks of a similarity are often rife; for instance:

"Oh, that is a trick. I know how they do it."

"That isn't real food—it's make-believe."

Those tears—humph—nothing but glycerine."

If there is one thing to which those of the silent drama dedicate themselves whole-heartedly, it is realism. Great sums of money are spent in securing that which is needed whenever possible. Research is carried on by the most learned men in the country, so that even the buttons on the costumes of the players may be correct.

Stars have risked their lives in numerous instances that a thrill might be supplied. Emotional artists have subjected themselves to tense imaginings of agony that the tears might come.

The stage is rarely branded with the stigma of tricks and fakes—why then should the hot iron of criticism be applied to the shadow-screen where infinite care is exercised that realism may be secured.

It is true that those who believe find life abundant with treasures.

It is foolish to fear being fooled.

The scoffer is apt to find that his owl, too, is alive.

To enjoy the greatest benefit from the cinema, books, art and friends, one must believe.

"According to your faith be it unto you."
The Man Who Came Back

and day for stardom. After his evening performance he used to study in bed, sometimes until the first faint flush of dawn stole thru his window and he used to hide his watch beneath his pillow that he might not know how much sleep he had lost.

And out of this grinding mill of work emerged the stage star Elliott Dexter, an accomplished actor, a polished gentleman with a voice, like the violin of a Heifetz, capable of swaying the emotions of thousands.

Then came his great love match.

It was while playing in "Diplomacy" that Elliott met, loved, wooed, and won that physically beautiful and mentally superb Marie Doro. It was a tempestuous wooing whose barrage would have fired the fortress of any girl's heart.

But the years of incessant endeavor would not let Elliott Dexter rest content even then. He must have new world's to conquer and when at length the ways of the stage world separated them, a stage play bringing Miss Doro to New York; a picture contract taking Mr. Dexter to Los Angeles, he became absorbed in his new game of conquering the world of the silent drama.

Again he put into play every ounce of energy he possessed, this time to make good.

Elliot Dexter burnt the candle at both ends.

In that simple statement lies a tragedy which ended happily.

A little over a year ago this prodigality and other things of which I am going to tell you caused the complete paralysis of Elliott Dexter's right side. Today he is a well man but the story of the intervening months is perhaps one of the most dramatic ever told of real life. It is the story of a man who fought for his life 'mid the crushing wheels of hell and conquered by the might of God alone.

Going back to the very beginning from the time when, a baby of five, he ran away from home and toddled on until worn out, he fell asleep on the steps of the Galveston Opera House where he was found by an anxious family, Elliott Dexter told me he cannot remember a time when he was not pushing, working every nerve and muscle in order to reach a goal which he saw just ahead of him, just eluding him, almost but not quite within his grasp.

When he left his home in Galveston as a youth, and with another boy sought a start on the stage in New York City, all the home folks laughed at him and predicted that he would come back within a month.

Their predictions were wrong.

Having won a small stage part, Elliott Dexter worked nigh

Out of the melting-pot of his past years a new Elliot Dexter has been born, a happy man of perfect poise . . . seeing good in everybody, with the peace of utter contentment permeating his being.

Top, a camera study; left, at the Famous Players studio, and bottom, on the veranda of his bungalow.
in pictures. The few hours that were free he spent on the go. He had become obsessed by a vast restlessness. He dashed here, there, everywhere in search of a new sensation, a new pleasure.

And then when he was at the height of his career, when he had just been made a star by Mr. Lasky, he was stricken. Mown down like a golden spear of wheat at its most glorious height.

Is it any wonder that as he lay in his white hospital bed, robbed of all his arrogant strength, unable to move his entire right side, that he descended into the depths.

Visions passed thru his mind hour after hour of everything slipping away from him. Over and over again he visualized his loss of success, of friends, of money, until a prey to these thoughts, he felt there was nothing left for him to do but pass on.

When Elliott Dexter confessed his temptation, he added: "It would have done me no good, you know. I should only have had to carry on the struggle in another world — you see?"

I admitted I did not see and so in a corner of the Lasky stages built to resemble the terrace of a summer home, Mr. Dexter told me of his conversion to Christian Science and explained its principle to me.

If it were not for the fact that the Miracle Man has been quoted so often and Elliott Dexter deserves an entirely original appellation, I should call him the Miracle Man. I have given you a fairly accurate word portrait of the rest-

When Elliott Dexter found he had to hypnotize a man in "The Witching Hour," he refused to take the role unless that episode was omitted, in as much as this is against his principles. . . something of a sacrifice for a man who loves his work and is again building a career. Above, another portrait; center, in his coupe, and left, at work in his garden

less artist and the man-about-town he used to be. I shall now try to picture for you the Scientist he has become. Besides urking him of a paralysis despaired of by doctors, faith has made Elliott Dexter a new man.

Out of the melting-pot of his past years a new Elliott Dexter has been born: a happy man of perfect poise. A man who sees only the good in everybody. The peace of utter content permeates his being. He lives for today, the past is past, the future will be cared for by God. No longer will Elliott Dexter struggle for some evanescent might-be or some flighty will-o'-the-wisp of pleasure. He wishes only to be free to do each day the things he wishes to do. He will act only in plays of which he approves, he will, not countenance one which does not hold a moral.

A proof of this is given in an incident relative to the producing of "The Witching Hour." Mr. Dexter had been chosen to play the leading role and William Taylor to direct. Going thru the script one day, Mr. Dexter saw that he would have to hypnotize a man in the picture. This is against his principles and so he went to Mr. Lasky and said:

(Continued on page 102)
Clara Kimball Young came into the room, a great cluster of varied flowers caught up against the sheer white of her dress, one small hand outstretched in greeting, a warm welcome on her lips—Resolutions notwithstanding, I thought immediately, “She can only be described by likening her to a cameo. Others have said it before? Then I will say it again. She is a cameo, a living cameo, a cameo with a soul.”

I felt very sure of the soul part of my mental declaration every time I looked at her eyes, softly brown and partly curtained by her drooping lashes. I knew, too, that in persisting in likening her unto a cameo I would be trite. But I knew of a certainty I would do so. The thought obsessed me.

I have done it.

“I humor myself,” she said in her quiet voice, as she went about arranging the flowers in several vases. “They remind me of home. I sent for them when I awakened.”

Then in answer to my unspoken question.

“I ordered these myself. I did really. Others may come later from here, from there, but these are the kinds I like best.”

She curled her white slippered feet beneath her in a rose tapestried chair and looked over at me. The shadow of a smile touched the corners of her lips and rested there for a fleeting moment. She is by instinct friendly. You feel this is a short time, and there is something in her very acceptance of you which makes you want to prove your worth. No one, I think, would ever knowingly fail her.

“By home you mean California?” I asked. “Is it then an adopted home?”

“I think,” she replied, “that in finding California I found my rightful home. At any
rate, I found myself. The primitive woman slumbering within awakened—"

"And the vastness of it all—the mountains and the sea—have they kept her alive?" I asked.

"Yes," she nodded her head. "Life there always seems a series of impressions—the sunsets I love, when we stand in the doorway of my father's house, which is right at the foot of the canyon, and watch the hills turn from silvers to purples. During such a moment I was reborn. Oh, I feel very sure of it. I came to understand this and that which had puzzled me. Life ceased to loom before me strange and complex. California! It will always seem home to me no matter where I go. I have adopted it, if you will. Rather I might say that it has called to the self within me—and that self has answered the call."

She told me about her own studios there—how they are built in the mission style with gardens all about. She believes in the inspiration of the beautiful and she went on to say that everyone in her studios is creating, from the carpenter to the writer and director. She feels that she has proved that the influence of surroundings, however subtle they may be, is effective and makes for more artistic results.

She, perhaps, best describes herself in saying that she is primitive. This is true in that she is without any modern affectations—she achieves the primitive in many little ways—not flagrantly but nevertheless completely.

I asked her how she felt about the New Woman who is supplying material for magazines and newspaper syndicate stories the country over.

She fingered one of the flowers in the bowl at the table by her side and smiled.

"The New Woman, as they call her," she said, "is really the woman of all time, you know. Woman is the same and will be the same down thru the ages. Yes-

"When woman has explored all of the forbidden ground and tasted of all the forbidden fruits she will probably find them much over-rated and return to the realm of things to which nature has suited her," said Clara Kimball Young.

"In this new phase of things then, to put it that way, woman gains a point here and loses one there. I do not think she is entirely happy or contented with the new regime either. When we have explored all of the forbidden ground and tasted of all the forbidden fruits, we"

(Continued on page 104)
Where Ruth Reigns

When we saw the picture of Ruth's new abode, we were tempted to quote Ibsen and term it a doll's house... so it appears, with its quaint entrance and trim flower-beds. However, it is Miss Roland's dream house come true and one of the quaintest dwellings in the film colony.

The illustrating pictures are far more peaceful than any in which Miss Roland has posed in some-time. In "Ruth of the Rockies," the Pathé serial in which she is appearing, she leads a strenuous life. Perhaps that's why she appears to be so happy and contented with her favorite magazine and flowers.

Ruth now reigns at her own fireside, even as she has reigned for years on the silver-sheet, first in Western productions and now in serials.
Alias Edgar

Boyhood days—hookey, the ole swimmin' hole, baseball in the corner lot, puppy love and, when impossible to avoid them, the three R's... All of this has been brought to the silversheet thru the delightful Edgar series of Booth Tarkington.
I had met the Holubars before. Dorothy Phillips and I had talked at some length, but Allen Holubar I had seen only for a moment at a time when he was busy working night and day on "The Heart of Humanity."

And in looking back on this other time I remember that I noticed, above all else, the home-like atmosphere of their bungalow. There was a child's book on the table, suggesting the story-hour; a doll on a chair. These I discovered later belonged to Gwen, their little girl. The quietly furnished room was softly illuminated thru inverted globes tinted pink. You cannot imagine that my impression was one of perfect wholesomeness and, in a way, of surprise. I must have, in a way, unconsciously associated Dorothy Phillips with her impersonations. Her screen personality is peculiarly vivid and physical. Without realizing it, I undoubtedly expected to find her surroundings bizarre—startling. Her entrance into this pleasant room served to intensify the impression I had from the room itself—one of perfect wholesomeness.

She is, I think, even more beautiful off the screen than she is on. She gives the impression of being small—she is about five feet, two or three, I should say. Her eyes are blue-grey and her hair a golden brown.

Allen Holubar is tall and certainly fine looking. You would fancy from the keen expression of his face and the clear bluish-grey of his eyes that he loves to analyze things; taking them apart to "see what makes the wheels go round," as it were—then putting them together again.

"At the studio everything is impersonal," said Dorothy Phillips Holubar. "I am not myself to my husband. I am a character in his story."

Unlike the majority of those in the theatrical world, the Holubars have never been separated by their profession. On the contrary, it has brought...
them into closer companionship than the average husband and wife ever know. But in order to enjoy this state of affairs it has been necessary for them to sacrifice many splendid opportunities. They found that the sacrifice of opportunity in order to remain together was unavoidable, immediately after they married. They had been appearing on the stage together in "Everywoman," he as King Love and she as Modesty. They were married at the close of the season. Looking around for another engagement, they both received many splendid offers, but in each case the acceptance meant a separation, as apparently no one had room for them together. They talked things over and joined the Essanay Film Company, leaving here to join Universal. They have been together ever since. Miss Phillips feels that she owes much

Unlike others in the theatrical world, the Holubars have never been separated by their profession. But in order not to be, they have often sacrificed opportunity. This, however, they have done gladly in view of the companionship it meant. Above, a camera study of Dorothy Phillips, and left, her daughter, "Gwen," and her mother

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

Photograph by Paul Greiner, L. A.
The decision of the judges in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest brings two new stars to the shadow-screen. The winner is Corliss Palmer of Macon, Ga., and the other winner is Allen Ray of San Antonio, Texas. In the informal picture to the side Miss Palmer is seen at the right, while she is at the left in the picture below.

The 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest has closed, and the decision of the judges has been rendered after a great many dissenting votes. The decision was caused by the fact that there seemed to be an endless variety of beautiful girls who photographed well and had screen personalities. It was like trying to decide whether a swan or a peacock is the more beautiful, as each contestant was possessed of individual loveliness and charm.

Lumiere Albini and other photographers made gallery of the promising contestants who appeared early in the contest. Also numerous motion pictures were made of them. When they had been photographed fore and aft in numerous poses and under various conditions and lights, it was decided that many of them possessed all the necessary attributes to make them ideal screen stars. Prominent among these were Lucille Langhanke who came from the West, but now resides at 419 West 115th Street, N. Y. City; Beth Logan, of 22 Maple Street, Bronxville, N. Y.; Helen DeWitt, of Queens, N. Y.; and Erminie Gagnon, formerly of Canada, but now of 244 West 109th Street, N. Y. City.

These contestants are awarded first honors and each will be presented with a gold medal and all will be known hereafter as Gold Medalists of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

We have already secured a five-year contract for Lucille Langhanke with the Famous Players-Lasky Company. She is a remarkable looking girl, with a bright glow to eyes and hair, and possesses grace, beauty, and photographic perfection. The star of her destiny points out great heights to her, and you will soon hear much of her under the name of Mary Astor.

Helen DeWitt, whose classic beauty, sunny hair and large baby blue eyes make her conspicuous anywhere, has already been engaged by the Metro Company to play in the Bert Lytell Productions. She will be remembered by thousands as the talented young violinist who has appeared on the concert platforms of the world as soloist with Gadski's and Sousa's bands. She is about 20 years old.

(Cont'd on page 111)
CECILIA stopped pirouetting. She was conscious of eyes upon her. If there was one thing among many things that she did not desire, it was eyes upon her. Especially the eyes of man. To evade this, to evade many things, she and Omar, her dog, her sole companion, almost her sole belief, had come into the leafy stillnesses of the woods to live alone. Alone! What glint and glamour meant to most girls her age, the word "alone" meant to Cecilia. It held all the music her ears needed, all the beauty her eyes could stand, all the satisfaction her spirit craved.

Crowds...she had been so hurt. People...she had been so defiled. And now, when she had thought herself remote, eyes again...a man's eye...intent upon her...amusedly...not unkindly, she concealed this grudgingly...

"Don't stop," a voice said. Like the eyes, a kind voice. Young men, she knew from varied and hurtful contacts, young men seldom had kind voices.

She stood stiffly still.

She had come to this formerly disused mansion straight from the little general store in the village. The store-keeper had refused to take any more of her paintings in exchange for food. Had, indeed, refused her so much as the gratuity of a puppy biscuit in exchange for a gem of limpid light and shadow seen at dusk. How low had come high art!

Then she—she and Omar—had brought themselves to the mansion on the hill. Once before when the store-keeper had been very grudging indeed, they had come to this place, and had found, in a pantry, all sorts of treasure-trove, such as canned meats and herring, sardines and soups. They had feasted sumptuously for all of seven days. Perhaps they had not quite evacuated the contents.

In the mansion they found changes. Painters and plasterers had been at work. A lunch package on the back doorstep bore witness to the immediate presence of some sort of toil. Cecilia had lifted the meat from the sandwich and had given it to Omar. Then they had gone within. In the great drawing-room Cecilia's sense of beauty had been so smitten she had forgotten her hunger cravings. Before the great mirrors up and down the room's spaciousness she had swept, momentarily a court lady. Omar humble, at her heels. An imaginary train whirled...
A diadem gleamed in her hair. She wore her royalty greatly, as became her look and place.

The young man who was the architect, Saxton Graves, beheld her.

Because he had imagination he heard the tron-tron of the silver train, saw the glitter of the diadem; knew for a certain the puppy cringing at her heels.

Cecilia paused for thought. Her eyes were terror-wide. She eyed hastily one means of exit, then another . . . her lips formed tremulous questions . . . . The young man looked as reassuring as he could. He felt very much as tho he had intruded upon some shy bird in a woodland cranny, sacred to her own rites.

"Please don't go," he said.

"Do you . . . do you live here now?"

The young man shook his head. "Oh, no," he said, "I'm merely the architect. This is Judge Carteret's home.

The Judge, Miss . . . ?"

Cecilia did not supply the deficiency.

Judge Carteret bowed. "A neighbor-lady of mine?" he inquired, pleasantly. He concealed his surprise.

Cecilia gave a nervous swift laugh. "So to—to speak," she said.

She had decided upon her exit. Before either Judge Carteret or Saxton Graves could think of another befitting speech, she had leapt to the nearest French window and was gone.

The Judge turned to Graves. "So wildflowers grow here?" he smiled.

Graves shook his head. "I didn't know it," he said, "or I'd have been even more assiduous in my visits. I came down the stairs and found her here, sailing grandly up and down your salon. She appeared to be terrorized at my modest appearance. You now know as much as I do. Let's go. My sister is awaiting us at luncheon, with anticipation."

Luncheon consisted of Saxton, the Judge, Saxton's sister, Mrs. Barrett and her small son, Bobby.

Saxton and the Judge were full of the adventure of the morning.

Mrs. Barrett looked at her son. "Sounds like your 'Fraid Lady, son dear," she said.

"Yes," he said, "she lives all alone, Uncle Saxton, in a cottage in the woods. She says she grows there. She has only a dog. No mother, no daddy (I guess he's gone to Heaven like my daddy) no nurse, nor anythin'. She's not lonesome nor fraid-cat, tho, she loves it so she could hug it, she told me." The child consumed a large spoonful of ice-cream, "I love her like that, too," he said, "like I could hug her. She's as pretty . . . ." He sighed, being inadequate to the occasion.

The grown-ups laughed. In the boy's story they had found corroboration of what they had seen.
"A wild-flower," said the Judge. 

Saxton Graves sighed, something in the manner of the small boy, as tho he, too, felt himself inadequate to the occasion. 

Saxton Graves walked that evening to the tiny cabin inhabited by Bobby's 'Fraid Lady. She seemed a chill wild-flower that night. As tho she had rather the passing breezes would let her be. Upon closer inspection, Graves saw that a troubled soul was in her eyes. She had been hurt.

That same week Bobby hired his nurse to the environs of the tiny cabin. He loved the 'Fraid Lady, and he also loved the 'Fraid Lady's Omar. Omar played with a chap better'n any dog ever. It was fun to watch the 'Fraid Lady paint, too. Flowers and bees and birds, the stalk of the mullen, the delicate lacery of the maidenhair, all came to fragile life beneath her rapid brush. Bobby could watch forever, he felt.

On this visit Cecilia was not painting. She was troubled. She had thought to be so safe from intrusion, and now intrusion had come to her. Pleasantly, but that did not make it easier. Rather, it smote her the more painfully. Oh, she had seen enough of men and the ways of men what she to do with men, who had been healed by the spikenard and balsam of the woods, the woods asking nothing in return...

It may have been because she was abstracted, or because Bobby's nurse was, or because Omar was more than usually frolicsome, whatever the reason, Bobby flirted too near the edge of the cliff nearby and before any one of them sensed the fact that he was too near, had gone over.

The nurse, after the manner of nurses, lost her head.

Omar yelped and whined. Cecilia maintained herself. "Go at once for his mother and the doctor," she told the frantic woman, "at once, you know. I'll bring him up, and care for him." She did not say, "if care will help," altho she felt it. She did not want to increase the hysteria already apparent in the nurse's demeanor. That worthy, as she ran to remember that Mrs. Barret was a widow, oh, God, and Bobby her "only." Cecilia, with her firm hands, brought up the limp little object, stretched out at the bottom of the declivity. All them the ascent she believed him dead. He was cold and hung against her.

Inside the cabin he moved and the girl strove over him. With every aid she could summon to memory she fanned the small spark of life within, and when the doctor and the poor mother appeared, the fee small hand was clasped in hers and a regular flutter of breath parted, every so often, the blush lips.

When they tried to move him, he cried out for his "Fraid Lady." "Wont you, please?" the mother implored her, "ever..." she added.

Cecilia was silent. She had come here to be silent. The ruffled ties and broken bonds. She had demanded silence of life, demanded to be let alone. Now, by a child's hand, life was inveigling her back again. It didn't seem fair. She felt momentarily chilled. It wasn't fair. Then she looked at the mother's face, all the pretty color gone, at the child so recently close to life's utter extremity. at Saxton Graves, in the background her uttering the plea he felt. She needed not make of the self-imposed bars vantage for others. "I'll be glad to go," she said.

Judge Carteret came...
Bobby and Cecilia and Omar proved an inseparable triumvurate. Cecilia told him fairy tales she knew would never come true... and wondered whether Saxon Graves would ever come back.
man who stood silent. Cecilia shrank from the anathema. She looked at the man. "How can you," she said, "how can you allow her to talk like this to me—to me?"

The man shook his head, sneered, "Oh, women . . ." he said, and made a gesture.

Cecilia tossed her head as tho to free herself. She disregarded the termagent, still gesticulating in her general direction. "Giron," she said to the man, "I want you to promise me you will not go near the court-room today. If you promise me, I will pay you well." She extended, for the man to see, the thousand dollar check given her by the Judge in payment for the mural work. Giron eyed it. He eyed the woman. A dumb show passed between them. Then Giron held out his hand. "I promise," he said.

An hour later Cecilia was in the court-room. From behind the crowding spectators she watched, with hated breath, the procedure. Not for nothing had Giron warned her that he would "get" the judge; she knew what "get" meant to Giron. There would be no quality of mercy. "I'll get him, mark you," he had said to her, "I'll never get Demson and Carroll. She had pleaded with him, up there in the cathedral aisle of the wood, pleaded for him to admit his crime or else confess his innocence, and go away. She had offered then to help him get away. "If you are innocent, then go," she had pleaded; "if you are guilty, confess . . . you want peace . . . you must want peace . . . we all do. Confession is your only hope. Please—"

The man had mocked at her; pushed her from him with harsh hands. "Don't want the Judge to know Giron had anything to do with you before he was your lover, eh?" he sneered and had left her, white there, in the gathering gloom. He had left her so many times before.

In the court-room, Demson was turning state's evidence, and the name of the man who shot Revenue Officer Kelly was about to be forthcoming. It never was. It became unnecessary. Before the words could leave Demson's lips, Giron sauntered into the court-room, came to the rail, sneered at the Judge and at the expectant audience and still sneering said, "His Honor is afraid to hear me speak. Such being the case, I will not temporize. I was a waiter at the Union Club. I heard the Judge accept a bribe to dismiss this case. And the Judge himself paid me to keep silent as to what I had heard."

Cecilia took a step forward.

A premonition so hideous as to wipe her face clean of color or expression took possession of her. She became evident in Judge Carteret and to Saxton Graves among the onlookers. The Judge's immobile face twitched, imperceptibly to all save Cecilia and Giron. The latter produced the check he held in his hand and gave it to the prosecuting attorney.

"This check," the attorney said, "is made out to—Cecilia Carne."

Cecilia gave a little cry.

Giron nodded.

"Cecilia Carne is Judge Carteret's mistress," he said, "that is simple."

"Oohhh!" Cecilia's cry hurt her throat, hurt, too, the listening ears. It was an outrage, so her delicious soul bitterly hurt.

She disregarded the pressing of the thong and, when she was sworn in, the formalities were over.

(Continued on page 114)
It is all a question of keeping fit," said George Walsh, in reference to his thrilling stunts. "Your physical condition is the thing, and for this reason I have a trainer ... go to the gymnasium every day." Above, a portrait study, and right, "keeping fit"

not grow minteresting. To wit, his charifens. He had the most amazing faculty of piloting the car, at breakneck speed, thru the tiniest spaces between other vehicles that I have ever witnessed. The thrills Mr. Walsh has offered me thru his pictures have nothing—nothing whatever—on the thrills I experienced on that memorial ride from Manhattan to the magazine offices in Brooklyn. And my accident insurance had expired the day before! Even the efficient P. A. sat forward in her seat, with one hand balanced on the door that exit might be speedy. However, George himself seemed quite comfortable and at ease.

A policeman saluted him when we were stopped in the traffic at a main crossing—he was to ride at the policeman's Field Day the next week.

"I'd do anything for those boys," he explained with enthusiasm. "Policemen and firemen—they're heroes if there are such things. To the boy who goes to a hero's death on
By BETSY BRUCE

the battle-field I give all credit
and the glory which is his—but,
incidentally, I don't forget the
men who go into burning
buildings when the structure
may crash in at any moment
—the men who patrol the
streets, even in the dark
hours of the night. Everyday
heroism is the sort
that tries you out and
finds you wanting. I'm
for those fellows every
time."

And he would have gone
on endlessly, paying tribute
to those men who dedicate
their lives to our safety, had I
not forced conversation to
another channel.

"How do you feel about the
risks you take in your picture
work?" I asked. "Do they
worry you beforehand or do
you fail to consider them until
the moment arrives?"

"That depends," he said.
"Some stunts have to be fig-
ured out carefully, while
others, the majority in fact,
are enacted spontaneously.

"It's all a question of keep-
ing fit. Your physical condi-
tion is the thing, and for
this reason I have a trainer who watches every muscle,
every tendon. One little tendon not up to stuff and
I wouldn't get by. I have a gymnasium and every day
finds me going thru a routine."

"But how did you come to attempt stunt pictures in
the first place," I wanted to know.

"It was all my brother's fault—blame him," grinned
George. "And, by the way, what do you think of him
as a director, aside from the fact that he's my brother?"

I settled that question and repeated my desire to know
how he came to win stardom thru hair-raising stunts.

"It was like this," he explained. "In college I played
on the foot-ball team and Raoul thought I could kick
that ball better than anyone else. He was always betting
on me, and after a while I got so that I knew I just had
to get across, for his sake, if for no other reason. Then
when I started out in pictures, under his direction, it
was the same way. He never stopped to figure that I
might not be able to do a thing. He just went ahead,
working the worst stunts he could think of in my stories,
and when the time came he'd tell me what to do and I'd
do it."

(Continued on page 103)
Another producer has entered the field! And the star presented in the new productions is one we all know—and revere.

More than five years ago, a long time in motion picture history, the Federal Department began to make and distribute films experimentally. It was not, however, until after the country entered the World War and the Department turned its whole attention to the business of increased agricultural production that its motion picture activities were placed on a practical basis.

With the coming of peace and the problems of reconstruction, the results of efforts for increased food production as war measures lent themselves admirably to the country's postbellum needs, and the film work needed only a slight readaptation to enable it to take its place among the important factors of the reconstruction program. Now this work is undertaken in earnest and during the past two years the film section of the Department has issued 26 subjects in 35 reels, bringing the total number of available subjects in its film library to 56.

Agricultural films are apparently leading the educational field. The films devoted to subjects broadly designated as agriculture easily exceed in number and variety the films devoted to any other science or art, if we exclude from the category ordinary scenic and travel pictures.

The wide appeal of these subjects and those having to do more directly with the fascinating story of the nation's supply of food and raiment—the vast wheat fields of the Northwest where great combines, each drawn by as many as thirty-three horses, harvest, thrash and bundle in one operation; the fields of snowy cotton in the South, with their armies of darky pickers; rolling bands of sheep drifting over the mountains of the West, explains in part the leadership and popularity of films on these subjects.

The plan of film production in the department calls for concentration on camera work during the summer, while the laboratory is devoted entirely to maintenance. During the fall and winter, the cameraman and director of each project assists in assembling, editing and titling. Of course, camera work is also done at other seasons. Some projects require portions of their story to be filmed at intervals during the entire year, while others can be filmed only during the fall and winter months.

The end of a successful season of camera work is now approaching, and there is on hand, as a result, approximately 100,000 feet of negative illustrating some of the Department's most important lines of work from which to select about thirty subjects. Most of these will be in one reel films and probably the most generally interesting of these will be the films showing activities in the National Forests. Several weeks were spent in the Santa Fe National Forest in New Mexico obtaining films of the points of scenic and historic interest in that region, which is replete with unsurpassed scenery, strange relics of prehistoric peoples who lived in the mountains of the Southwest, and a present day interest surrounding a picturesque people scarcely less fascinating than the ancient settlements which occupied the land before them. From New
By
DON CARLOS ELLIS

Mexico the camera crew moved over to Southern California where the aeroplane forest fire patrol is jointly maintained by the Forest Service and the War Department. On the camera man's fourth picture-taking flight, the plane was wrecked and the crew barely escaped with their lives, but not before the problems and opportunities of this newest and most promising method of fire detection were satisfactorily covered.

Other subjects in preparation are the turpentine industry, apples and the county agent, selecting a laying hen, the breeding of dairy cattle, the apple industry, the story of white pine, wheat-harvesting and marketing, wheat transportation and storage, fishing in the National Forest, Columbia River Highway, logging operations in the National Forests, Sevier National Forest pure-bred beef cattle, hog feeding and housing, mother-daughter canning club, leather investigations, home demonstration work in Florida and sheep on a farm.

The films being produced by the Department of Agriculture are not the work of amateurs. The professional skill shown by the motion picture organization of the Department is amply attested by the fact that their products have frequently been shown in the select programs of such houses as the New York Rialto and Strand and were eagerly sought by some of the largest and best commercial distributing corporations. Every effort is being made to produce in the Department, educational films of the highest excellence from the stand points of subject matter, form and film technique.

The funds given by Congress for agricultural film work is small, and the Department is required to conduct its work entirely on appropriations and is not permitted to use any income accruing from the rental or sale of films for the manufacture of additional prints. It is necessary therefore, to devote the available money to the production of negative film, to require the various bureaus of the Department whose work is portrayed to finance the prints which they desire to have circulated, and to provide thru commercial channels for outside distribution. To meet the latter demand, arrangements are being made for both the rental and the leasing or sale of prints.

Films are furnished for educational non-commercial use at the cost of manufacture. Reels so leased cannot be played in theaters or other places where and where admission is charged.

(Continued on page 106)
“I was so afraid I would be late,” she was saying. “We live on Riverside Drive and the busses pass our very door but it takes some time to get down town and it’s quite a walk over from the Avenue. But I had made the appointment and I had to be on time—that’s only business.” (She had not arrived plutocratically in her limousine—and she had walked as far as I had!) and, in her last sentence is the keynote of Vivian Martin’s personality: Business.

It has been said very many times that the practical and the artistic never go together, Vivian Martin definitely disproves this idea. She is a business woman with an artistic temperament and is clever enough to combine the two to her very great advantage. She has studied every side and

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Photograph by Lumiere, N. Y.

I was Saturday afternoon and a half-holiday—but I goaded myself into keeping an appointment made by an efficient publicity man, meanwhile assuring myself that I might, much better stay at home—that “she” never would keep a Saturday afternoon appointment—she didn’t have to. Exactly one minute after I arrived at the appointed place a diminutive person modestly clad in a smart sports suit paused expectantly in the doorway.

“Are you expecting Vivian Martin?” the vision said.

“Yes,” I replied confidentially, “but, of course, she won’t come—it’s Saturday afternoon and she—”

Like the supernatural being who appeared to one Abou Ben Adhem (I learned him by heart in grammar school days) “the vision smiled and bowed her head.”

“I am Vivian Martin,” she said, perching herself upon the arm of a chair, her daintily shod feet resting upon the cushions—“I don’t like to sit in an upholstered chair,” she added.

I gaped and subsided, not even apologizing for my skepticism regarding her appearance—lost in admiration. She was like a Dresden china figurine. I thought—brunette hair, happy mischief-laden eyes, milky white skin—serene, thrilled—but she would be—of course she came in her limousine.
By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

every angle of the picture business. She is past mistress of screen technique. She brings to her work a splendid enthusiasm, a fine sentiment, high ideals. But she believes in the practicality of an artistic profession and is broad enough to believe that it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice ideals that ideals are not much good as ideals unless they have some very definite relation to the success of one's work. She doesn't know what people mean when they talk of making a division between the artistic and the business value of art. The best thing that can be produced is good business, she says, but it is also art or it wouldn't be good business.

"For instance, there was 'On With the Dance,'—just an ordinary, mediocre story. But Mae Murray was clever enough to see her opportunity. It was her kind of story.

That is, she made it her kind of story. No doubt she had to sacrifice an ideal or two—but being camera-wise she knew her possibilities—and it was beautifully done. A financial and business success.

"Nazimova was superb on the stage in 'War Brides,' but when she did it in pictures it was terrible. Yet, she is a great artist, and because she is an artist and clever, she learned to make art a business and her next picture 'Revelation' was unforgettable.

"We know that Mary Pickford would like to do big emotional parts and of course she has done them. But she knows that her best work from an artistic and a business standpoint is in plays like 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' 'Daddy Long Legs,' 'Pollyanna' and 'Stella Maris.'

"I'll confess," she said whimsically, "that when I have done my best work in scrubbily, raggedy parts, I have a longing to do bigger things. But I hope above all things that I shall keep a sane perspective and not allow myself to undertake things that will be fatal to success."

Vivian Martin is too much wrapped up in her work and new plans for the future to be intrigued into any other

(Continued on page 106)
WHEN a political candidate runs for a public office, he has to give a platform on which he asks for public support. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to make candidates for movie honors do the same thing? For instance:

The candidate solemnly pledges that if elected to stellar popularity he, or she, will refrain from "hogging" all of the close-ups.

- Pledges to give some of the good actors in the cast a chance.
- Pledges not to over-paint the lips and eyes.
- Pledges not to play the rôle of a girl of sweet sixteen or a boy of bashful twenty, unless it is possible to look the part.
- Pledges to refrain from the temptation of playing a dual rôle.
- Pledges not to get a swelled head.
- Pledges to give no advice on how to act unless she knows how herself.

オリジナル Note

Why doesn't some brilliant young director have a little colored pica-ninny fall into a barrel of flour? It would get a big laugh.

It begins to look as if bathtubs were made for comedians to fall into and not for purposes of cleanliness.

哟！Note

A scenario construction board has been appointed to pass on Katherine MacDonald's future productions. It may not be too late.

For one aw at the director who shows a close-up of a man crying, we would gladly pay for the lilies.

According to the movie version of things in Alaska, the majority of dance-hall jades were so innocent that if a prospector took his hat off, they would hide their eyes for fear they might see his bare head.

 Says I to Myself Says I

Marion Davies is not half so bad on the screen as most persons think.

There'll be another panic in Wall Street before it gets thru with the movies.

Most players don't seem very grateful to the man who made them successful.

It won't be long before Goldwyn and Famous-Players combine interests.

It's hard to tell who is less popular around the studio, Elsie Ferguson or Dorothy Dalton.

Isn't it good to see Miriam Cooper getting back into the lime-light again?

A man in New York recently committed suicide after coming from the movies. He had probably seen one of the Tarzan films.

高雅评论家请注意

A canvass of the exhibitors throughout the country, taken recently, showed the most popular films with the public are the slapstick comedies, George Jean Naching and Walter Pichard Eaton notwithstanding. Emotional and society drama were way down on the list.

According to present indications, the Ford has taken the place of the custard pie as a comedy accessory.

A lot of new comedy companies can start business now that Henry has lowered the price on flivvers.

Why waste money throwing pies when it costs so little to hit a comedian with a flivver.

In a late production the villain opened a Pullman window from the outside of the car. Wish he'd explain how he does it. So far I've never been able to open one, even from the inside of the car.
Ye Ole Yuletide

Incidentally, Miss White's holiday offering to her friends is "The Thief," her next Fox production.

Yuletide is here again ... the season of guarded whispers, and mysterious packages ... the season of festive greens when the tapers flame high. This Yuletide finds Buddy and Billy waiting for Santa to come down Auntie Pearl's chimney. Judging from the picture at the right, they are hearing "The Night Before Christmas," old, yet ever new.
Shirley of the Land of Make-Believe

mother invariably accompanied them, and the theater was always their headquarters. On arriving in a strange town, it was naturally to the theater they went first, and they were never in any hurry to leave it. So it was that they came to look on the theater as home.

An actor on tour always looks on the theater as home; this was in no sense peculiar to the Fulgraths. In a world largely composed of clock-watchers howling for shorter hours, the actor is devoted to his work, more interested in it than in anything else, and engaging in it all the time, if not in fact, then in his imagination. If people loved their offices and factories as actors love their theaters, the H. C. of L. would probably vanish.

"And now," said Shirley Mason, "we can't keep away from the studios—Viola and I. Our other sister, Edna, is making pictures in London. She has been there so long that if we didn't exchange photographs and 'stills' once in a while we would forget each other." (The way in which she said this would make you understand that they could never forget each other.) "But Viola and I stay just as close together as we possibly can. When she has a few days between pictures, she spends them here with me, and when I have a few days between pictures, I spend them at her studio with her. During this last week neither of us has been working and we have given ourselves a little vacation—driving to the beach and going in swimming every day. Still, we always call by

Shirley Mason has never lost her ability to make believe. In this respect she is different from a vast majority of stage children. Like Peter Pan, she will never grow old, tho she may live a hundred years. Left and below, Shirley in her bungalow dressing-room

SHIRLEY MASON is essentially a child of the theater. She has been of the theater since she was a baby. Her first part was that of a "voice off stage" with Peter F. Dailey in "Newport News." On her first appearance she had a single line or, rather a single word, "Papa!" She was on tour much; she and her two sisters, Viola Dana and Edna Fulgrath. Their
By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

at our studios before the day is over. Habit, I suppose! I'm always telling myself that it would be better for me if I could forget the studio between pictures. But I can't! If I'm away from the studio one entire day I feel restless. After a week, I'm almost wild! It seems much more like home than the hotel." And it looks like home, too; or, at least, a portion of it does, for instead of dressing-rooms each star is given a three-room bungalow comfortably furnished. Shirley Mason's bungalow has a flower garden and even a bit of lawn.

"Of course," she went on, "we can't keep our pets at the hotel." (We had just come from a visit to her bunnies, cute, cuddly little members of a large and growing family.) She is going to move as soon as she can find a house.

"I know just what I want," she said, "a place not too large in the Wilshire district. Now that Berney is home. ("Berney" is short for Bernard, her six-foot two-inch husband who, according to old-time theatrical tradition, should remain a deep and dark secret, but who isn't a secret at all, doubtless, owing to the fact that he is too large, both in size and influence, to hide.)"

"I really couldn't hold a long conversation without talking about Berney," she said. "He is absolutely the most interesting subject in my life. It doesn't seem right live in a hotel part of the time and in a studio the rest. He really should have some place where he can be comfortable. Just think, he's been away for eight months, making pictures in New York. He is going to stop acting for a while now, and direct. He has done just about everything. (Her expression held a world of pride.) He was a technical director when we met." From outside came the laughter and shouting incidental to an exciting game of hand-ball. One laugh was louder and more hearty than all the rest. "That," she said, "is Berney.

"As I was saying," she went on, "it doesn't seem right for Berney not to have a home. Of course, Micky has to be considered, too." Micky is her dog, or rather one of her dogs. She has another, smaller, dog who is at the hospital. But Micky was very much present, except for a few moments during the conversation when he managed to get away. We ran after him into the yard and the little star chased him around the studio fountain, looking the while like a particularly lovely little girl. And Micky is so large that when she finally caught him, she had all she could do to hold him until a friendly gardener came to her assistance.

But it must be admitted that in spite of his size and general good looks there is nothing distinguished about Micky. He has absolutely no known pedigree. His mistress says cheerfully that he is undoubtedly a good American, being a mixture of just about everything. She even suspects that he has a bit of dachshund in him. "He has such long ears," she remarked. "Tho, of course, (Continued on page 109)
The Sin of Martha Queed

By

GLADYS HALL

MARVIN QUEED had been district attorney of Pineville for thirty odd years and more. The unwavering justice of the most remote mountain peaks had not been so bleak as his justice had been nor so unremittingly stern as his condemnations. He believed in Original Sin. He believed in the animal in man. He believed in lust to the undoing of love. He believed in the power of evil over good.

If there were room for doubt, once a deed had been done, he never doubted on the fair side of the ledger. The chances were agin' fair play. Larceny, adultery, larceny, murder—these were the companions of his mind. He always believed the worst. It was a ritual with him.

How many men, stainless, had been put to death or were cursing their thwarted souls out in the rude county jails, one might never know.

What sunlight there might have been in his own home, had it not been for his invariable point of view, would be hard to ascertain.

Long ago his wife had had a dream in her heart, shining and fair. A rainbow of a dream, far-spanned and iridescent. It had shone thru her simple bearing to her face and had, there, illuminated her. He had quenched the dream. She had, perforce, to shut a door upon it and never let it be seen.

His daughter had been a lovely thing, soft and pliable. He had cursed her heavily for, it seemed, the mere textures of her youth, her rose-red cheeks, her fluttered mouth, her springing step, her out-ringing laugh. He had called her terrible, if biblical names, and predicted hideous ends for her. He had accused her of vices she had been wholly unaware of; thoughts that never had tainted her hours, sleeping or waking, plans she had not had the viciousness to formulate.

His son had started in with small and sturdy principles of truth. His mother had implanted them. The lad had felt, even, a love for the truth, a glow for it. Whenever he told it, he was conscious of an inner glow, something to be compared to the glow of his body when he loved it in the clear cold spring of an early morning. Marvin Queed, habitually, called the lad's truths lies. "You're lyin', to me!" he would thunder at the child; "Don't tell me, yer brat, yer're lyin'—and yer know it. Don't tell me—don't tell me!"—and finally, to evade the blows of the heavy birch stick in his father's hand, little Georgie would whimper out what his father insisted upon being told.

It was a distorted household whose inheritances would have been truth.

It was in order, then, that Marvin Queed should believe David Boyd when that derelict of the woods came to him and told him that he had just seen his daughter up in that city chap's cabin and the city chap was "undressin' her."

Marvin Queed did not stop to probe the matter, vital as it was. He did not press David Boyd for details. He believed the worst at once. What had he always said? What had he always thought? To what end had he told Marthy she was a comin'? If not to this, then what, he?
“Arnold Barry was with me,” said Martha. “He took me to his cabin and rubbed my ankle with some liniment he had there.”

The sin of Martha Queed

Fictionized, by permission, from the first National attraction of the Allan Dwan production of the same name, based on the original story by Mary Mears.

Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast:

Martha Queed.................. Mary Thurman
Arnold Barry...................... Niles Welch
Alicia Queed...................... Eugene Besserer
Marvin Queed...................... Joseph Dowling
David Boyd...................... Frank Campeau
Atalas......................... George Hackathorn
George Queed..................... Frankie Lee

...and demanded to know. Was he a prophet in his own land, or was he not? Well—was he?

Gentle Mrs. Queed dared to tell him he was not. She knew her girl she said, tremulously. Marthy was dear, an' sweet an' good. She wouldn't come to no harm, and no harm could come to her. God would take care of that. She knew. Her mother knew. And the city Chap, she dared to go on under Marvin Queed's heavy drawn, threatening brow, the city chap had a nice-like face. A gentleman, she was, she didn't doubt. She had seen him last Sabbath on the way to meeting. No, he hadn't been in the church, but his face looked as tho he might have been.

Marvin Queed waited. Of small avail to explode the gathering viols of his wrath on his wife. She was too inadequate an object. He preferred to whet his temper on the more substantial Martha. Yes, he would wait for Martha. He and David Boyd.

They sat out on the porch. Marvin Queed held his gnarled birch in his hands. One of the mountaineers had said it looked like the old man. Marvin Queed had heard this and it had pleased him, as perverisions always did.

While waiting, he sent Georgie, his son, upstairs. The lad told his father he had been to the cabin of Atalas, the hunchback, and that the old grandmother of Atalas had been telling him fairy stories. He even proffered, very eagerly, to retail again, some of the choicest of the fairy tales to his father. His father had silenced him with the raised birch stick and had told him that he had not been to the cabin of Atalas, that he had been fishing, he had been fishing—not to tell him. Whereupon he had cracked the boy across his slender wrist and told him to go to his room and remain there supperless. The look the child gave in slinking past was not pleasant to see, even in the gentle mauve shades slanting across the hills cool and far away.

Thru these shadows Martha Queed came limping home. In the gnarled hand of Marvin Queed the gnarled birch trembled with an anticipatory fervor. Justice... Justice, by the Lord!

In the doorway hovered Mrs. Queed, timorous, trustful...

Martha limped to the steps and sat down. "I sprained my ankle," she began, without preamble, "running thru Gun's Wood... a nasty twist. Arnold Barry was with me. He had been fishing and I had been watching him. He took me to his cabin and rubbed it with some liniment he had there. It helped me enough to get back here. But it does ache... goodness me!"

Marvin Queed said no word. The situation was ripeing. He could afford to wait. He seemed not to breathe.

Mrs. Queed murmured sympathetically.

David Boyd snuffled thru his nose. Martha forgot her pain enough to give him a faint look of disgust.

In the small bedroom over the porch could be heard, muffled, small Georgie whimpering.

Then the storm, blackly gathering, burst.

Marvin Queed arose in majesty. He called his
daughter the things one calls a woman long given to the streets. He sullied her instincts, her rights, her awakening mind and dreams by accusations fearful in their extremity and filth.

"You've ruined the name of Quedd," he bellowed, "you loose woman—you! You've brought upon yourself the stigma of the evil doer! There's one thing left for you to do." He rose and drew from behind a door a long thin object, grim in the now deep purple of the evening. He handed it to Martha. "Take that and use it," he said.

David Boyd uttered a guttural sound. It was hard to tell whether it was protest or approbation. Long ago in the sordid scuffle of the thing he called his life, David Boyd had lost the senses of discrimination.

Mrs. Quedd gave a wounded, thin cry. She put out a staying hand, Martha pushed it by, not unkindly, just as something that had to be done. Her action was as wounded as her mother's outcry. She rushed up the stairs.

In her room the dusk was thick. Georgie had crept into her room to have his cry out the more wholeheartedly on Martha's bed. Martha, putting the gun beside her, fell on the bed beside him.

Her wounded ankle throbbed painfully. Her wounded sensibilities hurt worse. Poison distilled itself in her blood and traveled thru her veins, the bitter rankling poison of hatred, hatred of one's own. How she hated him! How she hated him! Maniac! Grotesque symbol of an evil justice, sitting there in his unrighteous indignation. How horrible he was! How he had crushed them, her mother, Georgie, herself! How he had shattered out the sun, debarred the white birds! How they, conjointly, loathed him!

George was stirring, she paid no heed to him. Momentarily, his pain seemed a lesser thing than her own. He was a man-child. Who could tell . . .

His hand fell on the gun. There was a loud discharge.

From downstairs came, again, the wounded, distraught sound of Mrs. Quedd's voice. Her father's footsteps, cumbersome, hateful.

They were in the room. She did not move. Georgie was not hurt, only whimpering still, this time, that he had not meant to do it. The night had grown oppressive.

She kept remembering Atalas, the hunchback with his sweet face—the flowers he put, each morning, on her desk in school. She had taught him to read and write and spell. She had taught him, too, to love—as angels may, with homage and with prayer. And the old grandmother of Atalas, with her practical hands and her weaving, impractical brain . . .

And Arnold Barry, pale from overwork in a city, strong and straight and full of booklore and trustworthy dreams and schemes. He had seemed fine.

Her father was thuddering—again. At first his meaning did not penetrate, the hurtful throbbing of her pulses was too persistent. Then she heard him, "David Boyd's goin' ter marry you," he was saying; "to cover up yer disgrace. He's too good for yer, that's what it amounts to. Too good fer yer. Get up, I say, get up and I'll tie this knot myself, good and tight, ter keep yer in order. A wife is what yer need ter be and stop yer highfalutin' school teachin' and other flimflammy. You've got cobwebs in yer brain like yer mother had when I brang her here—but you've got seven devils in yer soul, besides. David Boyd'll take 'em out of yer. Get up, I say, get up!"

Martha never afterward knew why it was she hadn't rebelled until he had killed her.

It must have been the pulses clamoring, destroying her brain. It must have been Georgie whimpering. It must have been the thin trickle of her mother's sobs. Anyway, she was dragged into the lamp-lit drab room of the cabin. David Boyd stood there, waitin' her. He had always been waiting her. He had blocked her pathway to and from the schoolhouse repeatedly with his uncouth, repellent presence. He had leered at her. He had besought her. She had never masked the disgust she felt.

Now he was to have her. Her father was
giving her to him. He was demanding her mother's wedding ring for the ceremony. She felt it forced upon her stiff finger. Why did her mother moan so? Once she had heard a dead bird give queer, deep little cries. Her mother sounded like that bird. It was uncanny, all of it.

She felt glad Atalas was not there to see it. How it would have bruised his clean white soul.

She was glad Arnold Barry could not see. Some of David Boyd's horror would come, vicariously, to her. From out the shadows the distorted figure of Justice shook with abnormal mirth. God seemed very far away.

It didn't last long, that was a mercy. For a moment she was held against her mother's breast. In that thin pitiful cavern she could hear the overwrought heart pumping, laboriously. The poor woman was muttering, "Forgive me, dearie, forgive me—" Martha knew that she was pleading for forgiveness for having given her life. She nodded her head.

David Boyd dragged her over the path to his hovel. The undergrowth of the wood seemed horrors on that night. Overhead an owl hooted. Nightingales were still. That very day Arnold Barry had told her he had heard a nightingale the night before. Not tonight.

Halfway to Boyd's cabin she had a fantastic vision. She thought she saw Atalas smiling at her—with reassurance.

Of course it was absurd, how would Atalas know! How sweet his love had been. From the shaken pottery of his flesh his spirit had gleamed as white as samite, as holy as an anthem.

Boyd was laughing to himself. He was boasting, too, that he had her; that she had thought herself so fine, so high a lady. Well, he had her. It didn't profit a man to set himself on an altar. A man got what he wanted, come what come. Look at him, at Boyd...

She'd make him a good wife, she would—or he'd know why. She'd give up her folderols, she would, or he'd see to it. No more teachin', nor moonin' in woods with books—she'd cook and sweep and be a proper woman. His woman, by bligh-

ty! Martha was silent. Even her aching pulses had subsided. She felt very far away. Her spirit and flesh were distinctly separate. She hoped they would never rejoin.

She was inside his cabin. A stench arose and smote her of accumulated uncleannesses. A rat scuttled heavily across the floor and hit her foot. A cobweb, thick and established, smote her in the eye.

David Boyd had turned to her. His hands were outstretched. He was the coming bridegroom. She gave a high, tremendous cry...

In the morning which was fresh and singularly clear, the sheriff and his men arrested Arnold Barry for the murder of David Boyd.

Almost before dawn Barry had appeared at the Queed cabin. There he had been told that Martha had married, the night before, David Boyd.

He had told the Queeds what he thought of them, in outraged, plain-speaking terms. Then he had strode off in the direction of Boyd's cabin.

He had been gone some time, and when they came upon him he was trying to revive a dead man. The dead man was David Boyd. He had been dead, Barry explained laconically, to Queed and the sheriff, some hours. Martha was nowhere to be seen. Barry was arrested. His protests were unavailing. Justice must be done. On the way to the county jail all sorts of thoughts assailed him—all of Martha. He didn't seem to matter just then. How could they have done this thing to her? Why had they done it? What had happened in that dank cabin on that dark night? Over what horror had that girl been forced to stoop—alone? Had her hands, desperate, done this deed?

Justice, tapping a gnarled birch, stamped mightily ahead.

A little off the path, the boy Atalas, unheeding, was clasping his thin arms about the trunk of a huge tree. His face was uplifted and beatific. There were bloodstains on his hands.

Justice moves swiftly when there is
venom spicing the motion.

A decree of murder in
the first degree was brought
in by the District Attorney
against Arnold Barry of the
city of New York.

The crowded court-room
gaped, as one head. One
woman fainted. A small boy,
chewing gum audibly, was to
be heard by every spectator.

Into the temporary cessa-
tion of activities, in the still-
ness of the lately pronounced
sentence of death, the hunch-
back Atalas burst, his face
shell-white, his twisted body
quivering.

"I killed Boyd," he cried
out, shrill and sweet, "I
killed him—I saw him a' try-
in' to harm Martha Queed. I
shot him. I'm glad I did.
I'm glad I did—fer her. I've
always loved her. And
yer can't laugh—now!"

The boy pulled a gun from
his blouse. A shot shattered
the sentence of death silence.
When they left the court-
room Arnold Barry, freed,
was carrying the dead Ata-
las, whose face bore an un-
speakable radiance, piercings
set.

Barry carried him home. It was a long trail, but
the burden was light, and, as he walked, seemed, curiously,
to grow lighter. Curiously, too, the path seemed illumined
by a light neither of heaven nor of earth, but somehow,
strangely, of both, as by a miracle, bent. Barry thought
the miracle was love. The love of Atalas for the little
school-teacher. Such a love as he, Barry himself, would
strive to give her—having learned.

The grandmother of Atalas took him in. Her impracti-
cinal mind saw, as Barry saw, the supreme loveliness of
the last tragedy. She rejoiced for him that so he had
gone justifying the love, giving it hope where there had
been none before. She took him in her arms, tender-
wise and held him against her breast. In a low voice
she told Barry that Martha was in the other room. "He
found her," she said, "and brought her here. He tended
her like a mother and a slave. He brang her flowers
and scattered them about her. He knelt by her and
stroked her hand because she couldn't sleep. Ah me,
ahu me, but his love was great and strong?"

Martha saw her marriage day in the hospital of the
Itg Town nearest Pineville. Martha told him then, of
the circumstances of that dark night before she blotted
it forever from her hurt memory . . . "I didn't know
what I was doing," she said, "it just seemed to me that
all the hard things Father had said to me, and to mother,
and to all of us all of our lives numbed me once and for-
ever. The world turned the chaos, and every light went
out. Even the light you had brought into my life was
gone. I felt stinted and dull and bruised and tired. I
just stood there while Father did his terrible sin of marry-
ing us—and then I just stumbled along in the dark to
Boyd's cabin. I didn't want to think of you—I couldn't
bear that—I didn't want to think of Mother—I knew her
last dream would be gone with me—Atalas—my dear
Atalas—he seemed the only one to whom I could turn,
even in thought. He, too, had
been stunted and hurt, beside
his own volition. Dear, I wish
I could tell you of Atalas—of
the lovely, straight-growing
soul that lived in his poor
body. He was so dear to me.
It made me seem a rare, ex-
alted, different thing to have him near me. He was so
tender, so servile, so fine . . . I think, I think he—he
must be happy—now—

"I know he is," Barry told her as she lay among the
white fragrance of her bridal flowers—"I know he is.
The words you have just spoken would make him so were
other things to fail." Barry had taken her there in his
car to recuperate from the shock and the exposure she
had suffered. Thither, too, had come her mother, done
forever with Marvin Queed.

Arnold Barry strewed her
bed with flowers. Her
mother, dreams reborn in her tired eyes, hemmed, her-
selh, the shimmering satin of the wedding-gown
threaded with tremulous ecstasy, the orange blossoms
in her dark hair. "It's as I dreamed it," she kept
whispering to herself; "it's as I dreamed it, over n'
over."

And so they were married—

And after awhile, they took Mrs. Queed and little
George and went beyond the hills to live in a flowery
spot where dreams with unmolested feet, kept ever wel-
come watch.

In Pineville the distorted figure of Justice brooded
thru dim years. Strange fantasies came and went
odd figures . . . scriptures gone awry . . . condemned
men pleading . . . pleading . . . dreams knocked at
shuttered doors . . . youth cried out. He died and knew
God wot. Justice for shining and young,
“She Walks in Beauty--”

down, I found the truth revealed, blatant or otherwise.

She is young—spontaneously, freshly, exhilaratingly.

She is good—the correct definition of good being glowing health of body and brain and she, very rarely and definitely, has both.

Above all other things Justine Johnstone has common sense, a strong desire for self-development, ideals and practically a sane sense of balance in her personal and professional careers. Above and below, Miss Johnstone photographed at her country estate.

She is beautiful.

She is the most beautiful woman I have ever interviewed. I cannot call to mind that I have ever seen one at any time more beautiful. Professionally, at least, I have run a pretty thoro gamut, hence the opinion is worth something.

Above and proba-

T

HE memo on my desk said Justine Johnstone, Friday, St. Regis, 3 o'clock...

It said that to me—that and nothing more. I had never seen Justine Johnstone. I was amazingly uninformed. What I had heard of her was limited intelligence and conveyed to my mind a vague, gold person who danced—and who was now, hence my mission, on the threshold of the screen. I departed for the St. Regis only temperately enthusiastic. It was acridly hot.

My first distinctly pleasant impression was of a suite very high up and a cool wind a'blowing. Simultaneously came an equally pleasant one of Miss Johnstone (Mrs. Wanger). The parenthetical addition by the way is a most important one.

When first I sat me down to indite this article a line kept reiterating in my brain. It reiterated: “She is young; she is good; she is beautiful.” Absurd, I said to my brain, it sounds like the opening line of the chorus of a popular song... I will refrain from using it. My brain remained obdurate and the line kept on reiterating. I felt that analysis was required, and sifted
By

GRACE LAMB

bly beyond all these things, she has common sense, a strong desire for self-development, ideals, practicality, a sane sense of balance in her personal and professional careers.

For the former, she is, (see parenthetical some paragraphs preceding) Mrs. Wanger, and most delightfully proud and pleased with that fact.

"Marriage should be a close and wonderful partnership," Miss Johnstone said, "and ours is. I believe in love, the love that endures, I believe in marriage, as a sacrament, as an institution. I believe in the absolute possibility of married happiness, satisfying and complete. I am not, in any sense, at least not in that sense, a modernist, nor a radical. About children . . . I don't know . . . I wish that I did think one could have children and marriage and a career . . . but I'm afraid that I don't think so. I am mostly afraid that they would interrupt the comradeship between husband and wife. After all, we can only give our affection greatly, wholly, in one direction . . ." Mrs.
Along the Starry Way

I.—Crystal Pier

Along comes a holiday—it dawns bright and clear.

Let's go for a day to Crystal Pier. After packing a picnic lunch of pickles, sandwiches, filling a thermos bottle of coffee and preparing other popular indigestibles, we'll crank up the old flivver, or the Fierce Barrow, or whatever we ride in (everybody has some kind of a vehicle out here) and after going a few blocks only to remember something we forgot, we're off. We wave good-bye to the neighbors and slap the dog on the head with a newspaper or something to make him stop barking so loud.

After running thru devious streets, we finally strike Seventh Street, the Fifth Avenue of Los Angeles. Then we pass the Mercury and Chaplin aviation fields and take a slant at the Chaplin studio as we go by. Then we reach the Beverly Hills Hotel, famous for its many film star guests. Mary Thurman, Otis Skinner and Jack Pickford are taking a quiet stroll thru the hedge-lined walks. We wave and are delighted with the answering salutations. The auto-speedway is reached. Here on big racing days, Los Angeles filmdom turns out en masse and several enthusiastic players enter cars in the events. After passing, on our right, the Los Angeles Country Club.

To be seen here is to be stamped with the glamour of exclusiveness. It is a mark of distinction; for it is not one seen in close proximity to luminaries of the film world, too numerous to mention? Top. Lila Lee talks to Wally Reid while her ice-cream cone succumbs to the sun; left, King Vidor throw a ball, and below, the same sunshade shields Rudolph Valentino. Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton and Gertrude Selby.

Editor's Note: The cry for pleasure, respite from the day's tasks sounds everywhere—from Manhattan's gay Rialto to Three Corners nestled in the foothills of the California film colony, too, the cry for pleasure rises. There are a number of places particularly popular with the folk of the shadow-screen, and these will be photographed and written of in this new series, truly called "Along the Starry Way."

Swimmin' round an' round at Crystal Pier, There's no need to harbor any fear, For...
If you sink just give a shout, Wallace Reid will pull you out, Swimming at that dear old Crystal Pier.

(With apologies to everybody, including the author of "Dancing at That Motion Picture Ball."
Club, which has numbers of photoplayer golf enthusiasts on its rolls, we settle down to a long stretch until we reach the Soldiers' Home set in a mass of pepper trees at Sawtelle. This town is noted for having the greatest number of dyed mustaches in the world. Jet black, or brown is the popular hue, worn by many an old soldier who, game to the last, sets out in the evenings to call on some comely resident on Widow's Row and persuade her, perhaps, to share his pension.

Santa Monica is soon reached. We know it by its geranium hedges, its pretty girls in middies, or bathing suits, on the way to the beach sands, its magnificent palisades rising precipitously from the beach and covered with myriads of clinging flowers, purple, white and yellow. A view from the palisades shows miles of shore with foamy waves lapping the sand, stretching toward the famous motion picture city, known consecutively as Inceville and Hartville after their noted namesakes.

Now we're at Crystal Pier.

To be seen here is to be stumped with the glamour of exclusiveness. It is a mark of distinction, for is not one seen in rather close proximity to Wallace Reid, Lila Lee, Rupert Julian, Harold Lloyd and other luminaries of the film world too numerous to mention? It is this thought that gladdens the hearts of myriads of tourists that fit up and down the coast.

A citizen of Paris, Iowa, or London, Maine, can enlarge and wax eloquent on his description of how he retrieved a ball, thrown by the dainty hand of Viola Dana or of Lila Lee, that was missed by none other than Francis Ford. The president of the First National Bank of Morriston, Texas, feels that it is not beneath his dignity to act as backstop and pig-tail for his favorite star whom he has worshipped on the impersonal screen for many moons. He is honored and would be delighted to have the mayor of the town and a couple of aldermen on hand. Financial barons of Los Angeles, its city councilmen and mayor also visit Crystal Pier; but they might cavort around and miss balls until doom's day, and the aforesaid president of the First National Bank of Morristown would not give them a bat of his distinguished eye. Such is fame.

Crystal Pier is like an island of quiet in an ocean of noise. Just about half a mile south of it bedlam reigns. For there is Ocean Park and a little farther on, Venice, which are to Los Angeles what Coney is to

(Continued on page 104)
We had heard, too, that she was the most photographed girl in New York and was as skeptical about this as about the superlativeness of her beauty. I mentioned the fact that I needed some pictures to illustrate the interview. "Oh, yes," she said, casually, excusing herself a moment and reappearing with a stack of photographs—dozens and dozens of them—in costumes quaint and simple, in costumes gorgeous and splendid—in poses studied, in poses unstudied—every one different—every one showing the touch of an artist who does his best because of the inspiration of his beautiful subject. "It must be true," I exclaimed. "You are the most photographed girl in New York."

"I would hardly say that," she said, "but there are about two thousand poses of me. Of course I did nothing for a whole year but pose—so, naturally, there would be

"The Miracle Man" is her favorite picture, so she said, speaking of it in an awed, almost reverential way. And her favorite players are Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson and Nazimova. She has a vivid personality, surprising intelligence and a consuming interest in her work... a combination that will not be defeated.
something to show for it. It’s the hardest work in the world, too,” she added.

If I were asked to single out one or two of Martha Mansfield’s outstanding characteristics, I should say her unself-consciousness, her capacity for thrills and her consuming interest in life, and especially in people. Almost I felt that she was the interviewer and I the interviewee.

“Don’t you love to interview people? Do you find many who are interesting or clever—or are they mostly stupid? Whom have you interviewed lately, and what did they say?” she wanted to know most of all—and who were my favorite players, and what were my favorite pictures?

“The Miracle Man” is her favorite, she said—and spoke of it in an awed, almost reverential, way. Her favorite players are Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson and Nazimova. She has no favorites among the men—doesn’t care particularly for any of them!

“Mary Pickford,” she mourned, “is the only one of my favorites I have met—and that was years ago—soon after I came to New York.”

“Then you are not a New York girl?”

“No,” she said, a bit proudly. “I was born in New York, but that was a—a detail. I am from Mansfield, Ohio. Lived there until I was nearly fourteen—and it is still ‘home’ to me.”

“And then?”

“Mother and I came to New York. I wanted to go on the stage, but had no idea how to go about it. I had heard of Mr. Belasco and William Brady, and that was the extent of my knowledge about the theatrical business. Mary Pickford was playing on the stage in ‘The Littlest Rebel,’ and when she became ill, I went to the hospital a couple of times to see her. I confided my ambition to her and she asked me to go to see her manager and ask him to let me try her part. I was just about her size at that time and had long curls. She might not be able to go back—or there might be a road company—anyhow, go and try, she said. So I did . . . but, of course, having had no experience except a couple of weeks in stock, they would not consider me.

“Wasn’t that dear of ‘little Mary’? I have never met her since that first year here . . . but have treasured in my heart the memory of her kindness to me, almost a stranger. After that, I said to myself, ‘I’ll go and see Mr. Brady.’ As tho all I had to do was to walk into his office and say, ‘Mr. Brady, please.’ Finally I did get to see the man next to Mr. Brady. He looked at me tolerantly—I was very small and in short dresses—and said, ‘What do you want, little girl?’

“I want to play Beth in ‘Little Women,’ I said.

‘He appeared somewhat amused and said, kindly, ‘Well, you see “Little Women” is out on the road now, but there is a play in rehearsal right now, and we need a little girl for a fairy part. Would you like that?’

‘Would I?’ But,” she continued, ruefully, “some other

(Continued on page 108)
Domestic Snapshots

If Mae Murray and her directorial husband, Robert Leonard, are not at work under the Kleig lights or touring Europe, you are quite apt to find them domestically encased in their artistic studio apartment. Mrs. Leonard has just resigned with Famous Players and it looks as tho' she was telling husband Bob all about it.
At first we thought Edith Roberts would talk of frivols and fades. We imagined her point of view would be "cute." We thought she would wish to express, professionally, society ladies or something of a like ken.

We were mistaken.

She is a most serious young person.

Her beliefs, nay, her convictions, touch psychology, spiritism and all the most approved profundities. Also, they touch with a refreshing, and therefore convincing, naïveté.

She says that she owes her pic-
Dorothy has, so to speak, gone and done it. In Charles Ray's "Forty Five Minutes From Broadway," she is cast opposite Mr. Ray, giving a delightful performance. The comedy companies, it would seem, develop a sense of drama far more successfully than even the dramatic schools. And now that Dorothy has deserted the Christie comedies, we find it in our hearts to wonder if the exodus will ever stop.
Flying Pat

By
Norman Bruce

To wear Patricia as a name requires an imposing presence, dignity, golden hair arranged in a coronet, and at least seventy inches. On a small, slim little person with rusty red-black hair and a tendency to wrinkle a tip-tilted nose rabbit-wise, it is as unbecoming as black velvet and pearls to a debutante. On the other hand, "Pat" fitted Patricia Matthews as trimly as a triple A, size three and a half shoe. When the Matthews part of her name became Van Nuys, on that morning of yellow mud and wet wind in the Argonne with the gaunt French priest making sad work of his English, the "Pat" remained unchanged.

Pat had met Robert Van Nuys under circumstances discouraging to Romance, which has a predilection for rose gardens and moonlight and June. When the tall, young aviator, who had just brought down his plane in a particularly oozy shell hole, squatted into the comfort station in search of coffee and conversation, Pat had seen a wild head of hair that had not known a comb for a week, a face overgrown with stubble and otherwise adorned with machine oil, mud and caked blood from a scratch over the swollen right eye. And Robert, gazing out of the remaining orb, had seen an exceedingly minute young woman enveloped from chin to heels in an enormous, very much streaked brown denim apron that rendered her perfectly shapeless, while above the apron top a face, powdered with flour with a most unbecoming streak of soot across the bridge of a tip-tilted nose, regarded him from under a mop of wild, black curls.

And thus gazing, they had immediately fallen in love, tho it was three whole days before they confessed it. For it takes more than a mere war and a little mud to discourage Romance, after all. The only engagement ring obtainable was a doughnut—and here let it be whispered that if all American soldiers had had the opportunity of eating Pat's doughnuts they would have helped win the war—for Germany! So Robert went back to his bombing of Boches, while little Pat liberally salted the cocoa with her tears, and then unexpectedly, all in a minute, the war was over and Robert appeared with the sad French priest in tow, and Pat put on a clean apron and they were married, while a wind with a French accent lamented outside the hut, and the poplars shed tears for the ruin of the gun-swept forest over the hill.

On the way homeward across the Atlantic, they sat upon the deck and talked of the future, and made enough plans for it to fill three score and ten years full to overflowing. Then it was for the first time that Robert acquainted his wife with his position and prospects in the world.

"Pat, darling," he asked her, squeezing her hand under the steamer rug; "what do you suppose I am anyway? I mean, what do you suppose I do for a living?"

Pat looked startled. It was the first time she
Ensued an old-fashioned family quarrel, for fashions in anger do not change. They said many things, solely for the purpose of wounding each other. Words that stung, taunts that cut, phrases that bruised.

Robert Van Nuys stiffened slightly. “I am none of the somewhat unflattering things you mention,” he stated, with dignity, “I am afraid you will be disappointed when I confess that I am merely a millionaire. I own the largest aeroplane factory in America; and as for helping me with my career that will be quite unnecessary.”

“Oh,” said Pat doubtfully, in a small voice, “oh.” There is no doubt that she was disappointed. It would have been much more exciting to be married to a burglar. Privately, she felt that she would make a better burglar’s wife than a millionaire’s. But she rose to the occasion gallantly. “Then will I have to give dinner parties, and wear low-necked gowns like Miss Ferguson and carry a parasol?”

Robert shook his head. He felt that it was very

had even wondered about that. “I—I don’t know,” she faltered, then, loyally, “probably you’re a— a bookkeeper, or a motorman, or a reporter, or something. But I’ll love you even if you’re a burglar, so there! And I’ll try to help you in your career—-”

Pat spent many hours, during the first few months of her new life, in the splendid Van Nuys mansion, trying to decide upon a career to devote herself to. The nuns in the convent had always said to the girls that woman’s place was in the home, but here was her husband insisting that her place was out of the home, protesting that he had not married a button sewer or a stocking darning woman who had a right to her own life, to her freedom. And she did not know what to do with her life or her freedom—-it was very depressing.

She thought successively of being an interior decorator, a writer, a professional shopper, a tea-room proprietor. But to one who has lived for months with the roar of shells and the thunder of great guns in her ears, crotchet and tea-cups seem insipid and singularly unalluring. No, she needed excitement, if possible, spiced with danger. She applied to the police department for a job and was politely refused. Then, one day as she waited in the office of the factory for Robert to take her to luncheon, she discovered her career! It stood in the yard, with a very handsome young man in puttees and goggles doing something to its insides, which produced a tremendous snorting and puffing. However, Pat did not see the young man as a Male Being at all, but
merely as a Means to an End. In two ticks of her wrist watch her mind was made up. She would be an aviatris!

Robert listened to her plans indulgently. "But I can't teach you myself," he told her, "I've got to be in the office—we're working out a new model. I'll have Endicott take you up. He's a safe man, Endicott—an ace, he's the opposite side—"

Robert did all his flying on paper nowadays. Pat though rebelliously. In France he had been an eagle. In America, she was, nuzzled with a wicked little mental giggle, a rooster, contented with grubbing in the ground for worms. He'd have Endicott take her up! Humph! She'd show him it wasn't a fad of a freak, but sober earnest.

No one had ever accused Pat of not being game. The ordeal of the orientator in which, strapped into a machine, she was whirled dizzily head over heels, and made to read the Constitution of the United States while standing on her head, left her more determined than ever, although for several days the trees and houses had a disconcerting habit of jiggling when she looked at them, and she distinctly saw a trolley car leap over a church, her resolve to become a flyer was the one fixed thing in an unstable world.

"It's—it's heavenly," Pat shrieked above the roar of the exhaust on her first flight. The young man beside her flashed an admiring glance at the wild, little curls flying under the tight cap brim, the shine of sky-colored eyes thru the huge goggle.

"It is," he agreed fervently. "and you're an angel!" which latter was fortunately lost in the noise of their flight. On subsequent occasions he became more explicit, as they careened thru clouds and clambered steep slopes of ether, and at length attempted to hold Pat's hand. Very promptly that young woman boxed his ears, and the ground rose to meet them at terrifying speed. A young oak tree broke their fall, but nothing except six thousand miles of solid globe stopped it.

Much surprised at being alive, Pat sat up in the wreckage with a vague attempt to straighten her hat which was cocked rakishly over her face, totally obscuring one eye. Then she began to laugh hysterically. Rising from the splintered plane was a head, wearing about its neck the rope of the steering, about Captain Endicott leaned anything but the naughty patient now, nor were her first words those of ill-mannered fury. "Nay, rather be spoke like a husband so many years unloving, without flattery, brutally and to the point. Pat blushed, exasperated.

"It's your own fault," she flamed, struggling to the hautly, and rushing because she held the regale in her lap, "and I detest you, and I'm glad I broke your old aeroplane! And I'm going straight home and t—tell you how—how much I love you!"

"You ought to be spanked!" growled her companion savagely as he emerged on hands and knees and dragged Pat from the debris, blue lightnings in her eyes, vermilion red lips trembling, curls rumpling about her ascetic cheeks, "or kissed," he finished, and caught her roughly to him, and kissed her with angry lips, then turned on his heels and began to plunge over the field in the direction of a roof showing among the trees.

Ten minutes later Robert
Van Nuys, summoned by the ringing of his 'phone, was informed by a strange voice that his wife wished him to motor out to the Rosedale Inn and take her home. "She is with Captain Endicott," the voice finished with what sounded like an insolent chuckle to Roberts' burning ears, and a click neatly terminated the conversation. He shook the instrument until a snicker from his stenographer brought him to his senses. Pat at a roadhouse, with the Captain! Even in his dismay, Robert knew quite certainly that there was nothing wrong in the escapade, but that didn't excuse Pat.

By the time his roadster had left splintered bits of the speed laws scattered along the ten miles between the city and Rosedale Inn, he had determined to teach his wife a lesson. Robert Van Nuys had faced the Boche shells without a shiver, but the mere notion of scandal sent goose shivers down his correct, Bostonian spine. It would look well in print—"Wife of Wealthy Manufacturer Discovered at Roadhouse with Captain." He decided that he would not forgive Pat for her imprudence until after dinner. There were a number of remarkably fine phrases anent wifely conversational. Pat became, the more uncommunicative he grew. By the time they had reached home, he was encased in the cajolery-proof armor of rigid silence, which however, she perversely ignored, choosing to put on her prettiest evening gown at dinner, and keeping up a galling fire of chatter with an occasional star shell of laughter.

With the closing of the door of their bedroom, Pat ceased firing. She was remembering what the Captain had said about a spanking. "Beast!" she muttered, and for need of action she pitched a chairful of garments into the farthest corner of the room.

"If you are speaking to me," observed her husband in deathly tones, "I can hardly expect that you would show the proper respect for the man you married after the disgraceful escapade of this afternoon."

"Well," said Pat with a shrill breath, "I like that!" and to show how much she liked it, she threw the brush across the room squarely into a colored etching of the Age of Innocence. "How—how"—she said, withproperds and found memories of similar scenes on the stage, "how dare you! How dare you say such things to me?"

Ensued an old-fashioned quarrel, for fashions in anger do not change. They each said many things solely for (Continued on page 115)
Across the Silversheet

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

The characters of "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," for the main part, seek to build their future on the dreams of their past, to find that the mark of passing years is a definite one and that memory cannot be reconstructed.

However, two of the characters in their search for the old dream find in one another something even greater than the past has offered them and they form a dream partnership.

The story of Conrad is a whimsical one which it has not been easy for William de Mille to bring to the screen. He has handled his difficult task admirably in most instances, but now and then his touch seems a little too worldly for the delicate story material with which he deals.

Thomas Meighan has been more ideally cast than he is in the title role of Leonard Merrick's "Conrad"—he does not seem to us to be the type sketched in the pages of the novel—however, he is satisfactory and the same likable Thomas.

Margaret Loomis finds more opportunity in this story than ever before and her work is permeated with a colorful personality.

It seems to us that Kathryn Williams is worthy of special mention. She creates with a sure—and, at the same time, a delicate touch and makes the Beautiful Lady of Conrad's youth delightful, while her characterization of the same lady a number of years later, slightly forgetful and always dropping things, is most natural and suggestive of someone all of us have known. Her work in "Conrad" removes all questions as to her artistry.

Those who have journeyed along life's highway will love Conrad and sympathize with him.

Those who stand at the cross-roads will not quite understand his quest, but they will find him attractive just the same.

Nomands of the North—First National

In "Nomands of the North," James Oliver Curwood's pen paints a typical story of the Canadian Northwest in which the hero is a fugitive from justice; the villain, the son of the factor of the settlement; and the other suitor, a corporal of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

Despite the fact that the story is typical, there is a vividness and wholesome spirit to the production which makes it pleasant entertainment. "Here are a number of scenes of a raging forest fire in which the villain meets his doom, but they fail to get over, as other cinema forest fires have in the past. At the same time they possess no meager beauty value.

Betty Blythe has often been seen to better advantage, both dramatically and pictorially. While she is pleasing and convincing, her performance lacks that indefinable something which heralds artistry.

As to Lon Chaney's portrayal of the hero—it rings vibrantly true and it is difficult to picture this son of the forest primeval as the deformity of "The Miracle Man."

Peaceful Valley—First National

We are grateful for "Peaceful Valley," primarily, because it permits us to again land Charles Ray and his human characterization. The theme is not new or novel—in fact, it is the old idea of the country youth who falls in love with the city (Continued on page 118)
arrived at Prominence Station along the Road-to-Stardom route, by the Vampire Express. Do you remember Billie Rhodes in a refreshing picture without a love clinch at the end, called "The Blue Bonnet"?

Irene was chosen for the naughty lady who forsakes her own husband and who leads divers other husbands astray before she finds in the end that she has tried to make a criminal of her own daughter—played by Billie Rhodes.

She made good in the part, very much so. Screen critics pointed out that a new type of vampire had arrived, a woman with beauty, a sense of humor, and keen humanness. Who wouldn't "fall" for such a vampire, they asked, and Irene, reading the criticism, had been inconsolable.

"I hated the part!" she said vehemently. "I detest women like that, and I loathe slinky clothes. I'd much rather dress plainly as I did in the Rogers pictures, and the worst of it was that after my "Blue Bonnet" vampire part, it seemed as if every company in town wanted me to be a wild woman and ruin a couple of men or destroy a happy home."

"I said to myself, 'Irene, you must reform now, or you'll be a vampire all your screen life'—and I did! I turned down all the other naughty lady roles offered me, and made a stand for likable, womanly parts."

Irene and her mother have a cozy bungalow, very near the Brunton studio, and it has a "personality" which accords exactly with that of its charming mistress. There is a wide fireplace for chilly evenings, a grand piano where Chopin and Irving Berlin rub notes, ever so many chairs that give one that never-want-to-get-up feeling, and a few well-chosen pastels on the walls to supply a dash of color.

Irene is a gracious hostess and a perfect dear to interview. She treats you as if she and you had gone to school together, had known the same girls, and had worn the pins of the same fraternity. Her eyes
are dark brown, and rarely have a serious expression. Her nose turns up ever so slightly, and when she smiles, you wis', she never would stop.

For many aspirants to screen honors, the road is a hard and rocky one. But Irene Rich did not find it so. Perhaps the candid friendliness, which is so much a part of her, disarmed cold-blooded casting directors and made them want to give her a chance. At any rate, she had no trouble in getting work as an extra, and soon small bits were offered her.

"And then, one red-letter day," she told me. "I was working on the lot with William Farnum. I was tired, because we had been there since early morning, and I was leaning against the corner of the set with a far-away look in my eyes. Suddenly I was conscious that Mr. Farnum and the director were watching me, and whispering together. I came to with a jerk, and wondered—as a woman always does in such a case—what was wrong. I thought of my hair, my make-up, my costume, and finally, when I couldn't stand it another minute, I said pleadingly, 'Well, what is the matter with me?'

"Mr. Farnum laughed his big hearty laugh, and came over and patted my arm.

"'Nothing is the matter with you,' he said, 'in fact, we think you are a very nice girl.'

"Then he walked away, and I kept wondering what it was all about—and the very next day, I was sent for, and they broke the news that I was to play opposite Mr. Farnum in 'The Lone Star Ranger.'

"Happy? I'll say I was! I kind of gasped, and when they asked me what salary I wanted, I gulped out—'Oh, just anything!'"

Another picture with William Farnum followed, and by that time directors were taking notice of the new leading woman whose simplicity and naturalness were a welcome relief from the heavying chest emotions so much in vogue.

Frank Keenan engaged her to play opposite him in "Todl of the Times" and then came a splendid part in the Goldwyn all-star feature, "The Road Called Straight." A three-year contract with the same company was offered and accepted, and when that is finished, Irene thinks, "maybe perhaps," as Pollyanna would say, that she won't be a leading lady any more, but will be ready to shine among the stars.

"Still, if they'd let me just play opposite Will Rogers, I'd never want to be a star," declared Miss Rich. "You can't imagine how wonderful he is. He is exactly what he seems to be on the screen." (Ah, that makes two of you, I thought to myself.) "He very rarely uses make-up, and he is intensely religious. Work on Sunday? Not much! When we were out on location and the Sabbath rolled around, the directors could fret as much as they liked and the camera men point out the beautiful light for shooting, and Will would shift his gum from one cheek to the other, and draw. "No, I reckon we'll take it (Continued on page 21)"
CARMEL MYERS

During the last year or two Carmel has been dancing the light fantastic in musical comedy. However, she has returned to the screen and will soon be seen in Universal's "The Orchid"
I HOPE," sighed Alicia Lee plaintively, "that I never fall in love with Richard. It would be such a bore to love anybody who always said ayetlier and nayether and never did anything except the correct thing."

Alicia was round and cuddlesome, with eyes like an amazed kitten, and a mouth that suggested a kiss. She made you think of something that had just come out of the shell, something fluffy, and helpless, and very, very young. Policemen went two blocks out of their way to help her across perfectly safe streets, every man in the car rose in a body to offer her his seat, and even that genus Terribilis, the small boy, felt masculine protectiveness, and left his ball-playing to pick up her handkerchief.

But Alicia, who, by all tokens, should have been reading "Alice in Wonderland," adored French novels and problem plays, talked like Peppi Fiction, smoked small, very wicked cigarettes with red tips so that the lip rouge wouldn't show, and perversely refused to consider any of the eligible young men who were constantly begging her to share the money their fathers had made. Her aunt who yearned toward matrimony for her, as the safe born into which she might steer her difficult craft, now made small, helpless sounds of indignation.

Richard Bidgely is a suitable match. You have known him all your life, you belong to the same social class, and, as his wife, you would be established in society," she enumerated precisely. "I cannot see what objections any reasonable girl could have to a rich, handsome, well-bred young man, who adores her."

"I wonder!" twinkled Alicia. "What Richard calls love is as live an emotion as a dried salt codfish—oh, well, you know what I mean! He wouldn't do so much as crack one of the Commandments for me, and I won't marry a man who wouldn't break all ten of them to smitherens! It's because I do know him that I won't marry him—why, there isn't a thought in his beautifully brushed head I don't know, there isn't a sentence he begins that I couldn't finish for him. He would never give me a surprise, nor a new sensation, nor a thrill, nor any reason for enduring the monotony of living with him! Life as his wife would be as interesting as a formal dinner party where the only thing you don't know about it, when you sit down to the table, is whether they'll have pistachio ice cream or parfait."

"At least," said the aunt majestically, "creaking with outraged propriety and tight corsets, "at least you would be safe."

"Safe! I don't want to be safe, I want to be in danger," pouted Alicia, looking more kittenish and helpless than ever, "I want to Live, not rust. I want to wear Life, not keep it done up in moth balls in my closet—I want something thrilling to happen, something different! I might," she considered "try being a corespondent in a divorce suit—"

"You are perfectly hopeless," said the aunt, and departed still creaking.

"Oh damn!" hissed Alicia, lighting one of the reprehensible cigarettes. "I suppose in the end I'll marry Richard, and settle down, and get my excitement by buying a magenta hat with yellow feathers. But first I'm going to find out two things, and one of them is how it feels to be in danger of my life, and the other is how it feels to be kissed by a bad, big, bully of a man who has never had his fingers manicured."

In consequence of this resolve, two weeks later beheld Alicia on shipboard with four trunks, full of the most daring gowns she could find in New York, and many hand-embroidered etreets to go with them, including absurd little slippers, stockings with embroidered butterflies, hats that made her look like a naughty school-girl trying to be sophisticated, and a full supply of the tiny, red-tipped cigarettes.

It had been a difficult task to persuade her aunt that a trip to the Republic of Santiago to visit her old convent friend, Rosa Vargas, was not so absurd and impossible as suggesting a jaunt to the moon. But Alicia had a way with her. The final argument that had won the day was..."
“It’s like a stage setting in an empty theater,” sighed Alicia. “Such a wonderful scene and such deadly actors, with their endless lines about duty, and dinner and base-ball scores.”

The first glimpse of her host, however, entirely spoiled the picture. Señor Vargas was corpulent, not to say plain fat. He was rather greasy, likewise, and had a tendency to slumber after a hearty meal. And alas, he wore a derby hat and drove a Ford car.

The routine of the Vargas household was placid and peaceful. Rosa, from a sloe-eyed beauty with coquetry in every glance, had become matronly, and went about jingling a bunch of keys importantly. Alicia did not even unpack the defiant gowns. What was the use of trying to shock a woman whose whole soul was occupied with the making of pickled mangos, and a man who wore carpet slippers to dinner, and unbuttoned his waistcoat after the ceremony of eating? She practised wearing a Spanish mantilla draped over her dark hair with romantic effect. “It’s becoming,” she sniffed, “but what’s the use of its being becoming if there is no one to see? Oh, isn’t there anything different in the whole stupid world?”

“Tomorrow,” said Señor Vargas placidly at dinner that evening, “tomorrow we go to the President’s ball. It will be a very dull affair,” he added with conscientiousness to Alicia, “there has been no one assassinated at a president’s ball for almost ten years now.”

“You will meet Don Jose Calderon, El President,” explained Rosa with one eye anxiously on the rissole which her lord and master was attacking, “Fig! Son of a Calf! Tyrant.” She enumerated his traits without rancor, smiling softly.

“Is he handsome?” asked Alicia hopefully. There was a cerise gown in her trunks—you wore powder instead of a waist with it—

“He is fat,” Rosa said with finality, “old and fat. He is a brute and a tyrant. Someday he shall no more rule. If it were not for his brother, Don Mariano, the head of the army, he would be wearing a clay blanket and a bullet in his heart.”

Alicia was too disheartened to inquire about Don Mariano. Probably he had squint eyes, a bald head and seven children. But she wore the cerise gown all the same in the hopes that it might shock someone. And at the ball she saw the man of whom she had dreamed.
He was very tall and slim waisted and neither young nor old, which is the exact age at which a man is best. He had eyes that flashed when he talked, and dark hair and he wore a scarlet uniform with a great deal of gold on it. He looked at her as soon as he entered the ballroom, and thereafter he looked continually. Perhaps it was the gown, and yet—

"Who is that man in uniform?" she asked Rosa, trying to seem casual. "He looks like a Somebody, but, of course, he's probably the butler," she told herself pessimistically.

"That? Dios! Is it that you mean Don Mariano, second cousin to Satan?" inquired Señora Vargas quite tingerishly, for such a large soft person. "He is a bad man, child, and a brutal man. He kills men and kisses women without mercy. Behold how he stares—the great giraffe! He knows well that Vargas hates him." Presently Rosa departed on her husband's arm to the refreshment room, and Alicia was left in the box alone. She took out her tiny, diamond-studded cigarette case, aware—deliciously aware, that every movement was observed by a pair of dark, daredevil eyes. Then she gave a tiny squeak of annoyance. She had no matches!

"Señorita." Under the balcony stood the tall figure, bowing. Respectfully, he held up to her his match case, a leather thing that smelled of tobacco and masculinity. Their eyes met as she lighted her cigarette daintily and puffed out a cloud of smoke. She felt her heart beating madly—what was it Rosa had said? "Kisses the women without mercy." She leaned down to him, with his case, but he took the hand that held it instead. "You will honor me by keeping it, señorita—"

That night, safe in her bedroom, Alicia took the case from her opera bag and looked at it. There were dark spots on the morocco—blood! What a man! Cruel, violent, compelling—

The bag rustled, as the protection, Richard always wrote on heavy stationery. She thought of Richard contemptuously, correct, conventional, stupidly condescending. A woman did not want roses and candy, compliments and courtly. She wanted kisses that burned, she wanted to be beaten, so long as it was for love. She wanted something that the Richards of the world could not give, something different.

But the days dreamed by in a monotony of hard, bright sunshine, and hot, dry, wintry warmth. She had not expected that Don Mariano would come seeking her, of course, yet she was oddly baffled. With a determination of revenge she wrote to Richard with unusual frequency—learned under Rosa's tutelage to make tangles and bearded to her host's long-winded political discussion. "Life is so disappointing!" she said to Rosa as they stood, arms entwined, looking from the veranda across the sunny, unimpressing landscape, "it's not what we thought it would be in the convent, all adventure and excitement and glorious deeds. It's full of stupid things like breakfast, and wash day and liver pills. Where is the beauty we knew about in the old days, Rosa? Where are the heroes we were going to marry?"

"Oh, but even heroes have to eat," protested the present Rosa, "my Luis, for example, he is a hero. But he also likes to eat, which reminds me that I must go and see to the sauces for dinner. The cook is a pig! He never puts enough red pepper in the sauces."

"Oh damn," sighed Alicia drearily, and upon another occasion, "I think I will go home. At least I can shock Richard, and worry Auntie, which is something. If I say or do outrageous things here She practiced wearing a Spanish mantilla draped over her dark hair with romantic effect. "It's becoming," she talked, "but what's the use if there is no one to see it?"
"Good evening, Seniors," said Don Mariano curtly, "mandy give me the letter you are carrying from the truant, Luiz Vargas."

with rugged passes where bandits should lurk, thorny trees with dripping beards of moss—"it's like a stage setting in an empty theater! Such a wonderful scene, and such deadly actors, with their endless lines about duty, and dinner and decorum, and baseball scores! Richard thinks that when he confesses he likes coffee with cream after dinner he is being disgracefully unconventional! Oh dear, and I'm only eighteen. I've got to be bored so many years before I die!"

It was in this hopeless frame of mind that she set out that afternoon with Senor Vargas to visit the barracks. There was no promise of anything thrilling in the pilgrimage to see a lot of dirty buildings where a lot of dirty soldiers lay sprawled asleep in the sun, but Vargas seemed strangely excited as he skipped along at her side. In the underground vaults stacked with guns and boxes of cartridges he could not conceal his excitement, continually darting glances toward the stairs, pausing in the middle of a word to listen.

"It looks," observed Alicia dubiously, "like an awfully good place for tarantulas."

He gripped her arm. "Sh-sh-h!" he breathed, "we shall see whether the tarantulas have forgotten how to grin! Hark!"

"Move them somewhere," snarled a shot, followed quickly by another. Senor Vargas waddled toward the stairs, "Stay here, my child," he commanded, "no harm can reach you here, and shortly I will return, Vive!" he shouted startlingly, "Vive la republica! Vive la revolution! Vive!" he started up the steep stairs,

down which now came a confused medley of noises, shouts, the tread of feet, more firing, answering shouts and shots somewhere outside.

"Do they call this a revolution?" thought Alicia dispassionately, "why there's more excitement in riding in the subway in the rush hour at home. I wonder whether there are any tarantulas here. . . ." and she sat upon a barrel of gunpowder with her feet tucked fastidiously under her, and waited for the revolution to be over. In the course of an hour Vargas returned.

"We hold the barracks!" he told her, exultant. There was something of the heroic in his unwieldy figure, and his face was positively noble as he continued, "I shall lose the dinner my Rosa was getting, and there was to be roast duck too. But it is for my country! Vive la republica—Vive—"

He was getting nicely started again, but Alicia interrupted rudely. "Is the revolution over, then? Are you the new president?"

Senor Vargas looked crestfallen. "Not as yet," he explained, "but we hold the barracks. I have the army on my side, and most of the ammunition. Don Mariano has cut off the water from the fort, but bah! Who but gringos drink water? We have wine in plenty, and food—of a sort," he sighed gently, "and doubtless in a day or so one of my trusty friends will assassinate the president, and then, if my country insists I shall listen."

"Meanwhile am I to stay here in this cellar?" inquired Alicia tartly. "But I didn't even bring an overnight bag. I haven't got a toothbrush, or curling tongs. Besides, it isn't proper for me to remain thru a revolution without a chaperon! You will simply have to stop your war while I get out of this place, or I'll telephone the American government to send a warship. I know the President. At least," she salved her conscience, "I saw him once!"

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**SOMETHING DIFFERENT**

Fictionized by permission from the Redart production of the scenario by Kathryn Stuart, based on the story by Alice Duer Miller. Directed by R. William Neill, starring Constance Binney. The cast:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Alicia Lee</th>
<th>Constance Binney</th>
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<tr>
<td>Rosa Vargas</td>
<td>Lacy Fox</td>
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<tr>
<td>Don Mariano Calderon</td>
<td>Ward Crane</td>
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<tr>
<td>Don Luis Vargas</td>
<td>Crane Willbur</td>
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<tr>
<td>Calderon's Housekeeper</td>
<td>Gertrude Hillman</td>
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<tr>
<td>Richard Biddle</td>
<td>Mark Smith</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Evans, Alicia's Aunt</td>
<td>Grace Sendford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Stimson, American Consul</td>
<td>Wm. Riley Hatch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spy</td>
<td>Adolph Miller</td>
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"Dios!" cried Vargas, enthusiastically, "the very thing! You shall leave secretly when it is dark with a letter to my Rosa. No one knows you are here, no one will molest you. You shall tell my beloved Rosa that I adore her and want my razor, and a hundred pesos to keep the army contented and loyal . . ."

His directions had been very careful and explicit. Perhaps the darkness was responsible, perhaps Alicia was a trifle excited, for, after all, even a vest-pocket revolution is something, and the guns had sounded very real, however that was, instead of taking the secret path thru the gully, Alicia went in the opposite direction and walked straight into a group of loyalist guards!

"Americano! Damn pret," commented one, after carefully inspecting Alicia by lantern light, "Come long."

And, wisely, Alicia went. It is a very different matter to yearn for adventure in the safe haven of one's own home, where the most disastrous thing that can happen to one is the cook's leaving, than to meet adventure face to face at midnight, alone and unprotected in a strange and barbarous land.

But when her guide had led her up the winding stone stairs of the ancient castle and thrust her into an immense room, lighted only by two feeble candles, suddenly Alicia stopped being afraid. For there before her sat Don Mariano in his scarlet uniform. Why, oh why, hadn't she brought her vanity case with her?

His first words were a distinct shock. "Good evening, Señorita," said Don Mariano curiously, "kindly give me the letter you are carrying from the traitor, Luis Vargas."

Alicia gasped. Then she tried to smile propitiatingly. Traitor! It had an ugly sound — perhaps the revolution wasn't such a joke after all. In the next fifteen minutes she had run the gamut of her resources, from coyness, thru coaxing, tears, to rage.

"You dare not detain me! I'm an American citizen — I'm a friend of the President!" she flung at the motionless figure by the table, "let me go—"

"The letter, please — with patient courtesy. The hand, some face was grim as granite. Alicia began to tremble. Perhaps she would be shot at any minute. She kept close, great, round brown eyes overflowing.

"If you'll—let me go," she whimpered, "I'll give you—a kiss—"

Don Mariano looked down, and his eyes flashed. He seized her shoulders and held them in a crushing grip. Then, slowly he released her and bowed mockingly. "The Señorita will excuse," he said, "I do not buy obedience. I exact it," and he held her arms helpless, behind her with one great hand, while with the other he drew the letter out of the bosom of her gown. Stammering with rage, she faced him.

"They were right! You are a brute and a bully! And I hate you!" she frantically, "and now I'm going back to my country where the men are gentlemen and know how to treat a woman—"

"Excuse again," said Don Mariano, holding her still (Continued on page 120)
Marc MacDermott seems to bring to the screen a ripe flavor of a Ditrichstein, a Skinner, a Gillette. His is not the hit and miss happening of trickery or overnight popularity, fruits of tinted youth or public favor. He had given the sterner meed of thought, travel and time, painstaking study as contributaries to the roles he has enacted with such faith and such precision for many screenic years.

When I talked with him in one of the missiony, shiny anterooms of the new Fox studio, he had just about completed "While New York Sleeps," in the enactment of which he took some three or four distinctive parts, from gentleman of the town to an aged and infirm paralytic.

Looking at stills from this picture while discussing it, I committed the fallacy of commenting on the marvelous make-up.

Mr. MacDermott shook his head. "Make-up is the least of it," he said; "I do not believe that make-up will produce any sort of effect at all," he said, "that is, of valuation. A fleeting impression, of course, especially in a photographic sense; otherwise, no. People attribute too much to make-up. One must produce the effect from within. It is solely thought and the projection of thought."

"The paralytic," I said, noting Mr. MacDermott's fine, upstanding virility, "must have required considerable thought." (Cont'd on page 113)
The Première Camera Maid

By

ELIZABETH B. PETERSEN

WHEN Louise Lowell was a little girl her favorite expression was "I will"—and she usually did! Her mother, who believed that nice little girls should not be so positive, tried to break her of the habit. Her father, who never had become entirely reconciled to the fact that his only child was not a son, thought it was a distinctly masculine trait which should be encouraged.

As her mother died in Shensi, China, when Louise was still a very little girl, it is not to be wondered at that her father trained her in very much the same way he would have trained the son for which he had longed. There was an understanding between the girl and her father such as is seldom found between parent and child—they were chums, enjoying a companionship based upon a mutual appreciation of each other. There was nothing of the conventional in the girl's training. She was born in Samoa, was educated in China and Japan, and knows each of the three countries intimately.

Life has always been exciting for Louise Lowell. As she and her father were wanderers, traveling over the remote regions of the world, she acquired a practical

education far more valuable to her than years of poring over school and text books. Also, she acquired a certain self-confidence which banished the word fear from her lexicon.

One of the first things in which Miss Lowell became proficient was the use of a camera. Many of the photographs she took illustrated the articles on travel and adventure which her father wrote for newspapers and magazines. Among them were scenes taken of a remarkable trip, hundreds of miles into the jungles of South America. It is little wonder that she should

(Continued on page 107)
THE Grassbys have just bought a sycamore tree with a house around it. I mean literally that; the sycamore tree is inside the house.

"And," said Bertram Grassby, "it was the sycamore tree we bought, tho after we went thru the house we loved it."

Of course, the tree was there long before anyone thought of putting up a house. Hundreds of people passin' by stopped to admire it, and with every passing year the tree grew more beautiful. It would have been a crime for man to destroy it for prosaic a reason as putting up a house in its place. At last, someone hit on the idea of building a house, Spanish fashion, with the sycamore tree in the center of a patio and the rooms built around it. There you have the Grassbys' new home.

"I've always been fond of trees," Bert Grassby went on. "One reason why we built here," (indicating the Vista Street house, on the porch of which we were sitting) "is that there was a grove of trees next to us. Another reason was that we had to have some place to put our furniture. Some of the pieces my family brought from England; others, Mrs. Grassby brought with her from Kentucky. We had been parking these heirlooms in the houses of our friends. Very unsatisfactory—naturally. We had to build something to match the furniture, so we decided on the model of a Southern farmhouse." But he found a place in the back yard which could be thoroly enclosed and promptly put in a perfect miniature Japanese garden, complete to a little curved bridge over a tiny trickling stream.

There is a curious, intangible suggestion of the oriental about Bertram Grassby. I don't mean Japanese, of course; he makes one want to ask if he has lived in India. He has the leisurely manners that belong to older civilizations. After having, as he said, wanted a sycamore tree all his life, he got one in the most curiously round-about manner. He seems inclined to get everything in just the way, without ever losing sight of his objective. You would notice about him—

Photograph by Witnel, L. A.

A Dryadic Dramatist

In his acting, Bertram Grassby likes to characterize. When not acting, he writes scenarios. Left, a new photograph. Below, the actor in his home.
the air of physical indolence that invariably goes with intense mental activity. He is tall—six feet, or possibly a little over, and exceptionally handsome. His hair and eyes are black and his skin swarthy. He is probably intensely emotional; the rare emotional type of Englishman. He talks slowly, using few, or no images of speech; showing in everything he says a habit of accurate observation, clear thought, perfect analysis. He is not the emotionalism of the scatter-brain. Rather it is the result of a peculiar intensity of purpose.

"I always say that one who wants to keep Bert's friendship must hold something back," said Mrs. Grassby. "As soon as you've told him everything you know, he's thru with you."

"That isn't exactly right," said her husband, "there is such a thing as wasting time on people to whom you can't give anything and who can't give anything to you."

It seems that he had been severely criticised by a friend for what that friend called "Bert's intense selfishness" in not giving more time to little social amenities.

He is none the less interested in people. During the conversation, the name of Minnie, a fat, old Indian woman, who has become almost a moving picture institution, was mentioned and he commented laughingly on her way of always saying and doing the unexpected thing. Recently, he passed her on the street and raised his hat. She stopped.

"What do you want?" she said.

"Why, nothing, Minnie," he answered, "except to know if you are well?"

"Hmm! If you don't want anything, why did you tip your hat to me? You're the first white man who's tipped his hat to me for a long time, and I'm not going to forget it," and she walked on. Again, they were out on location.

"I want some lunch," said Minnie to the director. "We aren't going to have lunch for an hour yet," he answered.

"Aren't we?" said Minnie, sarcastically. "Maybe you're not, but I am; I'm going to have lunch right now!" The director had worked with Minnie before and so was more amused than angry. "How are you going to get it?" he asked. "There's nothing to eat around here, and I'm not going to let you have one of the location cars."

"That's all right! There's a house over there and there's a telephone in the house, and where there's a telephone, you can get a taxi."

She had her lunch.

Grassby told these anecdotes with a keen appreciation that showed the origin of his ability to characterize. He has a writer's love of character analysis and this shows in his work on the screen. In spite of his rare good looks, he has played comparatively few straight parts. They simply do not interest him, he said.

"In Europe, all actors are character actors. Those who do not characterize are referred to as 'walking ladies' and 'walking gentlemen,' consequently an audience isn't so likely to confuse an actor with the part he is playing."

(Continued on page 119)
A Potential Bernhardt

thought. Then came sudden reactions, thoughtful moods, when she is introspective, deep as the dark waters of her beloved Seine.

"Those glorious dark eyes of yours will take you far," I told her. She laughed, the amused laugh of a flattered small girl. "You know," she said, "I played a blind girl in the 'Sagebrusher.'"

"But you wore glasses? You were blindfolded?"

"Non," said Marguerite, with a laugh and a shrug. "There is nothing at all to tell about myself. I cannot be interviewed." But she looked so like that incomparable countrywoman of hers, the Divine Sarah, that I was sure there was much to tell.

"You expect to star, of course?" I asked.

"Of course," she repeated. "Marguerite de la Motte will be too long for the lighted sign, they say. But I will have it. It is my name, you know. I should not like another. It would not seem as if it were I... really Marguerite de la Motte."

It is very easy to see that this sixteen-year-old girl has a will of her own, that she has ambition and tenacity of purpose. It is not so easy to believe that she is but sixteen, for she has the poise of a woman. And yet at times the little girl appears. She is high-strung, sensitive, proud and reserved. Then again she is mischievous, gay, with the simplicity and naiveté of a foreign child.

She is "just a jolly little flapper," carefree, without a serious
By
DORIS DELVIGNE

She shook her head. "They tried everything, but devices were too obvious."

And so it seems Marguerite with the wonderful glowing eyes, took the initiative. "I am going to learn to look at and thru things and not see them at all," she announced.

"Fine!" shouted the director; then questioned, "but how?"

"I will learn that," declared the youthful star, ... and learn she did. It so happened that there were delays in the making of continuity for the "Sagebrusher," that research work and location hunting prevented immediate shooting of scenes, that certain sets were considered inadequate and were ordered rebuilt. The producers of Zane Grey stories never hurry. They're after quality. So the cast was kept on salary during the rehearsing of the novel.

Meanwhile Marguerite worked. First, she tried playing blind before her mirror—child that she is. Then she awakened to the fact that no one can stare directly into one's own eyes and keep that vacant, "empty" look so characteristic of the blind.

"It must have been difficult for Roy Stewart to look at you with the proper concern of a professional oculist when he knew you were watching him," I said.

That appealed to Marguerite's pride. "Oh, I don't think that was as trying for him as for me," she flared. "You see, I really looked vacant. Everyone said so. I walked about my home day and night with my eyes wide open, avoiding chairs and tables as a blind girl would, by instinct or by groping. The family stayed with me, criticizing or encouraging my efforts. In this way, I gradually learned to gaze about without seeing anyone or anything. But," she added, "I strained my eyes badly."

During part of the play she was actually blindfolded and placed in an empty house, which was pushed from an embankment and allowed to float down the turbulent Colorado. To be a heroine in a runaway house in mid-stream when one can see would, I fancy, be trying enough. It must have taken sheer pluck and grit to hold the sweetness of life at sixteen in one hand and ambition to succeed in moving pictures, no matter what the cost, in the other, and to stick, blindfolded, to that house.

"You should have seen me when I was rescued from the river. Do you know, I weighed a hundred pounds more than when I jumped in... blindly. The thick, red-dish mud clung to my clothes, matted my hair. I was... what you call a 'sight.' B-r-r! It was a horrible experience. I should not like to be a 'stunt artist in serials!'" Marguerite's emphatically negative shrug was distinctly Bernhardescque.

She takes herself and her work very seriously, does this sixteen year-old-girl. Perhaps that is why she seems so much older. You remember her work in the "Pagan God" with H.B. Warner when she was cast for heavy emotional scenes, not often required of an ingenue. Her future will depend upon her ability as an emotional actress. She does not like frivolous parts and is studying Sardou, Iriouet and other French masters in an effort to fit herself for really big roles.

Foiit tout! More I cannot tell you of this leading lady just out of the school room who is attempting to adapt her thoughts to passions far beyond her years and whom various directors have found pliable adaptable to many and varied roles. Surely she has a Future!
John Bowers is happier when he can find a little repair job to do on his yacht, the Uncas, than at any other time. However, he does "dress up" sometimes, as the photograph above indicates.

ALBOA is a tiny California town sandwiched between the primitive embrace of the Pacific Ocean and the soothing caress of its own sparkling bay. The homes are regular doll houses, which in their turn snuggle close to the sea. Silvery clean or cobwebby soiled fish nets hang over the front porches or the back yards; funny little shops with shutter windows carry on a languid business in penny candies or the necessary sugar and salts of life. The beach sand sifts up to the very steps of the stores while a playful salty perfumed breeze sways the faded awnings.

The largest shop in Balboa is a rambling wooden structure labeled "Wilson Bros.—Boats." It has high counters and glass-filled cases, and I doubt if there is anything having the smallest connection with boats that you cannot find there.

All of which means that whenever the exigencies of making a living by acting in pictures do not press on John Bowers, you will find him somewhere around the shop or the wharf of Wilson Bros.

Don't infer that you'll find a white flannel-trousered, silk-shirted individual lounging in a wicker chair—what you will discover is a bronzed man in overalls or khaki pants and flannel shirt, puttering around with a paint brush or a hammer or a saw—as the case may be.

For John Bowers has a palatial yacht, the Uncas, which he moors at Brother Wilson's wharf, and he is far happier when he can find some little repair job that needs doing or can think of some improvement for the Uncas than at any other moment in his well-nigh famous career.

The day I spent on the Uncas, she was having all kinds of expensive improvements installed, preparatory to a race to Honolulu, and John Bowers was just reveling in each knob of the hammers and swish of the paint brushes.

"I can't shake hands until I wash up—'scuse me," he said and disappeared. When he reappeared, reeking ivory suds and welcoming smiles, he asked, "Can you climb up?" and leaning over offered me the assistance of his muscular arm. Not wanting to incur the everlasting disdain of John Bowers, I said I could climb up easily. Then we did a sort of Liza-crossing-the-ice stunt, only our cakes were the few and far between dry spots on the deck, and climbed down into a dream of a cabin; the sort of thing that only millionaires and film actors can afford.

Mr. Bowers promptly took me on a tour of inspection, which included several admirably white staterooms, cunning wash-rooms, showers, galleys, even the ice-box "which holds three hundred pounds of ice easily," he related with pride. There were cunningly contrived cupboards with all sizes of glasses and kinds of china fitted in so that no impertinent dash of the ocean could smash them. There was shiny silverware in fitted grooves and cigarettes and cigars, in short everything that one could find in the most fully equipped home.

Yes—even the dearest little wife.

For no description of John Bowers or his yacht is complete without Mrs. John Bowers "Rita," as John calls her.

After we were all three comfortably seated, Mr. Bowers recounted with pride how his friend Doc Wilson had traveled to New York and sailed the yacht round here for him in ninety days, quite a record he assured me.

Altho I was enjoying myself in this New England atmosphere set in California—time pressed.

"Do you prefer the stage or pictures?" I inquired professionally.
"Pictures. As I was saying, we have extended the boom ten feet and added a top sail."

Little Mrs. Bowers looked at me amused.

"It's no use," she said, "he's quite yacht-mad. Even when he needs clothes or other supplies, I have to drive up to the city to get them. I only leave here when it is absolutely necessary to go to the studio. I remember the first time I went out I was frightfully seasick and my first thought was—Oh, dear, what shall I do—John will never part with the boat and I just can't stand this.—But fortunately I conquered the seasickness."

"You see, we're going to take this engine out and put in a larger one, then we're going to do all the woodwork over—and we have a victrola that sits there—"

"But," I interrupted, "isn't all this frightfully expensive."

"I should say so," answered the enthusiastic sailor, "these present repairs were supposed to cost five thousand dollars.—My bill is already ten thousand. But so long as I have a cent I'm going to spend it. If you look around you, you will find that everyone has to sacrifice at some time in his life; either in his youth or in his old age. I prefer to enjoy myself while I am young and can get the most out of life. Live while you can, say I—this saving for hard times that may never come or for others to spend when one is dead doesn't appeal to me. Then, too, perhaps I'm not so terribly extravagant, for I don't spend any money haunting cafes like other actors do, and if I ever should need money, I still have the boat, you see—to sell."

Of course, John Bowers wants to remain in California because he can use his boat all year 'round. He has just signed another new contract with Goldwyn. He believes that an actor's success is mainly due to the opportunity that is given him. If he is only given walk-through parts, of course, he'll be only a walk-through actor.

(Continued on page 110)
Rockcliffe Fellows will be seen in the leading role of "The Honorable Gentleman," Hugo Ballin's first independent production.

The first studio tennis court in the motion picture world has been laid out in the grounds of the Lois Weber studio in Hollywood, and a completely equipped club-house will be built soon, to furnish every comfort for the players.

Frank Mayo, Universal film star, plans the revival of several of the old stage favorites, made popular by his famous grandfather, Frank Mayo the first. Among them will be "Davy Crockett" and "Puddin' Head Wilson." What the world wants is the man with a message... especially such a pleasant message as this.

Lois Weber continues to eliminate a waste of sweetness by snatching flowers from the desert and making them bloom on the screen. She is who discovered the acting ability of Lois Wilson, and has recently made a similar discovery in Claire Windsor, who appears on the screen first in "To Please One Woman."

Owing to Maurice Tourneur's attack of pleurisy and pomegranate poisoning, his current production, "The Last of the Mohicans," was finished by Clarence L. Brown, a protege of the French director.

Wallace MacDonald is playing the leading male role opposite Viola Dana in "Cinderella's Twin."

In "Cinderella's Twin," everything Viola Dana wears, from the famous slippers to the elaborate fan, smacks of a most artistic fairyland. And art is, after nature, the only consolation that one has at all for living.

Betty Blythe is playing one of the principal roles in "Just Outside the Door," a Select picture, made by Lawrence Weber.

Eugene O'Brien, Schneck's star, is becoming a great favorite in Europe as in this country. Each month his mail contains hundreds of letters from Belgium, Italy, Holland and Denmark. Kipling says, "There are Oirish and Irish. The good are good as the best, but the bad are worst than the worst." Evidently, Eugene is in the first class.

Marguerite Clayton is playing a leading role with Elaine Hammelein in "Pleasure Seekers."

Katherine Perry, famous "Follies" beauty, will be seen in the leading feminine role in Owen Moore's forthcoming Selznick picture, "Lend Me Your Wife."

Earle Foxe has just signed a long-term contract with the Ziegfeld Cinema Corporation, to appear in a series of photoplays to be produced by this organization.

Edward Earle, who recently migrated West to play opposite Doralma in "Passion Fruit," has again succumbed to the lure of the footlights and is appearing in a new play, "No Sale," from the pen of Earle Carroll.

Hobart Bosworth returns to the limelight in a film adaptation of Carey Wilson's novel, tentatively, "Pearls and Pain."

Following her work opposite Thomas Meighan in "Easy Street," Gladys George has signed a contract that will keep her busy on the Lasky lot for some time to come.

Little Miss Gloria Swanson Somborn is one of the most recent arrivals at Hollywood. Until Christmas, she will rejoice in the undivided attention of her mother. After that, she will have to share the popular Miss Swanson with the studios, for she will soon begin work on her new production.

Charles Ray is filming "The Old Swimmin' Hole," adapted from James Whitcomb Riley's poem.

Johnny Jones, thru his appearance in the Edgar allusions that Booth Tarkington is writing for Goldwyn, in which he has the leading role, is becoming the most popular boy actor in the world.

Betty Compson, whose personally produced starring pictures are distributed by Goldwyn, has a role against making public appearance. Her idea is that screen stars should be seen and not heard.

Victory Bateman, famous stage beauty, who once ranked with Lillian Russell in the hearts of the theater. "Cinderella's Twin," in which Viola Dana is now being starred.

Clyde Cook, whose first release, "Kiss Me Quick," has been widely looked, is now working on a second two-red comedy for William Fox.

"Jimmy" Morrison will be seen opposite Jean Paige in Vitascope's production of "Black Beauty," adapted from Anna Sewell's novel.
Cutting will ruin your cuticle

When the cuticle is cut the skin at the base of the nails becomes dry and ragged and hangnails form.

A famous skin specialist says: "On no account trim the cuticle with scissors. This leaves a raw, bleeding edge, which will give rise to hangnails, and often makes the rim of flesh about the nail become sore and swollen." Over and over other specialists repeat the advice—"Do not trim the cuticle."

It was to meet this need for a harmless cuticle remover that the Cutex formula was prepared. Cutex is absolutely harmless. It completely does away with cuticle cutting, and leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth, firm and unbroken.

The safe way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. With a bit of this cotton wrapped about the stick and dipped in Cutex, gently work about the nail base, pressing back the cuticle. Then wash the hands, pushing the cuticle back when drying them.

To remove stains and to make the nail tips snowy white, apply Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish. This comes in cake, paste, powder, liquid and stick form.

To keep your cuticle so soft and pliable that you need not manicure so often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream come in 35 cent sizes. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent size. At all drug and department stores.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, large enough to give you six manicures. Send for this set today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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When Eddie Barry, Christie comedian, returned from his vacation recently from Big Bear Lake, he brought with him a smiling bride. She was formerly Miss Gladys Patterson, with the Francis Ford Producing Company. It was romance-around-the-corner, as both parties were with film companies situated within a block of one another on Sunset Boulevard.

Lila Lee plays opposite Fatty Arbuckle in "Dollar a Year Man," under James Cruze's direction.

Gaston Glass is in Canada. He has been given the leading role in "Cameron of the Royal Mounted."

John Emerson and Anita Loos have pictured "Man's A Family from a Broadway stage production of the same name. Constance Talmadge takes the leading role.

"Satan's Paradise" is Norma Talmadge's new stellar vehicle, in which she has been working since her return from Europe.

Katherine MacDonald productions now pass thru the hands of a board of five members, whose business it is to analyze and dissect the stories and keep them up to a definite standard.

"A Message from Mars" is Ibert Lytell's newest vehicle. It was formerly a great stage success and will now be one of Metro's big releases.

Mary Miles Minter will appear in another picture, which was a recent stage success, "All Souls Eve," and will be directed by Chester Franklin.

Mary Carr, whose work in "Over the Hill" has won much praise, will be seen soon in another picturized classic.

Wallace Reid's next starring vehicle will be "The Daughter of a Magnate," written by Frank Spearman.

It is said that four or five years will be required to film the Holy Bible, from Creation to the Ascension, and that an outlay of twenty-seven million dollars will be required.

Otis Skinner is scoring the same success with "Kismet" on the screen that he enjoyed with the same play on the stage. It is a Robertson-Cole release.

Robert Edeson, long a prominent figure on the speaking stage as star and leading man, will support May Allison in her new picture, "Are Wives to Blame?"

J. Stewart Woodhouse has been assigned the position of scenario editor with Robertson-Cole Company. This takes him from his publicity profession with Goldwyn.
Little secrets back of many women's beauty

ON Fifth Avenue, on Michigan Boulevard—on all the fashionable streets of America you see amazing numbers of beautiful women.

How did they come to be so much lovelier than other people? Few of them were born with extraordinary beauty. The secret of their greater loveliness lies in their understanding of a few simple rules.

Thousands of beautiful women have learned how to protect their skin against the cold that dries and chaps, the dust that flies into the pores, and coarsens them; how to keep the skin free from a wretched glisten and make the powder stay on; how to keep the skin clear.

How to protect your skin from cold and dust

Cold weather whips the moisture out of your face, leaves it rough and red. You can prevent this by supplying the needed moisture. Your skin requires a special cream that meets this need; a cream that gives your skin the moisture it needs without leaving a trace of oil on the face. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made entirely without oil; the moment you apply it, it vanishes, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. This delicate cream has an ingredient especially designed to soften the skin and offset the parching, roughening effects of cold and wind. Before going out always rub a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into the face and hands. Now the cold cannot dry or chap your skin, the dust cannot injure the pores. In this way your skin will be satiny all the winter through.

By heeding another little secret you can keep the powder on two or three times as long as ever before. Women who understand how to bring out their hidden beauty, realize that powder couldn't be expected to stick to the dry skin and stay on. The best of powders needs a base to hold it and to keep it smooth.

How to make the powder stay on

Here again you need a greaseless cream. Pond's Vanishing Cream is especially effective for this purpose. Before powdering, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin. Then apply the powder. See how smoothly the powder goes on, how soft and natural it looks. Skin specialists say that such a powder base protects and benefits the skin.

How to keep your skin clear — the pores clean

The secret of keeping your skin looking clear and vigorous is the thorough cleansing of the pores regularly. For this your skin needs an entirely different cream—a cream with an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream was designed especially for this purpose. It contains just the amount of oil to work down into the pores where the dust has become deeply embedded. This oil dissolves the dusty particles that clog the pores, and leaves the skin clean. Before you go to bed, and whenever you have been out in the dust or wind, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth—when you see the dirt that comes out you will realize how much cleaner your skin has become.

You can get a jar or tube of these two creams at any drug or department store. Every normal skin needs both creams.

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Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil.

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Please send me, free, the sample indicated:
Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
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Name
Street
City 

85 PAG
SOME idols have clay feet and it may be that some screen favorites are not so lovable as they seem to be, but there are others who deserve every iota of adulation they receive. Among these, Mary Pickford surely leads. There are people on every walk to be seen at various times at the studios, and, one and all, they extoll the praise of Mary. Never yet have I heard anyone say a word against her.

Second only in popularity among the film people is Gloria Swanson. When she was promoted to stardom everyone warned Cecil B. deMille, "You'll never find another Gloria Swanson." Their predictions seem likely to fail, however, for Gloria herself has given the world a second Gloria. Little Gloria Swanson Somborn was born October seventh in Hollywood. She weighed nine and a half pounds and they do say she is the image of her beautiful mother, Gloria Swanson the first, who a little over a year ago married Herbert K. Somborn.

December will see Gloria back at work at the Lasky Studio. The name of her first starring vehicle is "Everything for Sale" and will be directed by Sam Wood.

The Navy enjoys lending a hand in picture-making whenever requested to do so. San Pedro, a tiny town noted for its tuna fishing and submarine base, is the location for practically all sea pictures. The other
How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful well-kept Hair
You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not just a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp up with clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

Two or three teaspoonsful will make an abundance of rich creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

This is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO
day I happened to be looking on when a Navy seaplane took Antonio Moreno up for a scene in his last serial “The Veiled Mystery.” The seaplane flew up and around the _Avadon_, while Tony performed his stunts and the cameras ground. It’s a funny thing, but, as a rule, the camera does not catch the tremendous danger thrill in the performance of air stunts. It seems almost impossible to focus so that the true danger element is visible.

So many cinema shipwrecks are held off San Pedro that the city granted the film people the right to build a dressing-room on the San Pedro breakwater. There they can change from their dripping garments and not incur the chill and possible cold that often followed the trip back to shore.

And while we’re on the subject of studios, it may interest you to know that Charlie Chaplin has rented his beautiful studio on La Brea Street, Hollywood, fully equipped, to Carter DeHaven. The rental to be paid is $1,250 per week.

This move seems to lend truth to the repeated rumors that Chaplin intends to go abroad as soon as his affairs are straightened out in regard to his latest picture “The Kid.”

Mr. DeHaven, you know, has a big contract with First National for a series of stage comedy successes. Carter DeHaven is very enthusiastic over his new studio, where he and his charming wife have started work on their cinematation of “The Girl in the Taxi.”

Celebrities abound in Hollywood. Really one becomes so accustomed to meeting celebrities, that anyone who isn’t famous seems quite out of the running. Just at present we have with us Sir Gilbert Parker, the noted novelist, and Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist. Sir Gilbert is writing original stories for Lasky screen consumption and, furthermore, he does not intend to put them into book form afterwards, believing that in transferring them he would lose the real vitality of the tales.

“They would be purely manufactured stories,” he said.

Sir Gilbert has taken a cottage in Beverly Hills, where he will work.

Mr. Stanlaws is to direct, but is making an extended study of pictures before launching forth as a full-fledged director.

Easterners will be interested to know that Henry Walthall is touring the West in a stage presentation of Ibsen’s “Ghosts” under the manage-

(Continued on page 110)
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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the films 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 the name and address of the person to whom you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamps or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

Merry Christmas! And it seems like yesterday that I said the same greeting to you. May this Christmas be the happiest one you ever had, and as Scott said, "Heed on more weekdays, and in the whisker, we'll keep our Christmas merry still."

DANSEUSE.—That was a bright idea of yours. And you don't care for Mildred Davis. Why not? Lois Wilson has been signed up with Paramount for five years. Very few people can write great things hurriedly. Gray's Elegy consists of only 125 lines, yet it occupied the poet seven years of careful composition.

BILLIE C.—Charming letter of yours. You are always welcome.

BONNY.—I don't know much about it. In love, a woman is like a lyre that surrenders its secrets only to the hand that knows how to touch its strings. So you knew the late Olive Thomas personally. Yes, Wallace Reid is one of my favorites, also. I have seen Hope Hampton in only one play, so I can say. However, I hear fine reports about her recent work.

DOROTHY H.—You say the woman who never sheds a tear on account of a man doesn't love him. Yes, Constance Talmadge was the mountain girl in "Intolerance." Charles Ray in "The Old Swimming Hole."

BLOWME.—Yours was a mighty interesting letter.

DUTCHY.—There are many kinds of glue, but the kind that comes in tubes is not very strong. I understand that the best glue in the world is made from the skins of fish. Zina Keilce's next picture is "Red Foam," a Ralph Ince production released thru Selznick. June Caprice is back in America.

CHICATE.—The world is better off without liquor. Drink seldom does anybody any good, and usually a lot of harm. Whiskey is the key that unlocks the jads; brandy brands the nose; wine leads you in a winding way; punch has caused many a punch; ale causes many staggers; beer brings us nearer the beer; champagne gives many a pain; port makes you portly; cocktails cause you to crowd like a cock, and absinthe maketh the heart grow fonder. After that, I'll have a little buttermilk. So you like Harold Lloyd. Who doesn't? Why, I manage to get to the pictures about once a week, and to a stage play about that often.

WALLACE REID FAN.—I like you, because you seem to be one of those clever things who tell my faults to my face and my virtues behind my back. Oh, yes; you have to have more than a good set of teeth to get into the pictures.

W. D. T.—I just don't remember who said, "I admire her who resists; I pity her who succumbs; I hate her who condemns," but it was some philosopher. Can tell you just which one of the girls smoked. Niles Welch and Claire Adams are playing in "Who Am I?"

WALLACE REID ADMIRER.—Well, you here again? Wallace Reid has only one child, William Wallace, Jr. Why don't you send to me for a list of film manufacturiers, not forgetting the self-addressed stamped envelope? It's all right; send along the snap. I have no wife, wives nor children. Mary Pickford in "Rag Tag and Bob Tail" and "A Flame in the Dark."

ONCE IN A WHILE.—What do you mean: I never made fun of Theda Bara? Of course, I like her. Shirley Mason is in "Girl of My Heart." Well, there are only two beautiful things in this world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and chocolates. Write me again.

MARCEL S.—So you think Betty Hurbarn is a wonderful dancer. Cant tell you about that now. The nearer the equator, the more salty seawater becomes, but nobody seems to know why.

J. R. 14.—So you think I belong in Greenwich Village? No, child, you have me wrong. Bobbed hair and cigarettes down there, and I have neither. Why, Juanita Hansen has her own company. So your name is Riggs? Riggs, let me see; where have I heard that name before? Oh, I am thinking of the doctor who invented the disease.

SKINNY VINE.—Getting tired of serials. Who isn't? Bessee Barriscale is playing in "The Living Child." Well, beauty and vanity usually go together. Yes, I have heard Caruso sing. I understand he has an income of $10,000 a month from his phonograph records alone. Guess he has quite an outcome at the Vandalbirt Hotel, too.

TEDDY E. NEBRASKA.—You are apparently a young person, but your letter sounds as if you had dried up and gone to seed. You seem to have soured on the world, and you think that the world has soured on you. Put this in your smoke and pipe it: Have a fellow-feeling for your fellows and your fellows will have a fellow feeling for you. Hobart Bosworth is playing in "His Own Law."

JACK G.—Thanks for the pressed flower. Anne Luther is with Pathes. Clara Young is married again, I hear.

MARY PICKFORD.—I wonder if you will see this. You told me you always read my department, and I want to make sure you keep it up. My hat is off to the greatest of them all.

BREEZE.—Yes, indeed, all of the players like perfume. Only juries do not. The Dowager Queen of Spain has a delicious perfume especially made for her use from the spice-scented blossoms of the carnation. So you like Tom Douglas and think he ought to have more mention. I'll see about it.

CLAIRE B. M.—You're all wrong, Claire. Theda Bara is neither dead nor married. She is right here in Little Old New York. I understand how you feel, and I wish I could do something for you. Write me again.

MOLLIE E. F.—Why, I understand that Hazel Dawn is going to play a drinker, and Europe is our first thing. "What Is Love?" I hope Hazel tells us, because nobody has yet been able to define it. No, I don't happen to know President Wilson's picture favorite. I enjoyed yours very much.
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W. 35th St., Chicago
The Answer Man

Museum of the History.—Thanks for the gun. Every chance was a thought of you. Oh, I prefer butter milk in lemonade every time. That was quite an idea. You say since Cupid is represented with a torch in his hand, why did they not place Valentine on a barrel of gunpowder? Right clever. Write me again, Oliver! The problem of Melrose.—Welcome! Congratulations, also. I should say you should reduce. So you have gained your weight only after living cunningly. Oh, Betty! The world likes the man who loses his heart, but it has no use for the man who loses his head.

Twitter Dean.—Flirtation is the chief of all. When don't you join one of the correspondence clubs? There's no way of telling which of the players will send their pictures upon receipt of the quarter. It's a gamble. What did I say? It seems impossible that any player would refuse. I would like to get the name of every player who returns neither the quarter nor the picture. Thanks for the good wishes.

Jim Nastie.—Thanks for the picture of yourself. It was a white sheet, not a dead shilling off this mortal coil simply because I am 79. Of every million persons, 900 died of old age, 1200 of gout, 7000 of apoplexy, 7000 of rheumatism, 700 of measles, 50,000 of whooping cough, 30,000 of typhoid, and 48,000 of scarlet fever, so you see that old age is the safest disease after all. Sylvia Breamer's "Athletic" has been dayed to "Queen Forest.

Necklet Dimples.—So you think I am selfish and ungenerous. I admit it. I am a regular he-monster. Come in and see for yourself.

S. R., Why, "Democracy" was produced at the old Edison Studio, New York, and shown on Broadway for two weeks.

Dot and Dash.—I know nothing about their private life, but there's a skeleton in every corset. Yes, Jane Novak was Synd in "Eyes of the World." Frances Carpenter was Jane. Well, I wonder, too, if there are more dead living or more living dead. I heard a man say the other day that we needed another war to kill off the dead ones.

Extra Girl.—There is really nothing I can do for you. You are so near all the studios.

Barbe.—Oh, la, la! I said he, rolling his eyes in an upward motion. So you don't care for Bebe Daniels playing opposite Wallace Reid, and would rather see Ann Little. You say man cannot live exclusively by intelligence and self-love, and therefore I must die. Yes, I imagine that Death and I are in no hurry about it.

Toobles.—We don't sell those pictures.

Romaine Fielding Admire.—You can get in touch with him at Screenart Pictures, 220 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Tomboy.—Nerveless creature! You say when you were in this city you stood for two hours on three different days in front of this office and didn't have the nerve to come in and see me. You have got the wrong idea of me. Words are but shadows and one cannot tell whether a man is black or white from his shadow. Yes, it is true that Cleo Madison has returned to the screen in "Merry, Merry."" Metro.

Love Me.—I do. So you are simply goofy about this department. Well, don't go me. So you think I am an excellent astronomer because I know the stars from A to Z. You also want to know what Anna Stewart had done. Who keeps you happy? I hope I have answered you in full. The vast storehouse of knowledge that I have let loose in this answer is worth all the gold of Midas.

Bratty Bears.—You bet, I take long walks in this brisk weather. You see there are 175 million eels in the hogs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the entire outside of the body. We must take in a lot of air to keep all this alive, dear. Oh, just the same, thanks.

Cedar L. M.—I am quite sure it wasn't good oracularity that was at fault; it must be the photograph was a poor dandy.

Just Pathe.—Well, I shouldn't say that. Coquetry is a pet laid by the vixen of women to ensure that of man. David Powell has left for England to play in famous Players Stock Company there. Why, Ethel Clayton is her real name.

Zam Zam Zim.—Real. I don't know how I am ever going to thank you for the stamps, and the paper, and your many interesting letters of your experiences while abroad. So you are a Dunsentry blonde on your way to Italy. Before you got curly. Be careful, little girl, little dark-eyed maidsen. Please write me some more.

Happy Jim.—Daniel Barrymore is working on "The Great Adventure," great stuff, that of yours.

Dunbar's.—Oh, hello! "Quo Vadis," Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y. I have been in several States, and probably I have been in the state of confusion. It is never the opinions of others that displeases me, but the pertinacity they display in estraining them upon me.

A Moreno Fan.—Cresus, No, child, not yet. Did you think I was the homeliest man, or the bearded woman, or some such curio? Of course, I was glad to hear from you. Why, Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven are playing in "The Girl in the Taxi" and "Twin Beds." You're very welcome.

Lea Mc.—Well, I always differ, Lena; but I say one loves wholly but once, the first love; loves that follow are less involuntary. The trouble is that we cannot always tell whether the first love was a real one or not. Virginia Faire is still the leading woman. At times Morrison was the imp in "When We Were 21." L. E. M.—None of the players you mention has been married but Anna Nilsson.

Melanchino.—Well, I would rather bear with patience the scoff of fools than swell with pride at the praise of flatterers. In the first place, I may profit by criticism; in the second, I may lose by censure. Blanche Sweet in "The Girl with the Golden Hair" was released thru Pathé. Yes, I agree with you about Debs.

Curiosity.—Corliss Palmer and Allene Ray, winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune contest, are both stopping in Brooklyn and are playing in "Ramsey the Saltmaker." They are both beautiful and they screen even better than they look. 'Twas very kind of you to send me that fine pair of winter socks. Here's much thanks.

Bebe Daniels Admire.—I am happy to have you say that you are my friend, and I hope you mean what you say. You know that a friend is what everybody claims to be, but few are there. There are two kinds of friends—those you need, and those who need you. But let us be friends just for fun. Even being your friend, I dont know how I can help you to get into the movies.

Kimpey C.—But one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives—until it comes out in the divorce courts. Yes, I have friends in Japan. We seem to like serials in this country also. Do write to me often.

Helena of Troy.—Ruth Helm is about—well I can't say—it is not in the cards yet. And you think Conrad Nagel looks like a Greek God. The expression "A Bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is from "Don Quixote." Florence Turner has signed up with Metro to appear exclusively in their productions. Can she come back? Well, we'll see.

What's in a Name.—Not a thing—take mine for instance. Well I should say Maude Adams, Elsie Ferguson and Ethel Barrymore are the three players that New York society says will win the 1921 Oscars. If I could, I'd have a home on Riverside Drive.

Dolores.—You want all the Russian players addresses? Pray spare me.

Dane H.—So you refuse to believe that your favorite player is married. It is a strange thing to me how our minds stubbornly refuses that which gives us pain, and eagerly accepts that which gives us joy. We believe quickest at that which we believe cannot be, at that which destronishes our hopes. So you think that if Robert Gordon and Brian Kent had changed places in "Dollars and Women" it would have been better.

(Continued on page 101)
"Love's Redemption"

has been completed and is now being cut and titled. It will be ready for the market about October 1, 1920.

Ask your exhibitor to book it so that you may see it at your theater.

All of the Final Honor Roll and *Winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest* appear in this photodrama, and, aside from this feature, the story is unusually powerful and beautifully played.

Following is the cast of characters:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Played by</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Peggy Logan</td>
<td>Blanche McGarity</td>
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<td>Mike Logan</td>
<td>Dorian Romero</td>
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<td>Ralph Lane</td>
<td>Lynne M. Berry</td>
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<td>Lucille Worth</td>
<td>Anetha Getwell</td>
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<td>Mrs. Lane</td>
<td>Katherine Bassett</td>
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<td>Mrs. Worth</td>
<td>Octavia Handworth</td>
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<td>Detective</td>
<td>Wm. R. Tallmadge</td>
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<td>Edwin Markham</td>
<td>Edwin Markham</td>
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<td>Hudson Maxim</td>
<td>Hudson Maxim</td>
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<td>Richard Worth</td>
<td>Arthur Tuthill</td>
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<td>Mrs. Lane's Maid</td>
<td>Cecile Edwards</td>
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<td>Officer Kelly</td>
<td>Wm. Castro</td>
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<td>Officer Reilly</td>
<td>Ellsworth Jones</td>
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<td>Officer Jones</td>
<td>Seymour Panish</td>
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<td>The President</td>
<td>James J. McCabe</td>
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<td>Broker</td>
<td>Joseph Murtaugh</td>
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<td>Billy Logan</td>
<td>Dorothy Taylor</td>
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<td>Mrs. Sykes</td>
<td>Effie Palmer</td>
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<td>Mrs. Lane's Nurse</td>
<td>Bunty Manly</td>
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<td>Bill Sykes</td>
<td>Alfred L. Rigali</td>
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<td>Worth's Maid, Marie</td>
<td>Erminie Gagon</td>
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<td>Jewelry Clerk</td>
<td>Edward Chalmers</td>
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<td>Doctor White</td>
<td>Charles Hammer</td>
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<td>Another Doctor</td>
<td>Wm. White</td>
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<td>Rent Collector</td>
<td>Norbert Hammer</td>
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<td>Worth's Butler</td>
<td>Carl Chalmers</td>
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<td>Worth's Servant</td>
<td>Doris Doree</td>
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<td>Worth's Housekeeper</td>
<td>Mrs. F. Mayer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Police Captain</td>
<td>O. L. Langhanke</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pawnbroker</td>
<td>Jose Santo de Segui</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Poet's Little Friend</td>
<td>Ruth Higgins</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Edwin Markham, the greatest of living poets and author of the immortal "The Man With the Hoe," makes his first appearance in this photodrama, and so do Hudson Maxim, the great inventor, and Hon. Lawrence C. Fish, Judge of the Municipal Traffic Court. The leading part is beautifully played by Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, who takes the part of a fifteen-year-old poor girl. Octavia Handworth, who was for years Crane Wilbur's leading lady, plays an important part, as also does Anetha Getwell, another of last year's contest.

**Date of Release to be Announced Later**

For further particulars, address

**BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.**

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York
Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address is given. If the writer desires that initials only be used, she will be glad to write care of this, if it is so specified.

Annoying as it undoubtedly is to worry over petty details, yet a production that dares to ignore them receives prompt criticism. In the following letter some impossible things are reviewed.

Dear Editor—Seeing that it is not such a great crime to criticise some pictures, and that everything is trying to out "how they do it," I will ask two questions.

How can you shoot a six-shooter twelve times without reloading it once in a while? I saw an old picture of Tom Mix's, where he shoots a pair of handuff's off with one shot, then gets in a fight with a sheriff, during which fight I counted eleven shots. Then he quit and beat it off the scene. It would give the picture a little more realism, and the audience would get more excitement, if they showed the hero struggling hard to reload his gun while the villain is shooting up the scenery and knocking his hat off with the shell fire. I have noticed this in many pictures.

Also, when Bessie does a falling into a melon patch to "detect" someone and it clearly shows his breath freezing, as he was not smoking. I never heard of its being so cold in the time that a man can freeze one's breath. It may have been a fault in the film, but it looked real.

They ought to have someone around all the time to get such little errors. (I think I am just the one for that.)

Thanks,
D. C. Risser,

From Winnipeg comes a letter of appreciation of screen favorites.

Dear Sir—I have read with interest from time to time letters to the editor, and have enjoyed them very much because they were the opinions of the only real critic that counts, for they are the ones that keep the pictures and all concerned on their feet. Am I not right? This is my very first offense and I am in doubt as to the way it will be received, but hope you won't find it too tiresome and will have a good amount of patience.

First I want to say a good word for Helene Chadwick; I think her work in "Scratch My Back," was more than clever and hope I shall be able to see a great deal of her pictures from now on. Another newly acquired favorite is little Ann Forrest and I do wish she could have just one picture where she wouldn't have to cry; all the time. Of course it's a fine little actress, but she has a peep of a smile when allowed to use it.

Andrew Rosson, who is new to me, makes one grand father and I shouldn't mind playing daughter to him at all—kind of envied Tom Moore in 'The Great Adventurers' and find him a very good actor. I always want to say, and I guess sometimes I do, "Look who's here!" when dear Charles Ogle walks on the scene. I have watched him twice since we first knew the names of the members of the east and manage to grow more and more fond of him. Here are a few real favorites and then I will quit this chatter before I am scolded at.

Here's three cheers for Norma Talmadge, who always does everything just right. Wally Reid is a hound dog, and so are Raymond Hatton and Forrest Stanley. Jack Holt, Theodore Roberts, Tully Marshall, and Wheeler Oakman. And we must say a word for Harold Lloyd. He is a corner and Charlie Ruggles is kicked off the boards. We are looking with interest for the arrival of the company from New York who are to film "The Forger." We are, Mr. and Mrs. Beanston, off to Winnipeg and will be on the map once at least.

Hoping this isn't too long, will close,
A sure fire fan,
Grace Montgomery,
777 Broadway, Winnipeg, Man.

The demand for patriotic American films continues. From an English writer comes a request for an all scout film for 'autl lang syne.'

Dear Editor—Now and again on the screen we catch a glimpse of America's Boy Scouts. Britshers who had the opportunity of meeting them during the August jamboree would like to see something more of them. The the stay of the American contingent was somewhat brief, they won our liking and admiration because they proved that they were just as keen athletes and good sportsmen as our own boys.

Some years ago a British company produced a film called "Lads of the Lion Patrol." It was a story of how a troop of scouts while at summer camp frustrated a gang of German spies. Various scout activities such as ambulance work, semaphore and night signals and dog carrying were shown. It also gave the public an idea of the ideal conditions under which scouts spend their summer vacation. The film altogether was a fine and interesting production and greatly stimulated scout recruiting. If some kind-hearted American producer will give us Britshers an all scout film he will be doing a very good turn, for it will keep fresh in our minds the memory of the lads who did much toward furthering the Anglo-American friendship.

With best wishes, I remain,
Yours truly,
D. Harding Griffiths,
77 Davis Road, Acton, London.

Sometimes bouquets conceal sharp thorns. Anyhow, criticism is one of the stepping stones by which even the stars of the silversheat rise to greater heights.

Dear Sir—What's the matter with the Talmades? That's the sum total of the flicks I've found at the various theaters these past few months. Every time I see one of the Schenck pictures that is the thought uppermost in my mind. Awful stories, worse acting, and a seeming carelessness on the part of the featured players is in the main, my verdict on the aforementioned. I do wish that Constance Talmadge would discard the sort of things

(Continued on page 96)
The Villain

(A Scene By)
HELEN CARLISLE

TO YOU
He is the Villain of the Screen . . . and I can see you shudder . . . as you sit in darkened theaters and view . . . his wicked deeds . . . for you have seen him scheme . . . and plot to kill . . . and wreck the Young Heroine's bright plans . . . for wedding bells, and all that Sort of Things . . . I know just what you say . . .

Ah! THERE HE IS . . . now comes THE DIRTY WORK . . .

But I . . .
It matters not to me that he is base . . . that brave men tremble and that women pale . . . when he appears . . . It matters not that he has shed the blood of innocents . . . and generally wreaked the Scheme of Things . . . for five or even seven reels . . .

I know . . .
That when his studio day is done and he . . . has finished Smashing Things, he'll go . . . up to his dressing-room and take . . . his make-up off and then . . . he'll call me on . . . and say, . . . dear; let's go down and see a show tonight . . . When shall I call for you . . . ?

And then . . .
Well, drive in the white moonlight . . . He and I . . . and he will tell me of his dreams and plans . . . Oh, so unlike a villain . . . and I'm glad . . . that you don't send pink notes to him . . . and rave . . . about his wavy hair and soulful eyes . . . I'm glad . . . that you save all that for the Leading Man . . . and never, never guess that he is a private boy . . . who is inordinately fond . . . of chocolates . . .

To you . . .
He is the Villain of the Screen . . . for me, please . . . if sometimes to myself . . . I smile . . .

AT YOU . . .

Wouldn't the Folks Be Surprised?
If They Could Know How a Movie Director Knows Them Up for "Types" in a Picture.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

Here's the way the director might size up some of the leading citizens in YOUR town . . .

President of a Bank: "What a face for a chicken-chaser! Put a little bunch of whiskers on his chin and put him at the table in a cabinet with a dancing girl, and he'd sure look the part."

Ex-Saloon Keeper: "That bird would make up great as the head of a big corporation. He'd sure look like the sort of a hard-boiled egg that refuses to advance wages and starts a strike."

The Deadest Boy in High School: "What a face for a movie! Gee, that kid would screen great as a hero."

Old Man: "Say, talk about vampires! Put on a black wig, paint him up a bit and give her a cigarette, and she sure would make a hit on the screen as a home-wrecker."

Best Dressed Man in Town: "Man, oh, man! I'd like to dress that bird up like a dandy. He'd make a great comedian in a down-on-the-farm picture."

W. C. T. U. Worker: "Now, if that woman was dressed up like a cowgirl and could ride a pony, I'd put her in any wild west picture as the woman who runs the ranch with an iron hand."

The Young Man Who Thinks He Would Be a Wonder on the Screen: "Nope, that bird wouldn't do at all. He wouldn't screen like anything at all but a smudge on the curtain."

Is It Simply a Perversity of Nature That Some Complexions Withstand Whipping Winter Winds? Or Have the Favored Few a Secret of Their Own?

HE long grey car sped pell-mell through the starlight to where the lights of the Country Club gleowed warm and inviting. The girl threw back her head ecstatically and let the crisp, wind-like air stream against her cheeks.

"Oh, Alan! Isn't it simply glorious with the wind-shield open," she gasped to the man behind the wheel, who bent lower as the car almost doubled its speed. "Let's ride around just a tiny bit more before we go in,—it's too heavenly!"

The wind took the words almost before they were out of her mouth.

* * *

A half hour later they burst breathless and glowing into the club house, where the roaring fire and gay music greeted them cheerfully. In a few short minutes they were gliding out on the floor.

"I say, Corina,—it was simply ripping—that open wind-shield idea—but didn't they play merry havoc with your complexion? Even my tough old rawhide strings like the deuce, while you—you look as though you'd just been unwrapped from the tissue-paper."

Corina laughed gaily, "You're a dear to say that, Alan,—but it isn't really me you know,—it's Hinds Cream. It soothes the skin so wonderfully I always put lots of it on after motoring. It brings out the natural freshness and softness,—that's all!"

"As though weren't enough," muttered Alan, who held the usual masculine dislike for cosmetics. "It makes you look a thousand times better than any paint or powder could!"

On every dressing table where you find the daintiest appointments, you also find Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. For the cleverest women realize that natural loveliness of complexion has a charm high above all others,—and that this Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, long famous for its softening and purifying qualities, is the surest way to a skin of pristine freshness and radiance.

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MEN, who scorn the use of a beauty lotion, find Hinds Honey and Almond Cream ideal after shaving. Ready to use, it heals small cuts and scrapes, works, cuts and prevents chapping.
Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 94)

she is doing now; it is beginning to reach ranks, stimulating an active Talmadge fan, going to every one of their releases shown at my favorite moving picture house. I say Constance Talmadge in "The Virtuous Woman" that was good, the little dash of pep was just the thing, and I looked forward eagerly toward seeing that delicious tamper's vehicles, but—"The Love Expert," and "Two Weeks," were terrible. I just sat thru the former trying to convince my company that there would be something good or original to redeem it, but, oh—I felt as if never had I seen a picture so tiresome, so dragging, or so altogether silly—just silly, not funny.

The same with her sister, Miss Norma. Who ever told that girl that she was a tragedienne or a sob sister? "A Daughter of Two Worlds," was not so bad, but "The Woman Givers!" She certainly gave—handed it to us is what I'll call it.

I really like both sisters (though you might not think it), one for her beauty and talent when used in the right direction, and the other because she's such a Baby/s sort of person, like Mary Roberts Rinehart's delieious heroine. That's the kind of a role that I would like to see Miss Constance in. But Constance Talmadge can't be beaten. Dorothy Gish, neither is Norma, Sarah Bernhardt.

Another thing: Miss Natalie has neither beauty nor talent, so why persist in thrusting her upon the public. And why the prevlence of the horn-rimmed spectacles? Norma used them in "The Social Secretary," Constance in "The Perfect Woman," and now Natalie inflicts both herself and the family specs on us! There are many fans that wear glasses and I don't believe that caricaturing them helps towards one's popularity.

I'm not a crank by nature, but I do wish that those girls, the two who can really act, would show us some of their real talent again. It's rather tiresome being disappointed all the time.

A word of credit where it's due. Did you ever see anything so delightful as "Scratch My Back" with Helene Chadwick, or know of a director who could have screened "Mothers of Men" one-half so well as Mr. Joshi? No facts both there. Austria and Paris were exquisitely done. Mr. Joshi is undoubtedly a cosmopolite—he works it. His best wishes to the whole Moving Picture world. It has my unawed admiration for such things as Mr. Griffith, DeMille and Jose have achieved. Mr. Tourneur has shown us some pretty good work. I think we may expect great things before the end of the chapter.

Very sincerely,
JULIE D. STOLZ,
41 McKinley Pl, West New York, N. J.

"More about my favorites," is an oft repeated request arriving almost daily in the letters to the editor. Sooner or later these requests are granted. The plea in this case is from a German-town writer for more pictures and interviews with a screen artist who can bring a lump to your throat when he wishes.

Dear Editor—I have been reading your very valued magazine ever since it was published and count every month lost that I fail to get it. The most interesting feature in it is the "Letters to the Editor" department, and I sincerely hope to see my short note in it some time in the near future.

My one reason for writing this is to give praise to Mr. Calen Winkelman for his excellent work in "The Girl from Outside." I saw this picture very recently and I am sure that Mr. Landis' acting brought a lump to everyone's throat.

I am sure the players read with interest all praise or criticism and I do hope Mr. Landis sees this.

Why not see more of this young man? He is young, good looking, and a good actor and his parts appeal to all.

I do hope in the near future to see more of his pictures, to see him starred, for he is worthy of it in all ways.

So here's to Mr. Landis. Let us have his picture in the gallery and an interview soon.

I remain,
W. J. ROLAND,

Love-making while leopards prowl about does seem inane—and more than just that, foolishly—yet that master of screen craft, Cecil B. de Mille is guilty of permitting his characters to commit this act in "Male and Female" and about this and other things a Baltimore reader writes:

Dear Editor—This is my first venture in writing to you. I must say that I am rather ant about just what to say. However, I notice that most of your correspondents criticize what seems wrong in pictures they have seen. I feel I've gone my complaint.

In "Male and Female," Lady Mary went to a spring at midnight to get some figs for the admirable Crichton. The admirable gentleman in question immediately followed her, because he knew that the leopards came to that spring at midnight to drink. Of course, he arrived there just in time to kill the leopards that was about to attack Lady Mary. He knew very well that there were other leopards there, yet instead of taking his lady-love by the hand and leading her to safety, he looks into her eyes, sees there a wonderful look (in her own words) and is inspired to sit down upon a rock and tell her a fairy-tale of something that happened thousands of years ago. Can you imagine it? He made it plain to the audience that the place was haunted and yet he sits down there and tells stories. Such an obvious mistake I cannot understand. I have always had a passion for C. B. deMill's productions, but I must say that no more do I consider them flawless. Nevertheless, I do admire all De Mille pictures, particularly the exotic Gloria Swanson.

In the July issue of your magazine there was a letter from a young man by the name of Stang G. Lehigh of S. J. This young man asked that some of your readers write to him, as he was very lone-some. I wrote him a nice, sociable letter over a month ago, but have never received any reply. If Mr. Lehigh should happen to read this letter, it is his duty to come out and defend himself.

I want to repeat my request and ask that some of your readers write to me, as I am quite lonely myself, and my hobby is writing and receiving letters. Want some social reader with me.
"She Walks in Beauty . . ."

(Continued from page 53)

"I don't want to play bobbed-hair in-\textit{cidents}," Miss Johnstone said, with her rarely delightful enunciation and her care-\textit{fully} chosen choice of words, "nor impossible look-\textit{ing} maidens with languishing eyes. I should like to stand for, to portray, the essential American girl, as I see her."

"How do you see her?" I interpolated.

"As an efficient, ambitious, healthy young person," Miss Johnstone defined for me, "a very regular person. She need not necessarily be extravagantly beautiful. She must always be human; generally she is blond, impulsive, big of heart. I be-\textit{lieve} that the general lack of reality on the screen is what causes so many of the more thinking class to observe that they are tired of seeing pictures. The unreal is very fragile and easily wearies sus-\textit{pense}.

"How?" I asked, "do you propose to get over this type of characterization?"

Miss Johnstone considered. "Of course," she said, "co-operation is what I shall most need. By that I mean, if I could find the interior set of sorts, and then, and most importantly, if I could find the director, the director who would have the same sort of ideas and ideals that I have and the same desire to express them. Probably I shall have to evolve gradually . . . great things come slowly, we are told . . . but I do want to do the human thing, that first, last and always. I wish to become known for that type of work. I don't want to pose. I don't want to be merely a series of pictures, however picturesque. I had rather sacrifice much of the scenic effect and give the public flesh and blood as they know it, love it, hate it, in "life as it is.""

After this debate into filmmaking, Miss Johnstone appeared in the "Follies" of 1915 and '16; in "Watch Your Step" with Mr. and Mrs. Castle, in "Stop, Look and Listen" with Gaby Deslys and later in "Betty" with Raymond Hitchcock.

She first cast her rays of stardom upon us with Ed Wynn in "Over the Top."

After that, she had a lot of more fundamental experience. She felt that she needed a more thoroughgoing training, a getting down to essentials. With a complete-\textit{ness} and an exactitude to which she has departed from Broadway and went into Stock with the Poli Stock Company of Waterbury, Conn. She stayed with them for a few months and when she came back, the girl who danced in musical comedy and flitted gorgeously and appealingly before "the Follies" was gone, to give way to a young woman with a thoughtful mind, a fine sense of drama, a capability, a potentiality . . .

"The case is the picture with Taylor Holmes already mentioned, and the time this sees the light of print she will probably have appeared in her first starring picture for Realart, "\textit{Blackbird}."

Miss Johnstone has only just begun. She is armored and girded and her talent, which may prove to be genius, is many-faceted.

WIT AND WISDOM FROM JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The right to be cussed fool is safe. I've cleared of don't wrong bein' laughed at.

It is singular how impatient men are with over-praise of others; how patient of over-praise of themselves, and yet the others does them no injury, while the other may be their ruin.

Get a great injury out of the mind as soon as is decent, bury it and then ventilate.

"The proudest moment of,

"It was 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 months 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 thing you will make good—I know you will."

"Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a 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.'"

"If I had not in pitty at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the door of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful am I that Mary helped me see that night the golden do doors, the golden lathe on which they hang."

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Thomas Meighan.

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Curtain—D-7.
Katherine MacDonald—Paramount.

DANCIN' FOOL—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

DANGEROUS DAYS—MD-8.
Mary Roberts Hargreaves—Goldwyn.

Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.

DARLING MINE—C-8.
Oliver Thomas—Selznick.

DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

DAWN—D-7.
Dreiser—Gordon—Blackton Prod.

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John Barrymore—Paramount.

EASTERN WESTERNER—F-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.

EARTHBOUND—D-8.
Basil King—Goldwyn.

EVERYWOMAN—Allegorical—6.
All Star—Paramount.

EXCUSE MY DUTF—D-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.

FAITH—CD-6.
Peggy Hyland—Fox.

Alice Brady—Realart.

FIGHTING CHANCE—D-10.
Conrad Nagel—Paramount.

Oliver Thomas—Selznick.

FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS—D-8.
Oliver Thomas—Selznick.

Clara K. Young—Equity.

FOR THE SOUL OF MARY—D-8.
Clarissa Young—Equity.

John Cudahy—Pathé.

GIRL IN ROOM 29—CD-7.
Frank Mayo—Universal.

GO AND GET IT—CD-9.
Pat O'Malley—First National.

GOOS REFERENCE—CD-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

All Star—Goldwyn.

HALF AN HOUR—MD-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.

HAIRPIN—CD-8.
Enda Bennett—Paramount.

HAUNTED SPOOKS—F-8.
Harold Lloyd—Metro.

HEART OF A CHILD—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

HEART OF THE HILLS—MD-7.
Mary Pickford—First National.

HEARTSTRINGS—D-7.
William Farnum—Fox.

(Continued on page 100)
The Friendly Rich

(Continued from page 67)

easy t'day, that's what God did when he
made th' world, and it won't hurt us none
to follow suit.

He is devoted to his wife and children
and is so bashful that he positively refuses
to have any love scenes in his pictures.
I can't imagine any other man refusing to
kiss Irene Rich, but Will Rogers abso-
lutely won't do it.

"Many a time the director would argue
with Will," said Irene, "and he would fin-
ally persuade him to consent to a brief...
.. a very brief kiss, and when it came
time to take the scene, he would approach
me as if I were a horned toad or some-
thing, and finally say with a sigh, 'Naw,
let's not.' And once when he actually did
peek at my cheek for the end of the pic-
ture, he saw it in the projecting room and
had it removed with one expressive word,
'MUSH!"

Irene thinks that little Jimmie Rogers
is the sweetest youngster who ever faced
a camera. He is as unconscious of self as
his dad, and is entirely unspoiled. The
company making 'The Strange Boarder'
and 'Jes' Call Me Jim" adored little Jim-
mie, but they did like to tease him. When
the latter picture was being shown in the
projecting room, Will Rogers whispered
to Irene Rich, "Don't say a word about
Jimmie's part; let's see what the kid does."
So, after the lights were turned on again,
everyone began discussing this scene and
that situation, commenting on each other's
work in various parts of the picture...
without a word of praise for the little
fellow who sat silent and solemn-eyed by
his father.

"And finally," Irene related, "he couldn't
stand it another minute, and looking
around at the company, he said in his
drawling baby voice... he talks just like
his dad, ... Well, I ain't so bad!"

Irene admits that she hasn't any wild
or burning ambitions. She wants to por-
tray wholesome, friendly women, and
hopes some time to be the star of a story
which has no vampire and no ruined home.

"When they asked me at the Goldwyn
studios what my ambition was, I said that
since I was Rich, I would like to be
richer."

She laughed, and then grew suddenly
serious.

"But I really didn't mean that," she said,
"I don't care so much for money... I
think there are many things in life that are
more worth while."

So do I. Friendliness, for example.
And if it were valued according to the
coin of the realm, Irene Rich would be a
millionaire.

MOVIE MAGIC

By Helen Fielding

There's a scent in the air of new-mown
hay,
The blossoms nod in the breeze,
And the mother-birds with their fledglings
wee
Swing and sway in the trees.

Without, the winter storms may rage,
Or the rains in torrents fall;
But that sun-kist scene on the magic
screen
Makes shadows of them all.

NABISCO Sugar Wafers

To describe in detail the versa-
tility of Nabisco Sugar
Wafers would be to name bev-
erages, ices, sherbets and fruit-
desserts almost without end.

But versatility is not the only
consideration: You must con-
sider also the added enjoyment
whenever and wherever these
popular table aids make their
appearance.

A supply in the pantry an-
ticipates and solves many a
problem of what to serve.

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In-s-t-eal Trade Mark package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
**The Screen Time Table**

(Continued from page 98)

![Image of a page with text about perfume drops and a table listing various films and actors.]

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

R. EIGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. One drop contains the natural fragrance of thousands of blossoms, with all their exquisite freshness. Truly the world's most precious perfume! Yet you will be delighted to know that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

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Read These Offers

If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us.

Concentrated Flower Drops—1 oz. $1.00

Concentrated Flower Drops, bottle as shown above, in polished masterpiece—

Lilac, Crabapple, Lilac.

Lily, the Valley, Rose, Violet.

Romana (a boquet odor)...

Al Sirah (an Arabian perfume)...

Panhana (an Arabian perfume)...

Serena’s favorite...

Parfum Rienzi (a new boquet odor)...

Alcaraz (an Oriental perfume)...

Garden Queen (Fashion’s latest)...

Humboldt Box...

Special Christmas Box...

Special Christmas Box containing 5 x 5G bottles of five different perfumes...

Money returned if not entirely satisfied. If any odorist of ours does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return it and your money will be refunded cheerfully.

Sample Box—Send us your name and address on the coupon below with $2.00 (stamps or Silver) and we will mail you a sample vial of Reger's Flower Drops, any odor you may select. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

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Rieger's Perfume & Toilet Water Flower Drops

Paul Riegler & Co., (Sine 1872)
260 First Street, San Francisco
Enclosed find 3.00 for which please send me:

[Blank space for odor selection]

$1.00 Special Christmas Box

$1.00 Special Christmas Box (100 drops)

Address

Remember, if not satisfied your money will be returned.

[Bottom of page with additional text about perfume drops and films, including a table listing various films and actors.]
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 92)

C. E. R.—The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. W. H. Orlando was the minister in New York, I think.

OLIVE B.—You want to know how old Constance Talmadge is in her stocking feet. Wonderful! Ask me something easy.

ANNE.—Hon'li noi qui mal y pense means "Evil be to him that evil thinks." Run in some time when you are not so talkative, and I will answer your lucky questions.

DAN JUPITER.—After all, happiness does not reside afar, nor next door, but right in our own heart. "The Blue Bird." No, I have never been to Spain. Never been to Europe at all.

ANNE.—Well, a woman can be held by no stronger tie than the knowledge that she is loved. This doesn't refer to stenographers in action. Vivian Martin in "Polly," released thru Goldwyn. Mighty interesting letters of yours.

LOVETA SHIMIE.—I am glad you enjoy going to school. Some of my readers prefer swimming. They tell me Hedy Gardner and Temple Saxe are in "The Devil's Angel." Charlie Ray in "Peaceful Valley." Of course, I enjoyed yours.

BILL JOHNSON—Would much rather be applauding the few that are wise than laughed at by the many that are foolish. The approbation of the judicious few are worth more than the censure of the ignorant. Irene Boyle is playing in "The Rider of the King Log."

A. G. MONTREAL.—Just write to me any times you think you need help. You are a wonder.

E. F.—No, child, I never tell my name. I still live in a hall-room, unhoused in winter but in summer.

RICHARD BARThEMoESS ADMMER.—You ask me if all the epigrams that appear in this department are original. Bless your heart, no; some are aboriginal. Glad to see the list of your favorites.

MAY.—Cant very well explain "Riders of Dawn" here. You dont understand why the French girl was in the picture at all. Mary Thurman and James Kirkwood, who have played together in several Allan Dwan productions, will play together in Dwan's picture for Associated Producers. Any time.

BUBLES N. J.—My mother used to tell me, take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves . . . . and you. No, I have no fireplace in my hall-room. The nearest thing I can get to a fireplace is an electric heater. Turn the lights out and watch the electric sparks. What's the matter with Gloria Swanson's ankles in "Why Change Your Wife?" I didn't see anything wrong with them.

BETTY HAMILTON.—You want to see Marjorie Daw, Alice Lake, June Caprice, Kenneth Harlan, Douglas MacLean and others who will be appearing in our magazine. Be patient, child. You also wished Bebe Daniels had stayed with Harold Lloyd. You think I ought to be 81 . . . and ask what I do. Nothing. I might add, I'm on my way.

SILVER SHADOW.—No, I have no pity for conceited people, because I think they can do anything with them. I wish you studied to be a missionary, and now you are a classic dancer. Some promotion. If Katherine MacDonald would only get her brother to record for her better.

PEGGY L. F., 24.—Why, Billie Burke is playing in "The Education of Elizabeth." Alice Brady in "The Voice of the Body." See Griffith address above. Going to Vas-

sar, hey? I went thru there last summer —drove thru in an auto. You should read about me and Roseland Barrie's "My Lady Nellie."说过 Rico Fan.—That's quite an idea you have, but I don't see how we can put it thru. Write me again.

VORSPYNSA.—Yes, I, too, often borrow for the good old days in the Piano Club. Wish it could be revived. I observe you are a wee, small bit unbalanced, as you put it, but you might outgrow that. Well, I am caged, but not fed thru the bars with an eye-run spoon, as you say. EVAN AVERTE.—Thanks for the drawing. So you like the poetry that appears in SHADOWLAND. Well, I think your drawing shows decided merit, and if I were you I would go to some good art school.

SAMUEL C.—So you were afraid to write to me. But, after all, the real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who buys it, is toil and trouble of acquiring it. It's a clear, straight road, but you mightn't do any skipping.

JANE, MAURIN V., MARGARET S., MAVEL F., BETTY D., S. B., SPANISH, CHARLES RAY FAN, RUTH A. M., IRENE H., LEROY L. COCHRAN, W. A. W. S. FAN, RUBIE V., JENNY W., CLARENCE, FLOUNSTONE, and PINE NEEDE.—Your letters were very much appreciated, but your questions have been answered, which leaves naught to be said.

CALIFORNIA.—A good friend is like good health—never missed until lost. I missed you, dearie. Antonio Moreno is now in the East. Mabel Taliaferro will play the role of the painted lady in "Sentimental Tommy."

ESTELLA J.—Your letter, too, was very interesting. Remember that if we are not always so happy as we desire, we are not always so wretched as we observe. House Peters, Florence Vidor and Joseph Kilgour in "The Magic Life." Any time.

MARIE C.—Elsie Mackay was the girl you refer to, and Marcelle Carroll was Dolly in "The Truth." MOVIE FAN.—So you like the way Renee Romaine writes to me. She is a very clever girl. Yes, Avelyn Barrie played in "Dinty." Mary Daws and James Kirkwood in "Not a Drum Was Heard." Come in again some time.

JAY.—Whenever you would give advice, be too liberal—keep a slice. Winifred Westover was the player you speak of. Yes, Wanda Hawley. Your letter was a chef d'oeuvre. Write me again.

ESTHER R.—Yes, indeed, I have been in love. Once. Love is like the rose—so sweet, that one always tries to gather it, in spite of the thorns. I am done gathering. Ann Forrest is doing Peter Pau. Alma Tell was Lady Joan in "On With the Dance." Your verse was beautiful.

P. A. PARR.—Brother, that Pygmalion is not the only person who ever fell in love with his own work. Gloria Swanson's next picture will be "Everything for Sale." H. B. Warner played in "The Man Who Turned White." Dorothy Dalton in "His Wife's Friend." Hump much thanks.

VIRGINIA.—Oh, I have very good taste, I can eat almost anything, too. Taste is the microscope of the judgment. It is chance that makes brothers, but hearts that make friends. Shaker, my friend.

A NEWCOMER.—No. Constance Tal- madge is not married. Surely, write me again.

IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW

Write for Free Book

"How to Become An Artist"

By our new method of teaching by mail you can learn Illustrating, cartooning, commercial art in your own home. Hundreds of successful students and graduates are now making splendid incomes. Get into this fascinating work yourself and earn $10 to $100 or more a week! Our method makes it easy for anyone to learn. Instructions given by Will H. Chandler, artist with over 10 years experience. The study is fascinating. Only a few minutes a day! Have your own work or secure high salary position. Or work in spare time. Many students earn while they are learning!

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The "Bayer Cross" on Aspirin tablets has the same meaning as 14 Karat on gold. Both mean Genuine!

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" should be taken according to the directions in each "Bayer package." Be sure the "Bayer cross" is on package and on tablets.

Then you are getting the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

The Man Who Came Back  
(Continued from page 23)

"I cannot play this part unless you cut out this hypnotic episode."

There he went back and put the whole matter out of his mind.

Time went on. Mr. Taylor was very much adverse to changing the script. Then one day Mr. Lasky called Elliott to him.

"Elliott," he said, "do you really mean that you will give up this picture if we don't change the story?"

A pretty big sacrifice, I want to tell you, for a man who loves his work and is again building a career.

"I know, sir," said Mr. Dexter. "If you asked me to play Svengali in "Trilby," I would, because he meets his just deserts when he receives his punishment in the end; but this episode is absolutely unnecessary and points no moral."

"It shall be cut out," was Mr. Lasky's verdict: "go ahead with the picture."

Mr. Dexter did not consider this a personal triumph. It was only another proof of the real Miracle Man, God.

If I searched filmens over, I found not this silly story to tell you about which could compare in beauty and sincerity with Elliott Dexter's. He lives in a tiny bungalow in Hollywood, so tiny that he has to stop off upstairs to get his things.

The downstairs comprises a living-room, kitchen and bath. That is all. But across the front porch is the pleasing green branches of a lemon tree, at the side is a bearing plum tree and the rear boasts a golden orange. And thru these branches Elliott Dexter contemplates the glory of California's purple hills and pink sunsets.

A perfect peace envelops him as he waits... and, waiting, studies.

"I used to hate Los Angeles," he told me. "I used to blame it for all the trouble that came to me, when I was thinking wrong... Now I love it."

In this small home he has been doing his own cooking, his own gardening.

"I have a big Southern mammy coming to take care of me next week," he said, with a little boy-confidence in all's well that ends well.

He drives about Hollywood in his little Ford coupé, and his handsome face can be always seen thru his big windows.

The contrast between his jolly grin and the expression on the faces of the stars passing in their purple and green and brown limousines is something to make one stop and think.

When I said good-bye to Elliott Dexter on that one and only peaceful day I have ever spent in a studio, he towered straight and tall above me. He reminded me of the Rock of Gibraltar, a human rock of strength bulwarked by a belief which neither the tides of adversity nor criticism can touch. His fine brown eyes are etched at the corners with tiny wrinkles caused by the suffering of wrong thought, which are rapidly changing even those laugh lines, and hold a waiting expression.

"So," he said, "you knew Marie? Marie will meet a new Elliott when she comes home."

THOUGHTS FROM OWEN FELTHAM

Should the world's memory fall asleep, what a fair of mad beasts the earth would be.

He that forgets himself with his tongue gives another cause to remember him.

Desire for glory is the last garment that even wise men lay aside.
Look Pleasant, Please!

(Continued from page 37)

He smiled reminiscently—
"I'll never forget one time," he said.
"Raoul had gone up to the twentieth story
of a skyscraper which was in the course
of construction with the cameraman.
There wasn't a darn thing to the building
but the iron girders spanning one another
and I was to come up on a derrick, in my
role of a workman, swing over to the
girders in question and start to work.
The derrick took me up all right, but it didn't
swing over so far as it should have. I
looked below and saw terra firma twenty
stories beneath.
"Jump! shouted Raoul, as the camera
started to grind—'And look pleasant,
please. You're not going to a funeral.
You're a good-natured Irish bricklayer
going to work.'
"I jumped as he told me to and did my
darndest to look pleasant. If I'd stopped
it would have probably been the last of
me. As it was, it was a perfectly good
scene in one of my Fox pictures."

You probably know he is no longer with
Fox? He is enthusiastic too over his new
pictures which, in summary, mean that he
will do features on his own. There will
be some basis for his stories, which will
not depend entirely on stunts to "get over,
so to speak.

but, on the whole, he is far more in-
terested in sports than hectic theories;
and that baseball team represents one of
the greatest interests in his life: he says
"Those boys" with genuine regard in his
voice when he speaks of the fireman and
policeman; and there is a geniality and
good nature to him, which makes you
believe that it is only while he suspends in
midair, with the street twenty stories be-
low, that his director finds it necessary to
direct him to...

"Look pleasant, please."

Starring Nature
(Continued from page 39)

The foreign demand for our films is
surprisingly large. Several foreign gov-
ernments are among the anti-
 bolshevik governments of Russia, which
have obtained a considerable supply of
copies of appropriate subjects. The be-

ning of the foreign demand for these
films was probably due to their introduc-
tion into Europe during the war by the
Committee on Public Information and
other agencies engaged in propaganda and
by their use among the soldiers.

W. H. Department of Agriculture is
now leading all other Government de-
partments in film production, the work is
only in an early stage of development.
Its opportunity for growth is limited only
by the generosity of Congress and the ad-

van; the educational field.

Verily, the cinema is advancing with
rapid strides when it is recognized by the
government and accordingly used to bring
messages to the waiting world.

Nature and those subjects akin have
long been worthy of stardom.

And, too, we welcome the new producer
to the field!

"Our star's new car travelled five hun-
dred miles last season at 50 miles an hour."
"How is that possible?"
"It was shipped to her by train."

You Can't Escape
Tooth troubles if you leave a film

You should try this new method of

Tooth cleaning. Try it ten days with-
out cost. It combats the film which
dims the teeth and causes most tooth
troubles. See and feel the results. To
millions they are bringing cleaner,
safer, whiter teeth.

The tooth wrecker

Film is the great tooth wrecker. A
viscous film clings to the teeth, enters
crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth
paste does not end it. Old ways of
brushing leave much of it intact. And
very few people have escaped the
troubles which it causes.

It is the film, not the discolors, not
the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar.
It holds food substance which fer-
ments 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 pyor-
rea—a disease now alarmingly com-
mon.

A new dental era

Dental science has now found ways
to combat that film. The methods
have been amply proved by years of
careful tests. Now millions employ
them. Leading dentists everywhere
advise them.

The methods are combined in a den-
tifrice called Pepsodent. And, to let
all know how much it means, a ten-day
tube is being sent to all who ask.

Five desired effects

Pepsodent brings five desired effects.
It combats the teeth's great enemies as
nothing has done before.

One ingredient is pepsin. Another
multiplies the starch digestant in the
saliva, to digest starch deposits that
cling. The saliva's alkalinity is mul-
tiplied also. That to neutralize the acids
which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the film.
One of them keeps teeth so highly

Pepsodent
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant com-
bined with two other modern
requisites. Now advised by lead-
ing dentists everywhere and sup-
plied by all druggists in large
tubes.
**Will Your Complexion Win?**

When beauty vies with beauty it is the perfect complexion that rules supreme. The charm of a soft, clear skin of dainty texture is the most captivating.

D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream is preferred by all who value the delicate freshness and satiny smoothness of complexion perfection.

Quickly cleansing and beautifying, it imparts to face, neck and arms that exquisite charm which has made American Beauties of three generations famous the world over. Let the daily use of this "perfect" toilet requisite win admiration's tribute for you. In tubes 12c, 30c, 60c. In jars 40c, 60c, $1.00, $1.65.

**FREE trial tube on request.**

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**DAGGETT & RAMSDELLS PERFECT COLD CREAM**

"The Kind That Keeps"
of beach visitors, no matter how poor. We see Wally buy a bag and shipping present Paul with a big bottle.

Then we hurry over to the banking office and push our way to the counter, where we are furnished our consignment by two ladies in gray blouses, both by Mary MacLaren's famous designation as "that happy married couple."

After a time in one of the boxes, darning our suits, we sadly forth till we see a happy crowd of young women and Marie Dunn, recently leading lady for Jack Pickford, as the center of the group, reading a magazine, which on closer view turns out to be the one we like best. (You can guess the name).

"Oh, Rupert, dear! Pleas—Rupert, stop now; you shan't have another one!"

It sounds interesting. We whir around at this startling pre-digestion to find the dignified Rupert Julian making a forcible appeal for another pickle while Mrs. Julian defends, quite as emphatically, the bottle. From further argument, we learn that Rupert has already had five pickles and, as his digestion is already endangered by a number of hot dogs and soda pop and ice-cream cones, he "just hasn't the stomach for another."

Finally, Rupert gives up the attempt and he and King Vidor get up a game of baseball, using his piece of driftwood as a bat. A game of throwing medicine ball finds their attention, however, and they are soon at it, perspiring and grunting as they hurl the heavy sphere around.

"Wow, wow, wow, wuff!" A series of canine exclamations come from under an umbrella. Peering around the edges, we discover Rudolph Valentino who is taking the part of Jull in Halper's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" for Metro; Mrs. Mahlon Lewis and Gertrude Sel... by having a "doggone" good time with a pair of dwarfish, fluffy, fussy canines, who insist on staging a fight and barking loudly, while they walk around the dog's face.

The rat-ta-ta-tu-tu-tu of a pounding bag is heard. Tommy Meighan, the greatest of all commentators between Los Angeles and New York, is at it for a week or two and punching a bag placed there by Los Angeles sporting goods house while a crowd of picture people look on. Just on the edge of the gathering, however, oblivious to the noise, Wallace Reed kneels by Lila Lee, who forgets her ice-cream cone, melting in the sun, while she and genial Wally discuss some important subject.

Let's walk underneath the pier to the other side. The structure we pass under was the dream of Nat Goodwin. It was his pier and on it was built the Nat Goodwin Café which flourished as the night havens of picture folks in search of diversion. With the demise of John Barrycorn the gay café lost its attraction; it was closed and renamed a monument to the past and shut down for retirement by a motion picture company now, where happy couples danced among the potted palms to lilting music, bright Kleig lights shone and the camera grids off the episodes of a dark melodrama, while outside where sporty motors were once parked, the non-sporty covered walls of a flower-strewn way in the strong breeze.

Turning back we see a little brown vine-covered house at the top of the rise that leads to the beach. Her name is Katie Pickford, Mrs. Pickford, mother of the famous family and little Mary—now Mary Rupp Pickford, since Mrs. Pickford has legally adopted the half a block on is "The Wave," a long box-like house in which Gibson Gowland and his little son, Peter Gibson Gowland live.

It is growing late. The sun is just be-
“Beautiful, certainly,” said Allen Hubbar.

“And more than one ideal of beauty,” he amended. “The thing of primary importance is sincerity. For instance, when you look at a masterpiece painting, the thing you admire most about it is that the artist has had something to say, saying it thru the medium of his art as perfectly as possible. So it is with music, sculpture and the drama. No man can do anything worthwhile unless he has courage enough to blaze a trail for himself; seeing and interpreting life in his own way.”

And this keynote of sincerity would seem to be the cornerstone upon which they have constructed their lives, personally and professionally ever since “King Love” took unto himself a wife, and the wife was “Modesty.”

Art and Practicability

(Continued from page 41)

line of talk. She has been very busy, almost every minute of her life, she says—since she can remember. She speaks with much enthusiasm of her first stage appearance at the age of six in “Cyrano de Bergerac,” in which her father was appearing with Richard Mansfield; of her subsequent appearance in the title role, supported by an all-child cast in “Little Lord Fauntleroy,” in Shubert matinees.

“I loved playing boy parts,” she said—“but the thrill, the uncertainty, the apprehension and the perfect joy that I experienced when I found that I was to play ‘Peter Pan,’ is something that comes only once in a lifetime.”

“Mother and I had gone back home to Grand Rapids and I was in school. One day, father, who was playing in New York, wired mother; ‘Bring Vivian at once; possible chance to play ‘Peter Pan.’”

“I had not seen ‘Peter Pan’ on the stage. yet I knew the story well. When we reached New York I went at once to see Mr. Seymour, production manager. He questioned me about what I had done and finally said I’m sorry but I fear you have not had enough experience for such a big part.”

I burst out crying and begged him to try me. You must—I said. I know I can do it. ‘That’s it—cry, cry hard’—he said. Then he patted my hand saying, ‘there, there, that will do—you may have the part. You will do.’ Wasn’t he a wretch? He made me cry, But I played ‘Peter’ a whole year—and it was wonderful.

“Then I did ‘Officer 666’ and ‘High Cost of Loving’—and then I went into pictures and altho I intended to go back to the stage, I have been so busy the past four years I have not had time to consider it.

“Now—some of my dreams are coming true. I am back in New York—I am leaving my own company and hope to arrange my work so that I can do a stage play in connection with my screen work.

“My first production ‘Song of the Soul’ is adapted from ‘An Old World Romance’ a William J. Locke story. Robert W. Chambers wrote the titles. I am working now on a comedy, tentatively titled ‘Polly’ and Sidney Olcott. I am happy to say, is directing it. I hope my ventures here in the East will be a success,” she concluded.

And it’s almost certain that they will. Vivian Martin is a bright and shining example of a girl whose conquest of business follows on the heels of ambition, courage and perseverance. With a firm and abiding belief in her art she works—and as she works, she thinks. And there is no better ladder to success.
be interested in the intricacies of the motion picture camera, having such a complete knowledge of the still camera.

It was after she had studied aviation in England and grown proficient as a bird woman that she decided to combine her two new hobbies—and a new profession for women was the result. When the Prince of Wales arrived in Canada during his recent visit last autumn, Louise piloted one of the airplanes which swept a cordial welcome to the distinguished guest. With her was her motion picture camera, and she photographed the Prince and his party from the plane.

The realization that the pictures she had seemed were really remarkable, made her act at once. She literally flew to Leonard H. Roos, Canadian editor of For Nuts, who used them in his review of interesting events.

When Herbert Hancock, in charge of For Nuts, heard of the novel "scoop" procured by Louise, he signed her to the spot... the first and only camera maid in the world. She has been given a roving assignment to cover news and a speed, capable of making 130 miles an hour, will carry her wherever she wishes to go in pursuit of the unusual.

Meeting Louise Lowell is like meeting an old friend... you find so much to talk about right from the start. Yet the longer you know her the more you realize how little you really know her after all. For, despite her friendliness, her readiness to talk about anyone or anything except herself and her adventures, you appreciate that there is a depth to her nature which is not to be fathomed.

There is really no way of describing her... she is just Louise Lowell, that is all. If you had met her you would know exactly what is meant; for, despite the rather saucy brown eyes which crinkle almost into nothingness when she laughs, the wee angle of her tip-tilded nose and a plentiful sprinkling of freckles in her vicinity, she is a suiting person.

After that description, you are expecting to hear that she has a boisterous handelasp. Well, she hasn't. It is soft and rather yielding, and altogether feminine. It isn't a bit conscious of her mouth and a little thin chin; but it isn't long before one discovers that being inconsistent is the principal charm of this surprising young woman.

And in spite of her unusual and hazardous life, Louise Lowell is "only a girl." To prove it, she bitterly bemoans the fact that her hair is straight and that she can possibly coax a curl into it. When asked what she would rather have more than anything else in the world, she answered:

"Either curly hair or ability to make a trip around the world in my plane. Since the first is altogether out of the question, I'll have to strive for the latter. I expect to do it some day... and my camera is going to be my only companion."

Louise Lowell's American father and British mother both died when this girl of the twentieth century, who holds a record for daring equaled by no other of her sex. Yet in spite of it, she isn't one bit more formidable than best chum of yours from the old high school days, who used to come into your kitchen and make fudge Saturday afternoons. She is just... human.

I'll Teach You Piano In Quarter Usual Time

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.

There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their indoctrination from me by mail. I have far more students that were ever before taught by one man. Indeed, I am writing for my 84-page free booklet "How to Learn Piano or Organ".

Many of the best pianists and organists are entirely different from all others. I spent entirely away from the Keyboard—learning something about Harmony and The Keys of Music. This won a seat to most teachers of the "old school" who still think that learning piano is mainly a form of "Super gymnastics." When you do that, the keyboard you accomplish twice as much, and you understand what you are doing. With a few lessons I enable you to play an interesting strain or two in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible substantial help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My printed instruction, the "QUINN-ION—PLUE-ION," sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use Transposition—which usually is a "nightmare"—is simplified as never before by the standard method of playing the 1st strings in the original key, but in all other keys as well. With a few lessons I enable you to play an interesting strain or two in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

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The Seriousness of Youth

(Continued from page 59)

"Yes," Miss Roberts laughed, "it's hard, but it's fun, and, in a way, it gives one confidence. I work over so much harder after I have had some mark of outside attention shown me. To be in demand creates self-confidence where it wasn't before."

"What type of work do you prefer?" I asked.

She appeared to be so dainty and so clinging, so fragile and so trustful, that I asked with a glint of curiosity on my part of a typical response.

"Outdoor work," she said; "daring, venturesome things!"

"There you have it! The paradox of the artist!"

Miss Roberts entered the pictures on her toes. She danced on. Her initial appearances were "extra" appearances for the old Imp company. On one such occasion she did a dance and the director was so impressed he ordered a close-up. The result of the close-up was a regular salary on the regular pay-roll as a very regular actress. "I looked so kiddish, tho,' Miss Roberts chuckled, 'that they had to pad me up and make me look my parts. Wasn't that funny?"

She has since played with Lyons and Moran in several comedies. "The Deciding Kiss" among others. She is now a Universal star and expects to run a gamut of various roles and many types. There is determination in her bright eyes and an agility about her whole small person promising much.

She talked most seriously on spirituality.

"I never was the least bit queer," she told me; "and I've never gone to mediums or sciences or anything of that sort. I don't believe in them and I don't know anything about them; but I certainly do believe in the Dead Alive, because, since my Dad died—he was killed on an African expedition—he has come back to me several times, and talked to me just as he did when he was with us, and he has given me a great many, many writings."

"Writings?"

"Oh, yes. I just take an ordinary pencil and sheet of paper and things just write themselves in handwritings I have never seen before, and couldn't possibly create myself."

"Has he ever given you any special message?" I asked; "anything of a specific nature, that is?"

Miss Roberts replied in the affirmative.

"My mother is terribly stricken, of course," she said, "and doesn't find it easy to believe that my Dad comes back. He knows that. And many times he says to me as clearly as can be, in writing and in words, 'Edith, and your mother believe. Make mother believe.'"

"Doesn't it make you feel queer?" I asked. She looks like a timorous little soul.

She shook her head. "Just happy!" she said. "I've been ever so happy since I knew my Dad was still with us as he had been. And something for me is to take away the fear of death I used to have. I'm not a bit afraid to die any more. Not that I want to—don't misunderstand. There's too much left to live for, and I believe in perfecting the state I'm in before going on to the next one."

"But you don't believe," I persisted, "in the theatres of the things?"

"Oh, no. No, indeed. But there are theatres in every science and art and religion don't you think?"

"We just have to hunt for the truth of things, I believe," she said, and she added, "and I believe, too, that we find em'!"

Martha, the Beautiful

(Continued from page 57)

little girl got the chance, for it was a road show, and mother would not let me accept the part. And then 'Hop o' My Thumb' was brought over from England, and I tried for a part in that, and got it. I was the happiest girl in New York, and the stage has never lost its thrill for me from that day to this!"

"And what can you do best?" I asked.

"Nothing at all," she promptly replied.

"Can't sing especially well or dance so very well. . . Suppose I can pose best—if you call that doing anything. Did all kinds of things in the cover of 'The Jolly. My best stage work was in the 'Follies,' and I had two seasons with the 'Frolic.' Was a year in pictures with Max Linder, and did a couple of pictures with Fox. Went to the Coast last spring and had a splendid part with Thomas Meighan in 'Civilian Clothes.' Mother and I rented a bungalow and bought furniture, and were just crazy about California ... then only stayed six weeks, because I had this offer from Selznick. That was after I did 'Jekyll and Hyde.'"

"The most marvelous picture I've ever seen," I said.

"Really? I am so glad, because I know it is the most worthwhile thing I ever did, not that I did anything," she hastened to add. "My part was not much, and I was actually afraid to make the most of what I did have, for fear of overdoing it, and making it ridiculous. So I played safe, knowing it was one of the times when it was better to underact than overact. But just to have had a part in a production that will live, means more to me than to have had ever so big a part in some mediocrity thing not worth remembering."

"Just now, however, I am sufficiently thrilled with my new Selznick contract. I mean to work very, very hard this year. I say that the very most of every chance and get a great deal of experience. And next year, perhaps, I'll be a star!"

Which would not be at all surprising. And if she is, it will be because she deserves it. Martha Mansfield is not the sort who is going to grab what does not belong to her, or what she has not earned. She has the vivacious personality, surprising intelligence, and consuming interest in her work—a combination that will not be defeated. And, even tho her name is spelled differently, and tho one thing it's in front of one or two theaters, a girl who has stood the test of being acclaimed the most beautiful and the most photographed girl in New York is not going to be easily spoiled.
Shirley of the Land of Make-Believe

(Continued from page 41)

we may be doing him an injustice. I never say that out loud, I only whisper it." It seems that she found him.

We had a great laugh at the antics of the dog. When she had returned to her place in the window seat, I told her that I had loved her Jim Hawkins. It was a surprise to me. I had never been able to imagine a girl in the part when first I heard that she was going to do it, and then when I saw "Treasure Island" I realized that she was Jim, innocent, serious, dreamy, whimsical; candid eyes and elfin face; tomboy and dreamer.

"I loved doing Jim," she said with sincerity. "I didn't wear any makeup; just a black line underneath my lower lid to cast a shadow on my eyes." She has very unusual eyes. They are a bluish-grey.

You would notice an appealing directness about the way in which she speaks. She is truly young and feminine. She has never lost her ability to make-believe. In this respect she is different from the vast majority of stage children. Like Peter Pan, she is always five years old.

Shirley Mason, or Leonie Fulkrath, to give her other name, was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1901. The youngest of three girls, she was little more than a baby when their mother decided that they should go on the stage. Their first engagement was secured thru the agency of Mrs. Tafflerro. Leonie's first important part was when she created the role of Little Hal with William Faversham in "The Squire Man." Later she appeared as little Meony in "Rip Van Winkle." and went on the road as "The Poor Little Rich Girl." It will be remem- bered that the latter part was created by her sister, Viola, and Shirley Mason was billed as Leonie Dana. It was not until she went on the screen and committed one of "The Squeak's" (in pictures, of course), that she was given the name of Shirley Mason. She selected it from a number submitted to her by the management, when it was decided that her own name would be difficult for the fans to remember.

It seems that Shirley was the tomboy of the family, and often tormented her sisters with her teasing.

"And, one day, I committed a crime! Do you remember the scene in "Rip Van Winkle" where Rip calls the two children to him and they kneel in front of his chair? Yes? It was in that scene I committed my crime. When my cue came, I was chewing gum and forgot to take it out of my mouth when I went on. Of course, I realized at once that I had to get rid of it somehow, so we decided while we were out of sight of the stage. I put it in my mouth and waited for my cue. It was funny the way I did it, and I think that Mrs. Faversham remembered it.

"What happened?"

"Oh, I was given a good scolding!"

"Have you ever given a man since you were with his company?"

"Yes. I saw him when he was making a picture for Famous Players." She spoke enthusiastically about the work for the screen. "But the funny thing about it was that we didn't speak at all. I was afraid to say anything to him for fear he wouldn't recognize me. One day, someoneline the lot said, 'What do you speak to Mr. Faversham? He remembers you perfectly, he's just waiting for you to say something.' But I never did.
California Chatter

(Continued from page 88)

ment of Will Wyatt. The present tour will probably be concluded in Los Angeles early next month. Union, Mr. Walthall may be starred in "Ghosts" through the East.

The famous old Nat Goodwin pier, where the late Mr. Goodwin held so many social functions, his largest business venture, was the scene of a brilliant if somewhat bizarre sight the other evening. Men and women in correct evening clothes and a bonnet, all gowned and promenaded in the cooling sea breezes and finally staged a swimming party, clothes and all. May Allison was the ring-leader, and her cohorts in mismatch were the supporting members of her company staging a thrill for "Are Wives to Blame," in which Miss Allison portrays the part of an extravagant young wife. Robert Edeson came to California especially to appear in this picture, but has been prevented by his uncle, Mr. Walthall, to remain out here as a director.

I saw John Davidson dining at Marcello's the other evening with a charming little girl, and Grace Kingsley, the popular interviewer of the Times. Mr. Davidson, you know, made a great hit in the stage revival of Ibsen in Los Angeles.

Another well-known actor, whom I am accustomed to see in New York, is paying California a visit: Jimmie Morris, of Vitagraph fame. He was entertaining a party at the beautiful Virginia Hotel, Long Beach, last evening, and it seemed to me he looked more boisterous than ever.

William Farnum has had a vacation of four months, and returned to work and California about January first, unless the Florida fish are unreasonable and refuse to be caught.

Out at Lasky's studio I saw the most magnificent set. I venture to say, that has ever been erected. It was built entirely of plate-glass and was intended to represent Cinderella's palace in an insert in Cecil deMille's "Fiddlers Green." The cost of its erection was $35,000, and yet it will be shown on the screen only for a moment.

Lila Lee is to be the Artie Amsdle leading woman in his next feature. "The Dollar a Year Man," an original screen story by Walter Woods, which James Cruze will direct.

Recently the film colony of Los Angeles paid a tender tribute to the memory of its illustrious departed at a memorial service held on "Longacre," the largest of the Brunton studio stages. Over 800 actors packed the pews and listened to reminiscences of Bobbie Harron, Omer Locklear, Clarence Seymour and Olive Thomas, recalled in a splendid address by William D. Taylor. Others remembered in the services were Harold Lockwood, Eric Campbell, John Burton, Fred Mace, Lillian Webster and Charles Golden.

A genuine reproduction of the famous Los Angeles plaza as it was in 1830, was erected for Douglas Fairbanks' latest United Artists' film, "The Curse of Capistrano." The sets were built at Surland, in the San Fernando valley and was derived from old engravings and drawings belonging to Fernandez Pico, an old pioneer resident of Los Angeles.

Shirley Mason is the most recent star to give up hotel life in disgust. She and her husband, Bernard Burning, have rented a large home in Beverly Hills which, beside the usual accommodations, has its own swimming pool, and the walls are lined with models, Hollywood and otherwise. Viola Dana is living with sister Shirley.

Louise Lovely and her husband have purchased a new home on Calneuaga Boulevard.

The horse that is playing the title role in Vitagraph's production of "Black Beauty" has been insured for $50,000. Al- tho the horse is probably not valued at more than one-fiftieth of that amount, his death or even serious illness would necessitate the retaking of many scenes and the measure is a precautionary one.

Kathleen Clifford, while playing a special vandelay act at Hoyt's Theater in Long Beach, California, was billed as "Cocoon with Douglas Fairbanks in 'When the Clouds Roll By.'"

One of the interesting families, or perhaps I had better call it partnerships, on the West Coast is that of Myrtle Bledsoe and her son Lincoln, better known as Link. He was born when Myrtle was just a youngster, her stage debut occurring later. Link has been her companion throughout her travels and is now playing in pictures himself. Remember the "fat" boy with Harold Lloyd in "High and Dizzy?"

Rupert Hughes has returned to New York, leaving behind him an original screen story which he named "Mr. and Miserable Jones." This is to be directed by E. Mason Hopper for Goldwyn release. Another famous director, Archie Morris, has contributed an original story to the screen. This is "The Water Lily," now being directed by Frank Lloyd.

Cullen Landis is one of the admirable leading men who is proud to acknowledge that he is happily married and the father of a baby boy. Cullen's difficulty at present is to reconcile the fact that he is so young looking no one will believe the age—he-people insist that he is his big brother.

Bryant Washburn writes from London: "It's lovely here when it doesn't rain, but it hasn't stopped yet."

A Sea-Going Actor

(Continued from page 81)
New Stars Dawn As Contest Closes

(Continued from page 30)

Beth Logan, the but fifteen years of age, is an extraordinary type. She is slender and only five feet two, yet sheello-
es a marvel of courage. Her eyes sparkle like sunlight on running waters. It is expected that this charming young brunette will easily find a place in the silver screen.

Erminie Gagnon has a perfect complexion, beautiful eyes and a well-rounded figure. The all screen tests yet made of her are disappointing, as they fail to reveal all her beauty, it is still thought that she has a chance for success in such parts as are usually portrayed by Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge, with the possibility of outshining even these favorites.

The each of these five girls seems lovelier than the others, yet Miss Langhanke is the choice of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, and it must be admitted that she has the greatest number of points in her favor. For each of these Gold Medalists we predict a glorious career on the screen.

Two delightfully beautiful children were among the Great contestants—Dorothy Tapp of 1322 Findley Avenue, New York City, and Ruth Higgins, of 20 Liberty Street, Morristown, N. J. They were given honorable mention in ‘Love’s Redemption,” and are the Silver Medalists of the great Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920. We were justified in our faith in them, as they played their roles with ability and made a charming addition to the picture.

In fact, every member of “Love’s Redemption” was carefully selected from thousands of applicants, and each deserves a place on the Final Honor Roll, and the award of Honorable Mention, which is hereby given them. They are: Doris Roosevelt, Miss Williams, Arthur Tuthill, William Castro, Cecile Edwards, Katherine Bassett, Lynne M. Berry, Elizabeth Jones, Norbert Hammer, Doris Duf, O. L. Langhanke, William White, José Santo De Sique, Seymour Panish, Joseph Murtaugh, Ethel Palmer, Alfred L. Kirk, Bunny Manly, Edward Chalmers, Carl Helmer, E. Mayer, Charles Hammer. Of the aforementioned, some are remarkable for beauty and others are types. To Miss Tapp goes special praise for his splendid acting.

Girls came by the hundreds during the summer months, and each appeared so distractingly beautiful that it was hard for any judge to settle down to a decision. Mary Jane Sanderson, of Johnstown, Pa., came and had a camera test made, the result of which was so promising that she was requested by wire to return for another. We predict for her a high place among the screen luminaries.

Emma Bailey, of 14 McDonald Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Bertha Kating, of Springfield, Mass., proved to be exceptionally good screen "types." They are too young to win honors in this contest, but they will stand a good chance in the next.

In this group there appeared a girl who seemed to be the exact "double" of Lucille Langhanke. Several of her tests were superior of her and it was found that she had all the qualification a screen celebrity should have.

Elma McKinley, of 114 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City, and Effie Elliott, of 707 Ritter Street, Philadelphia, Pa., to be in third and proved in the camera tests that they screen well and have a bright future on the shadow stage, tho the parts they take can be limited because of their size and height. Both

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We present as our Final Honor Roll:

Claudine Fitzpatrick,
23 Ostego Road, Verona, N. J.
Winnie Rowley,
427 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Howard Green,
17 Crescent Place, Passaic, N. J.
Beryl Williams,
5 North Saarmon Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.
Sonja Swamander,
530 St. Paul Place, Bronx, N. Y.
Marion Thomas,
329 Decatur Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.
Elma Kimbsey,
114 West 58th Street, New York City, N. Y.
Marjana Hale,
29 Elston Street, West Somerville, Mass.
Marguerite Maxwell,
22 East 48th Street, New York City, N. Y.
Eléone Dell,
3rd and Montauk Streets, Bayside, L. I.
Elsie Schaffer,
73 West 68th Street, New York City, N. Y.
Alva Ansley,
217 Pennsylvania Avenue N. E., Washington, D. C.
Theda Todd,
153 Monitor Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Marion Hersey,
New Rochelle, N. Y.
Bobbie Darling,
40 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rita Crane,
907 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Peggy Pershing,
Kansas City, Mo.
Virginia Lee Nicholson,
2630 Hastings Street, Detroit, Mich.
Roy Fernandez,
Fairfield, Conn.
Adelle Gordon,
108 West 84th Street, New York City, N. Y.
Agnes Zetterstrand,
331 N. Main Street, Waterbury, Conn.
Marie Marshall,
165 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Marguerite Dodd,
120 Hudson Street, New York City, N. Y.
Josephine,
5656 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Carmen Asensio,
427 Ft. Washington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.
Harry Forward,
128 Morris Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Evelyn Donnelly,
1285 Morris Avenue, New York City, N. Y.
Betty Sinclair,
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Andy Kemo,
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The Inalienable Disciple
(Continued from page 74)

It is a matter," he said, "of auto-interpretation."

Prior to "White New York Sleeps," old seven cutting-edge characterizations in the one production of "My Lady's Dress." Each was distinct. One, for instance, was that of a Calabrian peasant.

He went up to tell me that "My Lady's Dress" was a most interesting thing to do, the main theme of the story being the endless toil and detail involved in the ultimate production of an opera, such was evolved by some of the big modesties, and the general lack of thought exhibited by the average man when it comes to buying such a gown.

I asked him if he thought the theme true. Women extravagant, et al. He smiled.

He said that women, not having been trained to labor, naturally do not have a detailed sense of what labor involves.

I asked him whether he had ever weared the screen.

"No," he said; "perhaps it would be better for me if I had. I have taken it so seriously. It would doubtless be to my benefit if I had."

"You don't believe, then, in taking things seriously?"

"Intimately, yes. Generally . . . well, I should probably be far more famous and considerably wealthier if I had been able to take the whole thing lightly. However, I have my own personal satisfaction, and that, I know, is best. I have not lost my sense of the finer values."

I asked him what Mrs. MacDermott had been doing since, as Miriam Nesbit, she contributed to the screen in the old days.

"She has taken up other pursuits," he said. "She has been playing for quite a while, and was glad to give it up for other things . . . study, travel, all that."

I inquired as to whether he believed in both husband and wife being professional."

"Do not," he said; "one in the family is quite enough. So that the other is in accord and sympathy, that is all that is necessary, and far more delightful. As it is with us, I can go home from the studio and Mrs. MacDermott is not too worried about one of the others. Mrs. MacDermott is seeking the refreshment I need. If she were working, too, I could not expect this sort of comradeship from her."

Mr. and Mrs. MacDermott plan to go abroad once conditions become adjusted and the ashes of the world system are greased and running smoothly again.

"I should like to live in rural England," he said. "It is all so charming and so leisurely and so old. Here in New York one does not live; one is not allowed to. Rather, one is hurried along, willy-nilly, outside one's own volition. I love the sense of things in the old world; old-established places and mannered habits that have become traditions; the flavor of the old masters in all the arts."

The screen, too, is becoming a vital thing in Europe. I am delighted to make pictures there. I have no definite plans as yet . . . we shall see . . ."

I could picture Mr. MacDermott as the Englishman who has his lands, his hounds at his heels; visiting his tenants, attending church of a Sunday with Mrs. MacDermott on his arm. And then, too, I could see him and his almost any ride life might choose to demand of him. It is the true art of characterization, descriptive of the film-thinking, we travel and the assimilation into the blood and brain thereof, of life lived along the broad highways . . .

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New York
The Little 'Fraid Lady
(Continued from page 35)

Before she cried out, "That is infamous! It is not so! It is not so!"

"What is in your hair, Cecilia?"

The question seemed to smile her fresh.

Roses of shame stung her pallor to unhappier life.

"He is my father," she said. It was a hurt admission.

Demson would have been summoned again, no doubt, had not the shot rung out then and put an end to all proceedings.

The Judge swayed.... Giron peered into the throne the more keenly to see that his shot had told, .... then turned the gun on himself.

Later, they carried him out. He had fired another shot, too, .... the fatal one that had killed Revenue Officer Kelly.

Cecilia crept back to the woods. More wounded than ever, she sought again their balm and unobtrusiveness.

Mrs. Barrett found her there.

"I can't come with you," Cecilia said, wishfully; "can't you see .... they know, now .... my father .... the Judge ...."

At the mention of the Judge, there was a lovely light in Mrs. Barrett's face. "The Judge knows," she said, softly, "that you need no background, Cecilia, being you. Do come, dear. Bobby wants you, too.

Bobby did, and Cecilia and Omar proved an inseparable triumvirate. By day they wandered together in Cecilia's woods, and in the twilight they sat in the broad window overlooking the approach to the house, while Cecilia told him fairy tales she knew would never come true ... and wondered whether ... up that broad roadway Saxton Graves would ever come again ....

One night he did.

Just before the evening star rose, pure and high over the house. Mrs. Barrett and Judge Carteret were in the living-room. The blend of their voices came out to Graves and Cecilia, sweetly and in unison, "It is so with them," Graves said.

"I am so glad ... Cecilia smiled, "I am glad, too .... " she said. "I wish ...."

"What do you wish, Dearheart ....?"

Cecilia shook her head, her eyes dim.

Graves bent to her, "Do you wish," he said, "that the wonder might touch us, too .... here .... tonight .... Could you believe if I should tell you ....?"

The evening star picked the deep blue of the low-curved sky.

Cecilia looked up at him, her eyes arched across with rainbows of tears.

"Don't tell me," she murmured; "don't say ... what is so precious ... I know."

WHAT EVERY SCREEN COMEDIAN KNOWS

By Frank H. Williams

That cross eyes are more greatly to be desired than a handsome countenance.

That a hard nut is more valuable than a great intellect.

That after rehearsing a comedy scene ten or a dozen times, even the soft impress of the slap-stick hurts.

That a fancy way of doing a fall gets a man a lot further than tripping the straight, and narrow path with never a slip.

That, while not mentioning any names, there's one screen comedian who could make Douglas Fairbanks look like a has-been, if he only had the chance.

That the most serious thing in the world is a comedy picture in rehearsal.

That it's a great life if you don't weaken.

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Follow the simple directions on the package.
Flying Pat
(Continued from page 64)

the purpose of wounding each other
words that stung, taunts that cut, phrases
that bruised. Their eyes were purple-
blended, Pat, weeping furiously, and
weeping back with the strands of rusty
hair with the back of her hand, fell a-pack-
ing, crumming delicate silk lingerie ruth-
lessly together with walking-boots and
angling-tongs; lastly tucking in the big
silver-framed picture of herself from the
dresser. After which she locked the lag
laboriously, and promptly unlocked it
to take out the silver frame and replace it
on the dresser.

"Maybe, when he sees that, he'll be
sorry," she thought, as she fastened the
belt of her traveling suit with stiff,
trembling fingers; "when I've gone out
into the world and have a career and a
divorce and . . . and another husband!
Yes, and another. Maybe he'll wish then
that he hadn't been a brute to the
only single wife he had in the world!"

That night the Pullman for the West
carried a strange guest with a very
large foot, under her jacket, a fear of
Ahueseness, of the strange people on
very side, who didn't want to remain
strange, especially the man in the pepper-
and-salt suit and red satin necklace across
the aisle.

" Might as well be chummy," this friend-
ly person suggested ten minutes after the
train had started, as he dragged his suit-
case across to her compartment. "Never
like to see a pretty face lonely; that's me!
Adolph Q. Merklebaum, in the gents'
underwear line . . . lenne interjuce my
self. Pleased to meetchit!" Pat cast an agonized glance around her.
The strong scent which Mr. Merklebaum
affected gave her a sick feeling some-
where. Moreover, Mr. Merklebaum's
thick, freckled hands, where the nails
laminated expensively, were imprisoning
her own, with the stamp of a steam-wedge.
"Come on, you'll have a smile. Sweetness,"
urged Mr. Merklebaum's husky whisper.
The old lady who came to Pat's assis-
tance and effectively routed the over-
friendly drummer was the kind you see
in old-home plays on the stage. She wore
a bonnet, in this age, when even Grandma
dons a hat; she wore mitts, and a Paisley
shawl and a smile that showed rows of
nice, shiny teeth. She told Pat
that she reminded her of a niece in
Belows Falls, Maine, and not to worry a
mite, because she'd keep an eye on her.
Which she did faithfully until Pat, worn
out with the day's events, fell asleep in
her berth. She woke the morning next
to find that the old lady's smile had been
a false as her teeth, for she had helped her-
sel£ to whatever she fancied in Pat's suit-
case, including all the cash and left the
train at each station.

In Chicago, Pat took her wedding ring,
platinum set with diamonds, into a pawn
shop and received in exchange a green
ticket and enough money to get back to
her Robert. And in another day's time she
found herself approaching the home she
had left twenty-nine years before, in tri-
umph, not even with the pash of the er-
rant wife staggering out of the storm to
fall across her husband's threshold, but
to tell the truth in feeling like a naughty
small girl who knows that she deserves
to be punished. She tried to hold on to
her sense of having been abused and mis-
used, and remained, determined to clinch at the dis-
appearing skirts of Fury. "He behaved abun-
ad-in-a-bly!" she declared aloud, biting
off the syllables viciously; then the tears

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Business Manager $3,000 $3,500 $4,000 $4,500
Cler. Per. Account $2,000 $2,500 $3,000 $3,500
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PAG
Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

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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 8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, 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.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford
Marguerite Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart
Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter
Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elie 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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SHADOWLAND

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1316 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

came. "He doesn't care whether I'm lost or not," she wept. "I suppose he'll be draggin' the river, and I don't believe he even knows I'm gone!"

There was no doubt that, externally, the house looked calm and contained. Not a window curtain was agitated; only a faint, lazy curl of smoke spoke of life within. It was the smoke that gave Pat her idea.

"A career!" breathed Pat, with a toss of the wild black curls, "he said he wanted me to have a career. Very well, on his own head be it!"

But it was in quite another part of Robert Van Nuys' anatomy that Pat's career made itself felt first. He attributed his indigestion to worry instead of the strange messages that began to appear on the table, and took a mournful, penitential satisfaction in the gnawing of conscience and stomach. "My little, proud darling," he groaned, as he took a pepsi tablet. "I was unjust, unfair . . . I was a brute! If I could only find her and apologize."
Prizes Awarded Winners

The great Popularity Contest came to a close on September 30th, the day seemed that the votes would never cease to come pouring in. Undoubtedly this contest aroused greater interest than any other popularity contest was ever known to do. The gift of prizes to the readers, as well as the decision as to who are the most universally beloved people of the silver screen, were the two factors that awakened such widespread interest.

There were many fluctuations in the relative popularity of the players, caused by tidal waves of votes that would roll in suddenly, swelling the position of some favorite. However, as the most popular women players, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and Pearl White, have not swerved from the top of the list, while William S. Hart, Wallace Reid and Richard Barthelmess have drawn the most votes for the men. After persistent and conscientious effort in separating and counting the votes, we are ready to announce the players voted as the most popular by the readers of Moving Picture World Magazine, Classic and Shadowland, also the names of those who are prize winners by reason of their ability to discern the direction of the winds of popular favor.

Mary Pickford, 171,112; Norma Talmadge, 107,112; Pearl White, 41,112; Mme. Nazimova, 23,319; Constance Talmadge, 14,141; Bebe Daniels, 9,153; Lillian Gish, 8,015; Viola Dana, 7,910; Mary Miles Minter, 7,862; Anita Stewart, 7,704; William S. Hart, 146,418; Wallace Reid, 69,641; Richard Barthelmess, 39,449; Douglas Fairbanks, 19,204; William Farnum, 13,120; Eugene O'Brien, 11,512; Thomas Meighan, 8,510; Elliott Dexter, 7,603; Tom Mix, 7,564; J. Warren Kerigan, 7,551.

The Magic Carpet

By TED OLSON

I never roved in foreign lands, or heard the sea-winds calling,
I never saw the breakers lifting high,
I never tramped a coral strand, or knew its lure enthralling,
With palm-fronds black against an opal sky
I never "mushed" a husky team across a frozen river,
Though snowy wastes where lonely mountains brood;
I never watched the Northern Lights flame high and leap and quiver,
While wolf-packs waited across the solitude
I never braved the kind of job that makes a strong man nervous
I never bucked with danger and romance,
I've had to miss the hero-stuff you read about in Service,
Because, you see, I've never had the chance.

But all the things I never did, the trails I never traveled,
The glamorous scenes that I have never seen—
For twenty-five or thirty cents I see them all untraveled
In magic show across the movie screen.

I hit the dirt for ports upknown; I do some wild wayfaring;
Vicariously I journey swift and far;
Till over languid tropic seas the Southern Cross is flaring,
Or peaks gleam stark beneath the Northern Star.

I walk with airy poise and calm where pirate hordes are busy;
I wave my hand—and empires rise or fall.
I move mid perils that would make the stoutest heart turn dizzy;
But danger never worries me at all.

For Douglas Fairbanks thwarts my foes with antics acrobatic;
Tom Mix's riling makes their whiskers curl.
And though the hero's path may seem most risky and erratic,
I know that in the end he'll get the girl.

And when I feel the itching urge to pack and hit the gravel,
I do not leave to be a wandering waif.
For thirty cents I get my fill of romance and of travel.
It's cheaper, it's easier—and a lot more safe!
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 65)

girl...the villain who lures the little sister to the city...and the old farm, possessing mineral deposits of which they are now in possession.

Charlie Ray is himself once more, responding spontaneously to the atmosphere of his vehicle and the more than capable direction of Jerome Kern. Nothing else.

"Peaceful Valley" proves that the human touch is paramount in importance...life itself is often melodramatic...situa-
tions are true many...it is the humanness of it all that finally counts, and this "Peaceful Valley" possesses in abundance.

GOOD REFERENCES—FIRST NATIONAL.

It seems a pity that any one as attractive and sparkling as Constance Talmadge should be constantly handicapped by poor story material, "Good References," her latest release, is a cross somewhere between the farce comedy and melodrama, and never becomes at all definite.

Good references are what the heroine needs, and in order to secure a position, she resorts to false methods in obtaining them. As social secretary to a society youth, who inclines toward anything but the existence of the idle rich, she finds herself the hero of complications.

Vincent Coleman plays the flapper hero...perhaps the author didn't intend the hero to be a flapper, but, probably because of the most artificial make-up, he is created as such.

ALWAYS AUDACIOUS—FAMOUS-PLAYERS.

"Always Audacious" finds Wallace Reid most important to the picture itself in a dual role. Two men, both no relation, are the living image of one another. One is a rascal and a forger, while the other is a wealthy clubman, who detests work so much that he will not adopt it even to gain control of his fortune and please the girl he is to marry.

Quite by accident, the forger learns of his double, and with the aid of his accomplices, he slaughs the clubman and takes his place with little work. When the man manages to get back to his home, he is unable to prove his identity, and his lawyer threatens him with arrest as an impostor. It was an impostor, was going to win both the girl and the fortune for a while, but the unexpected happens, and, unless all signs fail, they live happily ever after.

Wallace Reid has forsaken a goodly share of his recent make-up in this picture, and we never realized that it would be possible to dislike him, until we saw him as the forger. However, he is most attractive and human in his work, while Margaret Loomis again takes her place in the cast adeptly. We would not be surprised to hear considerably more of this little girl before long.

THE MASTER MIND—FIRST NATIONAL.

Before mentioning anything else, we want to take exception to the so-called illustrated title page appearing in "The Master Mind." They reminded us of the souvenirs they offer in ten-cent packages of candy...crude and meaningless...apparently produced to get reminiscent of tin soldier days. From such attempts to bridge the story action, deliver us. Next we want to bring to mind what a pity it is to submerge an actor like Lionel Barrymore in a story of this nature. To do this is probably superfluous, for every audience will be sure to appreciate his artistry. The volumes he conveys

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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 65)

girl...the villain who lures the little sister to the city...and the old farm, possessing mineral deposits of which they are now in possession.

Charlie Ray is himself once more, responding spontaneously to the atmosphere of his vehicle and the more than capable direction of Jerome Kern. Nothing else.

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This book has been found to be of real service to many important health situations of the body. It is a practical and reliable book on good health. It produces normal weight and height. Exercises in the book are entirely new and practical. The illustrations are most interesting and are for the most part obtained from medical authorities and practical physicians. Many thanks for the book, which I have been able to use for the last year.
in an elevated eyebrow, the intensity he bespeaks with the gesture of a hand... these things speak for themselves.

As the master mind who devotes his life and five reels to wreaking vengeance on the District Attorney who convicted his brother, only to repent in the end, he was irreparably handicapped. Of course, it was perfectly all right for him to repent of his long-borne and minutely planned revenge, but the spectator cannot help wishing he had found it in his heart to do it sooner.

CURTAIN—FIRST NATIONAL

"Curtain" is a good picture... it might have been a very good picture, we think... at any rate, it is logical and, until the last reel, adequate in every sense of the word. Then it falls down... there seems to be no downward action after the climax, and because of this, the story falls flat.

Just one other thing seems to beckon adverse criticism, and that is a title which reads, "Turn out the lights... I want to wait for the dawn... alone." It was superfluous and seemed to pave the way for the artistic little silhouette machine to pose at the window. Personally, we do not feel that she needs any excuse for posing... her humor is sufficient in itself... the title should not have been.

The story, by Rita Weiman, is colorful and possessed with the atmosphere of the theater... one of the few stories which portrays the back of the theater as they really are... human... lovable.

It tells of Nancy Bradshaw, who, on the eve of her great success, meets a wealthy club man, who immediately determines to marry her. The author of the play, let us hope, but the marriage... the club man... is soon to realize that faithfulness is not numbered among his qualities. When she discovers that his business trips are unusually frequent, she is behind which he hides his fittings, she takes her son and returns to the theater, and we, are led to believe, to the author, who has remained faithful to her even after her marriage.

It is one of the best productions Miss MacDonald has had in some time and undoubtedly possesses a popular appeal.

A Dryadic Dramatist

(Continued from page 77)

But here...!" he laughed and illustrated his point with a joke on himself.

It seems that some people Mrs. Grassy had known during her childhood in Kentucky, (for the benefit of Kentuckians she was born in Henderson and educated in Louisville), who, in their old age, were 'Bert Grassy' and "Rafael." Immediately after the performance, one of the ladies went to an old friend of hers and of the Grassys.

"I'm so sorry about Lily," she said to this friend.

"Why?"

"She's married a perfectly horrible man. Of course, she can be happy. He's absolutely the worst creature I have ever seen."

It took much arguing to convince her that Bert Grassy and "Rafael" were really very different.

"And even now," said Grassy, "she probably hates her doubts!"

"No," he went on, "this is a nation of beauty loving people. They don't want actors and actresses; they want good

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Hilton's Velveteen Talks

Something Different (Continued from page 73)

with one great hand. "I am sorry, but you must stay here for the present. You will have a room to the corner. I will not be molested, and I will send you a woman. But you are my prisoner.

Three days later Alicia sat wearily by the window, looking calmly into the dusk, and trying vainly to arrange her ideas. This man had mocked her pride, had refused her freedom. He had even hurt her with his great crushing hands; and, worst
crime of all, he had not made love to her even once. She wanted passionately to hurt him. But she wanted something even more than that. She wanted him to kiss her.

Behind her the door opened, and she heard Don Mariano's level, emotionless tones: "Señorita, the revolution has been crushed. But you may not return to your truant friends. I have made arrangements for you to sail for America tonight."

Her tongue was dry, but she forced it to speech: "And, Señor Vargas and his wife?"

Don Mariano shook his head. "What would you? It is war."

She had a vision of the gross man, eating his dinner, served adorably by Rosa. The tears came. "I did not mean to ask anything of you again," she said slowly, "but I ask this. They will not do any more harm. Destroy the letter—the only proof of Vargas' disloyalty."

For a long moment he stared down at her, broodingly. And then, without speaking, he handed the letter to her.

Again their eyes met an' held, his dark, desolate; hers very humble, very wistful. "Perhaps, someday, you will forgive?" the man said wearily. "It was necessary to keep you here. I make no excuses."

Alicia laughed, a strange, shaken laugh. "It was not necessary," she said. "You see, I took the wrong path ... on purpose to see you!"

He took a step toward her, turned on his heel and strode from the room. Fifteen minutes later they were riding together thru the dusk in a silence that was not broken until they stood on the beach, with the boat waiting to carry her out to the ship. "It is good-bye, then?" said the girl.

"I wonder?" the man answered, and stooping suddenly, caught her hand, kissed it, violently, and then the darkness swallowed him and she was being rowed thru green water, tho it seemed to her that the weight of her heart must sink the boat.

On the night of the New Year's ball at Sherry's, Alicia refused Richard kindly, with finality and for the last time. She watched as correct bouclè cloth disappear despondently. Richard left behind him a feeling of forlorn vacancy. She would be an old maid, undoubtedly, and join a literary club, and ... "Alicia, dear," her hostess was saying, "I want you to be very nice to Señor Mariano, and make him feel that there are some compensations to exile ..."

Alicia could not speak. She stood looking up into the handsome face above, wondering whether it could be a dream. But dreams didn't have deep voices, nor said one skilfully thru a dizzy, whirling maze of dancers to a quiet room, where they were suddenly, gloriously alone. No, surely, dreams didn't hold one close, close, and whisper, over and over, "Señorita! At las', my little Señorita?"

Later, came explanation. For saving Don Luis Vargas' life, the government had exiled him, and straightway he had sailed for America.

"You have lost your country for my sake!" Alicia quivered, "because I asked you to save my friend's life!"

But the Perfect Lover only laughed. "Only my body is exiled, beloved," he said gaily. "My heart, it has found its home!"

Still she mourned his lost glorics. "Think," said Alicia, "think! It will be very stupid for you here ... no wars."

"A Estremadurean need down whimsically. "I think," she said. "I thank that if I marry with you I will never feel the lack of wars and revolution! It will be no dull business, per Dios! This marrying with you!"

---

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We know that you get tired of reading this notice, but if you could have seen the avalanche of pictures which flooded the offices at the last moment, and could realize that there must ensue tremendous confusion, unnecessary work and an inevitable delay in the announcement of the final winners, you would appreciate the value of this warning. Those who have failed in previous contests are eligible to enter the next contest.

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For the grown-ups or the nearly grown-ups a Kodak for pictures of the post card size, 3¾ x 5½ inches. It is familiarly known to hundreds of thousands of enthusiasts as the "3A". It makes the largest picture available in "pocket photography". The 3A will really go into the side pocket of almost any coat. Frankly, however, it is more conveniently carried in an overcoat pocket—or slung over the shoulder in a case. Excise war tax and all, the Junior model, with a fine Rapid Rectilinear lens, sells at $24.64—and with the Kodak Anastigmat f/7.7 lens, at $30.62. There are other more expensive models—all have the Kodak simplicity—and they all make good pictures.

A gift for the one who already has a larger Kodak—the Vest Pocket. You don't carry a Vest Pocket Kodak—you wear it, like a watch. It is always ready to picture the unexpected and the unusual. The price, including the excise war tax, is $9.49.

For the boy or girl in high school—the No. 1 Kodak Junior. There's always room for it in the pocket, and the Kodak story of the school days is one that not only gives fun in the making but in its album form becomes a permanent delight to the whole family. The price of the No. 1 Autographic Kodak Junior is $16.67, including the excise war tax.

For the little folks—a No. 0 Brownie. These little cameras have good lenses and shutters and finders, and use the same film and make the same size pictures as the Vest Pocket Kodak. You will be astonished by the good work they do; you will be even more astonished at the intelligent way in which a youngster of seven or eight will go about picture-making with a No. 0 Brownie. The price, including war tax, is $2.86.

This page gives only a hint of the Kodak and Brownie line—there are Brownies for pictures of every size that Kodaks make, and there are Kodaks with high speed shutters and rapid lenses—there are folding Brownies as well as box Brownies—but they all have one common characteristic—they make good pictures. And all Kodaks (except Stereo and Panoram) and all folding Brownies have something else in common—they are Autographic, and when used with Autographic film provide for the instant titling of every negative at the time it is made. And the Autographic costs no more than other film.

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